

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

Chapter 4

The next morning, I awoke to an empty house and a surprisingly strong hangover. I'd only had two beers, but like I said, I'm really not a drinker. When I made my way downstairs, there was a note from my sister on the table - "Beach day! Come join us".

I love my sister, but she's not the smartest cookie in the jar. I'd say that it made her and Eric perfect for each other, but even she's not *that* dumb. Eric really is in a league of his own.

The beach house is walking distance to like, five different beaches, and Jan had done literally nothing to specify which one they were at. I called Clarice, then my sister, but neither of them picked up. I could have called Eric - my sister had insisted we swap numbers before the trip - but it wasn't hard to imagine the mockery that would greet me if I did, so I decided to give myself a break and just spend the morning by myself.

I must have dozed off on the couch, because I was awoken by the sound of the door slamming. No sooner had I started to sit up when a wet towel had been thrown at my head.

"Get up, numb nuts," Eric growled, as I pulled the towel away. He was in the same speedos he'd been in yesterday, and my sister was standing beside him in a bikini. "I want to fuck your sister on that couch."

"You have a room..." I mumbled, and Jan laughed.

"He's kidding," she said, throwing him an adoring glance. "Clarice is waiting for you at the cafe."

"What cafe?" I said, still groggy.

"You never joined us at the beach, and she wanted to spend some time with you. So we left her at the cafe, and said we'd let you know where to find her."

Part of me wanted to explain *why* they'd never found me at the beach, but four long years of high school with Eric had taught me that defending the petty stuff was never worth it. He always find a way to turn it back against me. It was like the world's most annoying superpower.

"Yeah," the bully added. "Plus, I want to fuck your sister on the couch."

Jan opened her mouth to object, but before she could say anything, Eric had picked her up and deposited her on the empty space where my head had just been a few minutes ago, her bare arm pressed against mine.

"Scram," he said to me, before dropping to his knees and moving his head between my sister's legs.

Part of me was tempted to call his bluff. Like, he wouldn't really start fucking my sister while I was right next to them, would he?

"Eric!" my sister squealed, and I felt like I had my answer. By the time I reached the door, my sister's playful objections had turned into moans, and even as I scurried down the path, I could hear her crying out in pleasure.

Despite their stated goal of...y'know, letting me know where I could find my fiancée, I only realized after I left the beach house that Eric and my sister had completely failed to let me know where I could find my fiancée.

Fortunately, she was in the third cafe I visited - I'd checked every corner of the first two, but it was immediately obvious when I finally arrived in the right place.

She was wearing the bikini she'd worn into the hot tub yesterday, and sitting at the counter, facing the door. Clarice was angled so that everyone who walked in could see every inch of her

exposed skin; her shoulders were thrown back, and her stance was proud and confident.

The cafe was off the beach, so it wasn't like she was the only one in swimwear, but there was something about seeing her in it, mostly surrounded by fully-clothed people, clearly dressing to show off her body...it almost would have been *less* sexual if she was nude.

When she'd bought the bikini, I guess I'd been imagining her wearing it around the house, maybe at the beach. I certainly hadn't anticipated that she'd be wearing it anywhere else.

I didn't like it.

"Hey," I said, sitting beside her. I wasn't sure if she'd noticed me come in.

Was she drunk again? The Clarice I'd fallen in love with wasn't a prude, but I'd never seen her behave so brazenly. I don't want to make it sound like she was ashamed of her body or anything like that...but she was so gorgeous, she drew eyes no matter what she wore. When I'd first met her, she'd been wearing a sweater and jeans, and even then it had been obvious that she was the hottest girl in the room.

If she'd been dressed like this, I don't think I would have had the balls to approach her. But more than that...I don't know if I'd have wanted to. Like, what kind of a girl feels the need to show off her body so blatantly to a room full of strangers?

"Hey!" she said, her eyes lighting up.

I immediately felt a huge wave of guilt. I'd been mentally chewing her out for showing off, and here she was, just as excited to see me as Jan always was to see Eric.

Well, almost.

Clarice leaned forward and kissed me, and...I'm not gonna lie, I immediately saw the advantage of having a girlfriend who liked to show off.

I'd bet good money that every man in the room was jealous of me in that moment. They were in the presence of one of the most attractive women in the planet...but she'd immediately made it clear that she was mine, and I was hers.

