



Friends

With

Benefits

A Friend Zone Story
By Isaac Byrne

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Thank goodness for my best friend Todd.

Here we were, winter break upon us. My roommate Kayla was heading home for the holidays, which was to be three sweet weeks of having the place to myself. (I almost said three sweet weeks of being able to sit around in my underwear, but lately, our new underwear collections are basically all Kayla and I feel like sitting around in anyway.) I was stoked out of my mind – until suddenly it all came crashing down.

Out of the blue my mom calls and tells me I have to look after my little sister Patty while she takes care of our dying great aunt out on the coast. For three damn weeks. Bratty Patty, my spoiled dumbass little sis who was on the 14-year plan for her K-12 education. And Mom was dumping her in my lap.

But like I said – thank goodness for Todd! This past semester, he's been kind of a constant companion around our place. Kayla and I have even been thinking of inviting him to move in – he sleeps over with one or both of us so much that it just seems dumb not to have him paying rent. Sure he leaves the toilet seat up, forgets to refill the filtered water pitcher, and he's always trying to practice his pointless so-called hypnosis skills on us, but still, ever since rejecting him last summer we've been tighter than ever.

(Though whenever I say that, he likes to joke that my drippy little pussy is looser than ever from over-use, which is sure to get him a dirty look or two before I prove him wrong.)

Anyways, so I was venting to him about Patty and he got all sympathetic and offers to take her off my hands! Now I know, at first I was pretty skeptical too. Dweeby college guy says he's willing to play babysitter to my annoyingly hot kid sister – sounds sketchy, right? But a little bit later, while I was letting him practice his hypnosis (*eyeroll*), I got to thinking about it.

Todd's always been nothing but a gentleman to me. Whether he's holding a door for me or telling me how hot I look bent over grabbing my ankles, I've always liked that about him. Why worry about him trying to take advantage of Patty? She's an adult, technically, and besides, there's times where I literally *beg* him to stick his cock in me, anywhere, any hole he wants, just god please, fill me, fuck me, fucking drill me – and he passes on it! (Sometimes he fucks Kayla instead, just to tease me.)

Surely someone with that kind of restraint can be trusted hanging out with my sister! I mean, not to toot my own horn, but even if she's got a curvier build, I'm definitely prettier in the face. So I told him sure, we'll give it a go. I even agreed to help him talk Patty into letting him hypnotize her. It helped his confidence making friends with Kayla, and it's totally harmless.

“I can’t believe you’re trying to dump me off on your friend,” she griped. “I ought to just call Mom and tell her right now.”

“Sure, and I’ll just send her a pic of that beer you’re drinking and see how she reacts to *that*. And nobody’s gonna make you do anything. Todd will be over in a little bit. Just meet him, get to know him a little, and if you don’t feel like it, just say no and that’ll be that.” Todd and I had talked, and he was pretty confident he’d be able to seal the deal.

“So... what’s he like?” Patty asked.

“Ugh, he’s not your type. Todd’s...” How could I describe my best friend? “... mature. Confident. Has a cool sense of humor – dark, kinda, but cool. Always seems to know just what to say.”

“Yeesh, crush much? Damn, Stacey, surprised that *you’re* not gonna go live with him and ditch me alone here.”

“It’s not like that,” I insisted.

“Oh, I see. So he’s ugly.”

“No! Look, if you really wanna know, he asked me out a while back, and I kinda... friend-zoned him. I told him he wasn’t my type but I’d still like to stay friends–”

“I know what friend-zoning is,” Patty interrupted, rolling her eyes.

“Oh just shut up and finish your beer, and try not to embarrass me in front of my friend.” The beer had actually been his suggestion (so she’d be more amenable to hypnosis, he said, though I just laughed at the notion that his blathering would be of any use). Still, alcohol has melted the resistance countless teenage girls throughout history, including yours truly I’m not proud to say, and I had faith it’d do the trick.

Six hours and ten cans of beer later, Patty was totally on board with it. By the time Todd showed up, she was positively hammered. She was nervous being hypnotized at first (“like, you’re sure he can’t, like, make me his puppet or something?”) but she was way too out of it to put up much of a fight. Todd did a whole long “induction”, and she just kinda zoned out (same as Kayla and I do when he bores us with it) and listened.

