



## *Lockdown With Victoria And Her Sister*

By Mike Hawk

“Do you want to finish my sandwich?” Victoria asked me.

I did. I really did.

“No.”

Her eyes narrowed. With her high cheekbones she looked even cuter. “Why not?”

“Because you need your energy,” I reminded her. “You are about to work for eight hours straight. I know you, you aren’t going to eat again until you get home and have a snack.”

“So? That’s how I keep this trim figure,” she replied as she looked down at herself. At five foot two she had a petite frame, medium length, beautiful dark brown hair, and proudly called herself a Latina. “Otherwise, I would look like my sister.”

“Is that such a bad thing?”

Oops.

She gave me the look I should have expected. It was somewhere between if she ever caught my face on a neighborhood sex predator warning sign and if I stepped on her hamster.

“Really, Dan?” She was whispering loudly. “You want me to look like a slut?”

“Sexual promiscuity has nothing to do with your body shape,” I reminded her, not for the first time. “Your sister’s sexual choices have nothing to do with her bra size.”

“Oh, so you want a girlfriend with double Ds?”

Yes. But didn’t I say that.

Instead, I took a breath. “I just don’t want to let you starve yourself to the point where you are making yourself dizzy at work again.”

“I won’t.”

“Tell you what. If you really are full, why don’t you take the sandwich with you? Then you could finish it on your meal break.”

“But then I will go over my calories.”

“Your calorie tracker is set for losing weight,” I reminded her. “You don’t have any weight to lose.”

“I’m maintaining weight. Girls in my family have slow metabolisms.”

We’d had this conversation before. I’d used the same app and showed her that her maintaining weight goal was an extra four hundred calories than she was currently sticking to.

She continued. “You don’t know what it’s like. I don’t want to be the overly curvy Mexican girl. I just want to fit in. Why are you pushing this again, anyway?”

“I’m just looking out for you.”

“Is that it? Or do you secretly wish I looked like my sister?”

I sighed. “I honestly want what’s best for you. You’re already super hot. But there is no reason why you need to be starving yourself.”

“What’s in it for you? If I eat more, it all goes to my butt and my boobs.”

“You say that, but that’s not how it works.”

“It does for me! And I don’t want everyone at my work judging me and treating me like I’m a bimbo. If I finish this sandwich, I’ll finish my next sandwich. And then I will start to look like Angela. If that’s what you want, why don’t you go date her instead?”

“What’s in it for me is that you get grumpy when you are hungry.”

“I do not-”

“Exhibit A.” I gestured to her.

She glared at me. Her face twitched and she lost the fight to hide her smile.

“There it is!” I pointed to her again. “You’re cute when you’re angry. But you’re drop-dead gorgeous when you smile.”

“Shut up.”

It felt good as the tension drained. Things were going too well lately. Since we got back together a month ago we had rarely had any conflict. I’m not one to instigate an argument, but

there is such a thing as holding back too much and I believe that every now and then you need to rub up against each other to maintain that sense of intimacy.

She pushed the half sandwich away from her. "I guess I'll throw it away, then."

"Give me that." I took a big bite.

"See? You needed it more than I did."

She continued as I devoured the sandwich hungrily.

"You deserve it. You're the one that was on top this morning, getting that good workout."

I swallowed. "Yeah, I do."

We tossed our trays and I walked her to her car.

"Have a good day at work," I told her as I kissed her.

"You, too."

A small moan escaped her lips as we kissed. "Mmm, garlic."

"Mmm," I copied her. "Angela."

This was it. The moment that could determine whether we had a future. I didn't mind her being slightly insecure about her sister. But I knew from past experience that I needed my girlfriend to have a sense of humor.

"Mmm," she repeated. "Shawn."

My friend, the ladies man. Well played.

"I love you," I told her.

It was the second time saying it. Last night was the first, and it didn't really count because she had said it mid orgasm.

There was a slight pause. It was probably about two seconds, but it felt like two years.

"I love you too," she told me. "Thanks for a wonderful Valentines Day yesterday."

"No, thank you! Your present was amazing."

"What present?"

"You know," I reminded her. "Your virginity."

"Dan!"

I smacked her ass and sent her on her way.



*March 2020 - Two Weeks Later*

Victoria came over after work.

“Look at these new uniforms!”

“Rawr!” I growled at her.

“They are disgusting! I mean, I don’t need to flash any skin, but this is the least form fitting and flattering shirt I’ve ever seen. I look like a boy.”

“Hey there, Miss Bank Teller! I’d like to make a deposit.”

“We are not role playing in this!”

“Then why not take it off? And unbutton your undershirt for me.”

“Like this?” She asked.

I grabbed her and pulled her into my lap. “How was your day?”

“Not good. It looks like they really are going to be shutting down the country.”

“Yeah,” I agreed. “Stupid virus.”

“We will still be open though. Everyone still needs their money.”

“That’s good. Shouldn’t affect me much.” I already worked from home. “So what else is new?”

She sighed. “It’s been a shitty day all around.”

“Tell your boyfriend about it.”

Okay,” she lay back against me. “It looks like my aunt is moving back.”

“What does that mean for you?”

"It means I'm going to need a place to stay. And this is the perfectly wrong time to be looking for a new place for my sister and I."

I didn't hesitate. "You can stay with me."

"Thanks, but I need something more permanent."

"Sure, but you have this option in the meantime. You already stay here four nights a week."

"I can't leave my sister high and dry."

"This condo does have two bedrooms," I reminded her.

"It does not. You have one bedroom and an office."

"With a futon," I reminded her.

"Thanks, but we'll find something."

"I know you will. How can I make your day better?"

"You can't. It's already a lost cause."

"I might have an idea," I told her as I kissed her neck.

"Not going to work," she told me without much conviction.

"It worked this morning," I reminded her.

"I know! And I was having a great day. Then they made me put on this stupid ugly shit."

"You know what the good news is about that?"

"What?"

"If you ever gain weight, no one will notice."

"That's true. I could gain twenty pounds in my boobs and I would still look like a boy."

"No one is going to accuse this ass of looking like a boy's," I reminded her.

"That's true. Maybe I should just try to gain weight in my ass."

She felt it. "Was that your dick?"

"Maybe."

"Hmm. You know what? I have an idea." She stood up and went to my fridge. "What kind of leftovers do you have?"

"There's pizza."

"Can I have it?"

"It's all yours."

"Good."

I watched as she pulled out four pieces and put them in my toaster oven.

"I'm good, Babe," I reminded her. "I already ate."

"I know. These are for me."

"Really?"

"You have been really nice to me. So I'm going to stuff myself."

I was about to correct her that four pieces isn't a lot, but I stopped myself.

“For me?”

“I’m going to show you where the fat goes with girls in my family.”

“I’ll believe it when I see it.”

“Challenge accepted!”



She finished the pizza and finished with a big serving of ice cream. When we crawled into bed she claimed to be too full to mess around, but a few kisses on her neck proved that to be a lie.

I made her strip down by telling her that I was enforcing the rules of the bed and spooned up behind her. When she rubbed her ass against me and let me play with her nipples as she felt me harden against her.





Her B cups were very shapely and looked good on her, but they were not quite a full handful. They were, however, very sensitive and a source of guaranteeing that she would be wet instantly.

I slid into her from behind, moving slowly as I made love to her. I continued to twist her nipples between my fingers as I felt her shake in my arms. Once again, we came at the same time.

“We’re getting good at that,” she moaned when we finished.

When I fell asleep I was still inside her.



*Two weeks later*

“Are you sure about this?” Victoria asked me.

“As long as your sister behaves herself,” I smirked.

“You don’t have to worry about me,” Angela told me as she handed me a box. I set it on the pile I was starting in the back of the storage unit. “It’s Dan I’m worried about.”

“What do you mean?” Victoria asked her sister.

“He has those salesman skills. He’s a smooth talker. How else did he convince my baby sister to give him her precious V-card? I mean, I’m amazed you lasted until you turned twenty two, but that’s not my business.”

Victoria smiled at me. “He’s smooth alright.”

Angela turned back to me. “And you convinced me that somehow I’ll be fine sleeping on a futon.”

“My couch is also pretty comfy,” I stated.

“Seriously, though,” Angela said as she crossed her arms over her sizable rack, “thank you. You have scored major points for this.”

“Tell him what you told me.”

“I told Vicky that I won’t be bringing any guys over under any circumstances. This is your condo, not mine. And I will act like a perfect guest.”

“I appreciate that,” I told her.

“And?”

“And Vicky asked that I also not go out for random hookups as long as this damn virus is rampant.”

“Boyfriends only,” Victoria stated.



“Right.”

We finished unloading the van and brought back the remainder to my place.

The girls each brought three big suitcases worth. I figured I got off lucky.

I had spent the previous day cleaning, clearing off the bathroom counter as I figured it would be a while until I saw it again. I also threw my old foam mattress topper on the futon after tidying up my office to make more room for Angela to sleep.

I made us dinner, serving up a jambalaya dish that was one of my favorites. The girls sat on the couch watching their show together as I brought over the plates.

“This is really good,” Angela told me.

“Thanks! I don’t have a lot of dishes, but the ones I make I try to perfect.”

“Alright, let’s pause this for later, Vicky. Dan doesn’t want to watch a soap opera in Spanish.”

“It’s fine!” Victoria said as she grabbed the remote. “Here, I’ll put on the subtitles in English.”

“You mean I can learn Spanish now? Yes!”

Angela rolled her eyes. “Seriously, Vicky. We are in his house. Put something on we can all enjoy.”

“But we always watch this together. It’s our show!”

“Throw on something else.”

We ate in silence as we watched Letterkenny.

“Wow, girl!” Angela eyed her sister. “You actually finished your meal!”

“Easy,” Victoria said. “Actually, I just might want seconds.” She handed me her plate as I got up to refill my own.

“How about you, Angela?” I asked.

“You can call me Angie if you’d rather. And yes, I would like seconds. Thank you.”

Victoria only finished half of her plate, but I still appreciated the effort.

We settled into a routine. I still had my place to myself during the day and the three of us got along pretty well in the evenings. Angela made the effort to be a good guest, giving her sister and I some space when she could. She had a boyfriend that she went to see a couple of times a week.



“So, do you guys ever hook up?” Angie asked us one evening.

“Actually, yeah!” Vicky smiled at me. “I’m surprised you haven’t heard us.”

“Nope. Not twice last night. Or the night before. Or three times the night before that...”

“Oh. You were being sarcastic.”

“It’s fine, don’t hold back on my account.”

“Actually...” Victoria smiled. “We are on twelve nights in a row.”

“Wow, Dan. You really unleashed the monster in my little sister.” She smirked at me.

“How did you do it? I couldn’t get her to finish her dinner in the past two decades and yet I saw her eat a donut the other day.”

“Yeah, well. If I was half as convincing as you think I am, it wouldn’t have taken me six months to get in her pants.” That earned me a smack in the arm.

“You can’t fool me, Danny. I’m watching out for you.”

“It must be mutual, Angie. Because he’s watching you too.”

I turned to my girlfriend. “Hmm?”

“I’ve seen you check out my sister at least ten times in the past hour.”

“Really?” Angie asked. “I haven’t caught him once.”

She gave me an accusing glare as she said this.

“I mean, to his credit, it would be hard not to check out your two feet of cleavage you have on display there.”

“This ol’ thing?” Angie looked down. “I guess the girls could be a bit more subtle. Sorry, sis. I’ll wear more.”

She looked up.

“Orrr... maybe you could show a little skin yourself, Victoria. Give your boyfriend something nice to look at.”

“Fine!” Victoria pulled up her sweatshirt and tossed it to her sister. “Switch!”

“Ooo, you even warmed it up for me,” she said as she put it on. She looked over at her sister. “Damn, girl! That five pounds you gained is going to all the right places.”

“It’s seven pounds, thank you very much. And Danny likes it.”

“Hey now!” I interrupted. “Just because you both like to add the E sound at the end of your names doesn’t mean my name is Danny.”

“He speaks!” My girlfriend poked me in the ribs. “See? He hasn’t said more than two sentences in the past hour, but the moment you cover your tits he remembers how to talk again.”

Angie smirked at me. “I’m sure that’s a coincidence. Your tits are looking great too, sis.”

“Really? I am up to a C cup.” She looked at me. “And Dan likes it.”

“Oh, I’m aware. I hear how much he likes them every night.”



*A Week Later*

Angie came out of my office.

“Were you waiting for me to get up?” She asked.

“You’re good.”

“Sorry. I know you need to work. I’ll set an alarm tomorrow. I’m still not used to being unemployed.”

She had been laid off the previous week because of the pandemic. Thankfully she was eligible for unemployment so it looked like she would still be able to cover the bills.

“No worries.” I paused. “Are you doing alright?”

“Yeah, I’m good. It just sucks, you know? Losing your boyfriend and your job in the same week is not my best moment.”

“I can’t imagine.”

“Plus, we didn’t fuck for a week before that. Two weeks is a really long time to not get laid.” She seemed to think about it for a moment. “How did you do it for six months?”

“We did other stuff.”

“You guys weren’t exclusive, right?”

I shook my head. “That was the agreement.”

“So did you get any on the side?”

“That’s probably not a question you want answered.”

“But you are loyal to her now, right?”

“I’m a man of my word. I don’t tell a girl I’m going to be loyal to her unless I mean it.”

“That’s good. Every time I turn around, you’re treating my sister right.” She put her hand on my shoulder. “Keep it up, Danny.”

“Thanks for the endorsement, Angie.”

There was a knock on the door to my office. I waited just a moment before telling Angie to enter.

“Can I ask you a question?”

“You already are,” I grinned at her.

“Smart ass. Hey, why do you always change your screen whenever I come in here? Are you jerking off constantly, or do you ever really work?”

“I’m not jerking off,” I answered like a dope.

“I mean, I would think not. You unload into my sister so many times I wouldn’t think you’d have any left.”

I stared at her.

“Sorry, I’m only in these clothes until I finish my workout. Then I’ll put my big shirt on again.” She looked around the room before grabbing her jump rope. I couldn’t help admire her body as she bent over to look under the futon. She really did lack any major fat around her stomach. It was all spread out between her ass and tits, just like her sister said.

“Here it is!” Angie held up the rope. “Am I talking too much? Sorry, I’m used to social interaction with my job and I haven’t been able to leave this place in several days. Now that the gym is closed I can’t even work out my frustrations. At least you have my sister to fuck, you know? You’re lucky.”

“That I am.”

“Ha! She’s right, you know? You really are a lot more quiet when I have the girls uncovered.”

I blushed. She was wearing a sports bra, but their shape was round and magical. Not to mention forbidden.

“I’m sorry, I’m used to having quiet time during the day to work,” I told her. “But I’m happy to chat with you when I grab lunch and shit like that.”

“I know.” She smiled at me. “You’re a wonderful host. Especially to me, whom you barely knew a month ago. But now you’re stuck with me bouncing my big ass all around your place all the time.”

“I’ll be out for lunch in about twenty minutes,” I told her.

“Cool. I’ll put on my shirt so that I don’t distract the part of your brain that is capable of communication.”

“I’m not complaining,” I told her.

“I know. I’m just teasing. Really, I like to tease Vicky. You know I’ve been telling her to put on a few pounds for years, right? I’m glad you somehow convinced her to do it.”

“Me too.”

“Alright, I’ll let you get back to jerking off.”

“I’m not.”

“Whatever you say, Danny.”

I stopped her. “Do you want to know what I’m really doing?”

“I don’t know, do I?”

“I’ll show if you promise not to tell your sister.”

“Deal.”

I changed my screen to show the graphic design software I was using.

“Oh! She’s beautiful.” She leaned forward even though my monitors were oversized. I became aware of the heat radiating off her body from her workout. Her skin was glistening. And she smelled amazing.

“So what’s this?” She asked me.

“I design the 3d art for some games,” I told her. “And the games are adult in nature.”

“Really? Does that pay?”

“It does when you are working with three different creators at once.”

“So this is why you work for ten hours a day. You have deadlines.”

“Exactly.”

“And you get to make digital breasts every day.”

“Well, that too.”

“Cool.”

She turned to leave the room. “Have fun, Danny!”

I tried to get back to focusing. But the only thing I finished before lunch was myself.





“Fuck! Yes!”

I gripped her hips, slamming into her from behind as she moaned my name.

“You’re so deep!”

My conversation with Angie seemed to fuel my lust for Victoria as I fucked her with abandon.

“Ahh ha ha! I’m going to cum!”

I wasn’t sure if she said that or I did. This was the third time tonight.

This time I was the one to wake up Victoria around two in the morning to fill up her already dripping pussy.

I pushed forward, trying to show her what deep really felt like as I was startled to hear a loud thump.

“Owwww! My head!”

“Shit! Are you okay?”

“No! You slammed my face into the headboard.”

“Shit, Vicky! I’m sorry.”

“Owwww.” She giggled. “Can you fix it?”

“How?”

“With your dick. Back inside me.”

“That I can do.”

“Hey, Dan?”

“Yeah?”

“How come you are even more horny now than before I moved in?”

“Probably the same reason you are.”

“Hey, yeah. I have been a little slut for you for the past month. So why is that?”

“It’s probably our bodies adjusting. When you get more sex, you want more sex.”

“That sounds right.”

I slid back into her.

“More!”

The next day Angie looked miserable.

“Are you okay?” I asked her.

We were sitting on the couch after finishing a couple of tuna melts that I made us.

“Yeah, why?”

“Did we keep you up last night?”

“Well, yeah, but I’m used to it.”

“Then why do you look miserable?”

“Gee, thanks Danny. A girl loves it when you tell her she looks like shit.”

“I didn’t say tired.”

“Oh. Yeah. Sorry, I’m just used to giving you shit.”

“So what’s wrong?”

“Nothing.”

“Tell me.”

“Alright. It’s my back.”

“From the futon?”

“Yeah.”

“Shit. I’m sorry.”

“It’s not your fault.” She leaned forward to stretch. It pushed her cleavage out and gave me an eyeful. I looked away.

"You don't have to look away," she told me. "I really don't care. I know you're loyal to my sister."

"Thanks."

"Speaking of Victoria, how do you like her titties now?" She smirked at me. "Nevermind, I heard the result last night."

"I'm a fan," I admitted.

"And you're a fan of mine. And that's okay. When it's just the two of us, you can check 'em out. If you didn't, I'd feel like I lost it."

"Thanks," I mumbled. "Hey, you could sleep in my bed tonight."

She raised an eyebrow at me.

"I mean, with your sister, of course. We could switch."

"I am not sleeping on that nasty ass bed of yours. If I took a black light the entire room would glow."

"That's probably true," I admitted.

"I know how you got my sister into cum play. She told me how she loves to swallow, but sometimes you ask her to spit it out onto her tits so you can watch her rub it in."

I stared at her.

"Ha! I love how I can still shock you."

"When do you even talk without me around?"

"We don't need to. We are sisters. Telepathic and shit."

"Oh, so you can both experience the same shit?"

"I wish. That would mean I got laid about ten thousand times percent more than I do now." She leaned backwards, causing her impressive rack to bounce on her chest. I didn't look away.

"Thanks for the offer, Danny. But I'm good."

"Then lay down on the couch."

It was her time to pause. "Why?"

"I'm going to give you a back rub."

"Umm... we shouldn't."

"Not in a sexual way," I told her as I got up to grab lotion. "Now strip down to your sports bra."

"You can tell I'm wearing it, huh?"

"You aren't nipping out, so yes."

She giggled. "You know what's funny?"

"Tell me."

"You are the best guy friend I've had in a long, long time."

"I'm honored."

"You remind me that most of the guys I have dated are pieces of shit. I'm actually proud of my sister for finding you."

I poured lotion on her back as she continued.

"And you let us move in here when we lost our place. You let *me* move in."

"And I don't regret it," I told her.

"I'm going to figure out a way to repay you," she told me with a moan. "Oh, fuck you're good at this."

"Where does it hurt?"

"Lower. Ohhh yeah!"

I used both hands and my palms to knead the area right where her ass began to curve.

"Don't be shy. You can touch my ass," she told me.

I rubbed my palms onto her shorts, causing friction. She sat up to pull her shorts down a couple of inches, showing just a hint of crack as I added more lotion and continued the massage.

"Oh fuck, I owe you big time, Danny. What can I do for you?"

"Call me Dan."

"I can't do that, Danny. Think of something else."

