

The Busty One

by Pan

Chapter One

Liam forced a smile to his face as he got out of the camper-van. It wasn't that he was particularly shy, or bad with people, but he was about to meet his girlfriend's entire family. At once.

He'd been dating Charlotte for almost nine months. They'd met – and lived – in Santa Fe, but she was from Austin, and was the only one of the brood who had left the state. She talked about her folks a lot, but they'd all just been names to him, and impossible to keep straight.

Now, at last, they were going to go from names to fully-formed people. Her parents, her five sisters, their boyfriends. Eleven strangers, and he was meeting them all.

At once.

“Don't worry about the bags,” Charlotte said. “Dad will get them.”

“Are you sure? I can...”

She threw him a grin. “*Re-lax*,” she said softly. “They're going to love you.”

Charlotte was probably right. Liam knew that while he'd never been described as charming, he was far from offensive. Aside from one explosive incident with an ex-girlfriend's unabashedly-bigoted uncle, he'd never had any trouble fitting in.

Everything was going to be fine. It was just...a lot.

As though they'd been waiting just inside the door for their arrival, Charlotte's relatives began pouring out of the house to greet them. He was taken aback at the sight of more than the eleven he'd mentally prepared for, until he remembered his girlfriend's vague mention of some uncles and aunts who might be there.

Liam recognized Charlotte's father immediately from the family photos his girlfriend had dotted around her apartment. He brought Liam in for an unexpected hug, slapping him on the back before loading his thick arms up with as many of the bags as he could carry.

The other boyfriends were immediately identifiable as well. Not only because they were the only men around Liam's age, but because they were the only people without the distinctive jet-black hair Charlotte's entire family seemed to share.

They nodded politely at him, and Liam felt an odd kinship with the bunch. At some point, they had all gone through this rite of passage as well.

And survived. It gave him hope.

The throng of people started to throw introductions at Liam, but before he could even begin trying to learn names, Charlotte held up her hand. “No,” she said loudly, shutting the crowd up. “Come on, guys – we'll do this at the table. Everyone, inside.”

The party followed the strong bag-laden man into the house, and Charlotte looked around, confused. “Where's Aimee?”

“She's with Grayham,” one of the black-haired sisters replied, and Charlotte nodded knowingly.

“Ah ha.”

As the troupe made their way inside, an older woman with lighter hair popped her head out of the kitchen. “Well now, what did the cat drag in?”

Her accent immediately told Liam that she must have been his girlfriend's mother. She'd moved to Texas more than half a century ago, but still hadn't completely lost her British accent.

“Mom,” Charlotte said warmly, stumbling in her haste to give her mother a hug. “Mom, this is my boyfriend.”

“He’s cuter than the last one,” Charlotte’s mother said with an approving smile. “Aimee’s going to *love* him.”

Liam shot his girlfriend a quizzical look, but she didn’t seem to notice. “Now that Charlie and Lee are here, let’s eat. Everyone, grub’s up!”

Everyone immediately started filing into the dining room, and Liam grabbed his girlfriend’s arm. He’d been prepared to be overwhelmed by the number of people, but not for the fact that it felt like everyone was talking in code. As the room emptied, he pulled her close, and whispered in her ear.

“Who’s Aimee?”

“My sister,” Liam’s girlfriend replied with a sly smile. “You’re going to love her.”

“Oh?”

“Mm-hmm,” she nodded. “She’s the busty one.”

Before Liam could follow up on the bizarre comment, Charlotte had wriggled free of his grasp and followed the rest of her family.

A quick head-count told Liam that there were only fourteen people in the room, not counting himself or Charlotte. When they’d swarmed the car upon his arrival, it had seemed like so much more. He was an only child, and though he’d dated women from larger families before, he’d never been to a family dinner at this scale. Charlotte’s mother must have been cooking for days.

As he sat down, he noticed two empty chairs – one at the end of the table, beside Charlotte’s father, and one beside one of her many sisters.

