

My Fiancée, My Sister, and My High School Bully  
by Pan

Chapter 2

Surfing was everything I'd feared it would be, and worse. I spent about seventy percent of my time with a mouthful of sea water, twenty percent of the time getting 'jokingly' slapped around by Eric, and - worst of all - ten percent of the time unable to look away from his speedos.

Like I said, my sister's voice had really gotten stuck in my head. The previous night, she'd been raving about his size; even in the icy water, even completely flaccid, it was impossible to deny...Eric had an enormous package.

I really, really wished I didn't know that. But once I'd noticed, it was impossible to look away. I imagine this is how snakes hypnotize their prey.

And even though I knew that *this* python posed no personal threat to me, it still made me very nervous.

The girls had said they'd be back for lunch, so after a few hours of surfing, Eric and I started making our way back to the beachhouse. As we did, we encountered a pair of beach bunnies - two girls tanning themselves in bikinis.

"What a great view," Eric said, bumping me with his body and nearly making me fall over. I'm not exactly out of shape (although I do have more of a paunch than I'd like) - Eric is just *huge*. It feels like his muscles have muscles.

You'd think that'd make his cock seem smaller by comparison, but it somehow just seemed to emphasize it.

I told myself I had to stop looking at Eric's cock.

Part of me hopes that Jan only cares about his body. Like, sure, that would make her shallow...but shallow is better than being an absolute idiot, right? And aside from his body, I had no idea what anyone could ever see in Eric.

"Yeah," I replied, trying to catch my breath. Eric only had two speeds when it came to walking - striding and strutting. Until he'd seen the girls, he'd been striding, and I had to jog to keep up.

"Hey ladies," he called out. "Beautiful day, isn't it?"

I forced a smile to my face as the two women lowered their sunglasses. Not that it mattered - next to Eric, I might as well have been invisible.

"Sure is," one of them drawled. I couldn't quite pick the accent - Texan, maybe. She was wearing a black bikini; the other woman was dressed in red. They both had long dark hair, and they were either incredibly tanned, or had some Hispanic in them.

"My friend here was just admiring the view," he said, once more nudging me. This time I did go flying - as I fell into the sand, I could hear the two ladies giggling.

"I wasn't," I said defensively. "I mean, I didn't...I wasn't..."

"You two need some help applying tanning lotion?" Eric asked, and I forgot my embarrassment and stared at him, agape.

"What are you *doing*?" I murmured, even as the two women enthusiastically accepted his offer. "What about Jan? My sister. Your *girlfriend*."

"You go ahead and tell her I'll be late," he said, throwing me a rare grin. "I can't exactly leave these two women to burn now, can I?"

I wanted to argue back. I wanted to tell him what a pig he was being. But before I could say anything, he was striding over to the two bikini-clad women, and I realized: this was my chance to spend some time with Jan and Clarice without Eric around to ruin it.

I couldn't wait to see my sister's face when I told her what I'd witnessed.

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“What’s the big deal?” Jan asked, staring at me like I was an idiot.

“He offered to rub lotion on them,” I repeated. “Like a creep. He just...he was obviously hitting on them!”

“I dunno,” my sister said with a shrug. “Sounds like he was just helping out some tourists.”

I turned to Clarice for help, but she was staring off into space, distracted.

“Clarice?”

“Hmmm?”

“Are you telling me you’d have *no problem* with me being late to lunch because I was lathering two bikini-clad women with lotion?”

“Sure thing, babe,” she said, and I rolled my eyes. Great. My sister didn’t care, and my fiancée seemed to be on another planet.

I slumped back in my chair, fully aware of how childish I looked at that moment. “Whatever.”

“You want to see the swimsuits *we* got today?” Jan asked, and all of a sudden, I remembered what I’d heard last night.

The memory I’d jerked off to that morning.

“Uh, sure,” I said, hoping my embarrassment wasn’t too evident.

“Fashion show!” my sister said, which were apparently the magic words to bring Clarice back to the land of the living.

“Now?” she asked. “Don’t you want to wait for Eric?”

“Eric will see them tonight,” she shrugged, and I narrowed my eyes.

“What’s happening tonight?”

“I promised Clarice we’d get the hot tub up and running again.”

I couldn’t help but grin. We’d had so much fun in that old thing when we were kids.

“God, Mom and Dad must have been *so quiet* when we stayed here as kids.” I mused. “We never heard a thing...”

My eyes widened and my cheeks burned red as I realized I’d now brought last night’s events out into the open. My sister, fortunately, didn’t seem to have any of my hangups about my choice of conversation topic.

“Nah,” she said, standing up. “They only had sex twice, remember? Once for you, once for me.”

“That’s right,” I nodded sagely. “All those times I walked in on them, they were just cuddling.”

“Gross!” my sister replied, sticking her tongue out at me as she dragged Clarice out of the room with her.

As she and my fiancée got changed, I wondered what - if anything - I should do about my sister and Eric. On one hand, she was a grown woman; it was up to her who what meatheads she dated.

On the other hand, Jan was my little sister, and I felt like it was my job to protect her.

But if she didn’t *want* protecting...

I still hadn’t decided what to do when Clarice and my sister came back, and my eyes almost fell out of my head.

“Wow,” I said, as the two of them stood in front of me and mock-posed, like they were models on a runway.