"Nothing comes to mind."

"Come on."

"Alright, take my bed tonight."

"Fuck no. You're on a streak still, aren't you?"

"Nope. Aunt Flow came into town."

"You don't play in the mud?"

"She only lost her virginity a couple months ago," I reminded her. "Let's give her a minute before she surrenders her starfish."

"Good point."

"How about this? You fuck her when she gets home. Then I'll crash in your bed. But you don't have to leave. You have a king, right?"

"California king."

"Perfect. It can fit the three of us. You, me, and Victoria in the middle so that you don't try any funny stuff."

"Me? I'm not the horny girl that has been sex depraved."

"Touche. Not to mention how horny I get having to listen to you both constantly fucking."

"Oh?"

"I'm saying too much, aren't I?"

"Maybe."

"It's this damn massage. You have me so relaxed that I would probably tell you anything."

"So do it."

"Do what?"

"Tell me something you've never told anyone."

She was quiet for a minute as I worked on her shoulder blades.

"Okay. I got something."

"Tell me."

"I wish I wasn't so slutty when I first started being sexually active."

"Oh."

"We were sheltered as kids and I didn't expect to like it so much. I had a bad little streak there where I would be at different guy's houses, sleeping with three in the same week. They were the same three guys, but still."

"I can't say I haven't been guilty of something similar," I admitted. "But I wouldn't say I regret it either. But I guess that's because I'm a guy?"

"It's not just that. I think it scared my sister. I didn't tell her half of what I got into, but it was still enough that she went the other direction. You were the first guy to give her an orgasm, did you know that?"

"I did."

"You made her realize that she'd never had one before. But she was still an idiot around you, she didn't want to date you officially because she thought it would mean she had to give it up."

"I figured."

"But now that you brought her out of her shell, she's a hellcat. She's like I was, except that she's doing it with just one guy. I'm just amazed that you can keep up with her."

"It is a full time job," I admitted.

"So she doesn't have that slut label. Even if she's just as insatiable as I am. I'm proud of her."

"So am I."

"I'm clean now, of course."

"That's good?"

"Sorry, that sounds weird to say. I don't mean anything by it, I just didn't want you to think that I'm a dirty slut. I'm a very clean one."

"That's good."

She moaned as I worked her neck.

"Hey, Angie?"

"Yeah?"

"I don't think you're a slut."

"What? Yes I am."

"If you are, then I was. Even right before I met your sister."

"You're a guy. The term doesn't apply."

"I mean, I don't think you should value yourself any less for the fact that you have a healthy sex drive. How many guys have you slept with, if you don't mind my asking?"

"Twelve."

"This year?"

"No, total. Asshole."

"And you are twenty four? So you've been sexually active, what, ten years?"

"Eww, no! Try six years."

"Okay, so two guys per year. That's nothing."

"Well, I did have a few long term boyfriends."

"Sure. But I had a bad streak a year ago. I had a girl break my heart and I went on a bender."

"Yeah? You're going to brag to me about it now?"

"I'm not bragging. It's just the way it is. Just like you shouldn't be ashamed of your history."

"Okay, fine. Tell me your number of girls you stuck your dick in last year."

"Twelve."

She turned her head to look at me. "Damn. And I kind of figured you for a nerd."

"Oh, I am. But us nerds have apps for that now."



That night I insisted to Victoria that we bang one out before her sister came in, but she was too tired from the night before and complained that her pussy was too sore. I kept my grumbling to myself as I turned off the light.

Soon Victoria began snoring like usual. I envied people that could fall asleep within five minutes.

I stared at the ceiling like usual, waiting for sleep to set in when the ceiling began to glow faintly. I looked over the body of my sleeping girlfriend to see her sister checking her phone.

The phone's glow showed through her thin nightshirt, outlining the swell of her breasts as she breathed. After a moment she turned as she noticed me and gave me her usual smirk.

I lay back down for a moment, but morbid curiosity found me glancing at the girl again. My phone glowed from my nightstand as I received a Snapchat message.

"See anything you like?" It asked. It was, of course, from Angie.

"Who, me?" I responded with my character emoji wearing a halo.

"Dirty boy."

I checked other apps as I gave in to the fact that sleep would not be easy to come by tonight when another message came through. This one was a picture.

I opened it, expecting a meme or something else to make fun of me from Angie, but it was instead a picture of her. Wearing her workout outfit in a sexy pose.

I turned my phone instinctively, shielding it from Victoria's view in case she were to suddenly open her eyes despite her light snoring. I looked over to see Angie glancing at me with an evil smile on my face.

She sent another message, this time without a picture. "Sorry for being a cockblock," it said.

"Not your fault," I responded. "But you do realize that picture just cut my vocabulary in half for the rest of the night."

"Is it a fifty percent loss each time?"

"Probably."

She sent another picture message. I was almost hesitant to open it. Almost.

It was a booty pic. She was turned away from the mirror, posed in a way that made it look even bigger than it was.

I got to see her booty every day, but this was different. This was meant for me to look. And look I did. Soon she sent more messages, this time calling me a perv and a deviant.

"Me see booty. Not my fault me stare."

"You're ridiculous," she sent me.

I went back to reading an article about the delay of movies because of theaters being closed down.

"Want one more?" She asked me.

"You know answer," I responded.

"Here."

This picture was gorgeous. I could tell instantly that this was one of the pictures that she used to seduce with. She was topless, using one arm to cover her nipples and the other to hold the phone as she snapped the picture in a much fancier bathroom than the previous picture.



That's when I noticed that the bathroom was mine. The lighting was soft, and she used a filter or two to make everything really pop. But of all these details, the things that loomed the largest was her rack. It was massive. It was perfect. And I was now seeing the bottom half of her tits. I must have drooled as I heard a slight giggle.

"Well?"

I responded with one word. Boobs.

She turned her phone off and I saw only her outline in the dark room.

"Goodnight, Danny," she whispered.

I lay back on my pillow, my dick tenting the blanket as I stared at the ceiling.

"Boobs," I repeated.

She giggled.

The next morning I stumbled out of my room for coffee.

"I'm sorry," Angie told me when she greeted me. I didn't ask what she was referring to.

I opened the fridge. "You went shopping?"

"Yep."

"Thanks, Ange."

I poured myself a cold brew.

"My unemployment hit my account today," she told me with a smile.

"That's awesome."

"I picked us up some steaks. And some unhealthy garbage for Victoria. She loves chips."

"Thanks, Angie."

"Hey, Danny?"

“Yeah?”

“I’m sorry. I left your room early to give her a chance to take care of you this morning. Did she?”

“I’m afraid not,” I admitted. “She had to go to work pretty early.”

“Did you take care of yourself?”

“I did.”

“Did you think of me?”

I stared at her.

“Shit! I’m sorry! Don’t answer that! I don’t want to know.”

I continued to stare at her.

“Tell me no?”

“No, Angie. You never crossed my mind.”

“That’s good.”

“Nor did any of the snaps you sent me. Did you know that they stay in the chat for twenty four hours, so I could still see them this morning?”

“I did not.”

“Me either. Because I certainly didn’t check and then cum with a massive load as I looked at them again.”

“Shit.” She sighed. “That’s not even my good pics. That’s the safe stuff. Well, except for the last one.”

“I know.”

“Actually, I was only wearing my workout clothes. You’ve seen me in that a hundred times.”

“Yeah, but that was different.”

“Why?”

“Because you sent them to me,” I told her. “It felt like giving permission.”

“But I already gave you permission.”

“To not look away, sure. But that’s different than directly staring.”

“Well, I’m wearing a lot of clothes now. Does that help?”

“Kind of.”

“Then why are you hard again?”

“Because you dressed down is still a sight to behold.”

“So that’s little Danny, huh?” She stared at my crotch. “He’s not quite as massive as little Victoria keeps saying. Based on what she says you have been walking around with a baseball bat.”

“He’s nothing special,” I told her. “But, to my credit, this is only a half chub.”

“Seriously?”

It was my turn to smirk.

“I can’t tell if you’re joking.”

“And you never will,” I told her as I walked off to my office.

I didn’t leave my office until lunch.

“Hey,” Angie said without looking at me in the eyes.

“Hey.”

“So, I know that I was just apologizing to you when you last saw me, but now I’m doing it again. For that time.”

“It’s okay, Angie.”

“No it isn’t. I’m not being fair at all to you. Or to Victoria.”

“I forgive you. But you’re right, we could cut back on the flirting.”

“Right! Exactly! Just because I’m not getting any action doesn’t mean I need to be flirting with my sister’s boyfriend.”

“I’m glad we can agree.”

She ran forward and wrapped her arms around me in a tight hug.

“Fuck, you’re cool.”

I smiled at her as she turned to go look in the fridge.

“Thanks for putting up with my skanky ass. By the way, what can I make you for lunch?”

“Surprise me.”

That night I took Victoria for four rounds, waking her up in the morning when her alarm went off with my dick.

Angie slept on the futon again for a few nights until I caught her limping again.

“I’m fine,” she told me.

“No! Sleep with us again tonight,” Victoria told her.

“I’ll just sleep on the couch.”

After a movie Victoria tried to convince her again, but she instead wrapped herself in a blanket on the couch.

“Grab her,” Victoria told me. “Carry her to the bedroom!”

“There is no way he can lift my big ass,” Angie mumbled.

“Challenge accepted!” I said as I wrapped my arms around her and pulled her up.

“Holy shit! I’m giving you my dead weight right now! I didn’t think nerds could be this strong!”

I carried her through the doorway, aware that my hand was grabbing her ass and being surprised how firm it was as I tossed her on the bed.

“Fine!”

“That’s my boyfriend,” Victoria said as she stepped on her tiptoes to kiss me.

I woke up and found myself spooning with Victoria. Once again, my dick was hard and tucked into her asscheeks as I found myself rubbing against her. She seemed to wake up around the same time and turned to face me.

“We can’t,” she whispered. “Not with Angie right there.”

“I know,” I agreed. “I must have been humping you in my sleep.”

Her hand reached down to stroke me. “Ohhh you are hard.”

“Am I?”

She kissed me in the dark as she rubbed me slowly. It was soft, warm and... nice. It reminded me of when we had just started messing around.

“Hold on,” I told her as I pulled away from her lips. “I’m on the edge.”

“Well then. Allow me.” She crawled under the covers and took my cock into her mouth, doing her best to deepthroat me under the blanket.

“Shit,” I mumbled.

I instinctively looked over to my right to see if Angie was still sleeping. She was not.

I could see the reflection in her eyes as she stared at me. She didn’t seem surprised to see the blanket bouncing up and down as her sister did her best effort to swallow my cock.

Neither of us looked away, and neither of us smiled as we maintained eye contact.

It was at this moment that I heard the faint wet sounds that didn’t match the pattern of Victoria’s actions. Angie had her hand between her legs and she was going for it.

The moment shocked me, a sudden burst of intimacy that did the opposite of what I expected. Instead of making me cum, it made me back off a bit. I felt myself soften as the situation became clear.

Angie leaned forward quietly until her face was an inch away from mine.

She didn’t outright kiss me. She still gave me the choice to reject her.

I closed the distance.

Her lips were soft. They were thicker than her sister’s, and she had an aggression that I wasn’t expecting as we began making out in earnest. She moaned very softly, only loud enough that I would hear as she bit my lip.

She grabbed my hand and guided it down, first over the round mountains that were her breasts, then over the soft valley of her stomach and down into the wetlands.

My finger seemed to move at its own accord as I fingered her. The noise seemed painfully loud so I pulled my finger back, searching for her clit instead. She gasped, louder than she meant to, so I tried to hide it with a gasp of my own.

“Fuck, Vicky!” I whispered as her sister bit my lip again.

I felt her body convulse as she came, her tongue invading my mouth as we kissed passionately.

“I’m going to-” my head shot backwards as I came, filling my girlfriend’s mouth as I heard her start to gag with the force.

I turned back to Angie, seeing a surprising amount of vulnerability there as she seemed to realize that she had been the instigator of our shared moment.

I read shock and regret in her eyes, and I felt for her. So I kissed her.

It was short, and it was sweet. But it was also something different from the moment before. This was both of us in a post orgasmic haze, sure. But we were no longer in the sleep induced confusion that comes with waking when you are horny. We were simply kissing.

It was intense. And it only lasted for a second as she moved back to her side of the bed as quietly as before. I silently thanked the creator of the memory foam mattress.

Victoria climbed back out from under the blanket, wiping her face and licking her fingers.

“You were being kind of loud,” she whispered. “You almost woke up Angie.”

We both took a moment to hear the sound of Angie’s light snoring.

“Sorry,” I whispered.

“It’s okay,” she said. “I think we got away with it.”



The next day Victoria was gone when I woke up.  
But Angie was not.  
I opened my eyes to find her staring at me.



“Fuck,” she said.

“How long have you been awake?” I asked.

“Awake, staring at you? Since about three this morning.”

“That’s not good, Angie. Victoria might find that to be odd behavior for you.”

“Oh, no, she didn’t suspect anything this morning when I pretended to be sleeping.”

“That’s good.”

“She trusts us, Dan.”

“I know.”

“She trusts me enough to leave me in bed with her boyfriend when she goes off to work.

I am the worst fucking sister in the world.”

“No you’re not,” I tried to sympathize.

“Don’t do that!”

“What?”

“Don’t make me feel better.” She looked away for a moment. “That’s what you did last night, didn’t you?”

I said nothing.

She continued. “You saw how upset I was after I came, and that’s why you kissed me. You wanted to make me feel better.”

I nodded. “Wow. Now who’s telepathic?”

“We are, apparently.” She looked back at me. “I have a better connection with my sister’s boyfriend than any guy I’ve ever dated. How’s that for irony?”

“It’s not your fault,” I told her.

“How do you figure?”

"You woke up horny. It's hard to figure out what's happening. You did the natural thing, which was to kiss me."

"I used to share a bed with my sister. I woke up a thousand times without kissing her."

"That's too bad."

"Shuddup." She smiled at me. "And stop being so fucking cool."

"Well, I can't be a dick now, can I?"

"Why not?"

"Because you are attracted to assholes."

She punched my arm. "Dick."

I sighed.

Before either of us knew what happened, she was in my arms, laying her head on my chest. My hand was running through her hair.

"What are we going to do?" She asked.

"We are going to be adults about this."

"You want to tell my sister?"

"Hell no. I'm not looking to break her heart. We are going to make sure we don't do anything else that we would ever have to hide from her."

"How do we do that?"

"We take the precautions."

"Like what?"

"We make sure we never find ourselves laying in bed half naked cuddling with each other."

"Easy. Next?"

"You wear oversized t-shirts so that I don't think about how fucking crazy hot your body is all the time."

"I already do that. "

"I know. And it's very nice of you."

"What else?"

"We do very unsexy things. You could poop with the door open, for example."

She giggled. "You could fart more often."

"Oh, no, I already fart as much as I can," I told her.

"I would try to gain weight to look less attractive, but my stupid body only turns fat into curves, and you seem to like my curves."

"I do indeed."

"You know, that's the other thing we could do."

"What's that?"

"Get it out of our systems."

"Do you think that would work?"

"No. It's just a way to trick ourselves into thinking that fucking each other like rabbits would help our situation. But I don't see how it could. I'm really good at sex."

"Yeah, so am I."

"So I've heard."

I continued running my hand through her hair.

"What, so we're fucked?" I asked.

“No. We haven’t fucked yet.”

“Don’t say yet.”

“You’re right.” She sighed.

“We can do this.”

“Yes we can.”

“Fuck, you’re cool!”

We spent the day avoiding each other. The sexual tension seemed to increase instead of diminish.

But somehow, we got through it. And the next day. And the next.

Angie’s junk food idea for her sister seemed to be working. The high calorie fried snacks did exactly as expected and soon she was packing a mighty fine pair of D cups. This went quite a long way in making sure she was taking my dick as often as she would allow.

On her short frame she was starting to look quite curvy. Her waist was still as narrow as ever, but her hips had filled out and she was starting to have the hourglass shape of her sister.

A week went by. Angie continued to go shopping for junk food, telling her sister that the stores were sold out of the healthy stuff. Half the time she wasn’t making it up, thanks to the insanity that is people who hoard food that spoils.

At first Angie and I continued to keep our distance, but over time we defaulted back to the friend zone. Soon we realized our friendship was even stronger than before. So what if I kissed her while I filled her baby sister’s mouth with cum? It was just another story we would never tell anyone.

Another week went by. Victoria tore her pants. She couldn’t fit in her old pairs. She went shopping for new ones and picked up a new bra at the same time. She was now officially rocking double Ds.

The two sisters high fived at this milestone, but Angie didn’t tell her that she had grown out of hers already. The junk food and the lack of gym was doing its work on her as well.

Both girls seemed annoyed that I hadn’t put on any weight. But they acknowledged that my cardio routine was still top notch. It was called naked Victoria.

She found my attraction to her a turn on, and she tried new things to get me going including costumes, role play, lingerie and watching porn together. I introduced her to new concepts and she seemed down to try anything I asked at least once.

A week later.

“Excuse me!” Angie burst into my office without asking. “What did I just hear?”

I turned to her and began to laugh.

“What? That sounded like me!”

“Oh, Angie.”

“What! Tell me.”

"Fine." I took a breath. "So, you know how I have an Alexa in here to control the lights, thermostat and that kind of shit, right?"

"Right."

"Well, it has a feature where you can set it to security mode where it listens for intruders and sends you alerts. It also records when it hears a noise."

"Oh, no."

"Apparently, you said the phrase last night somehow."

"What's the phrase?"

"I'm not going to say it, because that would set it off. But it is a combination of the words guard, activate and Alexa."

"Okay. So the noise you heard-"

"Was you, yes."

"That's what I sound like when I moan?"

"Apparently. I'm guessing the phrase was something like, 'oh my god, I'm masturbating, Alexa'."

I reached forward to play the file on my computer. Angie's voice filled the room with moaning.

"Wow. That is... not as bad as I thought."

"Sexy, right? But that's not all."

"What?"

"Listen to the background sounds."

I played the file again.

Her eyes widened. "That's the sound of your bed!"

I turned down the volume.

"Yep. I had no idea we were so loud."

"Well, we do share a wall."

"So you were masturbating to the sound of me fuck your sister?"

"Of course I was."

"Does that happen often?"

"Every time, jackass."

"Interesting."

As the sound continued, we both heard it at the same time. Angie moaning my name. Her face turned redder than I had ever seen it.

"Shit!" She yelled as she ran out the door.

Sometimes I wasn't sure why Angie flirted with me. At first, I thought it was out of boredom, or perhaps testing me. Other times, I decided she was only trying to be mean.

"Hey!" She called out from the other room. "I have a problem."

"What is it?"

"You know that pink top? The tight one that I wear around sometimes just to tease you?"

"So you admit it!"

"Duh. Well, I don't think I can wear it anymore."

"Why's that?" I asked.

“Umm... I'd better show you.”  
She walked into the room.



“This is why.”  
I doubt I said anything.  
“Hell yeah,” she said with a grin. “I still got it.”  
She sat down on the bed next to me.  
“No,” I told her. “Out.”  
“What?”  
“You can’t wear that shit around me and sit in my bed. Not allowed.”



“The big deal is that although I’d like to think my self control is quite decent, you are doing far too much to test it right now. Every man has his limits, okay?”

“What are you worried about?” She asked me. “If you tried to make a move I’d end you.”

“See? This isn’t a fair fight,” I pointed out. “I have nothing to tempt you with.”

“Sure about that? You walk around her in your basketball shorts a lot. I have to watch your package dance around. You think that’s easy for me?”

“Your existence is more than enough. But if you start going around teasing me on purpose, that’s simply not going to work.” I sighed. “You would literally kill me.”

She stood up and turned her back to me. “Well, I don’t want to do that!”

“I guess I’d better take this off, then,” she said as she pulled off the remainder of her top and walked slowly out of the room.

“I HATE YOU!” I yelled.

The girls weren’t slowing down. Victoria still fit in her bra but her new pants were getting tight. Angela couldn’t fit in any of her bras anymore.

The weather was hotter lately and despite the AC I didn’t like a huge electric bill so the girls were both wearing very little. I was doing my best to ignore this as we watched a movie. My best was not very good.





My arm was draped around my girlfriend, but my eyes were glued to the nipples poking out of the grey tank top that was doing a poor job of covering her sister's enormous tits. And, like usual, my dick was as hard as could be.