Part of me wanted to apologize to her, but that would have required first explaining what I was apologizing for, and I figured it wasn't worth getting into.

"How was your morning?" I asked, and a dreamy look came across my fiancée's face.

"Amazing," she said with a sigh. "I'm really glad we decided to do this."

"Oh?"

"Yeah," she nodded. I couldn't help but notice that when she nodded, other parts of her body seemed to nod as well.

And I was sure that I wasn't the only person to have noticed that.

"I really feel like I've gotten to know your sister on this trip," she continued, and I relaxed slightly. "We're getting along so well, it's fantastic. I just...I feel like part of the family, y'know?"

I smiled, and put my hand on hers. "They're your family too," I replied. "For the rest of our lives."

Sometimes a moment comes along which is just...I dunno, pure happiness. Bliss. The French probably have a word for it.

The first night I spent with Clarice was one of those moments - the sex had been great, of course, but that had only taken a few minutes. We'd spent the rest of the evening just talking and talking and talking, sharing everything with each other. It was like we'd poured our souls into each other, forged a connection that we'd share forever.

That moment, sitting in the cafe...it wasn't as intense, but it had the same energy. Just a slice of pure bliss, knowing that she'd bonded with my sister, that she felt like she belonged.

I'd been worried that Eric's presence would completely ruin this holiday, but I was glad that she'd managed to make the most of what could have been a really, really bad situation.

"So it was just you and Jan?" I asked.

"Mostly," Clarice answered. "Eric was surfing, and...doing the rounds, I guess."

My confusion must have shown on my face, because my fiancée immediately clarified.

"Just, y'know, walking up and down the beach."

Ah, yes. The strut.

"I think he was showing off," Clarice said with a half-smile. "He likes the attention."

I'd heard her make similar comments before - mostly about other students at our college - but always in a scornful tone. That was part of why I'd bristled at the sight of her sitting in the middle of the cafe, showing off so blatantly. The hypocrisy, y'know?

But apparently something had changed her mind on the matter, and I was pretty sure I knew who.

"What'd you two talk about?" I asked, changing the subject. "Girl stuff?"

I suddenly recalled what my fiancée had said to me last night, while she was riding me.

When she'd cum.

She must have been just talking dirty, right? Women didn't really talk to each other about... that kind of thing. In that level of detail.

I shifted uncomfortably, my cock suddenly hard.

"Kind of," Clarice replied, biting her lip. She suddenly looked nervous.

What had they talked about?

"Yeah?"

"Yeah. I asked her a bunch of questions about...y'know, their open relationship. She was pretty happy to talk about it. It sounded really interesting - what has she told you?"

"Not much," I admitted, slightly ashamed. On the rare occasion I got to spend some time alone with my sister, talking about Eric was pretty much the last thing I wanted to do, and so learning about their open relationship the previous day had completely blindsided me. "How does it work?"

"It seems pretty simple. They both basically have blanket permission to see other people."

"That's it?"

"Uh huh. Jan says she loves it."

"Oh yeah?"

That sounded like good news. I'd been worried that Jan was just going along with it for Eric's sake; it was a relief to hear that she was getting just as much out of it as he was.

"So does she, like, have another boyfriend?" I asked.

"I don't thiiiiink so," Clarice said slowly. "I mean, she didn't mention one."

"Wait," I said, holding one hand up. "So why is she so into it?"

Clarice's lip was between her teeth one more. "Well, she said that she really likes hearing about Eric with other girls..."

I rolled my eyes. Great. It was exactly what I'd thought - that idiot had manipulated my sister into thinking that she enjoyed it when her boyfriend fucked other women behind her back. But before I could voice my disapproval, Clarice continued.

"...and that he really likes seeing her with other girls as well."

My words died in my throat.

"Yeah," my fiancée said in response to the shocked look on my face. "I didn't know your sister was bi."

“Neither did I,” I said hoarsely. Clarice flagged down a server - she ordered for both of us (a coffee for her, a Sprite for me) and by the time she was done, I’d found my voice once more.

“So she has, like...girlfriends?”

“A few,” Clarice admitted, her cheeks going pink.

“Or is this just something she does for Eric?”

“No, no - she was very clear about that. Like, she likes that Eric likes it, but she really has a good time.”