Blah blah blah trust me, blah blah blah enjoy being hypnotized, blah blah blah want to stay with me, on and on and on. I had to laugh a little at how childish it was, but when Todd heard me he snapped his fingers and pointed to the bedroom, which by now I knew meant I’d crossed a line and needed to gag my stupid slut mouth with his cock. So he left her hypnotized and drunk on the couch while I slurped and bobbed my apologies. As a jokey little payback he came all over my hair and told me to go wash it out, smacking me on the ass as I shuffled off to do so.

When I got back out to join them, Patty declared immediately was only too happy to go home with him. I guess nothing like a night of partying to loosen her up, eh?

“What changed your mind?” I asked my slurring, drunken sibling.

“I dunno. He’s, like, cool, like you said.” She hiccupped, then fell into hysterical giggles. Patty passed out not long after that.

Todd poked her a few times to confirm she was good and unconscious. “Finally. I thought we’d never have the place to ourselves again. C’mon, get over here and let me fuck that cute little ass of yours. If I’m gonna be keeping Patty out of your hair, who knows when I’ll get another chance.”

“Ew. I am so not going to let you butt fuck me in front of my sister. That’s so creepy,” I said.

Todd frowned. I suppose it had been a long time since I’d said no to such a request, but it was a good reminder to him that we were just friends, after all. No sense letting the old crush rear its ugly head. “Hmm. Maybe I’ll just use Patty’s then – not like she’d notice.”

I giggled at his joke. “Too bad Kayla’s not here. Her ass is always good for a romp.”

“Maybe once she gets to know me, she’ll take after her big sis,” Todd said, eyeing my sister’s butt appreciatively. “Have you two take turns.”

“You’re not the first to bark up that tree, and you won’t be the last to get shot down trying,” I assured him. See, Patty and I have always had a weird dynamic. I’m just a year older than her, and with her slightly taller build and bigger jugs people have assumed she was the older one ever since I hit middle school. She’s never let me forget it – I was happy to just have my own little circle, but she was always the hot and popular one. Likewise, while I might not be a total brainiac, for every cup size she had on me, I’d beaten her by a full point of GPA.

Still, I was kind of protective of her, even if she was never grateful for it. While she was still passed out, I helped him load her into his car. Thank goodness I had my trustworthy best friend to keep an eye on my helpless 18-year-old baby sister. He fingered me goodbye, and I fell asleep my own self soon after, keen on getting an early start the next day. I had plenty of projects to do, and miracle of miracles, had the whole place to myself to get them done.

First, I had to install our security system. Todd had said how nervous he was, the two of us pretty college girls living all by ourselves with nothing but a few locks protecting us. He’d even done some research for us, finding a bunch of cheap online-ready cameras that someone with the password could watch whenever they wanted. I installed one in the living room, one in the dining room, one in each of our bedrooms, and even one in the shower. The last one had been Kayla’s idea; she’d thought it over during a session with Todd and realized it was the perfect hiding place for an intruder.

(And don't worry – as I got everything installed and ready, I made sure only Todd, Kayla and I knew the password. Todd called it his early retirement plan, the jokester.)

The next day, my project was Me. Hair, makeup, nails (finger and toes), bikini wax, home to shave and wax my pussy, then out for my first ever tattoo! Todd and I had cooked up the idea after he'd taken Kayla to get hers. It read "little slut" right across the top of her ass cheeks. Mine, just to show her up, was going to say "BIG SLUT" (all caps) just to rib her. I swear, the guy at the tattoo parlor practically made me beg him before he did it – couldn't believe I wasn't drunk or high. But two hours later, the biggest slut in the apartment strode out wearing her brand new brand.

There were other projects. Updating my wardrobe (donating a lot of my old frumpy clothes and making room for all the boxes and boxes of comfy, skimpy, slutty new stuff I'd gotten. Practicing my strippercising and lap dance techniques. (You know, for exercise.) Update my private instagram I'd set up for Todd so he'd have a nice full spank bank. This last had been my idea – I figured it'd help keep him from making a move on Patty. Smart, right? He'd laughed and told me I was seriously fucked in the head, and I'd just laughed right back and told him he could fuck me in the head any time he wanted if it kept his mitts off of my sister.

