

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

Chapter 3

When Eric returned, he didn't react to my glare. I honestly don't even know if he noticed. He had a laconic smile on his face, and I couldn't stop imagining what must have caused it. Those two random women - just minutes after meeting him - had agreed to...they must have... I turned away, and tried to think of something else. Anything else. My sister squealed with delight when she saw my high school tormentor. If it had been anyone else, it would almost have been sweet - she'd been apart from her boyfriend for no more than a few hours, and already she missed him. As it was, it was just gross. She was excited to see someone with an IQ barely larger than his shoe size, who had only been away because he was cheating on her. I would have asked what had gotten into my sister to make her act like this, but I'd been staring at it for most of the day. The real slap in the face was when Clarice reentered and had much the same reaction. Sure, she didn't bounce across the room and kiss him like Jan had, but my fiancée's expression of delight at the sight of my old bully was just as bad, if not worse. "Eric!" she exclaimed, and my face darkened at the sight of his eyes running up and down her bikini-clad body. She'd wiped my semen off her stomach, but I felt myself getting hard at the sight of the flat stomach I'd cum onto earlier that day. "Wow," he said, with the same hungry growl in his voice as he'd had at the sight of the two women on the beach. "Look at you." "You like it?" Clarice said, striking a pose. To my horror, my gaze was torn from my fiancée's perfect rack to the bulge between Eric's legs. Sure enough, the cock I'd been staring at all morning was starting to harden. I stood up. "I have to go," I said abruptly. I didn't know where I was going, but I had to get out of there. Just to be very clear, I'm not gay. I've never even been bi-curious. For as long I've been alive, I've liked women. My...interest, if you can call it that, in my bully's package wasn't one of lust, or want. I don't know what it was, but I didn't like it. Quickly making my way back to our room, I lay down and buried my head in the pillow. It wasn't fair! Idiots like Eric could have any woman they wanted - my sister, the two women on the beach... But not Clarice. She was mine. She'd been mine since we'd first met. Ever since our first date, neither of us had so much as looked at anyone else. We were compatible, we were in love, and she certainly wasn't going to throw that all away for a glimpse at my idiot bully's idiot cock. Feeling slightly calmer, I sat up, and a slow grin appeared on my face at the sight of Clarice's panties. No one is perfect, of course - my fiancée can be a bit of a slob...she must have been so excited to change into her new bikini, she'd stripped off in the middle of the room. Picking up her panties, I wrapped them around my cock. I'd been hard since Clarice had entered the room and posed for Eric, and I didn't want to wait until that night. I wanted to get off then and there, to clear my head. I closed my eyes, enjoying the feeling of the material against my hardness. At first I tried to focus on the mental image of Clarice in her new bikini, standing in front of me, staring into my eyes as she jerked me off. I tried to imagine her unclasping her top, letting her huge tits to fall into view. But something she'd said earlier had really gotten stuck in my head. "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?"

There was a perverse allure to the idea. My sister is a babe, something I very much wish I wasn't aware of...but Clarice was in a whole different league. Her red hair, her huge chest, her thick lips, her big green eyes... Of course Eric had noticed. Of course he had spotted how hot my fiancée was. A grin spread across my face as my hand rapidly pumped my cock. He must have