“Wow,” I said. My head was spinning. I’d assumed that my sister was just...I dunno, Ericsexual. I’d figured he was cheating on her, but I had no idea that she was...well, hooking up with other people too. And women, at that.

“Yeah,” Clarice said, echoing my tone perfectly. “Like I said, it was a really interesting conversation.”

“I’ll bet,” I said. It wasn’t hard to imagine it - Eric marching up and down the beach like a peacock while Clarice and my sister discussed Jan’s lesbian affairs. “You guys discuss anything else?”

“Well...”

There it was again, that look of reluctant shyness.

“What?”

“She said Eric...”

“What?” I repeated, my eyes narrowed.

“Jan said Eric likes me,” Clarice said, trying to throw it away with a half-shrug.

I sat back in shock.

I mean, it wasn’t really a surprise. Eric isn’t exactly a master of masking his innermost thoughts and feelings, y’know?

To begin with, I don’t think he *has* any innermost thoughts. For that, you’d need at least half brain.

But I definitely hadn’t expected him to be so blatant about it. I mean, okay, again - he was already being pretty blatant. He practically drooled whenever Clarice walked into the room, and the previous night as she dried herself off, he’d done nothing to hide his hungry stare.

I guess the part that surprised me was that he’d told my sister...and that she’d passed it onto Clarice.

“Gross,” I replied, trying to sound like it didn’t bother me. But even if the waver in my voice hadn’t given me away...this was Clarice I was talking to. No one knew me better than her.

“It’s okay,” she said, staring at me coolly.

“Hmm?”

“I know you like it.”

My eyes widened. Ah, shit. Here we were again - Clarice had somehow gotten the impression that I was turned on by my highschool bully’s attraction to her.

I opened my mouth to finally set the record straight, but before I could say anything, the server appeared. I watched him set the drinks down, distracted by my fiancée’s exposed skin, and by the time he left I’d lost my train of thought.

“So...what do you think?” Clarice asked, looking at me earnestly.

“Of the drink?” I asked, throwing it a distasteful glare. “It’s not what I ordered, but I...”

“No,” she interrupted. “Of the open relationship thing.”

“Oh,” I said, wrinkling up my nose. “I mean, whatever makes them happy, I guess.”

“Oh.”

I sensed a note of disappointment in my fiancée's response, but I was trying to decide whether to drink the orange liquid they'd delivered me or request a replacement.

I'd just decided that it wasn't worth kicking up a fuss when Clarice continued.

"Because I was thinking...it sounds interesting."

"Hmm?"

"I mean, that's what I wanted to talk to you about. I think an open relationship is an interesting idea, and I wanted to talk about it with you."

I suddenly felt dizzy, like all the blood had left my head and it was going to float off my body.

Was Clarice...was she suggesting that we...

"What?" I gasped, and Clarice put her hand on my shoulder.

"Honey, calm down - I just thought it was worth discussing."

"You want...you want to cheat on me?"

"No!" she said. "Jesus, no. Nothing like that."

"Then what?"

As Clarice explained, I managed to get some air back into my lungs, but the feeling of dizziness never left me.

"I'd just never really thought about it as an option, y'know? I'd always figured it was just swingers, or people who didn't love each other."

"You love me?" I said, slightly pathetically. My mind was such a whirlwind, I needed some base level reassurance.

"Of course!" she said, a look of worry on her face. "Oh, baby, of course. I love you so much. This isn't about that."

"Then what is it?"

She gave a half-shrug, and I recognized the expression on her face. She'd worn it a lot during finals week at college when she was trying to figure something out, understand a new concept.

"She made it sound so...god, I dunno. Fun? Like they were so confident in their love for each other, they didn't need these arbitrary boundaries of what they could or couldn't do."

"I like the boundaries," I pouted, but Clarice either ignored me or didn't hear what I'd said as she continued.

"And it sounded so...freeing. Like, they weren't with each other because they *had* to be, because they were the sole source of each other's sexual or emotional satisfaction. They were with each other because they *wanted* to be."

"Do you not want to be with me?" I asked, hurt.

Clarice sighed, and looked me in the eyes.

"Of course I do," she said firmly. "I want to be with you for the rest of my life. I love every part of you, and I always will."

"Then why do we need anything more?"

A smile spread over my fiancée's face.

