

# My Fiancée, My Sister, and My High School Bully

by Pan

## Chapter 6

I was completely out of breath when I got upstairs, but Clarice was sitting up in bed, eagerly waiting for me.

“We have to go,” I wheezed, feeling like the only sane character in a horror film. “We have to head back to town.”

But my fiancée’s reply was like every other horror film stereotype.

“We can’t,” she said in a whine.

“What?”

She sat up. While I’d been apologizing to my sister and her boyfriend, Clarice had been getting undressed: the thin sheet fell to reveal her naked body, smooth and pale. She looked incredible, as always: her tits were full, round and firm, and her nipples were hard.

Clarice moved the rest of the sheet away. A thin line of moisture ran down her inner thigh, tracing a path towards her sex. She was dripping wet and glistening with arousal.

“I need you to fuck me,” she continued. “You were such a tease downstairs...”

“Clarice, we need to go,” I said, but my voice wasn’t as confident as it had been a few seconds ago. Maybe...maybe I was overreacting, after all.

Yeah, Eric had used his body to intimidate me, but we both knew that I was smarter than him. If I’d used my brain to do the same, there’s no way he would’ve run off in a panic.

And yes, my sister had looked impressed by what he’d done...but he’d been defending her, after all. Clarice would have looked the same if I’d outwitted Eric, I’m sure.

“I want you,” my fiancée said, her voice a low purr. “Please.”

In the morning, if I still felt like we needed to go, we could go then. There was no advantage to running off in the middle of the night.

Not when Clarice was so drunk.

So drunk, and so horny.

“You promised,” she said, tracing one finger down the center of her chest, slowly moving towards her navel.

“I did?”

“Mm-hmm,” she said, sliding her fingers down between her legs. “You promised me a spanking.”

Right. I had, hadn’t I?

And with how drunk Clarice was, I doubted it would take long to finish her.

“Okay,” I said. “Yes. Okay. I did promise, after all.”

Clarice smiled, bit her lip, and got onto all fours on the bed.

I swear, I’ll never get sick of the sight of her like that. Her ass was perfectly round, her tits swayed from side to side, and her pubic hair was as red as the hair on her head.

She was perfect.

I stripped off my clothes and climbed onto the bed beside her.

“Oh god, yes,” she sighed as I slowly ran my fingers across her ass. Spanking has never really been my thing – I’m a strict pacifist – but Clarice enjoyed it so much, it was hard not to get into it a little.

She’d often asked me to call her a bad girl, or to tell her that she was a naughty little slut, or to call myself her master and say that she was my property but I had never been able to bring myself to do it. I just didn’t see her that way.

Instead, I just admired the view of her perfect form as I spanked her.

Smack!

I always held back a little – I didn’t want to hurt her, after all. She’d cry out for me to go harder, but I knew that was just talk. “As hard as you can, I can take it” – that was just Clarice’s way of saying she was having a good time, of wanting to feel naughty.

Smack!

I couldn’t imagine what it would be like if Eric spanked her. He was so much bigger than me, so much stronger. And there was no way he’d hold back, he just didn’t have the same respect for women as I did.

He’d probably do some serious damage to her. No, Clarice was lucky to be with someone as considerate as me.

Smack!

My fiancée’s eyes were closed, as they always were when I spanked her. Her butt was wiggling

back and forth, and she was muttering under her breath. It'd sometimes take twenty minutes of spanking before she came; it wasn't rare for my arm to get tired, but I did it because she liked it so much.

I loved Clarice, and I'd do anything for her.

Smack!

My entire body tensed. From downstairs, I could hear the sound of my sister's pleasure – apparently she'd moved on from sucking Eric's cock, and was now letting him...take her.

Aside from one accidental glimpse of her ass, I've never seen my sister naked before, of course – thank god! But the bikini she'd been wearing had been so revealing, and (I hated that this was the case) I'd now seen her boyfriend in the nude.