Liam’s brow furrowed. There were only four women at the table with the distinctive jetblack hair. Charlotte’s mother was grey-haired, but it was obvious that she’d been blonde before that, and sitting on one side of her was a woman around her age with red-from-a-bottle hair. Presumably one of Charlotte’s aunts, or a once-removed cousin.

Where was the fifth sister?

“For what we are about to receive, may the Lord make us truly grateful,” Charlotte’s father boomed, before standing to carve the turkey.

“Shouldn’t we wait for...”

In response to his murmured concern, Charlotte moved her hand onto Liam’s leg. “It’s okay,” she smiled softly. “It’s just Aimee.”

Just as Liam was having potatoes ladled onto his plate, the answer to many of his questions walked through the door. A blonde woman – a few years younger than his girlfriend, Liam would have guessed – entered and sat at the end of the table, followed by a youngish man with a satisfied smile on his face. He sat next to one of Charlotte’s sisters, gave her a peck on the lips, and began enthusiastically helping himself to peas.

“Ah,” Charlotte’s father said, his voice a low rumble. “Everyone’s here. Now can we introduce your young man to the family?”

“Everyone, this is Liam. Liam...this is my family.”

“Hi, family,” Liam said, trying to keep his voice light. “Thank you so much for having me.”

“Let’s start with my parents,” Charlotte said. It was obvious that she’d done this dance before. “My Dad, Rodney, and my Mom, Sylvia.”

“Call me Rod,” the older man grunted. “Everyone does.”

“And then these are my sisters. Sasha, the clever one.”

“Shut up,” Sasha replied, rolling her eyes.

“She’s a doctor,” the fellow sitting beside her said proudly, as he plucked a baked potato

from her plate. He was the man who'd come in with the blonde woman just a few minutes earlier.

"Next to her is Emma, the funny one."

"Fuck you," Emma said dryly, and the entire table burst into laughter.

"My oldest sister, Katie. She's the confident one."

"I'll take it," Katie said with a grin."

"Hang on," Liam said. "What does that make you?"

"I'm the wild one," Charlotte said, wagging her eyebrows. "The only one who left Texas."

"Little miss rebel without a cause," her father grumbled from the end of the table.

"Cassandra is the youngest. She's the cute one."

"That nickname was already old when I was six," Cassandra complained, but Liam had to admit – while all the sisters were attractive in their own way, Cassandra was the only one who could be described as 'cute'. The Baby Spice of the family, so to speak.

"And that just leaves Aimee," Charlotte said, gesturing to the blonde woman sitting next to her father. "The busty one."

Liam blinked twice, taking a moment to make sure he'd heard his girlfriend correctly. "The, uh..."

"The busty one," the white-haired woman echoed in her British accent. "Isn't that right, Aimee?"

Aimee nodded confidently, and – not sure what the appropriate reaction was – Liam couldn't help but let his eyes drop to his girlfriend's sister's chest.

He'd noticed her form as soon as she'd entered, of course, but his gaze confirmed what he already knew. Aimee was clearly the bustiest woman not only at the table, but perhaps that he'd ever seen in real life.

What's more, she wasn't shy about showing off her assets. Her shoulders were squared back, and her clothing seemed to have been specifically selected to show off her huge bosoms.

It took Liam a few moments to realize he was staring. He immediately glanced back at Charlotte, panicked, but though she'd clearly seen where his eyes had been focused, she...didn't seem to care.

Looking around the table, it seemed that none of his girlfriend's family did.

"If you have any smart-person questions, ask Sasha. If you want to laugh, talk to Emma. And if you need to get off at any point this weekend, just go ahead and use Aimee."

Now Liam was sure he was imagining things. His girlfriend hadn't just suggested...surely she hadn't just offered up her own sister for...

And no one had batted an eyelid.

He shook his head in disbelief. Was he going mad? Charlotte started talking again, and it took him a minute to realize that she was continuing around the table, introducing the boyfriends.