“Pretty great, right?” Jan gushed.

My sister was dressed in a black strapless bikini. Her tits - not that I’d ever thought about them before this moment - were about half the size of Clarice’s, and the outfit showed

off her flat stomach and long legs. Jan is a little taller than me (which, yes, has always been exactly as annoying as it sounds) and keeps herself in pretty great shape.

Again, not something I'd ever cared to notice before.

Clarice, meanwhile, was dressed in the most revealing bikini I'd ever seen. The top was white, with a string that travelled around her entire body, sitting just below her boobs, with two thin pieces of material which moved up to cover basically her nipples, and not much else.

I told you she had large tits; in this outfit, it was *impossible* not to notice. My sister isn't exactly flat-chested, but standing next to my fiancée, she basically looked like a surfboard.

Clarice's bikini bottom was a pale pink, and hid just as little as the top - the thin material covered enough of her kitty to comply with public decency laws, but anyone who saw her would immediately be able to tell that she was shaved. It looked like it was so thin that it would turn completely transparent the moment it got even slightly wet.

I was hard as a rock as the two of them stood next to each other, my sister's hands on Clarice's bare skin as they posed for me.

"Wow," I said, and Jan broke out into giggles.

"I told you he'd like it!" she said, and I couldn't help but nod.

"I do. I do like it."

"Really?" Clarice grinned. She wasn't one to be insecure, but I could imagine why she'd been unsure how I'd react to her outfit of choice.

"Yeah..." I said. My tone must have made it obvious that there was something I was leaving unsaid, because my sister's face broke into a huge grin at my response.

"I should go see if I can remember how to turn the hot tub on," she said in a sing-song voice. As she skipped out of the room I couldn't help but notice how little of her posterior was hidden by her black bikini bottom.

Believe me, I wish I *could* have avoided noticing that.

As soon as Jan left the room, Clarice was straddling me, her lips meeting mine, her hands on my waist.

"Your expression was so hot," she murmured, pulling away from the kiss. "Like a boy on Christmas morning..."

"I'd start believing in Santa again if you were my present," I grinned. Not cumming last night must have left Clarice worked up all morning. No wonder my sister had managed to talk her into such a revealing outfit. "But..."

"What?"

"I mean, I guess I feel a little weird about Eric potentially seeing you in this."

A smile slowly spread across Clarice's face at my words.

"Oh yeah?"

"Yeah," I said, shifting uncomfortably. "I mean, like, he saw these two chicks in bikinis this morning, and he's *still* hanging out with them. God knows what he's up to...it's been like half an hour."

"He's probably showing them his massive member," Clarice said. The lustful tone in her voice from last night was back.

"Uh, what?"

"Your sister told me," Clarice said, sitting up slightly so her breasts were in my face. I had been right about the thinness of the material - her hard nipples were clearly visible through the fabric. "He's *huge*."

I held up one hand. "Wait wait wait. Firstly, why were you talking to my sister about... about Eric's cock?"

"It came up," Clarice shrugged.

"Oh yeah?"

“Yeah.”

I decided to let that slide.

“Secondly, what do you mean he’s showing it to those girls? He wouldn’t do that to my sister, would he?”

It was all I could do to stop myself from crossing my fingers. My sister would never put up with a cheater; of that, I was certain.

“It’s not like that,” Clarice said. “She was telling me all about it - they’re in an open relationship.”

I swear, my eyes almost fell out of my head. “They’re *what?*”

“Yeah, it’s not cheating. They have, I dunno. An agreement.”

“That’s so messed up,” I said. Call me traditional, or a romantic, but I don’t think I could *ever* be with anyone but Clarice. She was my whole world. Since we’d gotten together, I hadn’t even thought about anyone else while jerking off.

And the idea of sharing her with someone...

“And thirdly,” I said quickly, “I don’t care if they’re in an open relationship, I don’t want him seeing you like this.”

I thought I was being stern. Y’know, really showing my fiancée where I stood. But instead of nodding and agreeing with my request...

Clarice just grinned.

“Oh yeah?” she said, moving her hips to grind against my cock as she spoke. I was rock hard, of course - Clarice’s huge tits were in my face.

That was the only reason.

I shook the idea of sharing Clarice with someone out of my head once more.

“Yeah,” I said, but I could hear it now. My voice wasn’t quite as authoritative as I would have liked. It was sort of...raspy.

Sort of turned on.

“You don’t want Eric to see me like this?”

“No,” I said, trying to adjust my tone. Hmm. Nope. Now it was more of a whine. Sort of like I was begging.

Claire reached down and unzipped my pants, pulling out my erection and holding it in her hand.

“You don’t want Eric and his big, thick cock to see my big tits in a bikini?”

“No,” I grunted. “I *don’t*.”

Claire really knows her way around my dick - we’ve been together for just over two years, so she’s had plenty of experience with it. She started slowly pumping it, leaning forward and pressing her tits against my face again.

“You don’t want him to get hard when he sees me? You don’t want him to be thinking about how big your fiancée’s tits are, next time he’s fucking your sister? Next time he’s cumming inside her?”

“No,” I panted, as my cock spewed its cum all over Clarice’s stomach.

“Sure thing,” she said with a grin, raising one hand to her mouth and licking it clean. “Whatever you say, baby.”