I have a visual imagination, so it was impossible not to imagine it. Jan, bent over the couch, while Eric's naked form stood behind her, pounding into her. He was so *big*, and while she wasn't tiny (like I said, she's taller than me), it was still hard to imagine that cock sliding inside her.

Like, where would it go?

Even though she's substantially shorter, it was far easier to imagine Eric's thick member sliding inside Clarice. She's got these wide hips, these beautiful curves...she was in front of me on all fours, and it was far easier to visualize Eric fucking *her*. She'd take his cock so much easier, as she gasped and panted and...

No. I shook my head. God, what was wrong with me?

Smack!

Clarice let out a loud moan as I spanked her, far harder than I meant to. My eyes widened in shock, and I lowered my head to beside hers.

"Honey," I said breathlessly, "I'm so sorry. I didn't mean to..."

In response, Clarice just moved her lips to mine, and started kissing me passionately. I tried to ignore the fact that her mouth had been on my cock less than twenty minutes ago (maybe she'd used mouthwash while I'd still been downstairs?) and kissed her back.

The sound of my sister's pleasure got louder, and was soon joined by Eric's. The two of them were moaning in concert, with zero concern for anyone who could be hearing them.

Not surprising, really, considering what we'd walked in on them down. God, I don't think I'll ever forget the sight of his cock fucking my little sister's face.

"God, babe, you're so *hard*," Clarice moaned, and I blushed slightly.

“Because of you, babe,” I mumbled in response.

“Fuck me,” she ordered. “I want to feel you inside me.”

I grabbed a condom and positioned myself behind her. I didn’t normally fuck Clarice from this angle (I love her ass, but I prefer to look at her face when we’re making love) so it took me a few strokes to get into it. The room was filled with the happy groans of my fiancée...and the cries of pleasure from the couple downstairs.

“Gonna cum!” I gasped after just a few minutes, and – for the second time that day – Clarice surprised me by interrupting my orgasm. Shifting her hips, I felt my cock fall out of her wetness, and just like that morning, her hand gripped the base of my cock, preventing me from cumming.

“Honey...” I begged, but there was a wicked, lustful look in her eyes.

“Did you put any more thought into an open relationship?” she asked, and I shook my head honestly. Since it had been brought up, the day had been so busy...I’d barely had time to breathe, let alone consider a fundamental shift in our dynamic.

“Well,” she continued, think about it now.

I did. It didn’t take long.

“I don’t want to share you,” I asserted confidently. “I...I can’t do that, honey.”

“Really?” she smirked, loosening her grip and stroking my condom-clad cock. “You don’t like the idea of seeing me with another man?”

My cock twitched, and my eyes widened.

“N-no,” I asserted.

“Because I think you do,” she said. I could barely hear her over the screams of pleasure from downstairs, as my sister came on Eric’s huge member once more. “I think you like the idea of watching someone else fuck me.”

“I don’t,” I said insistently. “I swear.”

“I think you’re turned on by the idea of watching a huge cock slide inside me,” she said, as if I’d never replied. “I think you like the idea of watching someone pound into me, until they cum inside me.”

Her hand returned to the base of my cock, and I realized that if she hadn’t, I would’ve cum.

Because of the sight in front of me, I assured myself. Clarice was so sexy – her red hair was matted against her head, and her breasts were so big, her nipples so hard...

“I think you want to watch someone stretch out my pussy,” she went on, her voice breathy with

lust. “You want to watch a huge cock fuck me without a condom. You want to watch them cum inside me. Then, you want to move between my legs...and lick it out.”

For a moment I thought her hand hadn’t been enough, that I’d involuntarily get off (at how much she was enjoying the dirty talk, of course) despite her tight grip. But the moment passed. I could hear Eric’s grunts, my sister’s moans, and my own heartbeat, so loud that I swear they could have heard it downstairs.

“Say it,” Clarice insisted.

“N-no...”

“Say it,” she said again, biting her lip, looking up at me.