"Cedric is Katie's boyfriend," she began. "He's a physicist."

"We tried to set up him with Sasha," Emma piped in, "but he had better taste than that."

Another small ripple of laughter went around the table, and Liam held one hand up.

"Hang on," he interrupted. "Does Aimee have a boyfriend?"

The family looked confused at the question.

"Of course not," Cassandra said, tilting her head to the side. "She's the busty one."

It was several hours before Liam got a chance to be alone with his girlfriend. After dinner

was dessert, and then a ninety-minute game of charades. Charlotte's two uncles won handily, but there were a lot of laughs throughout the evening.

All night, Liam kept a close eye on Aimee's movements – on several occasions, the boyfriends of the other sisters took her out of the room and returned half an hour later, a satisfied look on their faces.

They couldn't be...were they?

No. No, that didn't make any sense.

When the couple were finally together in her Charlotte's bedroom, the twenty-four year old girl gave her boyfriend a firm hug. "You did so well tonight," she said proudly.

"Uh, thanks," Liam replied. His nervousness at meeting everyone had been almost entirely replaced with confusion regarding his girlfriend's bustiest sister. "So, Aimee..."

A cheeky look appeared on Charlotte's face.

"You like her?"

"Uh, yeah. I mean, I liked everyone..."

His girlfriend waved away his stammering protestations.

"But you particularly liked *her*, right?"

"Mm-hmm," he replied, trying to keep his face as neutral as possible.

He'd been dating Charlotte for the better part of the year, and in all that time, she'd never expressed any interest in...well, *anything* like this. In fact, quite the contrary: they'd met through church friends, and been quite upfront about what they wanted.

Marriage. Family. Kids.

Monogamy.

But if he was reading his girlfriend correctly (which he had never struggled with in the past), she was implying...

Well, he didn't know exactly what she was implying.

But he desperately wanted to find out.

When Liam had said he was monogamous, he hadn't been lying. Since he and Charlotte had started dating, he'd never had even a glimmer of interest in anyone else. He'd never cheated on anyone; when he was in a relationship, he didn't even look at porn.

But there was something about Aimee...

"I don't mind," Charlotte said encouragingly. "Seriously."

"Charlotte..."

Perhaps this was some kind of weird test. His girlfriend was openly suggesting that he should be attracted to not just another woman, but her own sister!

A smile flickered across his lips as he remembered Charlotte's role in the family. In this moment, she really was living up to her title.

"What exactly do you mean?" Liam asked cautiously. If it was a test, he wasn't going to get trapped by it. And if it wasn't...well, he didn't know what he would do if it wasn't.

"I mean, I don't mind if you use her," Charlotte smiled. "She's the busty one."

"Use her for..."

"For sex," his girlfriend said slowly, as if talking to an idiot. "I'm saying that I don't mind if you get off with my sister Aimee. If you use her body for sex."

Liam's eyes widened at his girlfriend's forthrightness. If she was trying to trick him into something, it wasn't through cunning wordplay. So was this...a loyalty test?

He'd heard of these before. The best friend or the sister would try to seduce the boyfriend, and then reveal at the last minute that it was all to test his loyalty.

But if that's what was happening here...it was elaborate. The entire family seemed to be in on it. Everyone. It didn't make sense.

Of course, neither did the alternative.

"No need," Liam replied lightly. He didn't really understand what was happening, but he was in the best relationship he'd ever been in, and had no interest in ruining it for himself. "You're more than enough for me."

A smile broke out across his girlfriend's face. "You're very sweet," she said, moving her body against his. "But I promise, it's no big deal. She's the busty one."

"Thanks but no thanks," Liam said, moving his mouth to Charlotte's. "Now...how thin are these walls?"

As his girlfriend's body trembled with delight under his, Liam felt more sexually charged than he had for a long time. Even as he came, groaning quietly into Charlotte's ear, it was her sister that he was thinking about.

Aimee. The busty one.