Angie got up to make some microwaved popcorn and my eyes followed her ass the entire way.

"Could you maybe watch the movie for one minute?" She asked loud enough for Angie to hear in the kitchen.

"What? I'm making a snack," Angie called from the kitchen. "Do you want anything?"

"I'm talking to my boyfriend who can't seem to look away from you for one fucking second."

The room was silent. This might have been the first time I'd ever heard her use the F word.

"I'm right here," she told me. I looked at her. "Why am I not enough for you?"

"You are! Are you kidding me? Of course you are! You're gorgeous!"

"Then why are you always staring at her?"

I didn't have an answer.

"I've gained all this weight for you. I've gained thirty pounds of tits and ass, just because you said you like it!"

"I do! I love it! You look incredible!"

"Then why are you always staring at her?"

Angie returned to the room, looking unhappy about her choice in clothing. "Look, Vicky. That's what guys do. He loves you, but guys can't help but appreciate the female form."

"But you're always hotter than me!"

"No matter how big my tits get, yours will always be bigger!"

"That's not true. I used to work out at the gym but-"

"And your ass is enormous! You almost can't get through a doorway anymore!"



“Well that’s just not true,” Angie began, stopping when she realized that it wasn’t that far off.

Victoria stood up, pulling her shirt over her head. “Why can’t I be enough for you?”

I looked at her. Her eyes were watering. “You are. You’re the only girl I’ve been with-”

“Oh, is that so hard?” She started walking toward my bedroom. “If you want to fuck my sister so bad, why don’t you just do it?”

She slammed my door.

“Shit,” Angie whispered. We sat there in silence for a moment. “Well? Aren’t you going to go talk to her?”

I stood up and went to my door, finding it locked. I knocked lightly. “Victoria? It’s me. I’m ready to talk whenever you are ready, but until then, I’ll wait out here for you.” No response.

I sat back down and turned the movie back on. I avoided looking at Angie for the next hour until I heard my door unlock. That’s when I got up and returned to my room, finding Victoria posing naked on my bed.

I did my very best to fuck the insecurity out of her. It seemed to work.

Until the next day.

Victoria opened a big family sized bag of chips and began eating out of it as we watched TV. After an hour, I noticed she was still going.

“Good chips?” I asked.

“The best,” she said with a full mouth.

“Sis, are you still eating those? Holy shit.”

She swallowed. “I’m working on my figure,” she said as finished her glass of milk.

Angie and I glanced at each other. She was just as freaked out as I was.

The next day Victoria walked in after work with a tub of KFC in her arms.

“Oh, you brought dinner? I wish you told me, because I made-”

“No, this is just for me.”

She sat down and chowed down on the fried chicken as Angie and I watched.

“Vicky, are you okay?” She asked her sister.

“I’m fine. Just hungry.”

We gave her a minute.

“Wow,” Angie said. “I just looked up the calories and it’s actually less than I would have guessed.”

“That’s too bad,” Victoria said as she pulled out a box of fries.

She was too full to fool around that night and passed out early. She fell asleep on her back, her food belly hanging out as she slept, grease still glistening on her lips.

I returned to the living room.

“Is she okay?” Asked Angie.

“I hope so.”

We were silent for a moment.

I turned to her. "How did I cause this?"

"It's not your fault," she told me. She caught my eye. I felt it water up as the world became blurry. "Aww, Dan! Come here!" She pulled me in for a hug as I began to cry.

She held me to her chest as my tears ran into her cleavage. I didn't enjoy the moment past the sensation that her tits felt far more firm than they had any right to.

Finally I pulled my head up and she smiled sweetly at me. "I know you care about her," she told me. "And I want you to know that I care about you."

She reached forward to kiss away the tear on my cheek.

"And you're not alone."

"I know."

"You have me."

"Thank you, Angie."

She kissed away another tear and tickled my cheek. I laughed as she began to giggle. She leaned forward again, but this time she chased the tear all the way down to my lips.

There was a spark between us and I swear that I felt an electrical shock as her lips touched mine. Then we began making out in earnest.

Our lips mashed together and we pulled each other in as we both kissed like long lost lovers.

Five minutes later my cock was grinding against her pussy on its own accord. It was all I could do not to pull aside the fabric and fuck this girl the way she deserved.

But I didn't. I slowed down, pulled back, stood up and kissed her forehead.

"I love you, Angie." I told her.

"I know. And that's why you are going back to your bed to sleep next to my sister."

"Yep."

"Hey, Danny?"

"Yeah?"

"I love you, too. I know I don't have to say it. But I can't help myself."

I leaned forward and kissed her one more time. It was a mistake. It lasted too long.

But I still walked away.

"We shattered it, didn't we?" Angie asked me the next day. "That fragile barrier that we somehow managed to maintain for the past months we called friendship. It's gone, isn't it?"

"Yep."

The day was already half over. But we both knew.

"I have an idea," she told me.

"Spill it."

"We take turns on who is the responsible one. Like today I could flirt with you all I want, but your job is to turn me down."

"Great idea."

"Yeah?"

"It's a great start. But it's flawed."

"Why's that?"

"It relies on the concept of me ever being able to turn you down. And that's impossible."

"You do it every day."

"I've been doing it with you, Angie. That's us working as a team. We are unstoppable that way."

"Except for when things happen like last night."

"All we did was kiss," I reminded her. "And frankly, it's pretty incredible that's as far as we've gone. We've been living together for several months now and the attraction grows each day."

"Yeah, I suppose. I mean, you did finger me..."

"No, you used my finger to masturbate with. There's a difference."

"Hmm. Is it though?"

"It's like if I made a mold of cock and gave it to you as dildo for a present. It's not the same as me fucking you."

"Can you do that, though? Seriously, my birthday is coming up--"

"Oh, when's your birthday?"

"October."

"Oh, congratulations. No."

"Damn. Worth a try."

"But back to our original discussion, no. There is no way in hell I'm going to be able to turn you down."

"But you get laid. All the time. Your girlfriend was pissed off yesterday but you still got the angry sex. And that's the best kind!"

"Still."

"Okay, fine. I have an idea."

I high fived her. "Tell me."

"I'm going to start losing weight."

"Aww."

"I know, you love my junk in the trunk." I nodded. "But I'm already three cup sizes bigger than when you met me."

"So that's..."

"I don't know, I haven't really been measured. But I'm guessing I'm an H cup."

"Yeah, that's what I would put you as," I agreed.

"Oh yeah, you have experience with bra sizes?"

"More than you'd think," I admitted. "And I'd put you right around Tessa Fowler three years ago."

"Why three years ago? Is she bigger now?"

"Now she's a J cup."

"Show me."

I pulled out my phone.

"Fuck, those are nice."

"Right?"

"Alright. We lost track. I'm going to work out more. And eat better."

"Right, right," I said. "And?"

“And concede the title to my little sister. She wants to stuff her face with fast food? Let her. But once she passes me up she can gain her confidence and feel like she has you for herself.”

“Not bad.”

“Thank you. Plus, that will help with your attraction for me. I’ll no longer be the hotter sister.”

“Disagree.”

“What? Don’t say that.”

“I’m serious.”

“So am I. Don’t fucking string me along, Dan.”

“I’m not. I really think you are sexier than your sister.”

“My sister... who you are dating. Who you fuck every night.”

“Yep.”

“Because you can’t have me.”

“No.”

“Seriously, Dan. Shut your fucking mouth. Do not lead me on.”

“I’m not, but okay. I get your point.”

“Good.”

“I’m just saying-”

“No.” She put her finger to my lips. “You aren’t.”

“Fine.” I stood up. “Alright, I need to get to work.”

I headed back into my office.

Two minutes later, I returned.

“You know what?” I asked. “No. I will tell you.”

“Dan-”

“You know this connection we have? How you can be in the next room, but I can guess what you’re thinking?”

“What was I thinking just now?”

“You were fingering yourself, You only pulled your finger out of your shorts when you heard me coming.”

“No!” She said. I smirked at her. “Yes, okay fine.”

“I’ve never had it before,” I told her. “You’re my best fucking friend, and I’d do anything for you.”

Her eyes watered. “Dan-”

“You are trying just as hard as I am to be a good person. And we’ve had each other’s backs this entire time. And we deserve a good fucking reward for that.” I paused. “I don’t know what that reward is, but whatever it is I can give you, I will.”

“So will I.”

“We both care about your sister. We both love her. And that’s the only fucking thing that is keeping me from jumping across this room and fucking you until the couch breaks.”

“Better stay over there, then.”

“But don’t think for a second that I don’t love you, or that you mean anything less to me than your sister.”

She sniffled. “But she has to mean more.”

"No, she doesn't. Because we can't always choose that. We can try to force it as much as we want. But at the end of the day, I'm not-"

"Don't you dare fucking finish that sentence."

"Angie."

"Dan."

I took another breath.

"I appreciate what you're trying to say, Dan, but that's the thing. You don't have to. I already knew all of this. I can see it in the way you look at me. And that's what Victoria saw last night, too. That's why it scared her so much."

"Does it scare you?" I asked.

"It freaks me the fuck out."

"Oh."

I sat down.

"No, Dan. It freaks me the fuck out because I feel exactly the same."

"Oh."

"So let's not say it." She got up and sat on the couch next to me. "Let's leave it unsaid. Because we both already know it."

"But-"

"I love you, Dan."

"I love you, Angie."

"And that's all. That's all that we need to say."

"It's not though."

"Yes, it is."

"You don't have to tell me with your lips. You don't have to tell me with your cock. I already know. So keep those things to yourself. Because they don't belong to me. They belong to my stupid sister."

"Okay."

"And I'm not here to kiss you. Because if I kissed you right now it would all be over."

"Obviously."

We sat there next to each other, holding hands.

"So this brings us back to square one?" I asked.

"Square fucking one."

"Any more genius ideas?"

"I do," she said.

"Yeah?"

"It's a terrible idea."

"Tell me."

"It goes back to the 'get it out of our systems' concept."

"I'm listening," I told her.

"We bend the rules."

"Oh."

"I know, fucking stupid."

I nodded.

"You buy me your Dan shaped dildo, I give you titty fucks-"

"You what now?"

"Titty fucks. My hands aren't touching you. Your dick is only sitting there minding its own business. There is no mouth, hand, ass or pussy involved. It's the perfect crime."

"Fuck me."

"Because it's a stupid idea?"

"Well, yeah. But more because we obviously have to do it now."

"Until we get it out of our system?"

"Obviously."

"Right now?"

"No. It's obviously a stupid idea," I reminded her. "Probably your dumbest yet. So we are going to take a few hours and realize how dumb it is so that we can not do it."

"Deal."



"Holy shit!" Angie yelled, two hours later.

I was seated on the couch. My pants were at my ankles and Angie was squatting in front of me.

"What?" I asked. "It isn't that big."

"No, you're right. It's not as big as the legends. But it's still pretty impressive."

"It's no pornstar dick."

"You'd be surprised. Most female pornstars are under five foot and have tiny hands. They make anyone look massive."

"Your sister has small hands."

"Is that why you're dating her?"

"Maybe."

“But no, the reason I said holy shit is because it’s really handsome. It’s everything I imagined.”

“That’s good, I guess.”

“Oh, it really is. Now, are you ready for it to disappear into my cleavage?”

“More than you know.”

She took off her top.

“Holy. Fuck!”



“I know, right?”

“Your tits are...”

“Not that much bigger than your girlfriend’s.”

“My mouth still drops for her’s, too. But these...” I reached forward to grab them, but she slapped them away.

“Oh, sorry. That’s just a reaction. Go ahead.”

I reached again, taking their weight in my hands. Her nipples were small compared to the sheer volume of her tit flesh. They hung high and proud, not in complete defiance of gravity but to the point where there wasn’t any drooping. They were simply an extension of her chest. A round, beautiful, full, massive extension.

“I could write poems,” I told her.

“As good as your computer animated boobies that you make?”

“Better.”

“Okay, you can stop drooling. Actually... go ahead. They need lubrication.”

I twisted her nipples.

“No!”

“What’s wrong?”

“That’s one of my biggest turn ons.”

“Oh, I’m sorry,” I said as I twisted them harder.



“Nooooo!”

She stood up and ran away, breast meat bouncing all over the place as she ran to the bathroom. She returned with baby oil which she promptly poured into her cleavage.

“Fuck my tits.”

“Gladly.”

I thrust forward, enjoying the sensation almost as much as the view.

“You look like you’re enjoying this.”

“You have no idea.”

She took the lead, holding onto the sides of her tits as she squeezed them around me. Not content to simply bounce her breasts, she used her entire torso for the move as she gave me the best tit fuck of my life.

“Shit, I’m close,” I warned her.

“Already?”

She backed off, finding my dick sticking straight up into the air in front of her. “Mmm,” she moaned. “Is it bad that I want it in my mouth?”

“Yes.”

“I know,” she said, looking thoughtful. “Anyway!”

She began twisting her shoulders, causing her tits to bounce against my dick and slap heavily onto my thighs.

“What is... why is this so hot?” I sounded as confused as I felt.

“You tell me,” she shrugged as she used both of her tits to scoop my dick between them as she began once again to bounce in my lap. “Are you going to cum?” She asked.

“Angie!”

“Are you going to cum all over my big fucking tits?”

“Yes!”

“Are you going to ever be able to look at them again without imagining them being covered in a load of your spunk?” She asked with her sexy voice.

“No!” I made what I knew to be an unattractive face as I shot my first load. It sprayed straight through her cleavage and hit her on the bottom of her chin.

“Oh!” She moaned as she sat back, sitting at face level in front of my cock as it continued spraying. I grabbed it myself, coaxing out the remainder of the load as I aimed it straight at her face. It hit her in the forehead, dripping down and dangling off her chin. I aimed my next load down, covering one tit after the other as I doused her with what turned out to be a lot more than I expected.



"Holy shit," she whispered as she used her finger to wipe off her cheek, followed by a nice display as she licked that same finger clean. "Do you always cum this much?"

"No," I admitted. "Apparently you bring it out of me."

She smiled as she seductively continued to lick herself clean.

"I feel bad," I told her. "Why should I be the only one to benefit?"

"It's not about that. It's about you marking me as yours." She smiled at me as a trail of my sperm dripped down her chin into her tits. "You like it, don't you? I'm not going to let you take a picture. But I am going to stay like this today for as long as you want."

My only response was a smile of my own.

Two days later I handed her a box that was gift wrapped. "This is for you."

"Aww, shucks! For me? What could it be?" She took the box and shook it. "It's too small to be your dick."

She opened it and found a tiny egg. "A vibrator?" She pulled it out and played with it. "How do I turn it on?"

"That's for me to know and you to find out."

She raised an eyebrow. "You'll have the remote?"

"Yep."

"But when do I wear it?"

"All the time. Unless I tell you otherwise. The battery lasts for up to twelve hours of continuous use. I figure that will be about right for a charge once a day."

"Gee, mister! You want me to be vibrating 12 hours a day?"

"We'll see. You can put it in now."

I waited until her sister got home and the three of us were watching What We Do In The Shadows. We had finished dinner and were relaxing when I returned from the bathroom. I had just turned on the vibrator setting to the first level out of five.

It was silent, and I almost questioned whether Angie still wore my present until she gave me the same eyebrow raise as before.

I waited until an awkward sex scene between the vampires that was played more for laughs than anything and I turned up the level to two. Once again, I could hear no sound. After a minute Angie sat up to reposition herself, but she didn't look at me. After the scene, I turned it back down to the first level.

Again I waited, this time until it seemed she had forgotten the foreign object vibrating inside her. In the next episode there was another awkward sex scene and I turned it up to a three. This instantly got a reaction as Angie turned to give me a look that said, "what are you doing to me?"

The scene ended and there was a quiet moment where I listened for any sound. When I tested it out, this was the level where I could hear the vibration clearly, but now that it was tucked away in Angie it seemed to absorb all the sound.

Again I turned it back down, but this time only to the second level.

We switched back to Letterkenny. I waited for more traditional romantic moments, but none came. Instead, I decided to turn it up a notch every time Bonnie McMurray appeared on the screen. This earned me an eye roll.

Finally, during an extended scene, I turned up the vibration to the fourth level.

Angie instantly shifted in her seat, grabbing a pillow and putting it in her lap as she tried to grip it subtly. She seemed to be deliberately avoiding looking in my direction. I listened for a quiet moment to hear how loud it was, but it turned out I didn't have to wait.

"Is that the fridge?" Victoria asked.

"I think so," Angie managed to say without sounding too unusual.

"It's loud," Victoria observed.

"Yeah it is," Angie agreed.

I waited ten seconds before turning it back down. Angie gave me a death glare.

I headed into my bedroom. When I was about to undress I felt a hand reach into my pocket. I spun around, facing my attacker.

"Where is it!" Angie asked.

"What?"

"The remote! I know it was in your pocket!"

"I'll never tell."

She reached into my pocket again, digging around and brushing against my manhood but otherwise coming up empty. Apparently, she didn't consider the phone in my hand.

"That's for me to control," I told her. "Now go back to your hole before your sister gets out of the bathroom and finds you feeling me up."

When I gave Angie a quick hug, I whispered in her ear. "And don't take it out."

Her eyes widened as I smirked.







That night I made every effort to wind up Victoria with extra foreplay, trying to get her as vocal as possible. I left the vibrator on the first setting until she began to moan, then I reached under my pillow to my phone to turn up the volume button one notch. This was connected to the app that controlled Angie's vibrator, turning her up to level two.

After giving her an extra slow-building orgasm with my tongue, I climbed on top of her to give her slow, deep deliberate strokes. As her moaning increased I brought Angie up to level three.

Again I took my time, bringing my girlfriend with me as I neared orgasm.

I took a breather, returning between her thighs to attack her clit, causing her to moan even louder than before. Once I lost my immediacy, I climbed back up to thrust into Victoria with abandon, fucking her as hard as I could as I turned up the vibrator to level four.

The headboard shook against the wall (I may have moved it earlier) as Vicky screamed, the sounds of our bodies slapping together filling the room as I held out as long as I could. Victoria came as loud as I had ever heard her, and I added my own grunts into the mix as we both came.

The sound of wind filled my ears as if we were riding on the roof of a moving train, and my toes squeezed as I finished the long delayed orgasm I'd been building up for. I kissed my girlfriend and rolled off of her before turning off the app and laying back on my side of the bed. Vicky's labored breathing quickly turned into light snoring as my phone lit up with a new Snapchat.

"I can't believe you found the technology to make me cum the hardest in my life without even being in the same room," it read.

I send back an evil smile.

"I wish I could use technology to tease you, too," Angie continued. "Oh, wait. I can."

Three new picture messages.

The first one was one of the saved photos she mentioned. She was topless, and she was breathtaking. She was in her old house where she lived before moving in with me.

The second one was from a few days ago. She was naked in my bathroom and the size difference was impressive. She was standing at a similar angle as the previous picture, bending and thrusting her ass out to the side as she took the picture at an angle that made her tits look even bigger than they were. In the second picture she didn't need it. Her rack was massive, hanging off her proudly as her brown nipples aimed up to the camera. In the second picture, she had written in the mirror in lipstick. It read, "Property of Dan."

If that wasn't enough to wake up my exhausted libido, there was a third picture.

This one wasn't quite so well framed, and seemed more rushed. But to me, it was the hottest one yet. She was naked, and she was dripping from the double load I'd given her yesterday. Her face was covered and she was only able to see through one eye. It was in her hair and causing the majority of her sizable rack to glisten. But the hottest thing was her smile. It was remarkably innocent, looking out of place on a girl that looked so dirty.

"Fuuuuuck," I responded.

"Want to help me take a selfie like that again tomorrow?" She sent me.

The next morning I woke up to find Victoria gone and Angie in her place.

"Fuck," she said, extending the word like my message had.

"Hey! You can't be here. We agreed."

"Relax. I'm feeling so satisfied right now that I would totally reject your advances."

"So you liked your present?"

She giggled. "Uh, yeah."

"I'm glad. Did you need to work yourself also?"

"Probably not. At least not when it was on the highest setting. But I did anyway, of course."

"That wasn't the highest setting."

"What."

"Think you could handle more?"

She stared at me before laying her head back down on the pillow. "Fuuuuuck."

She stared at the ceiling. "Good thing my hair is the same color as your girlfriend's."