noticed how hot Clarice was. And it must have been driving him *mad* that he couldn't have her. The 'open relationship' he had with my sister probably let him have any woman he wanted, but not Clarice. She was mine. And she'd been totally right - it *was* weirdly hot that he probably thought about her, even while he was with my sister. Even as he fucked Jan on the other side of the house, imagining it was Clarice under him instead...picturing my fiancée's perfect body beneath his own. Even after this holiday ended, he'd probably still be fantasizing about fucking her as he pounded into my sister. I groaned at the thought - louder than I normally am during self-pleasure. My hand was a rapid blur, and I opened my eyes just in time to see my own cum shooting out the tip of my cock, flying towards my face. I opened my mouth in shock, and was horrified when a glob of semen landed in it. At least it missed my eyes, I guess. The next few ropes didn't travel nearly as far, though they did land on my shirt. I spat my own cum out onto Clarice's panties, then used them to clean up as much of my seed as I could. As soon as I was done, a wave of fatigue (Clarice calls it 'the sleepies') hit. It had been a big day of surfing (and getting off twice in a single day - a rare occurrence for me!) so I decided to have a quick nap before the evening's activities began. When I awoke, it was dark, and I could hear the sound of laughing and splashing coming from the hot tub downstairs. I quickly changed out of my cum-stained shirt, and made my way to the source of the sounds. I was wholly unsurprised to see that Eric and the girls had started without me - the three of them were sitting in the hottub, on the deck just outside the main livingroom. The outside lights were on, so before I joined them, I decided to watch for a few minutes, confident that they couldn't see me. Eric was sitting between the two girls, his arms around them both. Each of them was hanging on his every word - I couldn't hear what they were saying, but their faces told me all I needed to know. He'd say something, they'd grin, nod, and - more often than not - laugh, showing off their white teeth. It annoyed me to see how congenial Clarice was being towards Eric - she knew exactly how much I hated him. Yeah, we'd come here so she could get to know my sister a little better, so I guess she couldn't be outright rude to him, but still. Even worse was how possessively he acting towards her. I'd long since gotten used to the way my sister would hang off Eric, his hands roaming her body even in a public setting. We'd gone to see a movie together once; while we were waiting in line, his hands had found her ass, and not been subtle about it. I can't even imagine what they did when we were in the cinema and the lights were down. Without me around, it seemed Eric thought he could treat Clarice like she was just another one of his women. 'Open relationship'. God, that term was just an excuse to be a sleaze towards anyone he wanted without my sister being able to say anything about it. I was just about to head outside and make my presence known when it happened. Eric's hand brushed against the top of Clarice's boob. It was a move I'd seen him make ever since high school. It was just casual enough that he could claim it was an accident, but obvious enough that if the girl was into it, he could take it as a green light to go further. I leaned against the counter, grinning as I waited to watch Clarice tear him a new one. She was an ardent feminist - one of the many things we had in common - and I had seen her rip into countless guys who had 'accidentally' made contact with her enormous chest. It was a particular brand of sleaziness that her ample bosom unfortunately attracted. My face fell at her reaction. Rather than the targeted fury I was expecting, she pushed her shoulders back. I wish I could say 'subtly', but there was nothing subtle about it. It looked like Clarice knew exactly what she was doing...as did Eric. Her new bikini was straining against the pressure, and it wasn't hard to picture it popping open and exposing her tits for my bully - and my sister's - feasting eyes. I could imagine exactly what that would look like; the expression of faux-shock on my fiancée's face, Eric's lecherous grin. My sister would probably assure her that