"How'd you two sleep?" Rodney asked thunderously as the couple entered the room the previous day. The family was sitting down for breakfast: piles of bacon and toast, and Sylvia regularly shuttling eggs in from the kitchen.

"Good, Daddy," Charlotte said, giving her old man a kiss on the cheek.

Liam looked around the table. Almost everyone was there.

With one notable exception.

"Where's Aimee?" he asked, unable to hold the question back.

Katie gestured to the man sitting beside her, Cassandra's boyfriend. Liam narrowed his eyes. He hadn't noticed when he'd entered the room, but...Derek? Daniel? The man whose name started with D had his eyes closed, and a huge smile on his face.

"She's..."

Katie flipped up the table-cloth, and Liam stepped around the table, gasping with shock at what he saw.

Aimee was kneeling under the breakfast table, sucking Cassandra's boyfriend's cock.

"I...I..."

"Flip that down," Sylvia tutted as she re-entered the room, carrying a plate of fried eggs. "I'm sure William doesn't want to see that."

"It's just Liam, Mom," Charlotte corrected.

"What's that short for, anyway?" Rodney asked, and it took Liam a moment to process the question.

If this was a loyalty test, it was more elaborate than anything he'd ever encountered in his life. Aimee and Cassandra's boyfriend hadn't been play-acting. Although he'd only gotten a brief glimpse, he'd seen everything: her hands, wrapped around the young man's cock, which was wet with her saliva. Her tongue had been running up his shaft. And as Katie had flipped the tablecloth back down, she'd been going in to take it in her mouth once more...

"Honey?" Charlotte prompted, and Liam answered automatically.

"It's, uh...it's not short for anything. It's just Liam."

"I think it's an Irish name originally," Sasha interjected. "Originally short for Ulliam, which means warrior, or defender."

The conversation quickly moved onto name meanings, and it was only when there was a

pause that Liam realized he could hear it. On the rare occasion that the entire table fell silent at once, there it was. The distinctive sounds of slurping, gagging...

Liam was confused as hell and hard as a rock. He watched the man whose name started with D as his entire body tensed, then suddenly relaxed. He opened his eyes and reaching out for the coffee his girlfriend had just poured him.

Had...had he just...? Here, at the breakfast table? In front of everyone?

At his girlfriend's sister's hand?

Into her mouth?

What on earth was going on?

Charlotte's family held family weekends fairly regularly, from what Liam could tell. They were a big group, but a wealthy one. Rodney had been in real estate, and Sylvia had been a surgeon. They'd offered to pay for the couple's flights, but Liam was plane-averse, and had suggested they drive instead. It had been a long trip, but a beautiful one.

Now that they were here, there was no particular agenda. Just a large family spending time together in the beautiful spring weather. Someone had suggested going to see a film, but no one had been able to agree on what, so they'd instead just spent the day laying around the pool.

When Liam had emerged in nothing but a pair of red shorts, the sisters' eyebrows had shot up, and Emma had let out a wolf-whistle. His face had turned slightly red at the attention, but Charlotte had squeezed his arm proudly (he suddenly understood why she'd pushed so hard for everyone to stay home and relax around the pool) and he'd felt a lot better.

Just a few moments after he'd noticed Aimee staring at him and biting her lip, he'd jumped in the water. He didn't want his shorts to reveal anything that would embarrass his girlfriend. As he came up, spluttering, his eyes were drawn back to Charlotte's busty sister. Aimee's blue bikini showed off more than just her tits, putting her flat stomach, long legs, and firm ass on display.

He was hard as a rock at the sight, and something told him that she knew it. She knew exactly what her body was doing to him.

She knew exactly what he'd been thinking about the previous night, as he'd cum into her sister.

After just half an hour of swimming, Liam was so turned on he felt like he couldn't think. He swam up to his girlfriend and pulled her against him, pressing his hardness up against.

"Hello there," she whispered. "Something getting you in a mood?"

"You," he lied. "Want to sneak off and fool around?"