"It is indeed."

"You know what? Maybe I could actually sleep in here again tonight without worrying about jumping your bones in the middle of the night."

"Is that why it's been over a week?"

"Obviously."

"So all you needed was an assisted orgasm?"

"More like three assisted orgasms."

"Really?"

She only smiled at me. "Hey, do you mind if I take a nap here next to you?"

"Only if you promise to reject my advances. You know I'm helpless to resist you when you're topless."

"Oh, that's just in case you want to fuck them again."

"Yeah?"

She smirked as she used her elbows to bring her generous endowments together.

"Ready when you are, big boy."

I promptly climbed on top of her.

"Ever fuck J cups?" She asked me.

"Are you? How do you know?"

"I don't. I just like getting a reaction. Although, I'd say they are pretty close to the size of that redhead you showed me, wouldn't you?"

I only grinned at her as I thrust into her cleavage. After a couple of strokes she stopped me. "Does that feel good? There's a lot of friction."

I nodded. My vocal skills seem to have left me again.

"Just put it in my mouth," she said. "I'll make it wet."

"But that's like a BJ," I found my words.

"Nah, it's just to save me from having to get up and grab oil or lotion. Please? I'm comfortable."

I pushed forward hesitantly as she used her hand to pull me into her mouth. She used her tongue to coat me, bobbing her head and sucking as she used her hand to show her skill. I sensed that she was acting more out of reflex than meaning to show off, but I moaned anyway to show my pleasure.

She looked up at me, looking guiltier than I would have expected as she stopped moving. There was a pause as we stared into each other's eyes for a moment before she resumed, sucking and twirling her tongue around my head as I gasped.

Her lips smiled around my dick as she sped up, gagging as she took me into her throat. She used her hand to fondle my balls, feeling them harden and pull inside me as I unleashed a



torrent straight into her throat with no warning. She gagged again and began to cough as I continued to shoot directly into her airway as she tried to take a breath.

I pulled back out of her, unloading on her face as she sputtered and coughed up everything in her throat, covering herself as I continued to spray her.

She gasped, tears streaming down her face and mixing with the other liquids into a gooey mask. Finally, she caught her breath and, much to my relief, her tits bounced all over the place as she shook with laughter.

"Holy shit," she said as she licked some of the cum off her face and swallowed it. "Does that always happen when someone is simply trying to give you a little lubrication?"

"Apparently."

"Seriously! You couldn't have lasted two minutes."

"You got skills," I admitted. "And I really wish I didn't know that."

"Yeah, well. Now you do."

"Now I do, indeed."

She turned her head and lay on the pillow. "Well, goodnight!"

I thought she was joking but soon heard light snoring not unlike her sister's. I closed my eyes, falling asleep instantly.

Angie did the laundry, cleaning my sheets so we didn't have to explain why the pillow had the crusty imprint of a face in it. She told her sister it was because she planned to sleep in our bed and wanted clean sheets for the night. It wasn't untrue.

We slept soundly that night, all three of us satisfied from the night before (and me from that morning).

In the morning, Angie got up before her sister and didn't return when she left. I thought that was wise.

Three days later I surprised Angie with another gift.

"Another one? You aren't supposed to give more gifts to your girlfriend's sister than to her, you know."

"This one came from the same package," I told her. "So technically, it's the same gift."

"Oh, okay!" She opened her mouth, stuck her tongue out and closed her eyes.

"Not that package," I protested.

She gave me her raised eyebrow look that I was rather fond of. I didn't mention to her that I tried to earn that look at least once a day for fear that she would withhold it.

She opened the box to find a cone-shaped object.

"A buttplug?"

"Kind of. It also vibrates."

She gave the look again.

"They are meant to be worn at the same time."

"Shit," she whispered. "Can we use this tonight?"

"Of course," I said as she jumped in my lap and covered me in kisses. This was happening a bit too often lately. Same thing with the BJs.

"I have a present for you, too." She told me after several minutes of making out with me.

"Oh? Are you going to stop wearing clothes?"

She ignored my question. "It's also something nerdy. And I think you'll be proud of me. You'll probably also call me smart."

"Consider me intrigued."

She held up her phone. On the screen was a map showing the local city. There was a dot in the middle labeled Vicky.

"She's on my plan," Angie explained. "so I can keep track of her with the GPS without her knowing. That means she isn't going to come home on her lunch break early and catch us fooling around."

"So we have a thirty-minute window," I observed.

"I found a way to alert me as soon as she's five miles away."

I kissed her. "You're a genius."

"I know, right? But just so we're clear, this isn't an excuse for us to do anything else. This is only to make sure we don't hurt my sister."

"Agreed." I kissed her again. "Well then. I guess it's my turn."

I flipped her back on the couch, pulled down her shorts, inserted her new toy and turned it on before licking between her thighs.

Oh. Yeah, we did that now too. It was only fair.

A week later, I got another package. This one was for me. Okay, it was also for both of the girls living with me.

Twice now, Victoria had tried to bring me back for a second round unsuccessfully. I still did my best to satisfy her, able to last longer and make sure she reached her satisfaction, but the two loads in her sister's stomach that day meant I was at my limit for the night.

The package was a bottle of Cialis, meant to keep me harder on demand for a week at a time. I didn't tell either sister about it, figuring I would let them find out for themselves.

Victoria loved it. She even commented that I felt bigger, and just for fun the next day I measured myself and found that the extra hardness did in fact give me almost a full inch extra. I wore her out to the point where she was limping on her way out the door. It was the first time that happened since our first month of exploring.

Angie also loved it, but not in the way I expected. Besides aiding in hardness and recovery, the pill also seemed to make me last longer. She took this as a challenge, making a mess of her face as tears smeared the makeup she'd put on specifically for the occasion.

She took me to the back of her throat, laying back on my bed with her head hanging off the edge as I fucked her face. She seemed to get off from the choking, loving it when I would toss her around and take her forcefully, especially when it was a surprise.

Today was nearing the half-hour mark and I was starting to feel a bit sorry for the girl. The throat isn't meant to bulge with hard cock for that long.

She sensed my hesitation and pushed me away.

"Don't hold back," she told me. "I want you to use me."

"I'm all about the using," I told her. "Not so much the abusing."

"That's because you haven't tried."

This must have earned her a raised eyebrow. I wondered if she was trying to earn that look from me once a day also.

"Come on, I want you to destroy my throat."

"I'm pretty sure I have," I told her. You sound like you smoke two packs a day right now."

"Is it sexy?"

"Yeah, kinda."

"Good. Now I want you to spit on my face."

"Beg your pardon?"

"You love it when my face is glistening. Now, make it happen, Captain!"

"I'm not-"

"Please, Daddy?"

She giggled as she watched me return to full hardness. "That's funny to watch upside down."

I took my dick and rammed it back into her mouth. She gagged, making it sound even more gruesome for the effect. She let me fuck her throat for a minute before pointing at her face and saying what I guessed to be "spit on me" in a muffled voice.

I didn't say anything. I only made the hacking sound in the back of my throat. She raised her eyebrows at me in encouragement, so I took my saliva and spat it on her face.

She moaned before slapping herself in the cheek. I must have reacted the way she wanted because she did it again. I began fucking her face even harder than before, watching her throat bulge almost all the way to her collarbone.

Damn, I thought to myself as I marveled at what I felt when I was fully hard. After another full minute, I pulled back out of her. She gasped, sucking in air for her lungs.

"Shit, Angie! Are you-"

"Yes! Choke me, Daddy!"

She gripped my cock and continued to jerk me off.

"I know you're ready to cum, Daddy! Where do you want to do it? Deep in my throat so that I'm walking around with your cum sloshing around in my belly all day? Or are you going to pull out and cover my face in your spunk? You probably have enough for my tits too, don't you?"

She felt me get even harder. She was about to open her mouth when we were interrupted by her phone.

"Shit! That's her!" Angie said as she recognized the notification sound. "She'll be here in five minutes!"

Her evil smile returned. "So where are you going to finish?"

"Face," I said weakly.

"Tell me. Command me."

"Your face."

"Yes! Do it!" She sped up her movement. "Fuck my throat one more time and then cover your girl!"

She guided me back into her mouth where I thrust fully, causing her to choke as I fucked her hard and fast. I reached orgasm soon after, pulling out and releasing a huge load to cover the girl.

She sat up, coughing and gasping as she tried not to drip all over my bed.

"Thank you, Daddy."

She got and ran to the bathroom, dropping cum all along her path as she turned on the shower.

I hurried to get dressed, returning to my office but leaving the door open.

A minute later I heard the front door. "Hey! I'm home! They sent me home early."

I walked out of my office and gave her a hug. "Is that bad?" I asked.

"I don't think so. Although I might have fewer hours this week unless I want to work the late shift."

"That's cool," I said. "It would give us more time together. Or at least with your sister if I'm still working."

"That's true."

"Or, if you work later, it wouldn't change much. I could just adjust my work schedule."

"That's right! I forgot how flexible your work is. I still don't understand what you do."

"Just like everyone else these days, I work from home. I was ahead of the curve."

Angie walked out of the shower with a towel wrapped around her and another one on her head.

"Hey, sis!"

Angie looked surprised. "Vicky! What are you doing home early?"

"I was just telling Dan about it. Hey, what happened to your voice? It's super raspy."

"Hopefully not the covid!" Angie said cheerfully.

"Don't say that! Because it would mean that I gave it to you."

"Not necessarily. I still go out shopping."

"Alright, will you go get dressed please, Angie? My boyfriend doesn't need you hanging around in a towel all day."

"Two towels," Angie reminded her. "I'm covering up my hair, and that's my best asset. Right, Dan?"

I had told her that this morning. Was she looking for another punishment?

"Totally," I mumbled. "As long as you cover your hair, that's the important part."

"I swear, Angie. You take more showers now than you did before quarantine."

"That's because I didn't use to sleep on a futon and need warm water to fix my damn back."

"Dan gives a good massage."

"Yeah? Maybe he can give me one sometime."

"Sure. Hey, by the way. If Dan was in the office, where were you going to get changed?"

"I was just going to grab my clothes, then probably change in the bedroom. Dan wouldn't have even noticed. When he works he gets tunnel vision."

That night I gave Angie a massage as we all watched TV. She moaned loudly, making me wonder if I'd turned her vibrator on too high.

"Isn't he good?" Victoria asked. "He gives almost as good a massage as his dick does."

"Victoria! I do not want to hear that!"

Victoria giggled. "Sorry. Must be the wine. But I'm off tomorrow, and I'm going to live it up!"

The next day we went for a drive to get out of the house. We found a new hiking trail and made quite the trio. Victoria and I were both limping. Her from the night before, me from the blue balls she'd given me on the drive as she rubbed me through my pants while talking dirty in my ear. Eventually, Angie had insisted that she drive for safety reasons as Victoria and I climbed into the back seat. She started giving me head, but before we could finish we pulled up to the hiking spot.

"This is the last time I go anywhere with you two!" Angie's voice croaked worse than yesterday. "You're like horny teenagers!"

"Aww, don't worry! We'll find you your Dan soon."

"I hope so. I can't wait to have a Dan of my own."

"Aww. Well until then, we can share. Right, Dan?" I hoped I didn't look guilty as Victoria turned to me. "I mean, hold her hand! We can all walk together."

I reached out and offered my hand to Angie. She grabbed it and squeezed. "Aww, that's cute! Now all three of us are holding hands."

"Skip with me!" I said as I led the way.

"I'm going to take a shower!" Victoria called out as she walked towards the bathroom when we got home.

"Who's only wearing a towel now?" Angie yelled.

Victoria unwrapped her towel, showing off her growing tits. She stuck her tongue out and made Angie and I laugh. "Hey, if I did that, you'd kill me!"

"Damn right! Don't forget," she said as she closed the bathroom door.

Angie turned to me. "Alone at last. Hey, about yesterday--"

"I know!" I interrupted her. "What was that?"

"I don't know! But I really liked it. I've never done anything like that before. But I feel really safe around you, you know? It makes me want to explore new facets of my sexuality. And apparently, I'm into that shit. But I'm sorry if it was too far for you. We totally don't have to do anything like that again."

"No, I... actually, I feel the same way. It was really hot."

"Really?!" She looked like I gave her a puppy. "Oh, fuck yeah! That was so hot. I don't think it was even about the humiliation, you know? Like, I didn't really feel humiliated. I mostly just felt owned. Like a piece of property. Your property."

I grinned.

"Wow," she sighed. "I was worried, you know? Now I can't wait until we have this place to ourselves again."

She ran over to my spot and made out with me, listening for the water to stop.

After a minute I pulled away from her. "Hey, say something else."

"In my raspy sex voice?"

"Yes, please."

"How about this, Danny. The next time you want to hear my voice sounds like this again, all you have to do is fuck the shit out of my throat until my tears smear my makeup and you choke me out with your big dick."

"Wait, did you say Danny or Daddy?"

"Do you like it when I call you Daddy?"

"Normally, I'd say no. But when you do it..." that earned me a kiss.

Several minutes went by before we heard the bathroom door open. Angie jumped up, shocked by the fact that the water was still going. She fell backward over the coffee table, rolling into the ground and causing me to chuckle.

"That was work!" Victoria called through the doorway, out of sight. "I guess I have the day off tomorrow too! Hell yeah!"

"Awesome!" I called out.

She closed the door and resumed her shower.

"Hoo-fucking-ray," Angie shouted as she got up. "I think I need a drink after hearing that news. Want one?"

"Bring the bottle."

The three of us got reasonably drunk that night. We ended up in my bed, and after Angie began to snore Victoria turned to me.

"I want you inside of me."

"I want that too," I told her.

"Do your balls still hurt?" She asked.

"Not as bad now, thanks to the booze."

"I'm not really sore right now either," she whispered.

"Too bad we have company," I reminded her.

"Yeah." She was silent for a moment. "Although... she is sleeping." She reached over to grab me. "Hey! You didn't tell me you were hard."

We began kissing. After a few minutes, she paused. "She's a heavy sleeper."

"Really?"

"Yep." She resumed kissing, and I wondered for a moment if I would be able to get away with mounting her.

"You kiss differently now," she told me.

"Really?" Shit.

"Yeah, you're more aggressive. A little bit rougher." I started to hear my own heartbeat, waiting for her to finish. "I like it."

"I think we've become more comfortable around each other," I suggested.

"I'd say we definitely have. And the sex just keeps getting better."

If I didn't feel guilty before, I did now.

She wrapped her leg around me and crawled on top of me. "Think we can get away with it?"

I kissed her. "If we're quiet."

"Fuck it," in the second time I ever heard the F word leave her mouth.

She gasped as she pulled me inside her. She was as wet as I'd ever felt her. The rhythm started slow, and she only moved an inch or two but it felt amazing.

She moaned again, and I suddenly became aware that Angie was awake. Victoria was oblivious, still drunk and distracted by the pleasure. I reached out my arms and felt two things. My phone in my left hand, Angie's hand in my right.

I had already turned on the app before bed, just in case I wanted to be a dick to Angie, so all I had to do was press the volume button up.

She squeezed my hand when I did, trying to maintain her breathing and stay quiet. This continued as my girlfriend sped up, the sound of her ass slapping my hips growing steadily louder. I turned up Angie's vibrator up to the second level, the third shortly after.

Angie's hand began to move as she pleased herself more aggressively. I pressed the button once more, bringing Angie to the fourth level for a minute.

I began to hear the sound of the vibrator, so I reached over to slap Victoria's ass.

"Shhhh," she whispered in my ear as she sped up, creating even more noise than my spanking had between her moaning and the sounds of our bodies colliding.

I was close, so I grabbed her ass cheek with one hand to speed her up. She cried out, moaning in ecstasy as she reached her orgasm. Her pussy tightened around me, bringing me to climax right along with her.

At the same time, Angie's hand tightened around me in a death grip, expressing all it was taking to keep quiet as she reached an orgasm of her own.

I wasted no time grabbing my phone. I messed up, reaching too fast and pushing my phone instead of gripping it. It slid right off the bed despite my best efforts to catch it, banging against my nightstand with a loud thunk.

"What was that?" Victoria asked me as she collapsed on my chest.

"My phone," I said as I tried to sit up.

"You don't need it. I need you for a pillow right now because I don't think I can move."

Right at that moment, Angie erupted in laughter.

"Sorry, Angie. Were we too loud?"

"Just a bit, little sis. Just a bit."

We joined her in laughter, the three of us relieved at the break in tension from the awkward moment.

But it was short lived.

We all heard it at once. The sound of something that could only be a vibration.

"What's that sound?" Vicky asked.

"Umm... maybe it's my phone?" I suggested. "Maybe I should check it..."

"No, it's coming from the other side of the bed."

Angie sat up. "Well, I'm going to go use the bathroom..."

"Wait. Are you using a vibrator?"

I could almost hear the wheels spinning in Angie's head as she tried to come up with a response. I was just as blank.

"Eww! Were you using a vibrator while you were listening to us have sex?"

Another pause. There was nothing I could think of that wouldn't incriminate me more.

"It was really hot, okay?"

"Eww! Angie! I'm your sister!"



"That doesn't make it sound any less sexy! You guys are really fucking hot."

There was another pause. Then Victoria started to giggle again. "At least you aren't related to Dan," she pointed out. "Wait, why didn't you leave?"

"Because I can't escape it, okay? I can still hear you guys in the next room."

"Wait, do you pleasure yourself every time we make love?"

"Pretty much!"

Victoria giggled again. "I can't believe my big sister masturbates to the sound of my boyfriend and I having sex!"

More giggling. "Okay, so how the question is, where did you even get a vibrator?"

Angie seemed to have already thought of this. "It was in my pants. I didn't realize it was there until I tried to fall asleep."

She started to laugh along with her sister. "Hey, Danny, why are you so quiet?"

"Because I'm still balls deep in your baby sister," I said. This pushed both girls into fits of giggling.

"Okay, last question. Hey Angie?"

"Yes?"

"Why is it still going?"

Angie jumped up. "Because I can't figure out how to turn it off, okay?"

This time I joined in Victoria's laughter as Angie ran out of the room.

"And who walks around with a vibrator in their pants anyway!" She yelled after her sister.

"Wow," I said.

"I can't believe that just happened." She squeezed. "Wait, are you hard again?"

"Apparently." I gripped her hips and bounced her up and down. "Are you up for round two?"

"Only if you gag me. Otherwise, we are basically making audio porn!"

"All I heard was, 'gag me'."

"Are you comfortable with being responsible for getting two sisters off in the same night?"

I flipped her over and began to tickle her. "Sounds pretty fucking hot to me!" Her laughter was louder than her protests.

I fucked her, this time the opposite of the first. It was rough, hard and fast. And it would be a lie if I said I didn't imagine that it was Angie underneath me.

"Is she avoiding us?" Victoria asked me the next day.

"I don't think so," I answered. "Usually she has her alone time for most of the day."

"Oh. And you do, too?"

"Yeah, usually I'm just working."

"Am I keeping you from your job?"

"It's fine. I'll make up for it over the weekend if they call you in."

"I guess. Hey, what do you do, exactly? I know the title, graphic designer, but how do you get paid?"

"I create art for video games."

"Really? Like Call Of Duty? That's a game, right?"

"It is, yeah. But no, I'm working with independent developers."

"Oh! So what kind of games are they?"

Angie took this moment to come out of the office.

"Hey, Angie! Were you in there masturbating again?"

"My sister is hilarious. No, I was meditating."

"Oh, is that what they call it these days?" I decided to throw in some shade. Victoria giggled.

"Wouldn't you like to know? Hey, I want to hear about the game too."

"Okay," I said after she sat down on the couch. "They are visual novels. Stories where you can play as the main character and make choices to affect the story. There are multiple outcomes."

"Oh! That sounds fun!" Victoria said. "It sounds like something I could do."

"There are actually a lot of female players," I told them.

"Can I see?"

"Umm, I don't really have a demo. But I could make one. I'll do it today."

"Why are you so secretive?" Vicky asked.

"Because they are adult games," Angie said. I gave her a "what are you doing to me?" look.

"Really?" Victoria asked.

"Well, two of them are, yes. They tend to make more money."

"Really? Why's that?"

"Well, the games are supported by people who realize that the game needs funding for the creators to be able to afford to work on them, so they subscribe monthly."

"Are there a lot of games like that out there?" It was Angie's turn to ask.