no, it was fine, maybe even take her own top off to make Clarice feel better. And then Eric would be in heaven, my topless sister on one side, my fiancée on the other, her huge breasts exposed to his gaze. He'd love it, I told myself, annoyed at the scenario my own mind had immediately conjured up. I should have gone out there, but I was too shocked to make a move. I knew that if I burst upon the scene, I'd be a stammering mess, so I gave myself a few minutes to calm down, watching in shock as Eric's hand repeated the motion two, three times. When it was obvious that my fiancée wasn't going to offer even a modicum of resistance, he escalated, reaching down and openly cupping Clarice's chest. The look in her eyes is what did it for me. She wasn't furious, or scandalized. She had a look of passion, of...lust. If I didn't go out there, who knew what was going to happen next? Images began to swim through my head: Clarice undoing her top, or reaching beneath the water and grabbing the monster cock I'd stared at all morning. "Hey guys," I said, opening the sliding door. I was trying to sound as casual as I could, but my voice came out a nervous squeak. "Hey bro!" my sister said, and I noticed Clarice shifting slightly away from Eric as soon as she saw me. It didn't leave enough of a gap for me to fit in, but after stripping down to my swim trunks, I forced myself into the gap nonetheless. I didn't much like being in such close proximity with the jock who'd made my highschool years a living hell, but I had to do whatever I could to separate him from Clarice. "Hey honey," she said as I joined her in the hot tub. Her words were slurred, her voice not even masking her disappointment. For the first time, I noticed the empty bottles sitting on the tiles beside the tub - she was drunk! No wonder she was acting so strangely. Clarice almost never drinks - the alcohol in her system must have clouded her judgment. My Clarice - my loving, sober fiancée - would never have let an idiot like Eric maul her so brazenly. I could feel the relief splashing over me like the warm water of the tub. Her out of character suddenly made perfect sense. She was drunk! It explained everything. "Hey babe," I said, leaning forward to give her a kiss. To my delight, she returned it with vigor, as though we were lovers who had been apart for months (instead of just a few hours). I suddenly felt like Eric must have when he'd walked through the door to my sister's delighted reaction. Maybe Eric felt like this all the time. I pulled away with a smile, delighted to have learned how randy my love got when she drank. "Sorry I'm so late to the party," I said. Clarice's hand - under the bubbles - was slowly moving up my thigh. "I had a bit of a nap after the day of surfing." "I don't remember you doing any surfing," Eric said, a cruel note in his voice. He probably hadn't liked the way I'd suddenly appeared to rescue my drunk fiancée from his inappropriate attentions. "I remember you falling off the board a lot." I didn't have a reply, so I just kept my mouth shut. My eyes widened as Clarice's hand found my erection - despite already getting off twice (twice!) that day, my cock had been hard since I'd seen her in the tub beside my bully. I knew that nothing was visible through the fast-moving bubbles, but I moved my hand onto hers and pushed it away nonetheless. I had no interest in fooling around in front of other people, especially my sister. Or Eric. Clarice pouted but didn't resist, and after another forty minutes or so of drinking and making awkward conversation, we decided to call it a night. Eric was the last to exit the hot tub, and I couldn't help but feel like Clarice was enjoying his attention as she slowly left the water, allowing it to drip off her exposed body. She took a long time to dry herself off, standing in front of him, his eyes never leaving the incredible curves of my fiancée's perfect body. "C'mon, honey," I gently said a few times, but was met with resistance from both sides. "I don't want to get the kitchen wet," Clarice drunkenly protested, while Eric crudely ordered me to can it and let the lady finish. Even when she was dry, she was hesitant to leave, and it wasn't until her eyes were drawn back to the hot tub that I realized why. She wanted to watch Eric emerge, just as he'd watched her. As soon as I worked it out, I tried to usher her up to the