It was actually a pretty busy week, and thanks to Todd, my only major interruption was the occasional text from him about how things were going. He said Patty was coming along great, and he was getting a lot of hypnosis practice in. (*Thank goodness*, I thought sarcastically.) They were playing video games and tossing back a few drinks and taking walks around the mostly vacant campus.

(Not that the lazy brat had a shot at making it into college, but still, let the girl dream.)

Still... OK, this is really weird, but by the end of the first week, I was actually... missing her? Our family didn't even celebrate Christmas, so it wasn't some kind of holiday blues. And I know, it sounds ridiculous to say, but I think part of me felt bad for abandoning my little sister to a total stranger for three whole weeks. I know our mom would for sure be pissed. So I hurried through my morning chores and drove over to Todd's, thinking I'd surprise the two of them by taking them out to lunch.

It was a little weird, heading over there wearing full-length jeans and a "normal" top. He and I didn't hang at his place often, but when we did, it was usually when he wasn't feeling great and I'd swing by to cheer him up by cleaning his apartment in my sexy french maid costume. He usually lost it when I got to the dusting and just nailed me from behind – that's how I know he appreciated it. It felt good to be appreciated, even if it was just for the little favors you do for your friends.

I didn't bother knocking – and that's exactly where I went wrong. As I stepped inside, I was immediately greeted to a sight that would be sure to haunt my nightmares

for a good long time. There was Todd sitting on his couch naked, legs spread good and wide. (That part wasn't the haunt – that was a familiar enough sight.)

There on her knees between his legs was my little sister, Bratty Patty. Naked as the day she was born, and titty-fucking Todd like it was a present to herself. A big, whorish smile on her face, one huge tit in each hand, jostling them up and down as she looked up at him. I knew that look – she was searching for any sign at all she was pleasing him. Kayla gets it all the time. (She says the same about me, but I'm just doing it to tease him. She doesn't get it at all.)

“What the...!” My jaw dropped.

Todd just glanced over, totally nonchalant about things. Patty, however, yelped like a punted chihuahua when she saw me and dashed down to Todd's bedroom, slamming it shut behind her.

“Heya, Stacey. What brings you here?” he said, his dick twitching casually in the open air. I even saw lipstick prints on it!

“What the hell is going on Todd?!” I thundered. “Are you screwing around with my sister?”

“What, jealous? Not my fault she got all the tit genes in the family.”

I shook my head. “No, don't make a joke out of this. I trusted you with this, and you screwed me!”

“Screwed Patty, actually.”

“You...! You had sex with my *sister*! I thought we were friends!”

Todd walked over to me and took hold of my by the nipples. (They're pretty much always hard when he's around – probably part of the same allergic reaction I have to his cologne that makes my cunt lube up.) With them in hand, he dragged me back to the couch and sat me down on his lap, his hands squeezing my inner thighs. “C'mon, Stacey, don't be like that.”

“Todd,” I whined, “don't try to distract me with my titties. This is serious.”

“Sure it is,” he said, opening up the fly on my jeans. “Oh hey, nice shave job. Your sister's not shaved yet, just this goofy little heart shape she shaved her pubes into.”

“Gross! I don't wanna know that! And neither should you! She's my *suh-sister*!” My voice broke as he slid a finger into my pussy. Stupid allergy, making my cunny all drippy. And amazing and wonderful and sexy and slutty and passive and mmmm...

I snapped out of it when I heard Patty yelled at us from behind Todd's bedroom door. “Stacey, you have NO right to barge in here like that! And no right to judge us – we're all adults!”

Todd cut off my reply with a little swirl of his thumb around my clit. “Let me handle this, Patty. You just hop in the shower and get cleaned up while your sister and I talk this out.”

“Ngh, nno, can’t... talk out... of this, Todd...” I mumbled as he diddled me senseless.

“Just let me explain Stacey, just relax and listen. That’s it, close your eyes, let it all fade away...”

“Nuh uh. You can’t... hypnotize me... now...” I closed my eyes, but still, I didn’t want him to think it was actually working. Kayla and I had really let him get way too confident about that nonsense.