"Yeah, there are thousands, really."

"Are they all successful?"

"No. In fact, it's weird sometimes how things gain attention. Some games are pretty awful but still make a few hundred bucks a month, and some games are amazing but still only earn a few bucks. But the ones that make a lot tend to be either really pretty, have a great story, or be around a long time."

"How about your games?" Victoria asked.

"Well, I'd like to think that the games I work on are great looking, but sometimes that's more a matter of taste."

"Are they popular?" Angie asked.

"Yeah," I admitted. "Well, one is. That's pretty much how I pay the bills. For the other two games, I probably make less than minimum wage and do it more for a passion project than anything."

"The one that is popular, is it good?" Victoria asked.

"It's good, yes. But the main reason it gets love is because of the fetishes it features."

"Like incest?" Angie asked.

"What? Eww! That's not a thing, is it?"

"Are you kidding?" Angie asked her sister. "It's one of the main fetishes in porn for the past several years."

"Gross! Like... sisters kissing?"

“Probably doing a lot more than that.”

I laughed. “Yeah, incest really is a popular one. But I happen to think that incest is really just a subset of a bigger kink.”

“That’s that?” Angie asked.

“Taboo.”

“Really?”

“I think that the reason incest gets so much attention is that people know that they aren’t supposed to do it. That’s what makes it hot. But you can make a story about other things, like your best friend telling you not to fuck his little sister, for example, and the story can be just as forbidden.”

“Fucking your mom is overrated?” Angie asked.

“Exactly.”

“Eww.”

“So you’re saying that if you made a game about hooking up with two sisters, it would be hot?” Angie asked.

“Isn’t that just incest?” Victoria asked.

“Only if the sisters hooked up with each other,” I pointed out. “But yeah, I could imagine that could make for a fun game.”

“Wow,” Victoria said. “I’m a bit weirded out to learn all this, but I’m glad I asked. Now I know more about what my boyfriend does.”

Angie gave me a “you’re welcome” look.

The next day, Victoria left for work and Angie climbed into bed with me. She wore only the torn up shirt that I had told her not to wear around me.



We kissed each other like long lost lovers and she melted into my arms as we held each other.

“Was I a bad girl?” She asked me.

“There were a few times that you were, yes!”

“Do you want to punish me?”

“As much as you deserve.”

“Hard?”

I reached over and smacked her ass.

“What was that for, Danny?”

“For sneaking into my bed only wearing a thong. This is breaking all the rules!”

“Not all the rules,” she protested. “I’m not riding you.”

My hand seemed to not want to leave her ass as I groped it.

“What would you do to me if I broke all the rules, Daddy?”

“Probably kick you out of my house,” I answered honestly.

“Hmm. I don’t want that.” She seemed to think about it for a moment. “I need to think of something in between. Something to make you want to really punish me.”

“Why not just be a good girl?” I asked.

“Nah, you already found yourself a good girl. What you need is an Angie on the side.”

“I already have that,” I reminded her as I squeezed her ass.

“I know. But you deserve more.”

“I’m getting a pretty healthy chunk.”

“Is that enough, Daddy?” She asked. “Are you really getting as much of me as you want?” She shook her ass, making it wobble seductively.

“Are you offering me your ass?”

“It’s yours to play with, sure. But as far as inserting your cock, that’s going to be a no. You are way too big to be manageable.”

“You do realize that’s what butt plugs are for, right? Making you able to take it.”

“Is that really what you want?” She stared into my eyes. “Here I thought you wanted my pussy.”

“But I can’t have it.”

“Why not?”

“Angie...”

“What, Daddy? My pussy is yours. If you want it.”

“But.... our pact.”

“You do realize our pact is just for us, right? It’s not doing your girlfriend any good. If she knew you were the reason my throat was raspy, that you were giving me multiple orgasms daily, that you were going down on me, face fucking me and filling my stomach with sperm, do you really think it would make any difference if you were fucking me?”

“Angie.”

“Yes, Daddy?”

“Stop being logical.”

“Sorry, Daddy.” She looked away. “I just want to make you happy.”

“And I want to make you happy,” I conceded.

“I know you would,” she whispered. “And you would, too, wouldn’t you?”

She looked back at me.

“You’d do anything to make me happy, wouldn’t you Daddy?”

“I...”

“You know what would make me happy?”

“Angie...”

“I want you to take my pussy, Daddy.”

She bent at the waist, pushing her ass high in the air as she pulled down her thong and exposed her ass in the air.”

“Make it yours.”

I was hard as a rock.

“I’m already yours, Daddy. Now I want you to take my pussy.”

I stared at her.

Her confidence wavered. The longer I waited, the more I saw her face crumple.

“I’m sorry.” She said. “I’m sorry, Danny. It’s not fair. I know I shouldn’t have-”

I stopped her by pulling her face to me, kissing her hard. I bit her lip, sliding my hands down her body and across her curves.

As I held her, I felt my cock brush against the entrance to her pussy. It was just as wet as I expected.

“You’re mine?” I asked.

“Yes.”

“Tell me.”

“I’m yours, Danny.”

I kissed her. She made no move to take me inside her.

“Are you mine?” She asked.

“I’m yours, Angie.”

“Show me.”

I thrust into her.

She screamed. Her entire body arched as I filled her. She bent away from me, yelling my name as I began to fuck her in earnest.

“I AM HIS!” She yelled.

“I BELONG TO THIS MAN!”

Our bodies slid across the bed, taking all the pillows and blankets with us as we fell to the floor. She climbed on top of me, riding me with the experience and confidence that I knew she had.

I knew I wouldn’t last much longer, so I tossed her onto the bed, her ass hanging off as I fucked her doggystyle. I controlled the pace, slowing it down as needed. She loved my slow, deep thrusts and showed me by yelling, cursing, and moaning.

I realized at that moment that I’d never been with a screamer before.

“FUCK ME, DADDY!” She yelled as I slammed into her.

I felt the end coming so I sped up, fucking her so hard that the room was filled with the sound of my hips slapping into her ass cheeks and the feet of the bed sliding across the floor.

Finally, I shot into her, powerful jets of cum that painted her insides and filled her deepest crevices. She fell on the bed, acting like I had given her life.

I lay next to her and held her. We both breathed heavily, not saying a word as we looked into each other's eyes. Nothing needed to be said. We had just said it all.

The next day we tried to keep away from each other. We failed fully.

I sat on the couch as she rode me. I loved watching her body bounce.

"Tell me when you're about to cum," she told me.

"Why? Are you not on the pill?"

"I am," she told me. "But I only started taking it today and it takes a couple of weeks to start being effective."

"What? What about yesterday?"

"We're fine," she told me. "I stopped taking it because it makes me gain weight, and I didn't really need it. But now..." She smiled.

"Okay." I smacked her ass. "I'm glad you told me, because I was about to fill you up."

"I know," she grinned. "I could feel you."

She jumped off me and gagged herself on my dick. I shot straight into her throat and filled her stomach.

"I knew it!" Victoria yelled at me.

"Calm down," I told her.

"I fucking knew it!"

I looked at Angie. She looked just as confused as I felt. Although if she was as worried as I was she was hiding it well.

"What's up?" I asked her.

"You check me out now."

"Say what now?"

"I'm finally the thicker sister. When I moved in here I was one hundred and twenty-five pounds. Now I'm one hundred and sixty-five! And it all went to my tits and ass! And I bet my waist hasn't gained an inch."

She turned to her sister. "Come on Angie, pose next to me!"

"Do I have to?"

"Yes!"

"Fine."



"See?" Asked Victoria.

"Damn, girl!" I called out.

"Hold on, I'm going to go measure myself."

"No, it's okay," Angie called after her as she left the room. "You're the thicker sister."

"Do I weigh more than you now Angie?"

"Not exactly, but that's only because I'm five inches taller." She lowered her voice.

"That's how much I weighed when I moved in, but I've also gained thirty pounds since then."

"Really?"

"For you, baby," she whispered.

"Shit!" Vicky called out from my bedroom. I still thought of it as mine although I'm sure she thought of it as ours. "I actually gained three inches."

She walked back out to join us. "That's okay, I'm done growing anyway. I'm already huge."

She took off her shirt and threw it at me, showing herself off in her new bra.

"36G," she told me. "Remember when I moved in? I was a 32B."

"Pretty impressive," I agreed. She didn't have to mention how she was bulging out of it.

"I'm just glad you appreciate me," she said as she spun around. "Because this..." she turned to slap her ass hard enough for it to jiggle, "...is for you."

"I love it," I told her.

She beamed at me. "Thanks, lover."

"You look amazing," Angie added.

"Thanks, sister! I love you both. Thank you for putting up with me, even when I was acting jealous." She bit her lip. "I know I can trust you guys, but there was a time when there was this tension between you. It worried me. And then, poof! Right around August, you both relaxed."

“Really?” I asked, trying my best to sound like I didn’t know exactly what she was talking about.

“Yeah, but I think you both just started to get along. Plus, your eyes no longer follow my sister around the house whenever she wears anything revealing.”

“I deny this,” I said with a grin.

“And it doesn’t hurt that she has been wearing a lot more clothes lately.”

“That’s because it’s not a hundred degrees outside,” Angie protested.

It was deliberate. Despite Angie’s attempts at dropping weight, she never seemed to lose any. Lately, we agreed that she would wear more around the house now that it was sweater season. When it was just the two of us, however, she was mostly naked underneath a blanket. Oftentimes joined by me.

“You have both been getting along really well lately. You don’t argue and you both put up with each other for me,” Victoria continued. “And I wanted to thank you for it.”

She turned to her sister. “Angie, you can sleep in our bed tonight.”

“Yessss!”

“And Dan? I’m afraid that I’m only going to show my appreciation orally.”

“That’s okay-” I stopped when I realized what she meant. She flipped up the blanket in my lap and kneeled underneath it.

“Again?” Angie whined. “Really? Can’t you wait until I leave the room?”

“I’m just making sure Dan doesn’t have blue balls tonight. He’s been very nice to let my sister sleep with us.”

Angie winked at me. “But... I’m right here!”

“What’s the matter?” Vicky asked as she pulled down the blanket to look at her sister.

“You don’t have a vibrator in your pocket?”

“Ohhh!” I laughed. “You got burnt!”

“Fuckin A,” Angie conceded.

We heard the sound of my zipper being pulled down. Soon I felt warmth as the blanket in my lap began to bounce up and down.

“That’s my baby sister, ladies and gentlemen.” Angie moved quickly, twisting in an angle where we could make out as we enjoyed the show.

We kissed as quietly as we could as Victoria started to gag on my dick.

Angie must have been keeping an eye open because she twisted back into place as her sister abruptly pulled the blanket off before she could finish pushing the blanket out of her face.

“Hey, Ange?”

“Yeah, sis?”

“Want to see his dick?”

“Eww, no!”

“But it’s really nice!”

“I know, Vicky.”

“How do you know?”

“Because you talk about it all the damn time! And if you show it to me and it’s as nice as you say it is, I’m going to want to try it for myself and you will have no one to blame but you. So keep Daddy’s dick to yourself, okay?”

Vicky giggled. “Fine.” Then she paused. “Wait, did you call him Daddy?”



"What? No."

"I heard Danny," I told her. "But you might be hearing things."

"Whatever." She turned to me. "You're close, aren't you?"

"Very."

"Too bad Angie is here or I'd just ride you."

"You might as well," Angie told her. "Doesn't make much of a difference at this point."

"Hey, I might just do that. But then you can't blame anyone but yourself."

"Shouldn't I have a say in this?" I asked.

"Not really, boyfriend. This is between us sisters."

I pretended to sigh.

"I'm surprised you would consider it, Vicky. Aren't you a bit too vanilla to be fucking on your period?"

"I'm not. The birth control must have finally evened me out because it's been about two months."

"You ladies really know how to sexy talk," I grumbled.

"It's fine," Angie said as she elbowed me in the ribs. "It's not like you have problems keeping it up."

"Angie! How would you-"

"Because I share a wall with you, obviously! And it never seems like round three is ever much of a problem for the two of you."

"You are starting to know my boyfriend's dick too well."

"As long as you keep offering to show it to me, yeah, that's going to be the case."

"Well then. What if I did this?" Vicky pulled up the blanket and uncovered me. I was still pointing up.

"Victoria!" I acted mad.

"What, you're self conscious?" Vicky asked.

"No, but now I have to worry about your sister jumping me. You heard what she said!"

"She wouldn't dare. You both love me too much."

Oof. That one made this entire encounter about seven notches less fun.

"Well, I'm going to go to the bedroom," Angie said as she stood up. "You two finish up out here and don't make a mess, got it?"

"Ooo. Couch sex! Can you remember the last time you had it?" Victoria asked with an excited look.

Twice this morning, is what I didn't say.

I picked her up and tossed her back, pulling down her sweatpants and rubbing my cock against her slit. "Dan!" She protested.

I gripped her hips. They were just the right amount of hard and soft. She was ridiculously hot. I couldn't tell that she had gained the three inches in her stomach because frankly, I didn't see her stomach from most angles. It was too covered by her massive tits.

I teased her with my dick for a moment, waiting until the moment that she expected me to thrust into her and pulling away instead to kiss her down her body.

"You're gorgeous," I whispered in her ear as I bit her earlobe. Victoria loved the foreplay. With Angie, it was more teasing. With Victoria, it was playing. There was a difference. I spun her around, kissing down her collarbone and all around her breasts, deliberately avoiding her

nipples for as long as I could. I could never tell who was more impatient when I did this, me or her.

Finally, I gave in and sucked on them, eliciting a moan from my beautiful girlfriend as I pressed the buttons than I knew would turn her on.

I should have fucked her there on the couch, but I didn't want to repeat the events from this morning with her sister. Instead, I picked her up and began carrying her over my shoulder to my bedroom.

"Not there," she whispered in my ear. "Let's try somewhere new."

I thought about it. Had I ever bent her over the kitchen counter?

Nope! Great idea.

I flipped her over, laying her facedown on the counter, both legs dangling off the edge as I entered her.

"Ohhhhhhh!" She yelled at the first stroke.

I took a moment to marvel at how perfect things were for me at that moment. Both sisters, in love with me, somehow coexisting thanks to a combination of ignorance and denial. I didn't believe for a second that it would last forever, but the past three months had been amazing and I planned on enjoying every moment of the time I had left.



Two weeks later.

"She's still not back yet," Angie observed. Her voice was back to being raspy from the way I'd treated her throat five minutes prior.

"Yeah, she's working the late shift again."

"Her bank closed two hours ago," she reminded me. She pulled out her phone. "Plus, she's on the other side of town."

"Really?"

"I'm going to call her," she said as she pressed the button. "FUCK!"

"What?" I asked.

"I pressed video chat!" She hung up. "And my face is covered in several layers of tears, semen and ruined makeup."

She called again, this time with a voice call. No answer.

"Oh, well," she croaked. "Want to order some Vietnamese food? Or would you rather fuck me in the shower while I clean up?"

"Can't it be both?" I asked.

"I'm back!" Vicky greeted us over an hour later.

"We already had dinner, but there is still some out for you," Angie told her. "Where were you?"

"Just working. We had to do a cash count, and thankfully they brought in some food, so I'm good. I'm going to go shower, okay?"

Angie got up to follow her sister. "Hey, can I speak with you?"

"What? Why?"

"In here," Angie opened the door to my office.

I turned down the TV, but couldn't hear the two sisters. After a few minutes I heard raised voices. The door opened, then the bathroom door slammed.

Angie sat next to me. Her face looked pale.

"What?" I asked.

"I asked her where she went," she told me.

"And?"

"She was at one of her co worker's houses."

"So? Why did she lie about it?"

"That's what I said. I told her that I looked her up on the phone app, and she got super defensive. Apparently it was just a group of friends, mostly guys. So I asked her again why she lied about it, and she said that she just didn't want to worry you."

"And then?"

"And then she got pissed, said that I shouldn't be keeping tabs on her and slammed the door."

"Oh."

"Yeah."

She looked at me sadly. "I'm sorry."

"Yeah," I nodded.

We heard the shower running. Angie began looking at her phone. "Shit."

"What is it?" I asked.

"This is the third time she did this in the past three weeks."

"Seriously?" I scratched my head. "Fuck."

We waited for her to finish her shower. Instead of confronting us, Victoria went into my (our?) room and closed the door.

This made me even more worried.

About an hour later, she came out.

"Hey, Dan." She sat on the floor in front of me. "I'm really sorry for lying to you just now. I really had no reason to, I just went to hang out with some coworkers to blow off steam."

"That's totally fine if you do that, Victoria. But why did you lie about it?"

"It came up out of the blue, and I didn't want to make a big deal out of it, so I went for just long enough to say hi." She looked at her sister as if to tell her to not say anything. Angie was silent.

"Okay, well, you have no reason to lie to me," I told her. "If you want to meet up after work, you can. And you could bring me with you and introduce me to them sometime."

"Okay," she smiled. "I'm sorry."

"So this is the first time this happened?"

"Yeah, I-"

"It's not like this is the third time that you did this and lied to me about it?"

She looked at her sister. Her gaze turned into a glare.

"Fuck. You."

Victoria got up and ran into my bedroom.

Angie was silent.

I stood up. "That is not-"

"Leave her be," Angie whispered. "This is how she acts. When she gets cornered, she runs. Let her go figure her shit out. She'll be back."

Angie was half right. Victoria left and didn't return until the next morning.

"Hey, can I talk to you, Dan?" She glared at Angie. "Alone."

"Of course," I said to her. I followed her outside and we sat in her car.

"Where did you go?" I asked. "You really didn't have to go off last night. I'm never going to be upset enough with you that I'm going to kick you out in the cold."

"I stayed with Britney," she told me. "From work," she added unnecessarily.

"Okay," I said, letting her continue.

She didn't.

"Why?"

"Because I couldn't face you," she told me.

I waited again.

"Why?"

"Because I lied to you."

Again I waited.

Nothing.

"Right. But we addressed that. Unless there is anything else..."

"No! That's all. I went to hang out with coworkers and I lied about it."

"So you didn't hook up with any-"

"No! I wouldn't cheat on you."

"Okay, good."

I waited again.

"So what's the part that you are afraid to tell me?" I asked.

She looked away. A tear ran down her cheek. Uh oh.

The only thing I could think of was that she knew about Angie and I.

"I don't know..." she took a breath. Her voice cracked. "I don't know that I want to be in a relationship right now."

My world dropped. If I'd ever questioned whether or not I really loved this girl, this moment was answering it for me.

I really did. I loved her sister, sure. But I loved them both.

"What does that mean?" I asked.

"I don't know!" She put her face in her hands. "This isn't about you. It really, really isn't. You're wonderful. You're amazing. You're..."

She started to bawl.

"I don't deserve you!" She cried.

"That's not true," I told her. "I'm not that great. I've been fucking your sister this whole time."

She snorted. "Don't make me laugh."

I reached for a napkin from her center console. She did not keep a clean vehicle. She blew her nose and wiped her eyes. She looked a lot like her sister did the day before.

"I'm so sorry," she said.

"I don't understand."

"I've only been with you. You're the only lover I've ever had."

"And?"

"And part of me wants to spend the rest of my life with you. But there's another part that feels like I need to date other guys, that I need more experiences. That I'm too young to get married and settled down."

"That's fair," I sighed. "But for the record, I don't know that I am either."

"And that's okay! But we already live together, and we're basically married, except that we have my big sister living with us."

"Okay, I kind of get it. But also..." I took a breath. "I don't."

"I'm not sure I can really explain it."

She faced me for the first time, looking at me right in the eye.

"I think I need to break up with you."

"Victoria..."

"I need to go on dates. I need to find out who I really am."

It was my turn to look away. A tear dripped down my cheek.

She continued. "I need to find out if I'm really as amazing as you think I am, as wonderful as you make me feel. Because I just can't believe it. As great as it feels when you look at me, I'm still just the same insecure girl."

I said nothing.

"And now that I have this body, which I'm so glad that you convinced me to become, by the way... since I gained all of these curves, guys flirt with me all the time. Every single one of them."

I waited for her.

“And I’m afraid that one day I’ll cheat on you,” she said. “When I was at the party last night, it felt so good for all the boys to be fighting over me. So I’m breaking up with you. And I’m moving out.”

I was still looking away.

“I love you, Dan. I really, really do. And I’m so fucking sorry-” her voice cracked as she began crying again. “I’m so fucking sorry.”