bedroom, but it was too late - her eyes were transfixed by the sight of his muscular form leaving the water. He wasn't wearing the speedos he'd had at the beach that morning. Or maybe he had been when they got in the tub, but had somehow lost them... No, when my former bully stepped out of my parents' hot tub, he was completely naked. My jaw dropped as his cock came into view. He was only half-erect, but even in its semi-hard state...Eric's cock was *huge*. I mean, I'd known he was big from the bulge (and the conversation with my sister that Clarice had relayed) but the real McCoy was even larger than I'd expected. I shuddered to imagine what it would look like when he was fully hard. "Uh, dude?" Eric was looking at me with one eyebrow raised, and I realized I'd been staring, slackjawed, at his dick. "S-sorry," I stammered, and turned to the side. "Didn't mean to..." I trailed off, embarrassed. God, what must he have thought? He'd teased me in highschool of being gay, and now it was like I was doing everything I could to prove his suspicions true. After taking a moment to calm down, I realized that my fiancée was still staring at Eric's huge rod. Part of me couldn't blame her, but after what I'd seen in the hot tub, I knew I had to put my foot down. "Bed, Clarice," I snapped. "Now." "Uh huh," she sighed, and - to my surprise - obeyed immediately. Maybe alcohol made her more submissive, too? I mentally filed that away for future reference. When Clarice and I finally made our way up to bed, I thought she'd immediately crash - it had been a long day, and she hadn't enjoyed the afternoon snooze I had - but as soon as we got into the bedroom, she pushed me onto the bed and freed my cock. "I want to taste it," she purred, but the two beers I'd imbibed - and the multiple orgasms I'd already experienced that day - had an effect, and to our disappointment, I wasn't able to get hard. "Maybe in the morning?" I said apologetically, and Clarice removed my limp cock from her mouth with an unhappy sigh, took her bikini off, and lay naked beside me in the bed. Halfway across the house, we could hear the sounds of my sister's pleasure mingling with Eric's. Apparently alcohol didn't have the same effect on him as it did on me. My nap - combined with the embarrassment of not being able to get Clarice off - meant that I was nowhere near sleep. My normal trick is to lay very still, try to fool my brain into sleeping. After a few minutes of this, I felt movement in the bed...Clarice's hand, shifting around under the covers. I grinned as I realized what she was trying to find, and - reaching out, I grabbed her hand and moved it to my cock. The sexual sounds coming from the other side of the room had done what my fiancée's mouth hadn't managed to do, and gotten me hard - I was sure her talented hand would be enough to finish the job. "Did you like seeing the way Eric looked at me?" she purred, wrapping her hand around my cock and starting to tug. "No," I said with a shudder. It had filled me with many emotions - envy, jealousy - but pleasure certainly hadn't been one of them. "Not at all." "I think you did," Clarice replied, and I could practically see the cheeky grin on her face as she teased me. "I think you liked knowing how much he wants me." A strangled noise emerged from my mouth. It was impossible to deny, there was something weirdly hot about the situation. The knowledge that Eric, who could have pretty much any woman he wanted, was into Clarice, the one woman he couldn't have. She slipped under the covers, and her mouth returned to my cock. As she slurped it into her mouth, my sister's cries got louder and I couldn't help but think of the cock that must have been filling her. It was like the image was burned into my brain. My eyes widened. Was it burned into Clarice's brain as well? She'd seen it - for longer than I had, even. Eric and Jan's sounds of pleasure were anything but subtle...was my fiancée imagining my bully's huge cock, even as she sucked on mine mine? I shook my head and tried to think of something else - Clarice's body in a bikini, the two hot women I'd seen on the beach... Clarice pulled back. "Are you okay?" she whispered, and I realized that my cock had grown soft again. "It's just the beer," I murmured in response, and I could feel her nod. "I know exactly what to

do,” she said, and I heard the sound of a condom packet being opened. My fiancée’s hand returned my softening penis, and she lay beside me, her mouth to my ear. “Your sister told me how good it feels when Eric is inside her,” she whispered. I closed my eyes - I had no idea where Clarice had gotten the idea that I wanted to hear about my sister’s sex life, but I’d have to disabuse her of it in the morning. “She said it’s so big, she still can’t take the whole thing inside her. Even now, after almost a year together, it still feels like it’s stretching her out. She says she’s never felt anything like it.” Clarice’s hand slipped the condom over my rock-hard penis, and she straddled me, slowly lowering herself onto my cock with a groan. *Wow. Wow.* I’d always been supportive of my fiancée’s choice not to drink - I’m not a big boozier myself - but if it got her this wet, we’d have to make sure to always have some spirits in the house. She moaned quietly as I entered her, rocking her hips back and forth. “She told me - oh! - most condoms won’t fit her, so she just goes without. The feeling of him pumping his cum into her is enough to...enough to...” A particularly loud moan from Eric filled the room, and I was surprised to feel Clarice’s pussy clenching in orgasm. Like I said, my fiancée normally only cums after she’s been spanked - it’s not my thing, but I’d accepted that it was just part of the package. Gorgeous, intelligent, funny redhead wife...must be spanked. Not really a difficult decision, right? But at the feeling of her cumming around my cock, I made a mental note: when we ended up buying a house of our own, it would *have* to have a wine cellar. A big one. The room was dark, but there was enough moonlight coming in through the window for me to see my fiancée’s face. She was biting her lip, and her eyes slowly opened and looked down at me. With a soft smile, she started pushing her hips back and forth. Like I said, Clarice is very familiar with my cock - her pussy was practically milking my hard-on, and as I watched her huge tits sway in the moonlight, I could feel my cock beginning to pulse as I splattered the inside of the condom with my seed. “Dirty girl,” I said, tying it off and throwing it to the side of the bed. “You’re not usually one to use such language.” “I just wanted to get you off,” she said, cuddling up beside me and throwing one hand across my chest. “I know what you like.”