And indeed he didn’t. While he droned on about whatever it was, I didn’t hear a word of it. Todd was such a sucker sometimes – here he thought he was hypnotizing me, probably trying to make me relax about him boning my sister, and meanwhile I was just sitting back enjoying a few long, lazy orgasms to clear my head before I could give him a piece of my mind.

Though I did do some thinking while he was at it. Maybe... maybe I was rushing to judgment. Patty was an adult in the eyes of the law, nineteen and change. I knew she’d lost her virginity years ago, so this wasn’t anything new.

And it was only fair, really. Todd was taking her off my hands so I could get stuff done, so why shouldn’t he get something out of it? Not like Kayla or I were around to wet his dick, and it was hardly fair to expect the guy to put his libido in stasis. Especially if she was willing, which she obviously was.

All right, all right, so maybe I was being a little selfish. I’d always been jealous of Patty’s body, and I guess I’d gotten so used to having Todd around to make me feel good about myself by occasionally reminding me that I was one totally fuckable slab of cunt on legs. I shouldn’t be taking it out on those two. It was only natural.

Hell, the more I thought about it, it wasn’t just natural – it was *right*. Todd had really gone above and beyond here. Taking in Bratty Patty, giving me back my opportunity to have my apartment to myself, sharing his space and his food and apparently even his body with her... I wanted to kick myself. I owed him.

She owed him.

Only... was it shitty of me, to think of bartering away my sister’s body for favors? I guess it would be, if it weren’t Todd. With Todd, it wasn’t so much sexual favors as just... horseplay. He fucked my little boobs a few times a week, and it’s not like there was really anything sexual about it. Just friends killing time and hanging out. No different than when he made me pose and model for him, or tongue fuck Kayla while he watched, or had me bathe him without using my hands, or fucked my ass with a carrot for teasing him about getting a D on one of his midterms.

But would Patty see it like that? I didn’t want to sell her like that. (Did I? Maybe... but no, no. I wasn’t interested in pimping out my sister.) I just had to get her to think about it like I did. Titty-fucking Todd wasn’t something she ought to be doing to please him... it was something she should be doing to pay him back. And definitely not to

please herself. This wasn't about her at all. Trying to get my sister off would be weird – it was up to me to keep this strictly platonic, just like I did with Kayla.

After all, we were sisters. We'd never seen each other as sexualized in our whole lives. If I was involved, she'd definitely just be doing it for him as payment and not as sex. That'd be perfect! Then my sister wasn't getting involved with my best friend, *and* I still wasn't being a bitch and depriving him of a well-earned good time.

It all made perfect sense, I decided somewhere during my fourth orgasm.

I finally decided I'd gotten off enough right around the time Patty was getting dressed and coming back into the living room. With a sheepish grin, I pulled my pants back up and re-fastened them. "Um, sorry," I said.

"Yeah, I'll say," Patty replied. She was dressed practically like a nun, in a t-shirt and a pair of knee-length khakis. It was the sort of thing I used to wear sitting around my apartment before I realized how much more comfortable I was dressing like a little gutterslut.

"Sorry. I was just surprised," I said sheepishly. Todd politely just let me sit there on his lap, his hard-on poking me in the ass.

"Me too, I guess. So, should we just forget the whole thing?" she said. "Like, go out for lunch or something?"

"No no – I feel really bad for wrecking it, Pats. I broke up a good thing. Todd's putting a roof over your head, and the least you could do was put your titties to use thanking him."

"I... what!" Her jaw dropped, and she glanced to Todd self-consciously.

"Seriously. He's feeding you, putting you up, and then what do you do? You go and give him blue balls. That's not cool, sis."

"I did *not* give him...!"

I reached down and probed at my friend's junk underneath me. "I dunno, feels good and swollen to me. Am I wrong, Todd?"

"Good and swollen indeed," he affirmed.

"Well... it's a bit late now, don't you think?"

Honestly? I wanted to do to her what I would've done to Kayla if she got lazy with her share of the Todd chores – walk right up to her, rip her clothes off, drop her to her knees and shove her smug mouth right onto his dick. (Seriously – how slothful do you have to be, expecting me to do the dishes *and* the blowjobs!)

But with my sister, was that too far?

"Go ahead," Todd murmured in my ear. "Be the big sister."