Finally, I turned to her.

“Well, let me know if you change your mind.”

I stepped out of her car and closed the door softly, knocking on her roof twice. I walked back to my condo, face planted onto my bed and bawled into my pillow.

Victoria blind sided me. But I had been so worried about her catching Angie and I that I knew something was going to go down. I just didn’t expect it to be that.

Angie consoled me. She was wonderful.

I told her I didn’t want her to talk trash about her sister.

“I know,” she said. “But she’s still a fucking idiot.”

Victoria came back the next day to grab her stuff.

“I’m staying with Britney for a while,” she told Angie.

“You’re a fucking idiot,” was the response.

This only made her tear up again. “Take good care of each other,” she whispered.

“I’m right here,” I told her. This was the speech I’d rehearsed with Angie. “And I want to be with you. But I’m not going to wait around for you to go around hooking up with other guys.”

“I know,” she whispered.

“Vicky, don’t do this,” Angie told her sister.

“I know you guys are going to hook up,” Victoria whispered. She turned to me. “But don’t forget about me, okay?”

Before we could answer, she closed the door behind her.

After a few days Angie was moved into my room. I was struggling to get work done because all we did was fuck all the time.

“We’re taking a week off,” Angie told me after too much of this.

I laughed. “Like that’s possible.”

“Okay, five days. You are going to get back to work and catch up on everything. And you’re going to have five solid days.”

“What will you do?” I asked.

“I’ll be fine,” she told me as she bit her lip.

We stuck to the plan. I was impressed that the two of us worked that well together. I stayed in the office on the futon and we only ate meals together while I worked on all my projects.

After five days we celebrated with takeout.

"Oh, fuck yes!" Angie moaned as she ate a mouthful. "A real meal."

"What are you talking about? You are a great cook."

"Not this great."

"Well, thank you for making all the meals lately," I said. "I was able to get a month's work done by working fourteen hour days."

"You're welcome. So, do I get a reward?"

"Of course you do."

"Anything I want?"

"Sure."

"Goodie! Alright, there is something I've been fantasizing about."

"Go on."

"I want you to dick whip me."

"Excuse me?"

"There have been a few times when you're skull fucking me-"

"Say what?"

"You know, when I beg you to slap me in the face, spit on me, call me a whore, face fuck me, anything of that variety."

"Oh. Yeah?"

"Well, sometimes you hit me in the face with your dick. Hard. And it smacks me on the cheek. It's really hot."

"Yeah?"

"I think so. I don't know. But I can't stop thinking about it. Will you do it?"

"Umm..."

"And you didn't masturbate, right? You said you would build up your load for me."

"As hard as it was for me to spend all day making digital titties... I was true to my word."

"Wow, really? I think that might be a record," she said with a smirk.

"Honestly? It probably was."

"So are you going to take a Cialis for me? I want to edge you so hard that when you finally blast, it gives me whiplash when it hits me in the face."

"Already done."

"Really?"

"I might have had similar ideas."

"Good." She took another bite. "Normally, I'd ravage you right now. But this chicken is so fucking good."

We finished our meal and she took me to the bedroom.

"Sit on the bed," she told me. "I'm going to slip into something more comfortable."

I nodded.

"And no touching yourself," she told me. "Your dick is mine tonight."

She returned wearing a white outfit. I don't think it was necessarily meant to make her look like a bride, but it did anyway. It made me wonder if she was trying to subtly plant the idea in my head.

"Holy fucking shit," I probably said out loud.



The top was a corset, not too tight but still pushing up her breasts and sucking in her waistline to make her proportions even more exaggerated.

“You know how you always ask me what my measurements are, but I always say that I don’t know?” She asked me as she leaned against the doorway.

“Yeah?”

“Well, I went into a store today and got myself measured.”

“You did?”

“You don’t have to talk, Dan. It’s okay.”

“Okay.”

“There’s good news and bad news,” she told me. “I’ll start with the bad news. First, despite that I’ve worked out every day this week and have been doing my best to eat healthy, I still gained four inches around my waist.”

“Oh.”

“And normally, that wouldn’t be surprising when a girl puts on almost fifty pounds. I guess I finally found out how much weight I can gain while my body magically puts it in all the right places.”

She continued. “But the good news is, it doesn’t seem like you care about that. Or the fact that your girlfriend now weighs over two hundred pounds. Or that my waist is almost as wide as this door frame.”

“Or.... if I do this...” she turned her body to give me the profile shot. “...that I can take up the entire doorway between my tits and ass.”

She posed there for a moment. Her body overlapped the door, her breasts and ass both pushing out past the border of the doorway. I pulled out my phone and snapped a photo. She smirked at me.

“Oh, right. I’d better tell you my measurements now. My waist is currently thirty-two inches. I know, I know. My chest is up to forty, and my bra size is... “ she looked at me. “Actually, I’ll hold off on that one. As much as you love my ass, you really are a titty man, aren’t you?”

I probably nodded.

“My ass has a fifty-eight inch circumference.” I swallowed. “And my bra size is 40J.”

She giggled at the face I made.

“Now, I know you want to fuck me. And believe me, I want that even more. But I’m going to edge you first. We’re going to delay this orgasm as long as possible. Got it?”

“Yes.”

“Now, I usually love being the submissive slut. Nothing turns me on more than getting down on my knees and submitting to your big dick. But tonight, I’m going to switch it up. I’m going to be the one in charge.”

“Oh?”

“Yes, Dan. And you are going to submit to me. Got it?”

“Okay.”

“Good. Because the first thing your Mistress is going to do...” she stepped forward to me and stood over me, looking down past her overflowing cleavage. “Is this.”

She got down on her knees and pulled off my boxers. Her hand trailed along my thighs, ignoring my dick which had already hardened as much as I could ever remember it being.

"You know how you love to tease me?" She asked. "It pisses me off because I can never seem to outlast you. But tonight... tonight is my turn. I'm going to tease the shit out of you."

She began kissing up my thigh, passing my stomach and chest and then reaching my ear. "I'm going to make you cum," she whispered. "Without touching your dick."

She caught my expression as she pulled away. "Oh, yes," she said as she kissed back down. She ended with her mouth an inch from my cock. She smiled as she blew wind on me.

I twitched.

"Do you like blowjobs?" She asked, blowing again.

This began the most agonizing and yet amazing night of my life.

She did everything she could to tease me, rubbing her body all over me, on every part but my dick. Finally she used her dirty mouth to bring me to the edge.

"I know you want to cum for me," she moaned. "And that's all you have to do. Spray me with everything in your big, fat, overloaded balls. I want you to fully cover me from head to toe."

She had already taken off her corset by this time, so she pulled up her left breast with her hand, putting her nipple in her mouth and sucking on it.

"I need it," she whispered. "Angie needs you to cover her in your spunk," she moaned.

She looked down and saw my dick start to bob up and down.

"Holy shit," she whispered. "Is it really-"

I shot her with the biggest load I'd ever seen. It sounded like rain hitting a tin roof as I both covered her face and filled up her mouth with the first shot. The next seven continued to cover her face and get in her hair before she fell on her back and I continued to rain down all over her beautiful body for the next ten seconds straight.

"Holy fuck!" She said from the floor. "That was everything!"

I fell back on the bed, panting despite not having moved.

"I'm going to go shower," she said without making a move to get up.

"Not yet," I told her.

"What?"

"Get on your hands and knees," I told her as I forced myself up.

"But- AHHHHH!" She cried out as I impaled her with one full thrust.

She screamed as I fucked her, hard and dirty right there on my bedroom floor with five days worth of cum dripping off her. I came again three minutes later, not long enough for her to reach her own orgasm, so I dragged her to the bathroom and fucked in the shower, nice and slow.

We didn't sleep that night.

I managed to get back into a rhythm with work, but Angie loved the concept so much that a few weeks later we took another week off. Halfway through she got a call from her sister, telling us she was coming over.

We debated how to handle it, and decided to not put any effort into hiding our relationship from her.

When Victoria arrived I let Angie answer the door for her.

She walked in and stood awkwardly in front of me.



"Hi," I said lamely.  
"Hi," she answered.  
She turned to the side, giving me her profile.



For the first time, the girl had a gut.  
"Dan, I'm pregnant."  
Angie's face dropped.  
"What?" I asked, even lamer.

"I found out yesterday," she told me. "I didn't know what to do."

"Is it mine?"

"Yes. Definitely."

"How do you know?" I asked.

"Because you're the only guy I've ever slept with," she told me.

"You mean... without a condom?"

"No. I mean at all."

She sat down on the couch across from me. "I'm so sorry for leaving," she told me. "And I went on a few dates. One with a coworker, one with a customer, and one as a blind date. And I didn't like any of them."

I looked over and Angie. She was surprisingly quiet.

"They all wanted to have sex with me, right away. That was all I was to them. But you, you waited six whole months to be with me," she said. "You loved me."

"Yeah," I affirmed. Still lamely.

"And I screwed it up! I didn't want to screw things up, so I was afraid, and then I still went and screwed up everything anyway!"

"No," Angie spoke up. "You didn't."

"What do you mean?"

Angie looked at me. "He still loves you."

"You do?"

"Of course," I said. "But—"

"I have to know," Victoria interrupted me. "Did you guys sleep together?"

Victoria looked at me. I looked at Angie.

Angie had the saddest expression I'd ever seen from her. And in an instant, she removed it and replaced it.

"We did sleep in the same bed," she told her sister. "But we never hooked up."

"Really?"

"Of course not, sis. Dan is like a brother to me now. That would be too weird."

I looked at Angie. I tried to grab her attention, but she ignored me.

"He loves you, sis. He hasn't been on any dates or talked to any other girls beside me."

"Really?" Victoria ran over to me and threw her arms around me. "You're amazing. I don't deserve you."

"You should know, though, that I have some of my stuff in the master bedroom because I was sick and tired of that futon."

"That's okay! You can still sleep in the bed! I don't mind at all!" Victoria kissed me, and I found myself kissing her back.

"I love you!" She told me as she gave me the biggest smile I'd ever seen.

"I love you too," I said, lamely.

And then she said something that I knew Angie didn't expect.

"I'm taking time off work," she told us. "I don't want to expose my baby to covid."

She paused, and looked at me again. "Our baby."

I nodded dumbly.

"I'll collect unemployment, so I can help pay for everything."

"That's good," Angie told her. "Because mine is about to run out."

Everything changed, just like that. We went to the storage unit and got Angie's bed, replacing the futon with it so that she would have a more comfortable bed to sleep in. Victoria moved back in, and we resumed our former roles, this time with the exception that Angie and I had zero time alone together.

In the first week, I snuck off in the middle of the night and fucked her in her new bed, but it was impossible to keep her quiet and we both worried that we had given ourselves away.

"I have an idea on how to make money," Angie told us one day.

"Tell us!"

"I'm going to start an Onlyfans account."

"Ha!" Victoria laughed. "Good one."

"I'm serious," Angie said. "I have a decent amount of photos laying around, and it turns out that a lot of guys love watching a girl's boobs grow. It's called breast expansion. And there's ass expansion, which you know I got goin' on for me."

"You're serious?" I asked.

"If that's okay," she said timidly.

"Absolutely not," Victoria said.

"I won't show my face," she told me. "Just my body."

I shrugged.

The girl's mom came to visit after hearing about the pregnancy. She lived several states away, so this would be my first time meeting her.

"She's super chill," Angie told me. "I talked you up to her."

"Plus, she knows that you take care of me," Victoria affirmed. "She's going to love you."

Because she was going to stay over for a few nights, Angie would give her the bed in the office and sleep on the couch, sometimes in our bed.

Finally the day came and I was greeted with a hug by a very pretty woman who seemed much younger than I was expecting.



Side by side, the girls all looked like they could be sisters. At first glance, she reminded me of Sophia Vergara from Modern Family, only ten years younger. She had great curves while still appearing to be in good shape.

“So you’re the man that has been taking care of my daughters during this global pandemic!” She greeted me with a hug and a kiss on a cheek. “I’m Maria.”

“They are the ones taking care of me, I assure you,” I told her as I led her inside. “I don’t know what I’d do without the home cooked meals.”

“Probably cook them yourself. You’re a better cook than we are!” Angie talked me up as promised.

“They are good girls,” Maria said with pride. “I raised them to know how to run a household.”

I gave her a quick tour of the place.

“This is it?” She asked. “I mean, it’s very nice, but it seems like a small place for three people.”

“You have no idea,” Victoria told her. “But we’ve gotten used to it.”

For dinner I was asked to cook my jambalaya and told that Maria liked things spicy. I decided to play it safe and only had the usual amount that I used with the girls that was far less than I would use for myself, offering hot sauce and seasoning on the side. This proved to be the right choice as Maria started to cough after eating her first bite.

She made a fuss about taking care of Victoria who was already the baby of the family and put her to bed early while the rest of us chatted and got to know each other.

The next day I got to learn more of the family’s customs, including more Spanish soap operas, a game of dominos and a fondness for desserts. I took them out for another hike, this time cut short by Maria as she fussed over her youngest daughter.

This time Maria cooked us dinner, making enchiladas that competed with my own. Once again we sent Victoria to bed early as the three of us stayed up to talk.

"Isn't my mother beautiful, Dan?" Angie asked me.

"Absolutely," I replied, trying to be conscious of the fact that I had my third glass of wine in hand. "If they had told me that you were their sister, I wouldn't have questioned it."

"You flatter me," Maria said with a smile. "But it is true that I had the girls very young. I was sixteen when I had Angela."

"Wow," I said. "So that makes you only-

"Turning forty this year," she said with a sip of her wine. "And don't remind me."

"Well, you make thirty nine look easy," I said. Angie gave me an approving smile.

"Thank you, Dan. You are a charmer. I would protest, but I'm trying to teach the girls how to take a compliment graciously."

She looked me over. "So, Dan. When do you plan to marry my daughter?"

"Mom!" Angie protested. "Leave the poor boy alone. They already live together. They aren't going anywhere."

"I know. And I'm teasing. But so you know, I approve."

"That means a lot," I told her.

"I only have one question for you."

"Okay," I said, looking again for Angie's reaction.

"Does she know?"

Angie tried to come to my defense. "Does she know what, Mom?"

"About the two of you."

I caught Angie's eye again. She looked just as surprised as I felt.

"What about us?" She asked.

"I'm your mother, Ange. I can tell when you are in love."

She turned back to me. "And you look at Angie exactly the same way as you look at my other daughter."

Angie and both looked down at the floor.

"So I'm asking if Victoria knows about the two of you?"

"She knows we are fond of each other," I told her. Angie reached over and held my hand.

"But she doesn't know that you two are together?" She asked.

"No," Angie said as she lay her head on my shoulder. "And that's because we aren't. Dan is with Victoria. They have a baby coming. And that's the way it is."

"Then you have to make sure that's how it stays," Maria told us.

"We are," Angie told her. "We have been being good, ever since we found out about the baby."

Maria was silent for a moment. "I'm not trying to make you feel bad, Angie. But how did you let this happen?"

Angie sighed. "Have you met this man? How could I not?"

"Because he's dating your sister." She turned to me. "And don't take this the wrong way, Dan, because I have only known you two days. But how can I trust you with my baby girl when you're in love with my oldest?"

"I love Victoria," I told her. "It's not just that she's pregnant. She's amazing. I'm happy with her."

"Are you in love with her?"

“Yes,” I said, feeling wrong saying it in front of Angie. “I really am.”

I paused. “But both of your daughters are amazing.”

“I can’t argue with you there,” Maria told me. “I can tell that you aren’t only after their looks. I had to learn that one the hard way. It’s the curse of being born with a pretty face and a killer body. You never know who really appreciates you and who only wants you as a trophy until you get to know someone.”

“Well, Dan really loves me,” Angie said as she squeezed my hand. “He really loves us.”

There was another silence as Maria watched us.

“Fuck, that feels good to say!” Angie sighed. “I haven’t been able to talk to anyone about this. Usually I share everything with her.”

“So what are you going to do?” Maria asked.

“Nothing,” Angie said. “Because I love my baby sister and I will do everything I have to so that I make sure I don’t hurt her.”

Maria’s raised eyebrow reminded me of Angie. “You can’t always control your heart, love.”

“Don’t I know it,” Angie and I both said at the same time.

“Well, I want you to know that I love you, Angie. And I trust you that you will do your best to do the right thing. I’m just worried that there is no way that someone doesn’t get hurt between you and your sister.”

“I know,” Angie whispered.

“This is one of the ways when sisters stop talking,” she reminded us.

“I know.”

“Are you religious, Dan?” Maria asked me.

“I believe in God,” I told her.

“Then let’s pray.”

We held hands as she prayed, asking that the situation would end well and that everyone would be okay at the end.

The next day she gave me a big hug and a kiss when she left. “Take care of my daughters,” she told me. “And if you need anything, you call me.”

“I will,” I told her. “Thank you for understanding.”

Victoria thought I meant about getting her knocked up.

“I understand, but that doesn’t mean I condone your actions,” Maria told me. “I love you all.”

Victoria worried that I would find her less attractive through her pregnancy, but was pleasantly surprised to find that it had the opposite effect. I made an effort to not hook up with her whenever Angie was around, but the amount of sex we had was insane.

Angie made up a boyfriend and would pretend to go to her car, really walking around to the backyard and lay out in the sun out of sight. During this time I’d fuck the shit out of her sister and then we’d all pretend like nothing happened.



It killed me to not be able to get Angie alone, but it helped us keep our hands off each other. We lasted a solid week after the talk with her mom, feeling confident that we could stay away from each other.

But soon we couldn't handle it and started making excuses to get away, going grocery shopping and anything else we could think of. My car got more action in a week than it had seen in the past five years.

Angie did an admiral job of allowing herself to be demoted from main squeeze back down to side ho. She was sad, but at the same time, she was oddly optimistic even though she claimed that she and I could never really be together again.

There reached a point where I decided I had to talk to Victoria. Not only did she deserve the truth, she also deserved to know what she was getting into with me. I knew it was going to come out at some point, so I might as well come clean.

One day Angie left to go see her "boyfriend".

"Victoria, I need to tell you something."

"Okay."

I sat her down at the kitchen table.

"First off, I love you. I'm happy with everything, I'm not mad at you, and I want to have this baby and even spend the rest of my life with you, if you'll let me. Okay?"

"Okay." Her face picked up.

Shit! I continued in a hurry, trying to get this over with.

"Your sister lied when she said that we never hooked up."

Victoria's face dropped.

"I went along with it because she begged me not to tell you. But you need to know."

"I already knew," she whispered.

"You did?"

"Well, I suspected. You guys have way too much chemistry to be sleeping in the same bed for over a month and not ever let something happen."

"Exactly," I admitted. "We tried not to. We really, really tried. Both of us. For your sake. But-

"But you hooked up."

"Yes."

She sighed. "Thank you."

"For what?"

"For telling me."

"Of course. But can you not tell Angie that you know? She is so worried about hurting you-

"I don't want any more secrets," she told me.

"I agree."

"Okay," she sighed. "I'm not sure what I'm going to do. But we'll-

Angie walked back in the front door.

"Back so soon?" I asked her.

"I got flaked on," Angie made up.

"Oh."

"Plus, I wanted to check my Onlyfans account."

"How's that going, by the way?" I asked her.  
"Good. Really good."  
"Really?" Victoria asked.  
"Yeah. I have several thousand subscribers."  
'Seriously?'"  
"Yeah, I've made over five grand this week alone."  
"Holy shit!"  
"Then you can move out," Victoria said.  
There was a silence.  
"Why would I want to do that?" Angie asked.  
"Because. It's killing you to live here with us," Victoria told her.  
"Why do you say that?"  
"Because you're in love with Dan."  
Angie looked at me. "No I'm not. I love Dan, sure, but I'm not-"  
"Angie, I know about you two."  
Angie tried to read me. "What?"  
"I know how you guys hooked up when I left."

That night I was talking to Angie after her sister fell asleep.  
"Why did you tell her?"  
"I had to," I said.  
"But why now? Was it just the guilt? Because your guilt doesn't do her any good."  
"No," I said. "I told her because I needed her to know what you are sacrificing for her sake. I needed her to know how much you love her."  
She kissed me. "Fuck," she whispered.

We all sat down. We hashed it out. Both girls explained how they felt about me, and they ended up hugging each other and crying. I told them both how I felt about them.

