

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

Chapter 1

The walls are pretty thin in my parents' beach house. That's where it all started.

My parents were spending the summer in Europe, and had offered to let my sister and I use the beach house while they were gone. It was a great idea, except for two things: the thin walls, and my sister's boyfriend.

I've always hated Eric. Even before my sister started dating him - he and I went to school together, and he used to bully me. He'd rough me up for lunch money, flush my head in the toilet, trip me in front of everyone, then laugh as I went flying.

He loved to torment me. I was a huge nerd in high school, and there's nothing that Eric hated more than nerds.

My sister knew about it, of course. She was always sympathetic, so I was really surprised when she told me that Eric had matched with her on Twitter, and asked if I'd have any issue with her seeing him.

I wanted to say no, of course. Eric had been such a terrorist to me, and the idea of seeing him with my sister? I couldn't think of anything worse.

But I told her it was fine. High school was so long ago, I assured her. I was completely over it.

It was all in the past, I'd said. I don't know who I was trying to convince more; me or her.

No part of me was over it, of course. Every time I see Eric, I'm filled with this weird mix of hatred, revulsion, and...fear, weirdly. We're not teenagers any more, yet each time I lay eyes on him, I'm reminded of what it was like when he was twice my size, and had no compunctions using his size to make every day a living hell for me.

Fortunately, I've grown up a lot since then. I'm not a nerd, any more, not really - I mean, that's how I landed someone like Clarice, my fiancée.

Clarice is a goddess at only five feet tall: standing beside her makes me feel like a giant (I'm 5'5") and her small stature makes her already-large tits look even bigger. She's bright and bubbly, and to top it off, she's a redhead. Freckles and all.

She's a real babe, and my absolute dream girl; we're both aerospace engineering students at the University of Miami; we connected on the first day of class, and have been inseparable ever since.

Like, we *really* connected - I've never found someone I could talk to like I can talk to her; I can tell her everything with no fear of judgment, and she feels the same way.

She even confessed to me that she likes being spanked. I was shocked at first, but I eventually summoned up the courage to try it. Now, I spank her almost every time we have sex. It doesn't do anything for me, but Clarice? Hoo boy. I didn't even know it was possible for a woman to get off just from being spanked, but Clarice looves it.

I didn't do it over the summer, of course. Because of the thin walls. I would have died with embarrassment if my sister had heard me spanking Clarice.

But apparently Jan - my sister - didn't have the same sense of shame as I did.

When she'd started seeing Eric, I'd just assumed it would be a fling. That's one of the big reasons I gave her my blessing - I was living and studying Miami, so it wasn't even like I'd ever have to see him, not unless he and my sister became something serious, and I'd known *that* would never happen. I'd known my sister had way too much sense to fall for someone as stupid and brutish as Eric.

Well, you know what happened next. Against all odds, she fell for him.

She fell *hard*.

They started dating a few months after Clarice and I first met, and I kept expecting for the inevitable message - I've ended it, Eric's a jerk, all men are jerks, I feel so stupid for dating him as long as I did, yada yada yada.

Nope. Every time I saw the two of them together (which was far, far more frequently than I would have liked), she looked like she all but worshiped the ground he walked on. She'd dote on him, fetching him drinks and laughing far too loudly at his not-particularly-funny jokes.

To make it worse, Eric basically hadn't matured at *all* since high school. He was still dumb as a bag of rocks: crass, completely unsubtle...and as much of a bully as ever.

I guess he'd grown in that sense - he no longer resorted to just beating on me. No, he was at least bright enough to figure out *that* wasn't going to fly, not around my sister. While Jan was there, he'd just stick to teasing me relentlessly, making fun of my height, my stance, my glasses.

"Could you get me a straw, babes," he once said to my sister, slapping her on the ass. "Ah, never mind - I'll just use one of your brother's arms."

She'd laughed and laughed, and I'd just sat there fuming, unable to find the words to defend myself against his moronic attack.

Clarice had tried to stand up for me, once or twice, but it had quickly become obvious that Eric was simply too thick for her retorts to get through to him. It's hard to insult someone too dense to understand the insult, y'know?

When Jan wasn't around...look, again, it wasn't like he was *blatant* about it. He'd never like, flush my head down a toilet or anything like that. Nothing so obvious.

But he'd nudge me, harder than I was expecting, and I'd fall over. He'd throw a football to me without warning, straight into my gut.

One time he just slapped the drink out of my hand. He apologized, claiming there was a mosquito, but I knew what he'd done. No one else believed me, but I knew.

So when my parents made their offer to my sister and I, I tried every excuse in the book. I just wanted to stay in Miami, study up, spend more time with the love of my life...but Clarice had insisted we go.

"If we're going to get married," she'd said - as soon as my parents were back in the country, we were going to announce our engagement - "I'm going to be a part of your family, and I really don't feel like I know your sister at all."

"That's because her personality got swallowed up as soon as she started dating the meathead," I said glumly.

"Well, maybe we should get to know him, too. You never know; he might be part of the family someday."

"God, I hope not. I like keeping our closest living ape relatives in zoos, not family vacations."

Clarice laughed, and shoved me. "Don't be a turd," she giggled, her eyes turning dark with lust as I began to wrestle her, pinning her arms to the bed as retaliation for pushing me.

We didn't really finish the conversation, but we did end up going to the beach house for the summer. I swallowed my reservations, Jan promised that Eric would be on his best behavior, and I convinced myself that maybe it wouldn't be so bad.

And then, on the first night, we discovered just how thin the walls were.

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"Baby," Clarice said, nudging me awake.

"Mmm?"

"Oh my god," she whispered. "Please tell me you can hear that."