"Sort of," she said with a cheeky smile. "But we're about to play a game of volleyball. Me and Sasha against Cass and Katie. Just have Aimee take care of it."

Charlotte gestured to her sister, who was sunning herself, putting her body on display to anyone watching. Liam was surprised she hadn't already been pulled aside by one of the other boyfriends.

Perhaps they'd all used her before breakfast.

"Seriously?" he asked. Despite all he'd seen, despite his girlfriend's weirdly casual attitude towards the situation, it still didn't sit right with him. It just...it didn't make sense.

"Of course," Charlotte said with a smile. "Why do you think God gave me such a busty sister?"

Liam had been attending church for as long as he could remember, but he couldn't

remember a single sermon or Sunday school lesson which would give credence to the attitude Charlotte was espousing.

“Charlie,” he said slowly. “I just...doesn’t it...”

“It’s fine,” she said, leaning in and briefly touching her lips to his. “Just find somewhere private and use her however you like. Take her to my room, if you want.”

With that, she gave his hard cock a friendly squeeze, and swam to the other end of the pool to help Cassandra set up the net.

Slowly, cautiously, Liam swam to the edge of the pool, where Aimee was laying, her eyes closed, her incredible body tanning in the hot Texan sun. He trod water for a few minutes, but before he could work out how to even broach the subject – “Hey, Aimee, do you want to make me cum?” – another of the boyfriends approached her on foot.

“Aimee, you free?”

Her eyes opened, and it was like her entire body lit up at the request.

“Let’s use your room,” he said. His name was Casey, Liam remembered.

Aimee glanced down at him, and Casey noticed his presence for the first time.

“Oh, shit, Liam, I’m sorry. Were you about to use our girl?”

“No, no,” Liam replied quickly, trying not to stumble over his words. “You, uh...you go right ahead.”

“Seriously dude, I don’t mind. It’s your first family weekend. You must be pretty excited.”

“It’s fine,” he said insistently. “Please, uh...be my guest.”

“You sure?” Casey said, holding his hands up. Liam was trying very hard to maintain eye-contact with the man – Emma’s boyfriend, he was pretty sure. “I already went once this morning, so I don’t even particularly need it.”

Liam knew that if he turned to look at Aimee and saw even a hint of lust in her eyes, he wouldn’t be able to resist accepting Casey’s polite offer.

And he couldn’t. He shouldn’t. He knew that it was wrong.

Right?

“Mm-hmm,” Liam said, doing all he could to keep his eyes on Casey’s face.

“Your loss,” the other boyfriend said with a shrug. “C’mon, Aims.”

Aimee didn’t say a word, just let out a giggle as she followed him into the house.

Charlotte was buzzing with energy as they dried off; she and Sasha had narrowly eked a victory out over the other girls. Liam had watched the game quietly – his eyes were following the ball as it bounced across the net, but his mind was inside the house, imagining what Aimee and Casey were doing.

What he could have been doing, if he’d wanted to.

Who was he kidding? He *did* want to. That was the struggle; he wanted nothing more than to take Aimee to her room, or to Charlotte’s room, or...hell, to the garden shed. He wanted to strip her off, reveal the huge tits that apparently defined her role within the family. To take them in his mouth, before pushing the busty woman to her knees and making her take him in her mouth.

Before unloading his semen into her, onto her.

Before coating her with his cum.

But he hadn’t. He couldn’t. He’d chickened out. Whatever was happening with this family, it...it wasn’t normal. It wasn’t natural.

Although it felt so, so right.

He didn't leave the pool until everyone else had started making their way into the house, where Sylvia had prepared coldcuts for lunch. As soon as he was clear of the water, Liam grabbed his girlfriend and pulled her mouth to his.

Amused by his passion, Charlotte returned his kiss, before pulling back.

"What's gotten into you?" she asked teasingly. "You enjoy watching me win that much?"

"I want you," he groaned, his voice thick with need. "Quick. Before anyone notices that we're gone."

"Liam," Charlotte sighed. "I'm not fucking you in my family home's back garden. What kind of girl do you think I am?"

"The wild one?" he asked, and his girlfriend shook her head.

Liam sighed. "Can't we sneak up into your room?" he asked. *Or Aimee's*, he silently added. *Or the garden shed.*

"Everyone will notice that we're missing," Charlotte said. "Everyone will know what we're up to."

"So?"

"So this is the most time I've had with my family all year. I don't want to spend it sneaking around with you."

Liam's eyes opened at his girlfriend's words. At his reaction, her face fell.

"I didn't mean it like that," she said contritely. "I just mean...we drove almost twelve hours to get here. I want to make the most of it while we're here. We see each other all the time back in New Mexico. I only have two days with my folks, and I want to spend it with them. Who knows when I'll get to see them again?"

Loathe though he was to admit it, Liam's girlfriend had a point. But even standing outside the pool, he was acutely aware of his erection pressing against his red board shorts, and until it went away, he didn't think he'd be able to think straight.

"Please..." he murmured. "I just..."

Charlotte looked down at his erection, and then back at his face, confused. "Still? I told you to take care of that."

"Yeah, but..."

"Seriously, Liam. Just use Aimee."

An image of doing exactly that flashed through Liam's mind, but he tried to eject it. "Charlie, I can't just *use* your sister like that..."

"Why not? Everyone else does."

She sounded baffled by his response, and despite his best efforts, Liam couldn't come up with a particularly convincing argument against her suggestion.

"I just...can't."

The amused look returned to Charlotte's face. "Aw, baby. Are you shy?"

"No," he replied defensively. "No, I'm just...it's just weird."

"It's the most normal thing in the world," she said, trying – and failing – to hide her amusement at his reaction. "She's the busty one."

"It's very weird!" he said, but was strangely unable to come up with even a single justification to defend his position.

"Stay here," she said with a sigh. "I'll send her out."

"Charlotte, no!" he said, but his words faded away, unheard.

His girlfriend was gone.



As he stood in the shade of the six-bedroom house, Liam weighed his options. He could follow Charlotte into the house, but his erection was obvious, and if he ran into another family member...

Not an option.

But if he stayed here, and Charlotte really was sending her sister out, he'd...she'd...

He couldn't do that. Not to Charlotte. Even if she thought she wanted him to, he knew she didn't. He couldn't do that to his girlfriend, or to himself, or to his God.

Or to Aimee.

Liam's cock throbbed at the idea of doing it to Aimee. Of taking the sister who seemed to have wholly embraced her role in the family as 'the busty one', and delighted in letting all her sisters' boyfriends use her for relief.

Use her body for their pleasure.

He had to wonder – did she view it as a curse? From the photos of family weekends past he'd seen on the wall, it didn't look like she'd ever had a boyfriend of her own. Had she simply resigned herself to the fact that her function was to be used as a plaything by whoever her sisters were dating?

Or did she like it?

Liam let out an involuntary groan of arousal at the thought. At the idea of Aimee looking forward to these weekends, counting down the days until the house was going to be filled with men she could fuck. Was she as orgasmic as her sister? Did she get dripping wet as she played with herself, looking forward to the weekends where she'd be passed from man to man to man, taken in every hole, used for their pleasure?

The young man shuddered, and closed his eyes. God, why did these thoughts turn him on so much?

A noise made him open his eyes again, and there she was. The subject of his hot, dirty, sinful thoughts.

Aimee.

The busty one.

She was alone, and a coy smile appeared on her face as she stepped forward. Her eyes were blue, like her mother's, the exact same shade as her bikini.

Liam licked his lips nervously, and Aimee's eyes dropped to his red shorts.

"Aimee..." the young man said hoarsely, but before he could put the thought together, his girlfriend's sister had dropped to her knees.

"You...you don't have to do this."

In response, Aimee licked her lips, and lowered his shorts.

As Liam's cock appeared, so did a warm breeze, flying over the pool and towards the young man and his girlfriend's sister. Aimee's long blonde hair flew forward, masking her face and tickling his painfully-hard cock.

"Seriously, Aimee" Liam squeaked, before the feeling of the busty young woman's mouth enveloping his erection sapped the last of his resistance. "Oh, God..."

Charlotte wasn't the first girlfriend he'd ever had (though he hoped she'd be the last). In the almost-decade he'd been dating, Liam had received head from almost a dozen girls of varying skills.

As much as he loved Charlotte, if you'd put a gun to his head, he'd have to admit that she wasn't the best head he'd ever been given. She was the love of his life, her body drove him wild, their sex was intense and passionate and intimate and everything he wanted in a bedroom-

partner...but his third girlfriend, Belinda, had done things with her tongue that had sent shivers up his spine and made his toes curl.

Belinda had, hands-down, performed the best oral sex he'd ever had.

Until now.

Aimee's eyes were glinting with lust, looking up at him as her soft, warm tongue swirled around the head of his cock. One of her hands was on his leg, and the other was gently playing with his balls, stroking them, like she was trying to coax the cum out of them directly. Her lips had formed a loose seal around his shaft, and as her tongue gently tasted his throbbing erection, her head lowered, taking more and more of his cock into her mouth as she did.

Liam groaned, louder than he intended. The kitchen was far enough away from the pool that he knew his girlfriend's family wouldn't be able to hear him, but if anyone was coming to check on him...

No, no one would be coming to check on him. They knew he was with Aimee. They knew what they were doing.

And they'd leave him alone until he was done.

Aimee began bobbing her head up and down, taking more of his cock inside her mouth with each pass. The sound of her slurping was familiar, but it wasn't until she began gagging on his hardness that he remembered he'd heard her doing this just a few hours earlier, at breakfast.

This was far from the first blowjob she'd given that day.

God, why did he find *that* hot?

Liam reached down and gently placed one of his hands on Aimee's blonde hair. He wasn't sure what to do with the other, awkwardly placing it on his hip, before letting it dangle loosely to the side. Her eyes were so expressive; he could tell that she was proud of what she was doing, proud of his reaction.

Proud, and incredibly turned on.

He could probably fuck her, if he wanted to.

Liam could stand his girlfriend's blonde sister up, bend her over, and fuck her against the side of the house. He could pump his cock into her until he came, until her pussy clenched around his erection with pleasure.

He could make his girlfriend's sister cum.

He could cum inside her.

"Oh, God," he groaned. The thought was so wrong, so perverse...and so, so hot.

Aimee, clearly a seasoned pro at sucking cock, must have recognized the signs of his impending orgasm, because all of a sudden her mouth was moving faster, her lips formed a tighter seal, and her hand left his balls and wrapped around the base of his cock, rapidly stroking the few inches of his erection that she couldn't fit in her mouth.

Her breathing sped up, and her other hand left his thigh and moved between her own legs.

That was what set him off. The sight of his girlfriend's sister touching herself, getting off as she sucked his cock. Getting off as she sucked what was at least the second cock she'd had in her mouth that day, not to mention however many she'd had in her other holes, including the wet one she was currently stroking...

With another load moan, Liam felt his cock pulsating, spewing its seed into Aimee's waiting mouth.

"Oh, God," he panted, as Aimee let go of his erection, falling backwards as she played with herself, twitching as her own orgasm overcame her, her mouth full of his seed...

He watched in awe as her huge tits bounced. One of Aimee's hands was inside her bikini

bottom, and the other reached up and began pawing and groping at her left tit as she came.

After they were done, the two stared at each other in silence, breathing heavily. Aimee had a contented look on her face, like the cat who'd gotten the cream (which, in a sense, she had). For his part, Liam knew that his face must have mirrored the expression he'd seen on Sasha and Cassandra's boyfriends over the course of the weekend; a look of complete sexual satisfaction.