I nodded. Too right. If I left things up to Patty, nothing would ever get done. "Pats, take that top off."

Her jaw dropped somehow even farther. "What, you want me to just get naked right in front of you?"

“Why not? Todd’s naked right behind me.” I squirmed into his crotch, and he groaned a little. Served him right, getting a little teasing. “Besides, you only need to be half-naked to finish what you started.”

“Stacey... that’s... I don’t know...” She was obviously trying to sneak a peek at Todd’s package. “I’d feel weird.”

I rolled my eyes. “Grow up, Patty. They’re only tits.” Just to prove my point, I peeled off my shirt off. I wasn’t wearing a bra (felt stupid, wearing one around Todd with a shirt over it), and suddenly my bare boobs were out there in the room. Todd took a couple handfuls of them, probably just to help Patty relax.

“Stacey, you’re... wow, those are bigger than I thought they were. I thought you were flat, but... those are...”

Was Patty staring at my tits? God my sister was so freaking WEIRD. Thank goodness my friend’s hands were mostly covering them as he squeezed and pinched at them.

“Just because I’m not all T&A like you doesn’t mean I can’t be cute, ya know,” I bit back. “Now c’mon, off with it. Quit being a bitch.”

“I’m not being a bitch,” she whined as she sullenly grabbed the bottom of her shirt and lifted it off. Damn, those jugs of hers were just not fair. Mine were good and perky because they were too petite to develop any sag; hers only had youth going for her, but damn was youth doing its job. They looked like the sort of fake tits you saw in soft core porn.

“There, I’m topless again, OK? Now he can finish himself off or whatever and we can go.” She folded her arms under her breasts impatiently, only belatedly realizing it was only putting her titties on a shelf.

I slid off of Todd’s lap and onto the cushion beside him. “Finish himself off? I swear, Patty, it’s pulling teeth to get you to finish the simplest chores. You were just fine doing it before – what changed?”

“Why don’t I leave the room and let you do it? You’re the big slut, after all.”

“Excuse me?!”

“I saw your tattoo,” she said smugly. “Real classy, Stacey.”

“I like it,” said Todd.

“It’s an inside joke,” I explained to her. “You wouldn’t understand, so quit changing the subject. Now what are you still dragging your feet for?”

“Gee, I dunno, maybe my sister showed up and wanted a peep show?”

I reached out and flicked her right in the nipple. “Hey, I’m not doing this for me – I just want you to carry your weight. I keep Todd’s cock good and satisfied week in, week out. And you can’t do it once?”

“I’ve been doing it almost ten times a day since I moved in here!” she retorted indignantly.

“Wait, what?” Man, how big of a skank *was* she?

She frowned, her fair skin coloring slightly. “Yeah, he...” She looked to Todd. “Please don’t be offended, but... yeah, Todd was trying his hypnosis stuff on me, and I got really bored and I guess I was kind of horny. I mean, I know I told you I didn’t believe in it, so please don’t be mad...” She looked apologetically to Todd.

He waved a hand, then returned it to my tit. “Not mad at all – you’re sweet to let me keep practicing, Patty. Maybe one of these days I’ll get it right. Oh hey, kneel for me, would you?”

She fell to her knees almost as if by reflex. “Yeah, keep chasing that dream. Anyway, so I just let my mind wander, and I guess I thought it’d be fun to give him a little thrill and do my workout in front of him. And then later when he was trying again, I was thinking how it’d be fun to just kinda let him see me in my underwear – like, accidentally at first, you know? But then if he was cool about it... and he was...”

Patty went on. The morning of her third day she walked in on him in the shower; that night she snuck into his bed into the middle of the night in just panties and a tank top. She woke up with a sudden interest in sucking him off, and it was so much fun she did it four more times that day. In fact, Todd even practiced his hypnosis on her while she blew him.

The next day she fucked him, and the next she asked him to fuck her in the ass, something she’d realized she was really curious about. Soon she realized how stupid it was not to just be fucking him all the time. She’d released years of sexual aggression she hadn’t realized she’d been building up in a week.

I listened with rapidly growing horror. Here I’d walked in and gotten mad at my friend for taking advantage of my sister, when to hear her tell things it had been exactly the opposite! What a selfish little skank!