My eyes shot open as I realized what she was referring to.  
 “Oh! Oh! Oh, fuck. Oh, fuck me. Oh, fuck me fuck me fuck me. Oh, *Eric...*”  
 “Jesus,” I muttered. “Get a room.”  
 “They have a room,” Clarice replied. “It’s on the other side of the house.”  
 “Not far enough.”  
 Something occurred to me. Clarice’s voice - she was...  
 She was turned on.  
 “You into this?” I muttered.  
 “A little,” she replied. Like I said, we’ve always been able to tell each other anything. Everything. “You?”  
 “I wish I wasn’t,” I admitted. “I mean, it’s my sister.”  
 “Yeah,” Clarice nodded, her hand snaking over and reaching between my legs. “And yet, somehow, I feel like you are.”  
 Suddenly Eric’s voice joined my sister - no words, just a single long moan.  
 “Aaaand I’m out,” I said, but her hand never left my cock.  
 “Oh really?” she said, a hint of mischief joining the lust in her voice. “Because I seem to have found some evidence to the contrary.”  
 Eric moaned again, and my dick throbbed.  
 “I think you like it,” she whispered, her mouth against my ear, her throaty voice making its way directly into my brain. “I think you like hearing your sister getting nailed.”  
 “No,” I tried to deny, trying to process exactly why my body was reacting the way it did. “Not...it’s not that.”  
 My sister’s voice suddenly overpowered Eric’s long, guttural moan.  
 “God yes god yes god yes god YES...”  
 “I know,” Clarice purred. “I understand. It’s not that it’s your sister. It’s just that...”  
 She paused. My sister had fallen silent again, and all we could hear was Eric’s long, masculine groan.  
 “...it’s just hot.”  
 “Yeah,” I agreed, relieved that my fiancée didn’t think I was a pervert. “It is, right?”  
 “It really is,” she said, climbing on top of me. “Do you have a condom?”  
 “In the dresser,” I whispered. “Pass it here, I’ll put it on.”  
 “I don’t really get why it’s hot either, but it really, really...oh! Is...”  
 “Shhh,” I said, nervously, my eyes rolling back in my head with pleasure as my hard cock entered Clarice.  
 “Seriously?” she asked with a giggle. “They’re competing with ambulances three towns over, but *I’m* being too loud?”  
 “Yeah,” I said, blushing slightly. “I don’t want...I don’t want to...”  
 “Oh, baby!” she moaned, loudly enough that I knew for sure Eric and my sister could hear. “Oh, you’re so goood.”  
 If all my blood hadn’t been rushing to my cock, I know I would have been beet red at my fiancée’s words. “Clarice,” I hissed. “Stop it!”  
 “Mmmm,” she moaned, her cunt clenching around my cock. “God, yess...”  
 Any doubt that my sister and her boyfriend had heard Clarice’s performance disappeared as the two of them chimed in, as though responding to her call. Eric, true to form, simply continued to grunt, but my sister...  
 My sister got specific.  
 “Fuck,” she moaned. “Fuck, Eric. You’re so *big...*”  
 Clarice gasped as I reached up and grabbed her hips, suddenly driving myself into her harder.

“I’m cumming,” I hissed.

“Do it, baby,” she moaned, smiling down at me. “Cum for me.”

My entire body twitched as I came, shooting rope after rope of cum into the condom.

“God,” I sighed. “That was so good. Do you want me to spank you?”

It was pretty rare for Clarice to cum without being spanked. Sometimes the spanking would be enough; sometimes she’d want me to fuck or finger her afterwards.

“Mmm, no,” she smiled. “That was super hot though.”

“Yeah,” I whispered, giving her a kiss as she climbed off me. “G’night.”

“Oh oh oh oh *oh oh oh OH OH OH*” my sister cried from halfway across the house. It sounded like she was cumming, but their noises didn’t stop - they continued filling the house with sex noises for at least another twenty minutes, by which point I’d drifted off to sleep.

At one point, I could have sworn I felt Clarice shudder with an orgasm of her own. The next morning I realized that didn’t make any sense, and it must have just been a weird, erotic dream.

I woke up alone, which was unusual - Clarice was a night owl. It was rare for her to be up before me. She responded to my text, letting me know she was having breakfast with my sister and Eric.

Partially because I was still worked up from the previous night and partially as an excuse to avoid joining them, I stayed in bed for another ten or fifteen minutes to get myself off again.

Try as I might, I was unable to get my sister’s voice out of my head - I pulled up the most risqué pictures of Clarice I had (two selfies she’d sent me from the shower - not showing anything more than her head and shoulders, alas) and jerked off looking at my fiancée, the orgasmic cries of my sister echoing through my head.

It wasn’t hard to pretend that it was Clarice’s voice in her place; sometimes she’d get real loud, although admittedly never as loud as my sister had been the previous night.

When I finally made my way into the kitchen, freshly showered and dressed for a day at the beach, I was surprised to find Eric was there alone.

“Hey Dweebus,” he said. Gritting my teeth, I chose not to engage - it was a nickname he’d given me the first day we’d met. Sometimes I wondered if he even remembered my real name.

“Hey Eric,” I said, avoiding eye-contact. “Where are the girls?”

“They went shopping,” he said. “Girl stuff. Just you and me today. I’m going to hit the waves - you going to Dungeon some Dragons or something?”

“No,” I replied, after silently counting to ten. I would not let myself rise to the bait. “Maybe I’ll come surfing with you.”

As soon as the words left my mouth, I knew it was a dumb thing to say. I was atrocious at surfing - this was just going to be *another* opportunity to humiliate myself in front of my high school bully.

Still. It was better than humiliating myself in front of Clarice, or my sister.

“No way,” he said, a grin spreading his face. “Sounds great, Dweebus.”

He slapped me on the back so hard I almost fell into my bowl of cereal, then left the room, whistling a happy tune.

God damn it. What had I gotten myself into?