It was just dirty talk, I told myself. It was just for her. I didn’t want it, I was just saying whatever would get my fiancée off. Because I loved her. Because I wanted her to have a good time.

“Yes,” I gasped, hoping that my confession would be enough, that my fiancée would let me cum.

But it seemed we weren’t done yet.

“I knew it,” she grinned. Her whole face had lit up as the word left my mouth, and her other hand had moved between my legs. “I knew you wanted that.”

“No,” I protested weakly, but it was too late. I never should have given in. I never should have lied to her.

My cock was throbbing with need as I watched Clarice play with herself, staring up at me with lust in her eyes. For the second time that night, I cursed dirty talk – it was nothing but trouble.

“I want to be in an open relationship,” she said, her hand moving furiously between her legs. “I want to explore being with other girls. You want to share me with other girls, don’t you?”

I had to admit, that was true. The idea of Brigid and Clarice kneeling in front of me entered my mind once more. What male doesn’t fantasize about having two women? Especially two as perfect as my fiancée and her friend.

Before I even realized, I’d nodded.

“You want to watch me go down on other girls.”

Nod.

“You want me to watch as another girl sucks your cock.”

Nod.

“You know I love you.”

I froze. This was such a shift from dirty talk, I wasn't sure how to react. But after a brief pause... I nodded.

"I love you so much," Clarice said. There was a 'slick, slick, slick' noise coming from her kitty, joining the cacophony of sexual sounds filling the room. "Our relationship is so strong. No matter what I do with other people, you know it's you I love. Right?"

"Right," I said, my voice raspy. Clarice's hand had started moving up and down my cock again, softly, not enough to get me off...but enough to keep me excited.

"I want an open relationship," she said once more, staring into my eyes. Her face was filled with lust; a flush had spread down her neck, to the top of her huge tits. I'd never seen my fiancée this excited. "Say you do too."

I didn't say a word. I couldn't. Her hand sped up, stroking me like only she knew how, bringing me to the brink of pleasure...and then slowing down before I could reach it.

I'd cum more in the last few days than I normally did in a week, but I could still feel the haze of lust clouding my thinking. I hadn't even had a drop of alcohol, but I still felt giddy, lightheaded.

"Say it," she repeated, but this time with a slight edge to her tone. "Please, honey. Say yes. Say you want to share me."

Her hand was driving me insane, milking me. My head was filled with images of Clarice with other women, sharing my fiancée with her hottest friends.

"Please, honey," she begged once more. "I need this."

All of a sudden, I was hit with clarity. My fiancée was bisexual, she'd admitted it to me in the cafe. She'd been willing to put that part of herself aside for me, to never be with a woman. She'd agreed to hiding part of her identity, for me. That was how much she loved me.

That's why this was so important to her. That's why she was being so insistent. She wasn't asking to cheat on me, or to be with another man.

She wanted to be with a woman. She wanted to see what that was like. I had to let her get it out of her system, but I didn't want to lose her. I couldn't lose her.

"Say it," she repeated, and a smile spread across my face.

"Yes," I moaned, and Clarice let out a squeal of delight. "Yes, honey. We can try an open relationship."

I watched as my fiancée released my cock, moving her hand to her tit, pulling at her nipple hard – probably harder than she realized, in her drunkenness. She'd be sore tomorrow, I was sure.

I watched with delight as Clarice came, as she tensed up and cried out. Her whole body shook,

and her soft moans were music to my ears, loud enough to rival the copulating pair downstairs.

Then, with a gasp, she fell back onto the bed. The room was silent for a moment, save for the gentle moans of my sister downstairs.

I waited for her to sit up again and thank me, to move her hands (or her mouth) back to my cock and finish me. I was still so hard, so worked up, so ready for release...

But after a few moments, the gentle snores made me realize: she'd fallen asleep.

I couldn't help but smile. I took the condom off, threw it in the trash, and cuddled up against my naked fiancée, running my fingers through her hair before slowly drifting off to sleep.