“Todd, I am so sorry I got mad at you earlier. I didn’t realize this was all my sister’s fault for being such a fucking ho. Let me make it up to you?”

“Hey, you had no way of knowing she’d be like this. Besides, she kinda takes after her big sis, right?” My friend slipped his cock between her lips just in the midst of her indignant retort, and she began sucking his cock while glaring daggers between the two of us.

“Oh, puh-lease, we’re *nothing* alike,” I protested on her behalf.

“Yeah? Well why don’t you come over here and show her how it’s done?” He beckoned me over, crooking his finger.

I rolled my eyes as I made my way over, kneeling beside Patty. “You know it’s not the same. I suck your big hard dick just to be chill, same as you finger-bang my juicy twat or kill spiders for me. Just being friendly. I’m not some total skank, using you for my own perverted thrills.” I gave my sister a shove to get her mouth out of my way, but she held firm, clamping her hands on Todd’s butt to hold herself in place.

“You’re definitely not using me, Stace. Now c’mon, Patty, let your sis get in there and show you how a real tramp sucks a man’s dick.”

With a final long, slow suck that ended with a gross loud popping noise, she released his cock. Way to be a drama queen, Patty. My best friend’s hard cock was there in front of me, glistening wet with my sister’s saliva. Ew! “Um, Todd? Can’t you have her, like, clean it off?”

He just laughed. “Of all the things you still get squeamish about... Hand me your shirt, Patty.” Frowning at her suspicions as to his intention, she reluctantly handed him the t-shirt she’d donned briefly after her shower. He wiped his cock off, and finally I could get to work sucking off my friend in front of my little sis without any ickiness.

Patty just slunk down on her butt and folded her arms across her chest petulantly. She was so immature, I swear. Here she was getting mad at me for giving Todd a blowjob as a favor just because she want to do it as a flirtation technique on a college boy. Don’t get me wrong, I absolutely love blowing him, but I think all good friends have little things they like doing for each other. Like how Kayla’s one friend likes doing her nails, or Todd likes making me beg for his cock before he nails me. Some people are just polite.

Leave it to my lame kid sister to bring sex into it.

Unlike her, I’d probably sucked him off a thousand times, so I knew all the things he liked and didn’t like. I fondled my naked tits, moaned around his cock to show him how happy sucking him off made me, rubbed a little at my pussy. I even pretended to lose control of my gag reflex and then pounced right back once I was good again, just to show him how committed I was. He really got a kick out of that – it wasn’t ten seconds after that before he was ready to come.

“Patty, c’mere, I want you to take it on the face,” he said through gritted teeth.

Bratty Patty was there in a flash, mouth open and tongue extended, ready to comply. No doubt she thought that if she let him paint her with his spunk that he’d take a liking to her. She had a lot to learn; Kayla and I had been coated with his cum a hundred times and he’d never gotten romantically interested in us. Still...

“You... want me to give my sister a facial?” I asked hesitantly, pulling my mouth off just long enough to ask the question.

“Let me do it!” Patty exclaimed, just as Todd was answering, “Just imagine it was your roommate.” I elbowed Patty back, giving him a few more pumps and licks as I tried to take his advice. I’d seen Kayla take it on the forehead, the chin, the lips, the tits, the belly, the butt, even in the eyes more than a few times. Seeing him cum on her was just part of having friends over.

But with Kayla... somehow it just didn’t feel the same. She was my sister. I didn’t want to be a prude about it though, so just as I felt Todd’s balls preparing to release their load, I pulled back and aimed him right at her. Just in the nick of time, too – he

plastered my slutty sister's face so hard I could hear each little splat. She grinned all the while, even as he got it in her hair. That's how I knew she was crushing on him hard. Patty was vain as hell about that hair of hers.

Todd smiled as he regained his breath (sure sign I'd done a good job: leaving him winded!). "And that's how it's done, Patty. Your sis sucks cock like a hooker whose pimp has told her that her life depends on it."

I beamed. "I try."

"Can... can I try? I'd like to show you what I learned."

"Patty!" I exclaimed. "Todd's your host, not your fuck buddy! Quit taking advantage of my friend!"

"Shut up, Stacey! Just because you guys are old friends doesn't mean his cock belongs to you!"