Victoria said she couldn't share me, and Angie said that she understood. She said she'd move out one day, but wanted to continue to live with us for the time being.

My condo never felt smaller, but we were no longer feeling crushed under the tension..

Angie and I stopped fucking. I don't know how we did it, but several weeks went by without us slipping up.

She tried to get in better shape and bought a rowing machine which she used every day. We tried to do meal planning, but both girls were still eating large portions. Angie tried her best to cut down but ended up settling on a healthier diet.

Still, despite dressing more conservatively, she confided that she was still slowly gaining weight. She worried that it was her metabolism slowing down now that she was in her mid twenties.

Another week went by, and that's when everything changed again.

We were all sitting around the dining room table, chowing down on a relatively healthy meal. Both girls were stuffing their faces, and I was joining them. Between my turn on the rower and all the sex I was having with the now very pregnant looking Victoria, I was burning my share of calories.

The moment that changed our situation forever was when Victoria looked over at her sister.

“Hey, sis! Are you lactating?”

The three of us looked at her chest all at once. Sure enough, on her grey shirt were two wet spots right where her nipples pushed forward.

“What the fuck?” Angie asked as she got up and ran to the bathroom, bouncing all the over the place.

“Holy shit!” She yelled from the bathroom.

We drove to the drugstore that night. She bought three tests and they all came back positive.

I took both girls to the hospital the next day. They each got a checkup as I sat in the waiting room.

“Dan?” A nurse called for me.

“Yes?”

“Your girlfriend would like you to join her in the back.”

I followed her down the hallway into one of the rooms, finding both sisters waiting there. Both seats were taken so I leaned against the wall.

Finally, the doctor appeared.

“Both of you are in great shape,” she told us.

“That’s great!” Victoria said.

“The next step is to schedule you for an ultrasound. And we are already at the point where we can determine the gender, if you wish.”

“For me, right?” Asked Victoria. “But Angie can’t be that far along yet.”

“Your sister is actually close to twenty weeks along already,” the doctor told us.

“But... how can that be?” Victoria asked. “I only moved out a couple of months ago. Twenty weeks is... back in August.”

Angie and I looked at each other.

“Shit,” Angie whispered.

“That’s what it was, wasn’t it?” Victoria asked us. “When the two of you stopped bickering. It was because you eased the sexual tension. Because you started having sex with each other.”

“The doctor probably doesn’t want to hear this,” I reminded the room. “Is there anything else to know?”

“We’ll find out more at the next appointment,” she said, looking like she was eager to leave the room.

“Thank, you, Doctor,” I said as she left the room.

“Victoria, I-”

“I have nothing to say to either of you.”

On the drive home Victoria hadn't said a word for the past ten minutes as Angie and I took turns trying to explain things to her.

"This wasn't something we did lightly," I explained. "We tried our fucking best, we really did, for your sake. But eventually it was too much."

"I love him," Angie repeated. "This past month has been the hardest thing in my life, to stay away from him for your sake. But I did it because I wanted you to be happy, and I knew that he loves you."

Silence.

"And it's been hard on me, too," I added. "I hate seeing her suffer. I hate seeing either of you suffer."

"I get it!" Victoria yelled. "You love her? Okay! Message received!"

"And I love you."

"So which is it, huh? Do you love me? Or do you love my sister?"

"I love both of you," I repeated.

"Well, you can't have both of us. So you need to choose. Who are you in love with?"

"Both," I said. "I'm in love with both of you."

"And," I continued, "I want to marry both of you. I know it's not legal, but I want you both to be my wives. I want us to raise our children together. And I really think we can be happy."

"So you want us to share you?" Victoria asked.

"You already have been, right up until our last conversation a month ago."

"Yeah, right."

"He's serious," Angie spoke up. "He has been entirely loyal to you since then, but before that, we were both sharing him quite successfully."

"It doesn't work that way," Victoria said. "We aren't Mormons."

"It could work if we wanted it to."

"No, Dan. It wouldn't. You need to make a choice. Me or Angie."

"I told you. I choose both of you."

"You can't! You can't leave it up to us! We are both having your children. You need to pick one of us!" She was yelling now.

"No, he doesn't," Angie whispered in the back seat.

I was about to interrupt her, thinking that she was going to fall on the sword again. But I didn't need to worry.

"Because he already has," she continued. "He chooses for all of us to be a family, and that's my choice as well."

Victoria was silent.

"I want us to be equals," Angie told her sister. "Dan has enough love for the both of us. And who says we can't do our own thing? I don't care what other people think."

Silence.

"So the only one that needs to choose is you, Victoria. Decide if you want to share Dan with me. He wants to be with you. I want you to be with him. But I also can't be away from him. I was ready to do that, for you. But now that I know I have a child of my own on the way, I can't."

"Oh, so you get everything you want?"

"We all get what we want," Angie said quietly. "I would get to live with my sister, the man of my dreams, and both of my best friends."

She took a breath, hesitating as if worried for the response. "And so would you."

Victoria turned her head to look back at her sister with her eyes glistening. They put their foreheads together, and I chose not to interrupt.

"And Dan would get to be with the two hottest girls he ever had. At the same time."

Victoria snorted. "He should be so lucky."

"You don't have to decide right now," I reminded her. "But give the idea a chance."

Victoria sat up. "The thing I still don't understand is why you lied to me."

"When?" I asked.

"You told me you had only slept together after I left."

"No, I only told you that we had hooked up. You may have assumed it was after you left, but I never told you that."

"Oh." She looked out the window. "What, so we all sleep in the same bed?"

"Yeah," I said. "Basically."

"Alright, stop trying to act so normal," Victoria told us when we got home. "It's making you both act really weird."

Angie and I looked at each other. We both knew she was right.

"So... how did this happen?" I asked. "You were both on birth control."

"It's only ninety-eight percent effective," Angie told me. "With a two percent chance each time, that means you only have to have sex fifty times to make it one hundred percent."

"Your math skills are outstanding," I told her.

"The real reason," Victoria confessed, "is that I might have forgotten to take the pill one or twice."

"You too, Angie?"

"Well, there was the first time that neither of us planned for," she reminded me. "Then there was the two weeks after when we waited for the birth control to kick in."

"But I pulled out," I protested.

"Oh, yeah, the pull out method," Victoria rolled her eyes. "Because that's a real thing."

"Exactly," Angie agreed. "Truth is, we're all idiots. We should have been using condoms."

"That would have been a lot of condoms," I said. "Alright, Victoria. What can we do to save your night?"

"Nothing. This day is beyond salvaging." She sighed. "I can't believe this is happening."

"It's not that surprising. Mom always warned us that women in our family are extremely fertile."

That night I found myself sandwiched between two gorgeous, pregnant and entirely overly curvy women.

We all fell asleep, but Victoria woke me back up. She backed her ass against me and slid herself around my dick, thrusting her body in the opposite motion of mine.

I felt kisses on my back as Angie reached between my legs and played with my balls. She kissed down my back, then surprised me by licking my ass.

"Holy shit!" I yelled.

"Shhh," Victoria moaned as she focused on fucking me. "Don't wake up Angie."

"Don't worry about that. She's licking my asshole at the moment," I told her.

"What?"

"Fuck!" I yelled as I came inside my girlfriend.

We lay there for a moment before Victoria put her arm over me. "Mine," she said.

Angie reached over and put her hand over her sister's. "Ours," she replied.

No one tried anything else, and the three of us lay there contentedly until we all fell asleep.

A week later, we had settled into a routine. Each day, Angie and I would push the limits of what Victoria was comfortable with.

Currently, we were all watching TV and Angie was sucking me off like a mad woman.

"How do you go that deep?" Victoria asked with curiosity as she watched her sister.

"You're crying!"

"I love it," Angie said as she choked. "I get off on this!"

"Wow," Victoria said with something between revulsion and admiration. "Seriously? It looks like you're choking."

"I have an idea," I said as I pulled Angie off me by her hair. "Go grab a vibrator."

"Are you thinking what I'm thinking, Daddy?"

"Wait! You did call him that!"

"Guilty," Angie said as she got up and ran to the bedroom.

"I think I'm going to go now..." Victoria said as she was cut off by her sister.

"Here you go," she said as she put a little object in her sister's hand. "You can massage yourself with this."

"Eww! I'm not using your sex toy!"

"It's not mine," Angie told her. "Dan bought it for you."

"When?"

"About a month ago, actually," I said. "I was waiting for the right moment."

"And this is it? When I'm watching my sister deepthroat my boyfriend?"

"Congratulations," I told her as I sat back. "Now try it."

"Want me to show you how, dear sister?"

"Back off, Angie!"

"The switch is on the bottom," she directed. "Roll it around and make yourself feel good."

"Okay, don't look."

"That's the only invitation I need," Angie said as she swallowed my dick.

"Ah! It tickles!"

"That's what you said the first time I went down on you," I reminded her.

"That's true," she said with a sigh. "Oh."

A moment passed. "Tell me when you're about to cum," Angie told me.

I looked over at her sister. "Not long with that sight to look at."

“Good. Now... “ she pulled off me and stood up. “”You should take that thing and put it to good use.”

“What?” Victoria asked as she realized we were both looking at her.

“Hold it to your clit,” Angie instructed her sister. “So Dan can fuck you at the same time.”

“Oh!”

I got on my knees to position myself in front of Victoria. I took my time sliding into her, making sure she was comfortable as I began a slow rhythm.

“You can go faster,” she told me.

“Not if I want to last for more than two strokes,” I told her. “May I share this orgasm with you?”

“Oh!” She tossed the vibrator aside. “In that case, I don’t think I need this at the moment.”

“I’ll take it,” Angie said as she picked it up.

“Angie! That was just touching me!”

Angie smirked. “What, this?” She lifted it to her body, sliding it between her tits and up to her face to begin licking it.

“Ange!”

After sucking on it for a few seconds she lowered it back down her body and slipped it inside herself.

“Damn,” Victoria said. “This girl.”

I’d had enough. I slammed into my baby momma, fucking her hard and fast, trying to bring her to climax despite already starting myself.

It seemed to work as Victoria yelled out and tightened around me. Both of our mouths were open and we stared into each other’s eyes as we shared our moment. Soon after, I sat back down between the two girls.

Angie wasted no time, returning to her position on the floor and using her tongue to clean the juices off my cock. She moaned as she slapped my dick on her face and created a mess. We heard the vibrator as she fingered herself to completion all while sucking me off.

“Mmm,” she said as she sat back up on the couch next to me. “My sister tastes good.”

“Wow,” Victoria said as she leaned back on the other side of me. “I left this place, looking for experience. But I didn’t realize I had everything to learn right here.”

“Stick with me, sis. We’ll go places.”

We all sat back contentedly for a moment.

“I have something to talk to you both about,” Angie said nonchalantly.

“Right now?” Victoria asked. “You’re topless, Dan is naked and I’m sitting here with semen dripping out of me.”

“Yeah, well. Anyway. So you know my Onlyfans account?”

“Yes?” I answered.

“Well, I haven’t updated it at all since we got back together. And I’m losing customers because of it. Don’t get me wrong, I’m still gaining more than I’m losing, but it’s hard to keep fans when you aren’t posting anything new.”

“Okay?”

“So, what should I do with it?” She sat up, staring at my cock before bouncing it with her finger.

“Hey, that’s mine!” Victoria told her sister.

“Not anymore, bitch. We share this now!” Angie made me worried for a moment. Then she continued. “Anyway, the way I figure it, we have three options. One, I delete the account entirely. I made enough to last me six months and had fun with it. Two, I leave it open and occasionally post old pictures I’ve already taken until the subscribers fade off.”

“And the third?”

“Three, I keep it going. I don’t mind doing it, it turns out I’m a bit of an exhibitionist and I really love getting a bunch of compliments all the time. It feels kind of cool to know that tens of thousands of dudes are jerking off to me, you know?”

“Eww,” Victoria said.

“Well, I want it to be a decision we all make,” she said. “Because we’re together now. We’re a triple.”

“A triple? I actually kind of like that,” Victoria told her. “I vote you just delete the account.”

“Well, hold on,” I said. “How much do you think you’re making?”

“Oh, I’ve earned over twenty grand this month alone.”

“What!” Victoria sat up. “Hold on. We could retire off that kind of money.”

“I mean, not really. But if my subscriber count keeps going up, yeah, maybe.”

“What would help?” I asked.

“If I showed my face, for one. I get asked for that a hundred times a day. I suppose I could sell it to a higher tier, but showing my face would probably double that.”

“Wow. What else?”

“Sex acts. Some dude with a nice dick choking me out with his cock on camera, for example.”

“Interesting,” I said.

“I bet I could get triple that if I told everyone I had a hot sister and we appeared in photo shoots together.”

“Never going to happen,” Victoria told her. “But I’m coming around to the idea that you make us a bunch of money.”

“Yeah? I’m the money maker and you’re the baby taker? Taker care of? I thought I had something for this...”

“How do you feel about showing your face?” I asked her.

“I wouldn’t want to if I had a real job. But if I was seriously able to switch to this, I wouldn’t have to work. Any time I’d be out in public, I’d be with you, so I wouldn’t really have to worry about being recognized because you would protect me. I’d warn everyone that my boyfriend is violent and my sister is crazy.”

“True, true. It seems like you’ve thought about this.”

“Of course. I’m a planner.”

“She really is,” Victoria added.

“Speaking of, I have something else I thought we could plan.”

“What’s that?” I asked.

“Our wedding.”



I called up a few of my buddies and told them I was having a bachelor party. Most of them hadn't heard from me in almost a year outside of the occasional meme or text. Some of them knew I had a girlfriend but were surprised to hear things were moving so quickly.

"Did you knock her up?" Shawn asked me.

"Actually, yeah."

"No shit? Damn, dude!"

"I know, I know. So anyway, I'm thinking about renting a cabin on the beach. It'll just be several dudes, I don't want any strippers, plus everything is still closed down anyway."

"I'm there. Anything you need from me?"

"Yeah. Want to be one of my groomsmen?"

I got eight of my buddies together for a weekend. There was a hot tub and we bought a bunch of food and beer. The weekend was a nice break, and it was fun to catch up with the guys as we played games and knocked back some drinks.

"So you knocked your latest floozy up, huh?" One of my buddies, John, asked me.

"That's the word on the street," I admitted.

"What's she like? You got a picture?"

"She's this cute little Mexican girl," Shawn told him. "Real tiny."

"Yep," I agreed. "Here's a picture."

"Bullshit," John said. "There's no way you're hitting that."

"Let me see," Shawn grabbed my phone. "What the fuck! That's her! How did she grow a huge rack?"

"Not to mention her ass," I told them casually.

"She does have a nice ass," Shawn agreed.

I scrolled through my photos. "What- hey, who's that?" asked John.

"Oh, that's her sister."

"Why do you have sexy pictures of her sister on your phone?"

"Oh, I knocked her up too. Didn't I mention it was a double wedding?"

"What the fuck? Now I don't believe anything you say," John told me.

"Anyway, here's a booty pic," I said as I found one.

"Holy fuck!" Shawn gaped. "How did she gain that much weight? And how did it go to all the right places? Was it the pregnancy?"

"Oh, no. This was before I knocked her up."

I invited my parents to my wedding, explaining the situation. They didn't seem thrilled, but they also didn't sound too upset. They were pretty traditional, but were also happy that I was planning on taking care of both of the girls.

My brother missed the bachelor party because of the short notice, but he flew in for the wedding.

I figured we weren't going to be able to find an official to perform the ceremony, and being as how the wedding wasn't official anyway, we decided that we didn't need a real venue either. Instead, we found a nice beach and all brought our own chairs.



My buddies dragged a portable speaker with a microphone through the sand so that we could hear the ceremony, and my brother performed the unofficial ceremony as we all said our vows.

My friends all freaked out when they realized I hadn't been joking about not only knocking up both sisters but that both had agreed to "marry" me. Both girls invited a few of their friends, but we wanted to keep the ceremony small for fear of being ticketed for the illegal gathering. All together there were about thirty people in attendance.

The ceremony was short and sweet with just the right amount of music. Afterwards we moved the party to a hotel in a different county that wasn't quite so regulated and cooked out some food using the barbeque at the hotel pool. Drinks were had, and we continued late into the night in the adjoining hotel suite that Angie paid for.

Both girls looked amazing in their dresses. Angie's was sluttier, and she told me that she wanted to film us for the wedding night to put up as her first sex act for her fans. But Victoria's dress still had a erotic look of its own, probably because she would be dripping sex in anything she wore.

Everyone seemed to have a lot of fun, and I was happy to see Maria come alive as the mother of the brides, dancing and making sure everyone was having a good time. All of the guys were hitting on her over any other girl there.

At the end of the night, both girls had a room of their own and it was agreed that I would spend part of the night with each.

After I walked Angie to her room, kissing her and telling her I would return, I went to grab Victoria.

I made her give me a strip tease and she nailed it. I savored the moment as I was there watching the girl I love undress for me, anticipating what I knew would come.

Both girls had agreed to force me to go without sex for the past three days, and that combined with the night of dancing and the Cialis I had taken meant I was more than ready.

But it was not meant to be. Victoria felt nauseous, and when we tried to take things slow it became apparent that not all would go smoothly that night. I kissed her goodnight, tucked her in and brought the ice bucket in case she needed to throw up.

"I guess morning sickness doesn't always happen in the morning," she said with a weak smile.

"That's okay. If you're actually feeling better in the morning, we can make up for lost time."

"You're sweet," she said as she closed her eyes. "Now, go fuck my sister and make a sex tape with her on my wedding night."

"Shit, your striptease kind of made me forget all about that," I told her.

"No it didn't. But thank you."

I headed back to Angie's room, which was on an entirely different floor so that neither sister would have to hear the other. We got enough of that at home and wanted to make things a bit more special.

When I got to the room I found Angie passed out on the bed. She was still in her wedding dress with a bottle of champagne on ice next to her.

I lay next to her. "Hey, baby girl," I whispered in her ear. "Ready to start your wedding night?"

"Mmm. It's going to be so nice," she said as she closed her eyes and began instantly snoring again.

I shook her. "Angie!"

Her eyes opened. "Hmm? What? Oh, hi Daddy."

"Are you up for a romp?"

"No. But I'll do it! For you!"

"You don't have to-" I was cut off by her snoring.

I sighed, resigned to my fate as I slipped her out of her dress and pulled it off her. Rolling her over, I tucked her into bed without her waking again.

"I guess being pregnant takes it out of you," I said to her as I kissed her forehead. "Goodnight, Angie. I'll be back."

I grabbed the bottle of champagne and returned to the party. I had only been gone about a half hour, but they were on drunk time and no one questioned why I had returned so quickly.

Two of my buddies were hitting on Maria, so I moved in to intervene. "Hey, no harassing my mother in law," I told them.

"Bullshit," one of them said. "There's no way she's over thirty."

"Flattery will get you everywhere, my friend. But my son in law is correct. I'm an old lady and I must get my beauty sleep to maintain my youthful shine." She turned to me. "Will you escort me?"

"Looks like I have no choice with these rascals following you around," I smiled as I offered her my arm.

I turned to the room, holding my bottle of champagne. "Everyone, thank you for coming, and for a wonderful celebration. I love you all, and I bid you adieu."

They cheered as we left the room.

"What floor are you on?" I asked.

"Hell if I know," she told me. "Unlike my daughters, I was able to take advantage of the booze tonight."

"I think the two of us made up for them, then."

"Is that why you returned?" She smiled at me. "It's okay, I don't judge. Whiskey dick is a thing, I get it."

"It's not that," I admitted. "It was actually a double case of being pregnant."

"Oh?"

"Victoria was too nauseous and Angie was entirely too passed out by the time I got to her room." I held up the champagne. "That's when I grabbed this."

"Aww, Dan! I'm sorry. Not sleeping together on your wedding night is more common than you'd think. But being unlucky with two brides in one night is probably more rare."

I smiled. "I'll manage."

"I'm sure you will. Although... didn't you hold off with both girls to make it a special night?"

"I'm afraid so," I admitted. "But that's okay. It's my fault. I should have picked Angie first."

"If you did, Victoria would have been passed out for sure," she laughed. "Well, come on, then! Let's drink some of this champagne. It's about time I got to know my son in law better."

We arrived at her room and she pulled her keycard out of her cleavage. "What? No pockets."