"We don't," she said. "It's not about that."

I opened my mouth to respond, but before I could say anything, Clarice moved her hand to my thigh. I looked around the cafe, wide-eyed.

"What are you doing?" I hissed. Anyone could have seen what she was doing.

"We don't need anything more," she said, her green eyes staring into mine. "You're everything that I need."

“Okay...”

“But I don’t know if you’ve thought about the advantages.”

My mind was turning over. She was right, in a sense - I really *couldn't* see any advantages to letting her go around fucking anyone who wanted her.

And when you have a body like Clarice’s, *everybody* wants you.

“What do you mean?”

“There are plenty of hot women out there,” she said, her hand moving up my thigh. I tensed, but didn’t say anything. There was too much going on already. “I thought you’d jump at the opportunity to have commitment-free, hot, steamy hookups with them. Share them with me...”

That got my attention. She was right - I hadn’t been considering things from the other side at all. An open relationship would mean that I could have affairs of my own.

“Share them?”

“Uh huh,” Clarice said coolly. Her hand was gently rubbing the top of my leg, but her gaze never left mine. “You know how much I love going down on you...maybe I could invite a friend or two to come around when we get home. Wouldn’t you like to watch me making out with one of my friends from highschool?”

My eyes widened.

“You never told me you were bi,” I replied, fascinated. How had that never come up?

“It didn’t seem relevant,” Clarice shrugged. “If we were going to be exclusive. I always knew I wanted to end up with a man - I want to have kids. A family. But if we open things up, suddenly that puts women back on the table. I’ve always been a little bit curious...”

There was a lump in my throat, and another in my pants. It was impossible not to visualize - my fiancée, making out with another woman, her hands exploring their body...the two of them crawling over the room to where I was waiting, taking my cock out of my pants, sharing it between them...

She was right. The appeal of an open relationship was suddenly very, very apparent to me.

Clarice’s hand had started moving towards my erection, but I pushed it away.

“I don’t know,” I whimpered. It was too easy to imagine Clarice’s body under another man’s, sitting and watching as someone else fucked my future wife.

As Eric fucked my future my wife.

“Are you sure?” she said coyly, a mischievous smile flashing around her lips. “Because I bet Brigid would be interested...”

I involuntarily shuddered in arousal.

Brigid.

She was one of Clarice’s best friends, and...god. I’d like to say that I’ve never been as attracted to anyone as I am to my goddess of a fiancée, but I had to admit, Brigid came close. She was taller than Clarice (as most people were) and slightly bustier.

But it was more than the sum of her parts - there was just something about her, something that just drove me *wild*. It was like she always had a ‘fuck me’ look in her eyes, like her lips were made to be wrapped around a cock.

I’d been completely unable to hide my attraction to the blonde woman, and Clarice had taken advantage of my ridiculous crush on more than one occasion.

My fiancée never acted jealous or annoyed...but whenever we left an event where we saw her, Clarice would start.

“Brigid looked great tonight. Did you notice how her tits almost spilled out of her dress? She’s the only one of my friends with a larger chest than mine...”

I'd squirm at her teasing - what man wants his girlfriend to know that he's noticed another woman? - but she wouldn't let up until I was hard as a rock.

As soon as we got inside, she'd pull me to the bedroom and start riding me. Learning about her bisexual streak suddenly explained a lot of her behavior - it had almost been as though Clarice was as excited by her friend's body as I was.

"I bet you'd wish you were inside Brigid right now," she'd gasp, driving herself down onto my erection again and again. She'd ignore my protestations, my denials, and continue. "I bet you wish you were fucking - oh! - fucking my friend right now instead of me..."

Her words would inevitably drive me over the edge...but post-orgasm, I'd be far too uncomfortable to talk about what we'd just done. Neither of us would mention it again until the next party Brigid was at, when the whole cycle would repeat...

"Brigid has a boyfriend," I said. Despite having drunk more than half the glass of Fanta, my throat was completely dry.

Clarice grinned, and I think she knew she had me.

"So?" she asked coquettishly, batting her eyelids. "Maybe they're in an open relationship too."

"Clarice..."

"Just think about it," she said, licking her lips as she stared at me. "That's all I'm asking."

I nodded. Somehow, I knew that I'd be unable to think about anything else for some time.