"Just because you're not jailbait any more doesn't mean you have to be a total ho!"

Todd raised a hand. "Girls, girls! Come on, let's both just relax, see if we can find a way to this work for everybody."

He invited us to dress (and as I did so I tried not to chew out Patty for being so pathetic she dressed and undressed at some guy's command). Then the three of us sat down at the table and had a nice long talk. Well, Todd talked. We listened. He explained how he and I were old friends with a tight relationship that went beyond physical boundaries. Todd had such a way with words; I'd have said we were so close I didn't think twice about getting him off any time and place and manner he wanted.

But then he turned to me and told me how Patty was just trying to be a good house guest, how she'd been put in a weird circumstance through no fault of her own and was just trying to be polite. I'd known my sister her whole life and I couldn't dismiss her selfish motives so lightly, but she and Todd insisted it was nothing more than that.

Patty and I still argued some – about who was pleasuring him for the right reason, about when we'd be pleasuring him going forward, about what Mom would say if she found either of us behaving like this. We at least agreed that we'd never let her know about any of this; our mom was pretty old school.

(Todd asked to see a picture of her, then said he'd have to meet her someday, see if he could get her to warm up to him. Fat chance of that, I thought.)

The bickering really slowed us down, and at one point it got so heated Todd even separated us. He spent a little while talking to both of us, starting with me; he offered to hypnotize me to help me think during our private time, and I gratefully agreed. When he was done and went to talk one on one with my sister, I wondered if he did the same for her. I hoped so; she sure needed some time to rethink stuff more than I did.

In the end though, we managed to forge an agreement we could both live with until Mom came home and picked up Patty. Todd told us to articulate our sides of the bargain, and I volunteered to go first.

“All right. So for the rest of break--”

“And any time I visit, or Todd comes home with you,” she interrupted.

“I was saying that!” I snapped. “Anyway, whenever you’re with us, I promise to let you hang out with Todd without getting jealous, to let you show him how thankful you are however he specifies, and to give you pointers and lessons. When I’m available, that is. I won’t be your full-time sex tutor,” I said a bit frostily.

It seemed to satisfy her though. Todd nodded in approval at my concessions, saying, “Atta girl, Stacey. Now your turn, Patty.”

She nodded. “OK. So I promise whenever I’m here to try to be a good house guest and be as generous as I can be to you both for taking on the responsibility. Which for you, Stacey, means any time Todd wants a blowjob or a tit fuck or whatever, I’m happy to take care of it for you. And I promise I’ll be a good little sister and learn from your example whenever you’re willing to show me how to be a sexier little guest-slut for Todd.”

Todd looked between us. “Deal?”

Patty and I shared a long look, and I reflected on my epiphany I’d had while Todd was hypnotizing me. Patty was growing up, and it was only natural she’d want to learn more about her body, her sexuality. I really was lucky to have such a cool, sexy, big-titted sex-hungry sister. More so, I was lucky to have an awesome friend like Todd who was willing to help her explore it. This was a great opportunity for us to become closer, and I was actually starting to look forward to helping show her how to be a good house guest.

I hoped she’d someday be able to join our circle of friends.

“Deal,” I said, extending a hand. Patty echoed me and we shook on it firmly.

“Great,” Todd said. “Now how about you two girls see if you can give me a nice double tit fuck to seal the deal?”

I rolled my eyes as I began helping Patty with her shirt off, then lifted my arms over my head so she could strip me. “Do you ever stop thinking with your cock?”

“Do you two ever stop thinking with your cunts?” he said, laughing as he shed his pants and smeared a dollop of lube on both of our bare chests. Without even being invited, Patty started rubbing it on my tits, so I did the same for hers. They felt pretty amazing, honestly; I couldn’t wait to see what Kayla thought of them.

“Oh just shut up and mash your tits against mine,” Patty insisted, kneeling before my friend and pressing hers together. I joined her, pressing my boobs against hers, hardening nipples to hardening nipples, and I couldn’t help but give her a long, tongue-probing kiss of pride as we tried to find a rhythm for Todd.

As my friend worked his cock into the valley between our tits, we just kept right on making out. Little Patty really was starting to grow up at last. Maybe we could all be friends after all.