In her room we both pulled out the chairs around a table and I poured us both a glass. "You know what, Dan? You're a good drunk."

"Thank you. I mean, it could also be the fact that it is my wedding day. But you are also, Maria."

"Oh, I'm sloshed, alright. But somehow I can still walk on heels and maintain a conversation without making a fool of myself, or so I'm told."

"I honestly wouldn't have guessed you were drunk if you hadn't told me," I admitted.

"Same," she said. "Although, then again, that's probably because we are both drunk."

"You make a good point," I said as I held up my glass. "Cheers!"

"What are toasting to?"

"To you, Maria."

"Call me Mom."

"Mom?"

"Unless it's too weird."

"No, I appreciate it. It will just be a bit confusing around Angie."

"Why's that?"

I blushed, realizing what I'd just said. "Uh... nevermind?"

"No, tell me. I can take it."

I paused. "Okay. But this is only because I'm drunk," I said. "But Angie likes to call me Daddy. So if I call you Mom... could be confusing."

She stared at me. Then she burst out laughing.

“Oh, Danny boy, you still have surprises up your sleeve, don’t you?”

“I’d like to think so.”

She reached for the bottle and topped off both of our glasses. “We don’t have to finish the bottle,” she reminded me. “But this is fun.”

“I agree,” I said as I toasted her again. “So tell me some embarrassing stories about the girls.”

“I thought you’d never ask!”

An hour went by where we shared stories and got to know each other, the barriers between us greatly diminished by our new status as well as the alcohol. Finally, I got up to leave. She gave me a kiss on the cheek and I wished her goodnight.

I was ten steps down the hallway when I realized that I didn’t know which floor to head to. I reached into my pockets for my keycard but came up blank. In fact, my pockets were empty altogether. I turned around and knocked on Maria’s door.

She opened the door through a crack. “Dan.”

“Hi, I-”

“I’m sorry, but we can’t do this. It wouldn’t be fair to my daughters.”

I paused. For the life of me, I couldn’t tell if she was serious.

“I actually lost my keycards,” I told her.

“Oh!” She opened the door. “Forget what I said. What did I say? I don’t know. I’m drunk.” She walked toward her bed and sat down.

“I was thinking they fell out of my pocket,” I said as I searched around the table, finding nothing. “Maybe they were in my coat? Which I left... in Angie’s room.”

“We could get you a new key at the front desk,” Maria suggested.

“But I don’t have my ID on me either,” I realized. “Did you check in this room?”

“No, Angie did for me.”

“Well, shit.”

“Looks like you’re sleeping here tonight,” my new mother in law told me. “Which is just as well. I could use help getting out of this dress.”

She watched my expression. I’d like to think that I didn’t give her one.

“Of course, no peeking. I am your new mother, after all.”

“What would you do without me?” I asked.

“So helpful,” she teased.

Sure enough, she turned around to show me her zipper. I reached out, a bit unsteady from the booze and began to pull down her zipper. It was tight, so it took more effort than I expected.

Once I unzipped her, I rested both hands on her shoulders and began to slide her straps over her shoulders.

“Dan!” She gasped as she spun around to face me, crossing her arms to keep the straps up.

“Shit!” I stepped back. “You said help you out of the dress, and I got carried away-”

“You can’t be doing this!” She scolded me.

"I didn't mean it that way, I promise. I'd already helped both of the girls get undressed tonight, and I guess, by reflex-"

"Dan, calm down." She took a breath. "All is forgiven. Now, I'm going to go into the bathroom to get changed."

I sat on the bed, feeling very awkward. "Shit," I whispered. This night was going nowhere fast. I looked around the room and noticed the couch so I got up and sat on that instead.

She returned a few minutes later, wearing pajama pants and a tank top.

"I took off my makeup, so I apologize in advance," she told me.

"For what? You still look amazing," I told her.

She gave me another look. "I've already mistaken your actions to be making advances on me twice tonight. I'll save my embarrassment by trying not to do it a third time."

"Definitely not an advance," I gave her my most reassuring smile. "Not even a compliment, really. Just a fact."

"Your friends really did think I was your bride's sister today," she admitted. "It really was quite flattering."

"I'm sure you get that all the time," I noted.

"Not as often as I used to." She shook her head. "I was dumped recently."

"I'm sorry."

She sat down on the couch next to me. "Don't be, it was for the better. But I'm not used to being on this end of it. In fact, it might have been the first time. It was sobering. I think I've been dumping people all wrong."

"It happens," I offered. "Plus, we're still in the middle of a pandemic."

"That's the hard part," she told me. "It's been far too long since I got laid." She stopped and blushed. "I didn't just say that."

"I heard nothing," I said. "Correct me if I'm wrong, but wasn't the main reason you live out there for the guy you were dating?"

"Yes. Now I'm starting to feel like I have nothing out there."

"You could always come live with us," I offered. "The girls love having you around, and I'm sure we'll need a babysitter."

She turned and gave me a hug. "Thank you, Dan. That's very sweet to offer. But there is hardly enough room there for the three of you, let alone six."

"Oh, we're moving," I told her. "Angie already has a few places that we are going to check out, thanks to her new job."

"Angie has a new job?"

"Uhhh..."

She pulled away from the hug to look at me. "What is it? You're making me think she became a stripper."

"I'd rather that she talk to you about it," I tried to deflect.

"No!" She smiled. "You're going to tell me."

"Or what?"

"Or I'll make you sleep on this terribly uncomfortable couch."

"I was already fully resigned to that fate," I told her.

"Then I'll make you sleep in the tub."

"Probably better than this couch," I said.

That made her laugh. It was a beautiful laugh. Sitting next to this woman a foot away made me really appreciate her beauty. She even smelled good, despite having been dancing for several hours.

"Tell me," she ordered with an amused look in her eyes. "What could she possibly have started doing during the pandemic when no one is hiring to be making enough money to buy a house?"

"Forget I said-"

She gasped. "Is she a webcam model?"

"Umm... yeah, kind of."

"You let her do that?"

"She really seems to like it," I told her. "And she doesn't show her face."

She began to laugh. "My daughters. Just as lazy as I was."

"I wouldn't call them lazy."

"Did you know I wanted to be a trophy wife? I figured that if I could get any man I wanted, why not use that to get by?"

"Is that how you knew the girl's father?"

"Yes, actually. Which worked out, because lord knows that getting pregnant was not part of the plan. Then again, both of my little girls followed me on that path as well. But they lasted six years longer, so that's something they have going for them."

"I don't think you should have any regrets," I told her. "You could still be that trophy wife to make some rich guy happy."

She punched me in the arm. Just like her daughters did.

"Thanks, Dan. But you don't understand. I used to be able to get any man. It's almost a curse, having that kind of gift. Because you are forever afraid of losing it, right up until it's gone."

"Well, you still got it," I told her. "You're smokin' hot."

"Are you saying that I could get you?"

"If I was a single man? Of course. You are just as beautiful as either of your daughters. And I mean that."

She smiled. "I'm sorry, I really don't know what's wrong with me tonight where I'm searching for compliments."

I reached over and gave her a hug, pulling her closer. "It's okay, Mom."

She looked at me and giggled. "Okay, maybe that is a bit weird," she said.

"I don't know..."

"Let's see. Let me give you a mother's kiss."

"Sure," I said, ready to give her my cheek.

She closed her eyes and leaned in, giving me a quick peck on the lips.

"Yeah, okay," she said. "I guess you can call me Mom."

"Thanks, Mom!" I said as I leaned forward to kiss her cheek. She turned her head, catching my lips with hers. This time, the kiss seemed to linger.

"Well that wasn't a very motherly kiss," she said with a smirk.

She stood up. "Alright, I'm going to crawl into bed. You can join, if you like. It's big enough for the both of us. As long as you don't sleep naked or anything like that."

"Thank you, Maria. But I think the couch will treat me just fine."

"Nonsense. And call me Mom!"

"Okay, Mom. Will you toss me that blanket?"

The next morning I was just putting my over shirt on when there was a knock on the door.

I opened it to find Angela at the door. "Hey, Motherfucker!" She greeted me with a kiss. "Why didn't you wake me up?"

"I tried," I told her as I pulled her close. "Several times, in fact."

"Not hard enough! Plus, you should have just had your way with my lifeless body."

"Yeah, but I'm trying not to develop any unhealthy fetishes like necrophilia."

"What's unhealthy about it? The dead don't mind."

I led her inside. "Your mom is in the shower. I was about to head your way."

"You slept on that couch? You must have broken your neck," she said, noticing the blanket. "And here I thought you fucked my mom."

"Was my jacket in the room?" I asked.

"It was, yes."

"I think I left my keycards in it. I came out here to check on everyone, your mom asked me to escort her back to her room to save her from my friends hitting on her, and that's when I realized I was missing my keys."

"Relax, Dan, I was joking when I called you a Motherfucker."

"Sure, but that doesn't mean I'm not one," I reminded her as I slapped her ass.

"Speaking of, what time is it? Do we have time to make that sex tape?"

"We always have enough time for that," she said as she grabbed my arm and dragged me out to the hallway.

We determined that Victoria had probably forgotten to take her birth control a couple times right around the same time I started fucking her sister, because both girls were due within a week of each other.

Christmastime came and Maria came down to spend it with us. My condo began to feel extra small, and we decided to start house hunting right after.

We went to look at a few different houses, settling on one with a pool and five bedrooms in case Maria wanted to move in. The owners had been let go because of the pandemic and were going to move halfway across the country for a new job, so they were in a rush to sell.

We got the place for a steal. I kept my condo, waiting for the market to bounce back before selling it.

Moving into the new place kept us busy for a while. Once we unloaded the storage unit and moved most of my stuff over, we were surprised to have filled up most of the house already. We bought some new furniture, including a new bedroom set with an even bigger bed.

A few months went by and we settled into a new routine at the new house, now with a lot more of me looking after two pregnant women and doing a lot of cooking and shopping. They both blew up even bigger than before, and they both maintained quite the healthy sexual appetites.



Victoria gave birth to a little girl we named Theresa and Angie followed suit the next day with another adorable girl we named Bella. Once again, Maria came down for her granddaughter's births but left shortly after.

Another month went by, and we became slightly worried when Maria had planned on moving in with the girl's births.

My hands were full, and even with both girls watching over the infants and taking turns, they wore us out considerably. Victoria called her mom asking her to come down, and finally, several weeks later, she did.

She appeared at our doorway in the middle of the day.

"Mom! Where's the moving van?" Angie asked when she saw the car.

"I didn't bring it," she told us.

"What's wrong?"

"Can I come inside?"

"Of course," I said. "Can I get you anything to drink?"

"No, thank you. I need to tell you something. Where's your sister?"

"Out picking up diapers," Angie told her.

"Good. I need to tell you something."

"What is it, Mom?"

She looked at both of us, then down at her stomach. Then she said something that gave me a serious case of déjà vu.

"I'm pregnant."

Angie I looked at each other. "What? Are you serious?" She gave her mom a hug. "Holy shit! That's amazing! Congratulations!"

Maria looked no less nervous than before. "There's something else."

"Yeah?"

"You know how you call Dan 'Daddy'?"

Angie looked at me and I was almost surprised to see her blush. "Yeah?"

"Well, careful what you wish for."

"What do you mean." Angie said it as an accusation more than a question.

"Your husband is the father," Maria told her. "So, technically, that kind of makes him your stepdad."

"Wait. You aren't fucking serious, are you?" She turned to me with a look that made my balls pull back into me. "You fucked my MOM?"

I looked back at Maria. "Only once!" I said defensively. "At the wedding. We were really drunk, and-"

"YOU FUCKED MY MOM?"

Angie reached her arm out. I watched the slap coming in slow motion, with enough time to debate whether or not to block it. I flinched as I took it.

"SERIOUSLY?"

"...yes."

"But you said you didn't!"

"Technically, I didn't," I told her. "You called me a motherfucker, and I told you that you were right."

"But... the blanket on the couch!"

"Oh, yeah, that was lucky. I started to sleep there, but it really was super uncomfortable, so I lay in the bed next to Maria-

"You're calling my mom by her first name now?"

"In this story, yes," I admitted. "Anyway, I'd taken a Cialis-

"Because it was our fucking wedding night?"

"-and I was horny as fuck. I woke up in the middle of the night, turned to your mom without realizing where I was, and before I knew what was happening, we were... you know."

Angie glared at me. "Wow. And then you lied to me."

"No. I just didn't tell you about the time I accidentally fucked your mom. You obviously don't want to hear about it, so it was apparently the right call."

"Wowwwwww." She glared at me again. "I fucking hate how much of a smooth talker you are sometimes."

"He's making it out to be his fault," Marie told her daughter. "But we were equally responsible."

"I can't believe you knocked her up in one try. Women in our family really are too fertile."

"Well..." I flinched. "Technically, it was more than once."

"Oh fuck off! How many times?"

"Umm... four."

"You're forgetting about the time in the shower," Maria corrected me.

"Oh, yeah. It's a good thing you showed up to the room when you did or you would have not been happy."

"I'm also not too happy now," Angie said as she crossed her arms. She sighed. "Good thing Victoria isn't here. I almost don't want to be here when she finds out."

"Oh, I'm not telling her, honey," Maria told her daughter.

"Seriously?"

"I knew you could handle it. But she would blow her lid." We all laughed. "No, I'm telling her it was a sperm donor. Some random guy I met."

"Speaking of, you're sure it's mine?" I asked.

"Completely." She took a breath before turning to her daughter. "So, that's why I didn't bring the moving van. I wasn't sure if you would still want me to move in. Or even have me in your life anymore, for that matter."

"Are you kidding?" Angie asked. "I'm fucking pissed right now, but that's mostly at Dan. These rugrats are insane! We really need your help, Mom. I can't wait for you to move in."

They gave each other a big hug. I waited a moment before attempting to join before being slapped away by Angie.

"Speaking of, could you watch them right now? I'm going to drag this motherfucker right here and fuck him so angrily that we're going to try to bang it out."

"Wow, Angie," Maria smiled at her daughter. "I hope it works."

It did. Not right away, but it did.

Maria moved, but instead of staying at the house she stayed in my condo. We decided this would keep us from hooking up again, not wanting to do something stupid like let Victoria catch us.

Angie continued making tons of money. I kept at my job when I could, and thankfully with the adults outnumbering the children we seemed able to settle into a nice rhythm.

Victoria loved being a mother. She spent the most time with the kids, seeming to always have enough milk to give both girls. This was impressive, considering she was also having to keep up with my demand.

I found that I quite enjoyed a glass of milk in the morning, minus the glass. Both girls produced a lot of milk initially, but Angie slowed down when Victoria seemed to enjoy taking over the responsibility.

Angie kept producing a bit, however, as some of her fans seemed to love it. She tried to come up with fun and exciting ways to incorporate lactation into her shows. The majority of her act was solo, but more and more often I would join her, fucking the shit out of her on camera.

She loved to do the messy blowjobs, almost as much as her fans enjoyed watching. When she finally showed her face, her fanbase increased even more. Initially I hid my face, but over time I stopped worrying about it. We even seemed to forget the camera, as Angie would have to remind me to make sure to face the right direction and stay in the shot.

Angie lost all of her pregnancy weight, using her rowing machine and an exercise bike I'd bought her. Her plan was to return to the size she was when I met her, only to gain the weight back over time, stuffing her face on camera and showing her progress along the way.

Victoria was fully hesitant to join the shows, but over time Angie wore her down. The first time was a lactation scene where Angie sucked on her sister's tit, spraying her own face with milk as she made a show of swallowing it and making a mess of herself. I joined in, and then we switched, only showing the back of Victoria's face.

At one point when Victoria was gone for a walk with the girls, we got Maria involved. Angie initially didn't want her mom to hook up with either of us onscreen, but it was a live show and the amount of money that was proposed to us was staggering. Mother and sister kissed, but that was the end of anything that could be considered incestuous.

Instead, both girls lined up side by side, asses up as I took turns fucking them doggystyle. The contrast between the now plainly showing Maria and her still overly curvaceous daughter was quite the sight.

Somehow word got out on the internet that there were two sisters and their mother all living with one guy that was lucky enough to fuck all of them, and Angie's subscriber count grew even higher.

She created her own website, selling the videos and live streams herself. Her goal was to make enough that the four of us could realistically retire.

Angie began taking birth control again as soon as she gave birth, deciding she didn't need to add to the baby count since we already had a third on the way.

Victoria did not share this view with her sister and wanted another one right away. She soon had a pretty big pregnancy fetish, dirty talking me into fucking her as often as she could. She seemed to enjoy being round and didn't make much effort to lose the weight.

“Why bother?” She told us more than once. “I’m just going to gain back when I have another baby.”

After a few months she finally weighed more than Angie, who had done well in slimming back down.

Soon after, both girls got their wish. Victoria was knocked up again, and Angie reached her target weight. They both started eating more, packing on the pounds and I got to enjoy the sight of both girls growing curvier before my eyes once again.

As much as I tried not to, I was also making more and more frequent trips to my condo where Maria was waiting for me. There we would rendezvous for hours at a time, fucking each other silly. I was amazed at the abilities of each of the girls to take a dick right up to the point of conceiving.

The most popular show we ever did was one that was not scripted or planned. It was also one of the low points of my life.

Maria was expecting to pop within a couple of weeks, and Angie wanted to put her pregnant mother’s body to use while she still could.

She had purchased an expensive handheld camera and was doing a great of recording the event as I plowed her mother like an animal from behind.

“Hey everyone, Angel here,” Angela told her fans. “And what you see here is indeed my boyfriend fucking another woman. And for the record, I am fully endorsing it. Because it’s fucking hot.”

“Ohhh! Fuck me!” Maria yelled, acting the part of an accomplished pornstar. Whether or not she was acting or lost in the moment, even I couldn’t tell. “I want to be on top,” she told me.

We flipped over and she climbed on, riding me like a pro. The amount of practice we’d had meant that we had a great rapport going. “Oh! Fuck yes! Give me that good dick!” She yelled.

“FUCK YES! OH! FUCK! FUCK! FUCK!”

Just like her daughter, Maria was a screamer.

She was so loud, I didn’t hear the door open. But soon there was more screaming in the room. I turned over to look at the open door.

Victoria had taken the infants for a walk in the stroller. Usually, she took about an hour. But today she forgot her phone and took a shorter path back so she could take her phone with her for the rest of the way to record her steps.

She was about to leave when she heard what sounded like her mom screaming upstairs and decided to check on it.

Victoria opened the door and stood there, eyes wide in horror as she watched her mom bounce on her husband’s dick with her sister recording them on video.

“MOM! NO!” She ran over, not acknowledging the fact that she was on camera. “WHY ARE YOU FUCKING DAN?”

“Oh, shit,” Angie said quietly. “The alarm never went off.”

She noticed Angie at that moment. “You’re RECORDING THIS? WHAT THE FUCK, ANGIE?”

“Hey, don’t use anyone’s real name, remember? This is fucking live!”

“FUCK YOU, ANGELA!”

“She means Angel, guys,” Angie calmly told the camera.

Maria had finally got off me at this point.

“You don’t understand,” she said as she kneeled on the bed next to me. “Dan is- he's the father of my child.”

“WHAT! ARE YOU FUCKING KIDDING ME? MY HUSBAND IS FUCKING MY MOTHER?”

“Vicky! Seriously!” Angie hissed at her sister. “Stop admitting shit!”

“Then TURN IT OFF!” Victoria yelled as she grabbed the camera and threw it across the room. She turned to her mom, glaring at her, before turning her attention to me. “YOU!” She screamed.

She ran toward me, arm outstretched, and went to slap me. Once again, I took the hit. Her slap knocked me out cold.

Like I said, we never topped the popularity of that video.

Maria gave birth to my son, and Victoria eventually forgave her mother and I. Eventually, I took Maria to be my (still not legal) third wife. For a while I made a big deal out of being the girl’s stepdad, but after a while I ended up calling them all my sister wives.

It didn’t take too long for us to make enough to retire. But Angie enjoyed it, so we kept making more videos.

Not everything is perfect. Sometimes we still fight, sometimes my dick gets raw from trying to keep three insatiable women happy. But I have three women that I love that I get to sleep with every night.

Our society treats polygamy as if it’s an entirely horrible concept, but I’m not so sure. I feel like it has its time and place.

All in all, I have to say. 2020 was a pretty great fucking year for me.

















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