

The Busty One

by Pan

Chapter One

As Liam got out of the camper van, he forced a smile to his face.. It wasn't that he was shy or bad with people, but he was about to meet his girlfriend's entire family. At once.

He'd been dating Charlotte for almost nine months. They'd met in Santa Fe, but she was from Austin, and was the only one of her relatives who had left the state. She talked about her folks a lot, but they'd all just been names to him, and impossible to keep straight.

Now, at last, they were going to go from names to fully-formed people. Her parents, her five sisters, their boyfriends. Eleven strangers, and he was meeting them all.

At once.

"Don't worry about the bags," Charlotte said. "Dad will get them."

"Are you sure? I can..."

She threw him a grin. "Re-lax Liam," she said softly. "They're going to love you."

Charlotte was probably right. While he'd never been described as charming, Liam knew he was far from offensive. Aside from one explosive incident with an ex-girlfriend's unabashedly-bigoted uncle, he'd never had any trouble fitting in.

Everything was going to be fine. It was just...a lot.

As though they'd been waiting just inside the door for their arrival, Charlotte's relatives began pouring out of the house to greet them. He was taken aback at the sight of more than the eleven he'd mentally prepared for, until he remembered his girlfriend's vague mention of some uncles and aunts who might be there.

Liam recognized Charlotte's father immediately from the family photos his girlfriend had dotted around her apartment. He brought Liam in for an unexpected hug, slapping him on the back before loading his thick arms up with as many of the bags as he could carry.

The other boyfriends were immediately identifiable as well. Not only because they were the only men around Liam's age, but because they were the only people without the distinctive jet-black hair Charlotte's entire family seemed to share.

They nodded politely at him, and Liam felt an odd kinship with the bunch. At some point, they had all gone through this rite of passage as well. And survived. It gave him hope.

The throng of people started to throw introductions at Liam, but before he could even begin trying to learn names, Charlotte held up her hand. "No," she said loudly, shutting the crowd up.

“Come on, guys – we’ll do this at the table. Everyone, inside.”

The party followed the strong bag-laden man into the house, and Charlotte looked around, confused. “Where’s Aimee?”

“She’s with Grayham,” one of the black-haired sisters replied, and Charlotte nodded knowingly.

“Ah ha.”

As the troupe made their way inside, an older woman with lighter hair popped her head out of the kitchen. “Well now, what did the cat drag in?”

Her voice immediately told Liam that this was his girlfriend’s mother. She’d moved to Texas more than half a century ago, but still hadn’t completely lost her accent.

“Mom,” Charlotte said warmly, stumbling in her haste to give her mother a hug. “Mom, this is my boyfriend.”

“He’s cuter than the last one,” Charlotte’s mother said with an approving smile. “Aimee’s going to *love* him.”

Liam shot his girlfriend a quizzical look, but she didn’t seem to notice. “Now that Charlie and Lee are here, let’s eat. Everyone, grub’s up!”

Everyone immediately started filing into the dining room, and Liam grabbed his girlfriend’s arm. He’d been prepared to be overwhelmed by the number of people, but not for the fact that it felt like they were all speaking in code. As the room emptied, he pulled her close, and whispered in her ear.

“Who’s Aimee?”

“My sister,” Charlotte replied with a sly smile. “You’re going to love her.”

“Oh?”

“Mm-hmm,” she nodded. “She’s the busty one.”

Before Liam could follow up on his girlfriend’s bizarre comment, she’d wriggled free of his grasp and followed the rest of her family.

A quick head-count told Liam that there were only fourteen people in the room, not counting himself or Charlotte. When they’d swarmed the car upon his arrival, it had seemed like so much more. He was an only child, and though he’d dated women from larger families before, he’d never been to a family dinner at this scale. Charlotte’s mother must have been cooking for days.

As he sat down, he noticed two empty chairs – one at the end of the table, and one beside one of Charlotte’s many sisters.

Liam's brow furrowed. There were only four women at the table with the distinctive jetblack hair. Charlotte's mother was grey-haired, but it was obvious that she'd been blonde before that, and sitting on one side of her was a woman around her age with red-from-a-bottle hair. Presumably one of Charlotte's aunts, or a once-removed cousin.

Where was the fifth sister?

"For what we are about to receive, may the Lord make us truly grateful," Charlotte's father boomed, before standing to carve the turkey.

"Shouldn't we wait for..."

In response to his murmured concern, Charlotte moved her hand onto Liam's leg. "It's okay," she smiled softly. "It's just Aimee."

Liam was having potatoes ladled onto his plate when the answer to many of his questions walked through the door. A blonde woman – a few years younger than his girlfriend, Liam would have guessed – entered and sat at the end of the table, followed by a youngish man with a satisfied smile on his face. He sat next to one of Charlotte's sisters, gave her a peck on the lips, and began enthusiastically helping himself to peas.

"Ah," Charlotte's father said, his voice a low rumble. "Everyone's here. Now can we introduce your young man to the family?"

"Everyone, this is Liam. Liam...this is my family."

"Hi, family," Liam said, trying to mask his nervousness. "Thank you so much for having me."

"Let's start with my parents," Charlotte said. She'd obviously done this dance before. "My Dad, Rodney, and my Mom, Sylvia."

"Call me Rod," the older man grunted. "Everyone does."

"And then these are my sisters. Sasha, the clever one."

"Shut up," Sasha replied, rolling her eyes.

"She's a doctor," the fellow sitting beside her said proudly, as he plucked a baked potato from her plate. He was the man who'd come in with the blonde woman just a few minutes earlier.

"Next to her is Emma, the funny one."

"Fuck you," Emma said dryly, and the entire table burst into laughter.

"My oldest sister, Katie. She's the confident one."

"I'll take it," Katie said with a grin."

“Hang on,” Liam said. “What does that make you?”

“I’m the wild one,” Charlotte said, wagging her eyebrows. “The only one who left Texas.”

“Little Miss Rebel without a Cause,” her father grumbled from the end of the table.

“Cassandra is the youngest. She’s the cute one.”

“That nickname was already old when I was six,” Cassandra complained, but Liam had to admit – while all the sisters were attractive in their own way, Cassandra was the only one who could be described as ‘cute’. She was the Baby Spice of the family.

“And that just leaves Aimee,” Charlotte said, gesturing to the blonde woman sitting next to her father. “The busty one.”

Liam blinked twice, taking a moment to make sure he’d heard his girlfriend correctly. “The, uh...”

“The busty one,” the white-haired woman echoed in her British accent. “Isn’t that right, Aimee?”

Aimee nodded confidently, and – not sure what the appropriate reaction was – Liam couldn’t help but let his eyes drop to his girlfriend’s sister’s chest.

He’d noticed her form as soon as she’d entered, of course, and his gaze confirmed what he already knew. Aimee was clearly the bustiest woman not only at the table, but perhaps that he’d ever seen in real life.

What’s more, she wasn’t shy about showing off her assets. Her shoulders were squared back, and her clothing seemed to have been specifically selected to show off her huge bosoms.

It took Liam a few moments to realize he was staring. He immediately glanced back at Charlotte, panicked, but though she’d clearly seen where his eyes had been focused, she...didn’t seem to care.

Looking around the table, it seemed that none of his girlfriend’s family did.

“If you have any smart-person questions, ask Sasha. If you want to laugh, talk to Emma. And if you need to get off at any point this weekend, just go ahead and use Aimee.”

Now Liam was sure he was imagining things. His girlfriend hadn’t just suggested...surely she hadn’t just offered up her own sister for...

And no one had batted an eyelid.

He shook his head in disbelief. Was he going mad? Charlotte started talking again, and it took him a minute to realize that she was continuing around the table, introducing the boyfriends.

“Cedric is Katie’s boyfriend,” she began. “He’s a physicist.”

“We tried to set up him with Sasha,” Emma piped in, “but he had better taste than that.”

Another small ripple of laughter went around the table, and Liam held one hand up.

“Hang on,” he interrupted. “Does Aimee have a boyfriend?”

The family looked confused at the question.

“Of course not,” Cassandra said, tilting her head to the side. “She’s the busty one.”

It was several hours before Liam got a chance to be alone with his girlfriend. Dessert followed dinner, then a ninety-minute game of charades. Charlotte’s two uncles won handily, but everyone shared a lot of laughs during the game.

Throughout the evening, Liam kept a close eye on Aimee’s movements – on several occasions, the boyfriends of the other sisters took her out of the room and returned half an hour later, a satisfied look on their faces.

They couldn’t be...were they?

No. No, that didn’t make any sense.

When the couple were finally alone in Charlotte’s bedroom, the twenty-four year old girl gave her boyfriend a firm hug. “You did so well tonight,” she said proudly.

“Uh, thanks,” Liam replied. His nervousness at meeting everyone had been almost entirely replaced with confusion regarding his girlfriend’s bustiest sister. “So, Aimee...”

A cheeky look appeared on Charlotte’s face.

“You like her?”

“Uh, yeah. I mean, I liked everyone...”

His girlfriend waved away his stammering protestations.

“But you particularly liked *her*, right?”

“Mm-hmm,” he replied, trying to keep his face as neutral as possible.

He’d been dating Charlotte for the better part of the year, and in all that time, she’d never expressed any interest in...well, *anything* like this. In fact, quite the contrary: they’d met through church friends, and been quite upfront about what they wanted.

Marriage. Family. Kids.

Monogamy.

If he was reading his girlfriend correctly, however – something he'd never struggled with in the past – she was implying...

Well, he didn't know exactly what she was implying.

But he was desperate to find out.

When Liam had told Charlotte he was monogamous, he hadn't been lying. Since they'd had started dating, he'd never had even a glimmer of interest in anyone else. He'd never cheated on any of his ex's; when he was in a relationship, he didn't even look at porn.

But there was something about Aimee...

"I don't mind," Charlotte said encouragingly. "Seriously."

"Charlotte..."

Perhaps this was some kind of weird test. His girlfriend was openly suggesting that he should be attracted to not just another woman, but her own sister!

A smile flickered across his lips as he remembered Charlotte's role in the family. In this moment, she really was living up to her title.

"What exactly do you mean?" Liam asked cautiously. If it was a test, he wasn't going to get trapped by it. And if it wasn't...well, he didn't know what he would do if it wasn't.

"I mean, I don't mind if you use her," Charlotte smiled. "She's the busty one."

"Use her for..."

"For sex," his girlfriend said slowly, as if talking to an idiot. "I'm saying that I don't mind if you get off with my sister Aimee. Inside her. If you use her body for sex."

Liam's eyes widened at his girlfriend's forthrightness. If she was trying to trick him into something, it wasn't through cunning wordplay. So was this...a loyalty test?

He'd heard of these before. The best friend or the sister would try to seduce the boyfriend, and then reveal at the last minute that it was all to test his loyalty.

But if that's what was happening here...it was elaborate. The entire family seemed to be in on it. Everyone. It didn't make sense.

Of course, neither did the alternative.

"No need," Liam replied lightly. He didn't really understand what was happening, but he was in the best relationship he'd ever been in, and had no interest in ruining it. "You're more than

enough for me.”

A smile broke out across his girlfriend’s face. “You’re very sweet,” she said, moving her body against his. “But I promise, it’s no big deal. She’s the busty one.”

“Thanks but no thanks,” Liam said, moving his mouth to Charlotte’s. “Now...how thin are these walls?”

As his girlfriend’s body trembled with delight under his, Liam felt more sexually charged than he had for a long time. Even as he came, groaning quietly into Charlotte’s ear, it was her sister that he was thinking about.

Aimee. The busty one.

“How’d you two sleep?” Rodney asked thunderously as the couple entered the room the previous day. The family was sitting down for breakfast: piles of bacon and toast, with Sylvia regularly shuttling eggs in from the kitchen.

“Good, Daddy,” Charlotte said, giving her old man a kiss on the cheek.

Liam looked around the table. Almost everyone was there.

With one notable exception.

“Where’s Aimee?” he asked, unable to hold the question back.

Katie gestured to the man sitting beside her, Cassandra’s boyfriend. Liam narrowed his eyes. He hadn’t noticed when he’d entered the room, but...Derek? Daniel? The man whose name started with D had his eyes closed, and a huge smile on his face.

“She’s...”

Katie flipped up the table-cloth, and Liam stepped around the table, gasping with shock at what he saw.

Aimee was kneeling under the breakfast table, sucking Cassandra’s boyfriend’s cock.

“I...I...”

“Flip that down,” Sylvia tutted as she re-entered the room, carrying a plate of fried eggs. “I’m sure William doesn’t want to see that.”

“It’s just Liam, Mom,” Charlotte corrected.

“What’s that short for, anyway?” Rodney asked, but Liam was somewhere else entirely.

If this was a loyalty test, it was more elaborate than anything he’d ever encountered in his life.

Aimee and Cassandra's boyfriend hadn't been play-acting. Although he'd only gotten a brief glimpse, he'd seen everything: her hands, wrapped around the young man's cock, which was wet with her saliva. Her tongue had been running up his shaft. And as Katie had flipped the tablecloth back down, she'd been going in to take it in her mouth once more...

"Honey?" Charlotte prompted, and Liam answered automatically.

"It's, uh...it's not short for anything. It's just Liam."

"I think it's an Irish name originally," Sasha interjected. "Originally short for Ulliam, which means warrior, or defender."

The conversation quickly moved onto the etymology of everyone's names, and it was only when there was a pause that Liam realized he could hear it. On the rare occasion that the entire table fell silent at once, there it was. The distinctive sounds of slurping, gagging...

Liam was confused as hell and hard as a rock. He watched the man whose name started with D as his entire body tensed, then suddenly relaxed. He opened his eyes and reaching out for the coffee his girlfriend had just poured him.

Had...had he just...? Here, at the breakfast table? In front of everyone?

At his girlfriend's sister's hand?

Into her mouth?

What on earth was going on?

Charlotte's family held family weekends fairly regularly, from what Liam could tell. They were a big family, but with enough money that they struggled for nothing. Rodney had been in real estate, and Sylvia had been a surgeon. They'd offered to pay for the couple's flights, but Liam was plane-averse, and had suggested they drive instead. It had been a long trip, but a beautiful one.

Now that they were here, there was no particular agenda. Just a large family spending time together in the beautiful spring weather. Someone had suggested going to see a film, but no one had been able to agree on what, so they'd instead spent the day laying around the pool.

When Liam had emerged in nothing but a pair of red shorts, the sisters' eyebrows had shot up, and Emma had let out a wolf-whistle. His face had turned slightly red at the attention, but Charlotte had squeezed his arm proudly (and he suddenly understood why she'd pushed so hard for everyone to stay home and relax around the pool) and he'd felt a lot better.

...until he'd noticed Aimee staring at him and biting her lip. As soon as Liam noticed her attentions, he'd jumped in the water; his shorts weren't the best at masking one's arousal. As he came up spluttering, his eyes were drawn back to Charlotte's busty sister. Aimee's blue bikini

showed off more than just her tits, putting her flat stomach, long legs, and firm ass on display.

He was hard as a rock at the sight, and something told him that she knew it. She knew exactly what her body was doing to him.

She knew exactly what he'd been thinking about the previous night, as he'd cum into her sister.

After just half an hour of swimming, Liam was so turned on he felt like he couldn't think. He swam up to his girlfriend and pulled her against him, pressing his hardness up against.

"Hello there," she whispered. "Something getting you in a mood?"

"You," he lied. "Want to sneak off and fool around?"

"Sort of," she replied with a cheeky smile. "But we're about to play a game of volleyball. Me and Sasha against Cass and Katie. Just have Aimee take care of you."

Charlotte gestured to her sister, who was sunning herself, putting her body on display to anyone watching. