

## On Impulse

*Lena Velardi*

“Mind telling me what the fuck this is?” my sister Livia demanded, holding out her phone.

“Um, a picture?” I said, genuinely stumped. It was clearly from the selfie we’d taken that afternoon, a cute shot of the two of us laying in my bed after a workout. A sports bra was the most risqué thing about it, but that was really pretty tame.

“Um, no. Behind us. On the nightstand. What. The fuck. Is that.” She shoved the phone even closer to my face, enough so that I had to take a step back to even be able to see it.

“Oh. Crap.”

There it was. A black leather belt liberally decorated with intimidating-looking metal studs, the only color present a deep purple phallus. It wasn’t some happy cheerful let’s-have-some-lezzie-fun bright purple. No, this thing was a deep, menacing, bend-your-ass-over-‘cause-mama-has-a-bitch-to-fuck purple. (Pardon my language! That’s how the thing looked.) Thicker and longer than any cock I’d ever seen, veins decorating its surface like it was angry to be so freakin’ huge.

“No shit ‘oh crap,’ Lena! You left a fucking *strap-on* on your nightstand, then shared a shot of it with the entire world – with me lying right beside you! Do you even fucking know the kind of pervy shit rampaging through my inbox right now? How could you be so careless?!”

“I... wow. I can’t believe I... wow. Dangit. Yikes. This has been such a weird... Oh wow. I am so sorry, Livy.”

“Sorry?! Is sorry going to undo having to reassure my boyfriend that I’m not dyking out with my own fucking sister?! God damnit, Lena! Why? Just, why?”

It was plain that she actually expected an answer. I was usually very meticulous about making sure nothing got shared that I didn’t intend to share. No pic was posted without being vetted and double-checked, so it was understandable that she was so shocked. We had a brand to protect. It had been a weird day already, and having to repeat it to my bratty little sis was not helping. Honestly, I don’t know why I didn’t tell her to shut up and call it even for the time she’d shared a shot on her instagram that totally had my nipple peeking out of my bikini top.

I guess I was just feeling impulsive or something.

Being a model was a demanding job for anyone, much less cooperating with your sister. Every outfit had to be run by the other to make sure it kept up with our brand, and we ran our appearances by the other any time we were going somewhere a photographer might conceivably be present. (Which was often.) We weren’t even technically in the same microcosm of the industry; my sister’s petite frame had landed her a gig as a fashion model, while my more toned look put most of my work in fitness modeling. I had more spandex and swimsuits than I could wear in a lifetime, and Lena’s three closets were filled to bursting with her own wardrobe.

We made it work, though, she and I. The two of us found excuses to do the occasional joint shoot, and we each managed our own instagrams, making frequent cameos in one another's pics. Between the two of us we were halfway to a hundred million followers.

Hence my sister freaking out over the pic. I at least owed her the explanation she was demanding.

"Well, so you know how I went for a jog earlier?"

"Yeah." She folded her arms across her chest, obviously awaiting an amazing explanation before she let this slide.

"And you know that weird little shop, Exxxotica or whatever? On the corner of 25th and Kennedy?"

"That little sex shop? Yeah, I've seen it. It's an eyesore. Please tell me you're not among their skeezy clientele now."

"Guilty," I said. "I didn't mean to. I just... I dunno, felt like browsing, or whatever. I didn't figure I'd actually walk out with anything. I don't usually even bring a credit card with me when I'm on a run."

She glared. "At least tell me nobody recognized you."

I ignored her. "So... I dunno, I guess I just saw the, um, you know..."

"Strap-on. You can buy, but you can't say it? Jesus fuck, Lena."

"Yeah. The, uh, strap-on. It caught my eye, and I thought I'd... I dunno. I just bought it, OK? It was only like thirty bucks, so I figured why not."

"Are you gay now? I mean, if you're gay now, whatevs, I'll support you, but like, fucking have the courtesy to tell me. You always said you'd go down to hell before you'd go down on a girl, but I guess that was, like, a cover, huh." Her glare took on a hint of compassion, but only a hint.

"No I'm not gay! Geez, Livy!" I swatted her arm. "I dunno. I saw it, I wanted it, I bought it. The end. Of course, then I was two miles from home, carrying a bag that says Exxxotica on the side."

She rolled her eyes at my stupidity at landing myself in the predicament even as I blushed at the same. I continued. "You wouldn't believe the stares. This one guy followed me for like three blocks before he finally got too tired to keep running behind me. When I got back to the complex, I took it out of the bag and simply walked in with it. And then I bumped into that guy down the hell, Jeff or whatever--"

"I think it's Jerry."

"--whatever, and he stared at me the whole way down the hall like... I dunno. Like he thought it was hilarious. Creep."

"We already knew he's a creep, but come on -- anybody would give a long look at a woman walking down the hall with a fucking strap-on in her hands! Dinah's going to shit a brick when she sees this!"

I flinched at that. Our publicist Dinah was amazing. She always watched out for us and had landed us gigs we'd never thought possible with her connections from her own career. She was definitely not going to like having to explain to the editor of *Teen Vogue* why last month's cover model was sharing pictures showing her sex toys.

Darn it! What had I been thinking?

"Look, I'm sorry, OK? It was an accident. A one-time thing. It won't happen—"

"Won't happen again?" she interjected. "I think in the case of the Velardi sisters taking selfies with their sex toy collection in the background, once was plenty! I swear, I'm going to—"

And right then, I had another moment of impulsivity.

"Going to what?" I cut in, keeping my voice low enough that Livia shut up mid-sentence just to hear it. "What's my little sister going to do, hmm?"

She blinked. "I... I'm only saying... I'll..."

"Shut your mouth." The icy calm in my voice silenced Livia instantly. "Good girl. I think sometimes you forget that I'm the older sister. And I think maybe you need a reminder."

"Reminder? I... um, OK. If you say so."

I couldn't remember my sister ever sounding so meek. Well good. That would make this reminder easier. Wordlessly, I guided the girl over to the living room sofa – not to sit on it, but rather off to the side. Livia hazarded a questioning glance over her shoulder, but she could see this was not time for more of her trademark sass. The most she managed was a faint, plaintive, "Lena?"

"Shh," I breathed, one delicate hand on the back of my sister's neck. I pressed forward, and there was nothing for Livia to do but allow herself to be bent over the expensive Italian leather upholstering their sofa. (Well, she could squirm away, or say something, or turn around and slap me across the face like she normally would. But I knew she wouldn't.)

"Now don't." I pulled down Livia's skirt all the way to her ankles.

"You dare." Her panties, silken red roses on a field of near-black, followed.

"Move." I walked out of the room.

*Livia Velardi*

I didn't dare move. I don't know why – my sister had never done anything like this before, and it's not like she could stop me if I decided. Sweet Lena and Sassy Livia wasn't just our branding; it was who we were. So to have her suddenly so... in control? It was unprecedented. And I'm not gonna lie, if she weren't my sister, it would've been crazy hot.

If she weren't my sister.

But she was, and so instead I was laying there, doing as I was told. Some kind of weird impulse, I guess, to see how this played out. I decided to count to twenty, then I was going to get dressed and leave. No, better make it a hundred. Just in case. In case of what, I didn't know, but still, better safe than sassy. The cold leather pressed against my lean belly as I waited to see what came next.

What was she planning to do? Was she going to spank me? No way I was going to stand – or rather, lay here – for that. I was an adult, a successful woman, a model at the peak of her sexuality, and no way would I let my big sister punish me for being bratty. I wouldn't. Definitely not. One of the guys I'd dated from Maroon 5 (I forget which) had gotten cute with the spanking shit once, and soon after I'd given his cock a scrape with the teeth he didn't forget. It didn't happen twice. (“Aw, sweetie, I thought you liked a little pain?”)

When I was nearing three hundred, I finally heard the soft sounds of her footsteps on the marble tiles of the living room floor. *About time*, I thought, because I didn't dare say it. Not that I was afraid of her. But this was about being punished, not about showing off what a bitch I could be. I'd already done that after that obscene fucking picture got out. I mean, a strap-on? Really Lena? Then I looked back over my shoulder. Holy shit, she was...

Naked. Those world-renowned C cups of hers, a set of tits she'd been offered just shy of seven figures to show the readers of Playboy. I'd seen them before here and there; you can't change in and out of clothes quickly in a shared dressing room without accidentally getting a glimpse. But she'd never put them on display for me like this before. I couldn't imagine shelling out eight hundred grand for them, though they were admittedly some damn nice boobs, perfect tear drops, symmetrical pink nipples on bronzed skin. Still, near-perfect as they were, that wasn't what arrested my attention.

“You're fucking wearing that thing?” As soon as the words were out of my mouth, I wanted to slap myself for how dense I sounded. Here I was, pussy exposed (thanks to my painstakingly maintained thigh gap), and I had to ask why the person who exposed it would be standing behind me wearing a strap-on? Duh much, Livia?

“Apologize,” my sister said. She still had that crazy cool voice thing going on. Who knew my sweetheart sister had it in her?

I, however, had no meek, apologetic little bitch in me. “I'm not apologizing for shit. You're the one who fucked up, Lena, so go fuck yourself.”

“I'm gonna go do that to somebody, but I don't think it reaches all the way back there.” I watched as she bent it down between her legs, resting against the thin strip of leather covering

her own pussy. Needless to say, it wasn't going in there. She widened her stance and the thing sprang back up like it was spring-loaded. "Nope, sure doesn't. Guess I'll need to find some other hole to put it in. Now apologize."

"Are you crazy? You can't fuck your own *sister*! I'm... we're... I mean it's... sisters!" I stammered.

She stepped closer until the thing was right on my ass. I mean *literally* on my ass, its veiny, weighty mass resting right on my crack. "I'm going to put this in you, Livia. But I'm giving you a choice about how. You can apologize, and I can show you how nice I can be..." Lena took the phallus in her hands, maneuvering it down to my slit. I gasped in shock – not only to be in this insane situation, but at how easily the tip slid in. I was *dripping*, I was so wet. Holy shit.

"Don't you dare, Lena! Don't you fucking dare!"

"Or," she continued as if I'd said nothing, "you can be a bad girl, and see what happens to bad girls." My whole body tensed as she adjusted the end of the huge purple dildo. Only a few inches, but... what a difference a few inches made. I'd almost forgotten what a total bitch my big sister could be when I pushed her too far.

"Fine, you win," I said, trying (a little) to keep the most blatant sarcasm from my voice. "I'm sorry, OK?"

I couldn't help but let out a grunt at her response – which wasn't expressed in words, but rather in the sudden presence of about a half inch of big purple synthetic cock shoved into my asshole. "What are you sorry for, Livy?"

I didn't honestly know, and obviously wasn't honestly sorry, so I took my best guess. "Um, for getting in your face about, the, uh..." I didn't get a chance to finish, because she supplied the word herself by wriggling her hips, teasing the end of it in my ass. "Ergh, yeah, that."

Mercifully, I felt it pull out a tiny bit. Not all the way, but it wasn't in very far. "Anything else?"

I shuddered as I felt my psycho sis put her soft hands on either side of my ass, right below the hips. "Yeah, and for, um, copping an attitude?"

She pulled back a bit further. Only the barest tip was still in. Any man who dared to try ass-fucking me without my say-so would've found himself in a world of hurt; suddenly, though, I couldn't think of a way to get out of it. "And will you do it again?"

"Of course I'm going to do it again, you crazy bitch" was what I very nearly said. Then I recalled where I was, and how I was totally at her mercy – somehow – and thought better of it. "No. OK? Jesus titty-fucking Christ, Lena, lay off, OK?"

I cried out as she gave my ass a hard slap with her right. "Tone, Livy. Tone."

I took a deep breath. What a cunt. "No. I'll be good. Happy?"

"About to be."

I can't believe I was relieved that my sister was fucking my cunt with a strap-on, but I guess there's nothing like having her almost nail you in the ass to make it seem like clemency. She eased it in – and it needed easing, huge as it was – and then there I was, bent over the armrest of my sofa, getting deep-dicked by Lena's strap-on. Why the fuck was she doing this?

*Lena Velardi*

Why the heck was I doing this? Why was I so impulsive today? And why were my impulses all so gross?

“Ungh, come on, not so, mmngh, hard,” she whined just as I was striking a good rhythm.

I gave her butt another little slap. It was such a tight little caboose that it barely even rippled, which somehow made that instant all the more exciting for its brevity. “Shut up, Livia.” I must’ve seen my sister’s bare butt a hundred times in our lives, first as children and later in our modeling careers in dressing rooms, but I’d never really appreciated it. It was an incredible thing. Super gross to be touching it, of course, but still, it looked incredible.

“Sorry, but... oh FUCK that’s big... it’s just that my, ungh, cunt isn’t ready for all that.”

“Like this is some special treat for me?” I snapped, giving it a harder thrust just to spite the brat. It sure wasn’t. I was as repulsed by my behavior as I’d ever been. Just because I was capable of appreciating the little moments of eroticism in watching my hot little sister moaning on the end of my cock didn’t mean I *liked* this.

It was funny, kind of. Here I was fucking Livia Velardi in my living room, and I was upset about it. Princes would bankrupt themselves for this privilege. (Literally, maybe – Dinah told us once we’d gotten an offer from some Saudi oil guy, and she said she’d only brought it to our attention because of the number attached.)

Livia certainly didn’t seem too upset, for her part. For all the fuss she was making, she was wet as all get out. I knew as well as the next girl what it was like trying to get something in a dry pussy, and Livy’s was as wet and ready as mine had ever been. Tight as tight could be, but sopping wet.

Having this kind of power over her was kind of heady, actually. As disgusting as this was, I couldn’t help but cop a few feels of her ass, smack it now and then, even pull some on her hair. I found myself wondering if she’d ask me to keep going if I stopped. I bet she would, the freak. She’d obviously lost all concept of the presence of neighbors the way she started howling as her orgasm approached.

“That’s it, sis, come for me. Come like a good girl.” My eyes widened in surprise at my own vulgar language, then stayed that way as she did exactly as I said. She threw a pillow across the room, breaking something I couldn’t see, as her whole body thrashed in an orgasm more potent than anything I’d ever experienced.

That is, until it triggered mine. If I thought my eyes had been wide before, it was nothing to how they must have bulged at the shockwave of pleasure that hit me. I’d just fucked Livia Velardi. My sister. I’d made her come on my big fake cock. I’d told her to do it and she’d done it. She’d moaned in obvious enjoyment of it. I owned her pleasure. She was mine.

I don’t know why that made me come, too, but it did. I collapsed on her back trembling, my bared breasts pressing into her back until I finally rolled off and slumped down on the floor, my strap-on drizzling her juices onto my bronzed belly. We both lie there catching our breath for a few minutes, and then I finally truly realized what had happened.

I'd had toy-sex with my *sister*. Oh GROSS. Much as I didn't want to be naked around her, but nudity was preferable to wearing this big creepy purple strap-on. I shimmied out of it and tossed it across the room. "Oh my gosh. Why did we do that? Why did I do that?"

"Great question, freak," Livia groused, still slumped over the armrest, two wet streaks running down her inner thighs. "Why *did* you do that?"

"Oh shut up, Livia, not like you didn't totally play along. In fact, I'm pretty sure you liked it better than I did."

"Say," she said, glancing down at my now exposed pussy, "did you... come?"

My cheeks flushed. I didn't know what to say. Obviously I had – Meg Ryan couldn't begin to duplicate the scene I'd just made – but I couldn't come out and say, *oh yeah, I totally got off from watching my sister come like a slut on the end of my strap-on*. I was totally humiliated by the thought of it.

"Look, we both got carried away. Let's not talk about it, OK?" I suggested finally.

"Fine with me. And we're *never* doing that again. Understand?"



*Livia Velardi*

If I had a nickel for every time my sister reamed me out with that mega-dildo of hers this past week and then swore “never again,” I’d have... well, I’d have 85 cents. By now, the promise part of the act. That cunt’s eyes gleamed with malicious promise every time she said it. “Never again” my ass.

Literally. She’d fucked me in the ass five times now. On impulse, I’d gone out and bought more lube so we’d have enough for the next time.

That’s not saying I liked this, OK? I don’t. I *so* don’t. It’s fucking creepy and disgusting, having your own sister using your body like a playground. It wasn’t even simply fucking me any more. Now she’d play with my tits while she did it, or spank my ass red before, after and during. She even... kissed me. I don’t know why that was worse, but it was. We both hated it. Or at least, I did; she *said* she did but those orgasms kept slamming her every time she made me come. Still, she didn’t have to make it like we were... making love. It was better when she was only fucking me. Not good, but less bad.

She’d started taking pictures of it even, and would taunt me by sending them to me when I was out doing something else. While I was at the gym Lena texted me a pic of her plugging my ass in our balcony hot tub. I was out to lunch with Dinah when I got a blurry but recognizable shot of our tits pressed together as she rode me missionary style in my bed. When she sent me a snapchat video of her wearing the strap-on, a red negligee, and beckoning towards the camera, I had to tell my Uber driver to take me back home.

I didn’t want it, but... I just had this impulse. How wild would it be if I *did*? (Again.)

We went to the movies one night, a late morning matinee. I was happy because we were in public, so I figured we could be normal sisters for a while. I didn’t even want to see the movie, but I was happy for the lack of privacy. Just as well I didn’t want to see it, because not ten minutes in, she undid the fly on her pants and out came that phallus, which she’d been wearing under her clothes. I had no choice, I guess, but to hike up my skirt, settle onto her lap, and let her fuck me stupid for the rest of the film. We must’ve gotten off half a dozen times before the credits rolled. I don’t think anyone saw me, but the sweat was making my makeup run into my eyes so bad that I had no way of knowing.

God my sister is a fucking freak.

So today, when Lena woke me up with a semi-gentle slap on the cheek and told me she wanted her cock in my mouth while she ate her breakfast... I grumped at being woken up early and made my way to the living room. I’d gotten a kneeling pad a couple days ago for all the time I’d been spending on the floor. (We had photo shoots coming up soon, and I didn’t want bruises on my knees. Even more so I didn’t want to have to explain where they came from.)

Lena was slurping the milk out of her cereal bowl when the front door opened. My vantage point let me make out the face of the man entering our apartment out of the corner of my eyes. Holy shit, was that our neighbor? Jerry-Jeff? And why wasn’t the door locked? We had two deadbolts, two latches and a knob lock, and they were *all* open? One thing Lena and I had always

agreed on was the need for good security – and now she'd gotten so caught up fucking my mouth, she didn't even bother locking the damn door?

I was going to strangle her once I got done blowing her. If there was such a thing as "done" for a cock that never came.

"Well good morning, ladies," said a smug voice. He didn't even sound surprised. Like opening the door and finding one sister sucking her sister's strap-on was the pleasant sight he'd expected.

"What the... who the... what are you doing in our apartment?" Lena sputtered. Way to be assertive, sis. I rolled my eyes once I opened them after a particularly lengthy deep throat.

"I live down the hall. You don't remember me?" He had the balls to sound affronted.

Lena, class act that she was, didn't even bother to put on the shirt she had folded on the armrest beside her, instead sitting there in her sports bra and strap-on in front of this guy. As always when she had her dick in me, her nipples were prominently visible. "Um, it's Jeff... right?"

I heard the door closed, and then he plopped down on the spare sofa cushion beside Lena, seated facing us. We had to scooch down to give him enough room, which was a royal pain mid-blowjob. "It's Gavin. I must've introduced myself half a dozen times, and you don't remember my name?"

"Gavin, sorry. Now do you mind leaving? And, um, not telling anybody what you saw here?" I wanted to kick her for sounding so fucking meek about it. It was *our* apartment, damnit!

"Not tell anybody? But you look like you're having so much fun. Or... that's it, isn't it. You'd rather be fucking her than getting sucked off. I guess I'd be happy either way, but I can see your point. Tell you what – it's Livia, right?" I glanced up at him, the most I could do without stopping, and tried to nod. "If you'd rather get fucked instead, go right ahead, be my guest."

That was tough to argue with. Sucking Lena off was pointless, and if I could get the dick out of my mouth, at least I could tell Gavin to get the fuck out. My lips slipped slowly up the shafted, savoring each bump along the way until finally they could press together again. My jaw ached from sucking that fat cock for even a short ten minutes. As I crawled out into the middle of the living room floor, I flexed it side to side to get it working right again.

"So are you gonna get the fuck out, or do I have to kick your ass out myself?" I snapped as I lowered my sleeping shorts and panties for Lena. I was embarrassed to my core to have him see my cunt, but what else could I do?

He just laughed. "Feisty, eh? I like that. Lena, go ahead and see if you can't fuck some of the feistiness out of her."

And much as I wished she'd get up and kick him right in his big brass balls, my sister instead did exactly like he said. She fucked me like her hips were a diesel-powered piston. I couldn't even hold myself up, Lena went so hard. My face and forearms fell to the ground and held on for dear life as she went town on my little pussy, slapping my hips like she was spurring

on a horse. I humped back against her as best I could, but mostly I was trying not to get bucked off completely.

Meanwhile, Gavin watched. Not merely watched, but started taking pictures. When that didn't satisfy him, he started giving us suggestions.

"Livia, take your top off."

"Twist her nipples, Lena."

"Go as deep as you can and hold it."

"Blow a kiss to the camera."

And every little thing he asked for, I weirdly felt like doing. At first I kept on sassing him, telling him to get the fuck out, but then he'd find something for me to do with my mouth, and eventually I was wailing constantly to the point where speech was impossible. Lena didn't say a word except once when she said "yes sir" in response to his order to cup her tits for him.

To my eternal humiliation, I still came. I came like a freight train with no brakes flying off the rails into the mountainside. Lena came with me, just like she always did. I'd seen he was doing something with our phones, but neither of us could make sense of what until he'd given us time to come down from our post-orgasmic highs and addressed us again.

"Thanks for the show, girls. You don't disappoint. I went ahead and sent you both the photos you were posing for there, so you have something to remember it by."

Now that we were done fucking, I finally remembered some shred of modesty and curled my legs to hide my pussy and put an arm across my chest. "Don't bother. I don't ever want to think about this again for the rest of my life. Now beat it, asshole."

He frowned at me, then gave a softer look to Lena. "Your sister isn't a fast learner, is she."

"She's frustrated. She... we... this isn't how we normally..." She glanced to me, then seemed to remember her own boobs were showing and tried to cover them in similar fashion. God she was embarrassing.

"Well from now on you do. And I don't mind telling you, that show was a bit of a turn-on. But I'm not one to force myself on a girl—"

"Too bad, 'cause it's the only shot you have, mother fucker," I snarled.

He paused only long enough to give me an exasperated look before continuing. "—and so I tell you what. I want you two to come to my apartment later today. Wear something really hot, both of you. And if you can show me the time of my life, then I'll make it so you won't feel like posting those photos I just sent you to your instagrams. But the choice is yours."

"Um, no offense, but there's no way I'd ever 'feel like' sharing that with the universe," Lena said in her quiet but firm voice.

"And we don't fuck losers, sorry," I added.

Gaving merely smiled and walked over to the door. "Well think it over, OK? If you need a deadline, let's say... six o'clock? Plenty of time to mull it over and get dressed up, if you feel like it. And if not... well, I've done my good deed for the day."

He let himself out.

“Can you believe that asshole?” I said, accepting Lena’s help to my feet.

“Ew, no. We might be doing some, ya know, weird stuff, but like... we’re not hookers.”

“Damn straight we’re not.”

*Lena Velardi*

“I can’t believe we’re doing this,” my little sis said for easily the tenth time in the past hour. She’d said it ever since we’d decided to sleep with Gavin, which we’d done as soon as we’d both realized we would definitely post those pictures. We’d looked at them with disgust at first, but then I heard her say how one of them, a shot with my hair flying back behind me as I thrust into her, “might actually look good, if we decided to.” Then I started thinking along similar lines, and soon we realized that we were going to do it.

So those were our choices. Share our sick incestuous strap-on sex with all our fans, ruining our careers and turning us into social pariahs for a decade or two, or... sleep with our creepy neighbor. Reluctantly, we’d chosen door number two.

I’d made my peace with it, or at least was too mortified to give voice to my feelings. Lena had griped every step of the way. While we showered (separately, thank goodness). While we did our makeup, thick and slutty-looking. While we picked our outfits, mine a skimpy red satin minidress that my boobs were nearly falling out of, and hers a strappy white dress that showed her creamy skin in countless places, both of us in towering heels. While we walked over here, knocked on the door, and waited to be let in.

Gavin opened the door, wolf-whistling immediately at the sight of us. “Damn, girls. You still don’t disappoint.”

We stepped in as he held the door open for us. His apartment seemed to have the same layout as ours, but was far dingier. It was well-lived-in, and had bits of gadgetry sitting everywhere. Must be some kind of Silicon Valley tech genius or something. They were a dime a dozen out here.

“So where do you wanna do it, and who goes first?” my sister asked irritably.

He shook his head. “Livia, come on now. You’re missing what this is all about. I’ve been nothing but pleasant to you gals, and you’ve spat in my face for my troubles. It’s time for the two of you to learn how to be respectful.”

“We’re trying,” I said quickly, before Livia could say something to the opposite effect. “Just... well, it’s hard to feel like we’re in a respectful relationship when we’re here to, you know, against our will.”

Gavin plopped down on his lumpy blue couch, folding his arms behind his head. “I told you girls there was another option. If this isn’t what you want, then go right ahead and send out those pics. I’ll understand.”

Immediately, Livia was pulling her phone out from where she’d tucked it against her hip. I was about to exclaim at her when I realized I was withdrawing mine from the back of my dress, where I’d slipped it into the cleft right over my butt. Before I knew what I was doing, I’d opened the instagram app on my phone; glancing at her, I saw Livia had done the same, and was browsing through pics to select some to send.

“But if you want to do this – and do it right – then I’m happy to let you. Last chance, though.”

I froze, realizing the consequences of what I'd been about to do. I snatched my sister's wrist. "Livia! Stop!"

She looked up, then between me and Gavin again. At last, a resigned sigh as she set her phone back down. "Fine. Fine, you win, OK?"

Gavin smiled. "Lena, you seem to be much more level-headed about this. Why don't you show your sister the kind of respectful treatment I think you think I mean, mm?"

*Deep breaths, Lena.* "Thanks for letting us come over, Gavin. You have such a lovely home." He made a face, and not a good one. Maybe more sexual? I doubted he and I had the same definition of "respect."

"Do you like my dress? I've been looking for an opportunity to wear it. I really like how it makes my eyes pop." I smiled, a smile I know turned men's knees to jello.

His face didn't budge. "And, um, you're soooo cute," I gushed, putting a hand on his knee. "We're really, um, happy to be in this situation."

At that, Gavin rolled his eyes and turned to Livia. "OK, she sucks at this even worse than you. Last chance. If you two, looking like that, still can't figure out how to get me hard, there's no hope for you."

I frowned, then looked plaintively to my sister. All week long she'd been fighting to control that mouth of hers whenever I used the strap-on on her. Everything rode on this. I mentally begged her not to say something rude. I thought about having to explain those pictures to some instagram moderator. To Dinah. To our parents.

*Please, Livy.*

She sprung, alighting on his knee. Slight as she was, he barely seemed to register her weight. Her hands immediately began pawing at his chest, kneading like a kitten. "I'm so fucking horny for you right now, Gavin baby. You can feel it, can't you? I'm not wearing panties, so I bet you can feel how wet I am. I need it so, fucking, bad," she whined, humping his leg to accentuate each word. "Don't you think I'm hot? Don't you wanna stuff my hot little pussy full of cock? I know you've wanted to since you first laid eyes on us. Well now I'm the one begging you for it. Anything you want, baby. Just *please* fuck me."

My jaw dropped by increments as I listened to the stream of filth pour out of my sister's mouth. Holy crud! I'd known she was foul-mouthed, but I didn't realize it extended to the bedroom. I'd dated a guy once who'd made me watch pornos with him sometimes as foreplay, and even those girls didn't talk like *that!*

Gavin, though, just smiled, placing a hand on Livia's sculpted ass and sliding her up against him. Livia buried her face in his neck, kissing and licking him as he looked towards me. "Well, looks like one of you figured it out. Pardon the pun, but how about you use her as a model, Lena dear."

I'd never had to talk dirty before. I'd never needed it. I was insanely hot, and I knew it. Guys didn't need all the theatrics, in my experience. Now, suddenly, I had to not merely put out, but to be theatrical about it.

Oh wow. I licked red-painted lips that still somehow felt dry beneath the gloss. “OK, sure. Um, yeah, so like... I *really* wanna have crazy sex with you,” I started. Even I realized how lame I sounded. To compensate, I took his free hand, the one not cupping my sister’s butt, and put it on my breast. “Yeah, mm, squeeze my, um, booby. Mm, that’s so good, it makes me so... horny!” It took all I had to get the word out.

Gavin chuckled and gave me a few squeezes. Thank goodness I had a cup size and change on Livia.

“Stand up and put your palms on the couch cushions,” Gavin said. I was confused until we’d assumed the position. Butts thrust back, boobs threatening to spill out of necklines... it was now obvious to him that neither of us had worn panties. My dress was too short to hide it.

“C’mon, baby, put your big cock in me,” Livia whined. Our backs were to him, but standing beside her, I could see her roll her eyes. It didn’t touch her voice though.

“Um, yeah, I really need your, uh, cock,” I added, shaking my butt a little.

I felt him flip my skirt up over my bottom, exposing me completely. He did the same to my sister, who cooed ecstatically as he fingered her. I tried to do the same when he got to me.

“Tell you what, girls,” he said, knuckle deep in both me and my sister. We muted our moans of enjoyment. “I think I’d like to see the two of you go at it with that bad-boy again. So if you run down and get your strap-on, then bring it back and the three of us have a little fun with it... I’ll consider getting rid of it for you.”

My head snapped back to stare at him. “No more strap-on?” Throwing it away myself... it had never occurred to me! Even now, I couldn’t think *how* I could do such a thing. I’d come down here prepared to take turns having sex with him, and in minutes the stakes had been raised to a threesome using that awful thing. But if Gavin could do what he said...

I was sprinting down the hall to our apartment and was back before I realized I’d never even pulled my dress back down.

*Livia Velardi*

Our asswipe neighbor might have been stretching the limits of the phrase “a little fun.”

I guess I’d made him a little envious that morning with the blowjob I’d been giving Lena, because that was where he started. Not that it was that simple – no, everything involved all three of us. Lena laid on his hardwood floor and I rode her reverse cowgirl while I blew him. I sucked a mean dick, but this was pushing the limits of my coordination. Gavin helpfully grabbed two handfuls of my hair, heedless of my \$700 haircut, and fucked my face whenever I got overwhelmed.

He came on my face. I’d never let a guy do that before, but he’d take advantage of the shockwave orgasm from Lena’s fake cock to pull out and spray. Instead of shrieking outrage, today, I smiled and praised him for how much he’d been able to spurt onto me. If it got rid of this fucking thing, it was worth the humiliation.

Next up we moved to the bedroom, where Gavin had Lena and me sixty-nine each other, her lapping at my pussy while I sucked off that monster. This time, the three of us came in unison with Lena’s tongue in my cunt and Gavin stuffing my ass (which was more than ready for him thanks to the past week with my bitch sister) while I thrashed around the plastic dick, flavorless aside from the occasional blob of his jizz dripping off my face and onto its length.

We took a break for a while then. Or rather, Gavin did. I’d figured we were done, but then he said he wanted to watch Lena fuck me in the shower. He took a seat on his bathroom sink and watched while she mashed my little tits up against the glass as she fucked me from behind. Then we slid open the door to give him a better view as I held myself up by the frame, a foot of purple plastic plunging in and out of my pussy as the water splashed over our bodies. When I came this time, I would’ve fallen if Gavin hadn’t rushed over to catch me.

He still had a long ways to go to be counted a sweetheart in my book.

After that we returned to the bedroom, where he had me lay face down on the bed. Then he stacked Lena on top of me, the strap-on in my ass, pinning me down. I couldn’t begin to imagine how sore it was going to be tomorrow. Then Gavin came in behind her, pulling aside the underwear attached to the strap-on so he could put *his* cock in *her* ass. A cock-in-ass-sandwich. Then with his hands on her hips, he fucked Lena’s ass, which even though it had a bit more padding than mine, hadn’t been stretched and readier for a cock. It was slow going, which was just as well considering I was for the first time in my life being, in effect, fucked by a puppet controlled by Gavin’s cock.

Lena Velardi, one of the hottest fitness models in the world, reduced to a man’s dick-puppet. That was the thought going through my head when the three of us came, his cum dribbling out of her ass and down between my legs as well.

He fell asleep before we could even try to engage him. Not knowing what else to do, we curled up naked (except for Lena with her strap-on) on either side of him and waited for him to wake up and tell us if we were done. He only slept for about a half hour, but woke up to see his



model neighbors watching him hopefully. I forced a delighted smile, and tried to catch Lena's eye so she'd do the same.

(For a woman whose career was looking good, she sure had a lot to learn about being a sex toy.)

"Hey there – didn't think I'd find you two still here."

Before Lena could open her mouth and say something stupid, I cut in. "We couldn't get enough of your cock, baby. Any chance you have another go left in you?"

He smiled. "Maybe? I dunno, it might take some doing this time. I'm only human, after all."

"Well maybe if you let us team up and not waste our energy on each other?" Lena suggested.

Gavin stretched, yawned, and his eyes blinked so slowly I thought he might actually fall back asleep. I stroked his cock softly to help stop it from happening. God damnit I hated how much I enjoyed the feel of it.

"Eh, what the hell. You two go down on me, and if those pretty little mouths of yours give it everything you got, I'll try to stay awake. K?" He yawned again.

Lena pounced, taking his cock in her mouth like she was a starving woman finding a juicy ham. Figures. I had to coach the priss through every step of this, and now she'd left me high and dry. I tried to work my way in at his cock, but she wasn't having it. That thing was in her mouth, and she didn't mean to let it leave.

"C'mon, Lena, let me have a taste. I want him sooo bad!" He chuckled at that. The more I groveled, the funnier this prick seemed to find it. I was learning how to use that.

When she simply *mmm-mmed* around his shaft, Gavin responded for her. "I got more than just a dick, Livia. As horny as I make you, I'm sure you can't wait to try out the rest of the buffet down there."

I wanted to hit him. Storm off. Rip his pubes out. Push my sister off the bed and take his cock for myself. Dig a hole and bury myself in it. But I couldn't figure out how to do those things any more than I could figure out how to stop coming every time Lena fucked me. It was just how I was, I guess. So with no other options, I gave him a syrupy sweet smile and proceed to lap away at his scrotum.

And that was how we spent much of the night. Gavin fell asleep within moments, apparently genuinely worn out by our activities. But we needed this strap-on gone, and he said he could do it, so... For hours, she slurped up and down that shaft while I invented ways to use my mouth. I licked his balls. I kissed up and down his inner thighs. I tongued his asshole, somehow managing to suppress my gag reflex enough to get it in there as far as I could.

He moaned a little in his sleep, which I took as a sign he enjoyed it. So I did it a lot.

Around three in the morning, as Lena sent a last burst of energy into sucking him off and I wriggled my tongue as vigorously as I could in his ass, he finally woke up enough to come. Lena sighed happily as she had a long, sweet orgasm of her own, and I suppose I did the same.

As disgusted and tired as I was, I still got off from watching him come in my sister's mouth. He lazily pressed our faces together and we swapped his jizz back and forth; I silently luxuriated in knowing at least I got to share the taste on my tongue with her. The cum helped wash it down.

Then Gavin said he was spent, and we could head on home. Lena looked at him with those big doe eyes of hers, asking where he wanted her to leave the strap-on.

“What? Don't leave it. I don't want you two running down here every time you want to use the thing.”

“But you said...”

“I said I'd consider it. And I will. For now, I think it's more fun for you to have it. Now get your asses on home.”

He was asleep again before we could pick our indignant jaws up off the floor. Then, most shocking of all, were the words that came out of my sister's mouth. “Well fuck!”

There was nothing to do but go back home and try not to think about the past night, by a wide margin the most degrading and humiliating experience we'd ever had. We didn't even bother to take a shower. Lena and I stripped out of our dresses, curled up face to face, tits to tits, in her bed, and closed our eyes. And if she slipped in the strap-on to hold us together while we slept, well... I could forgive her for being a little impulsive.



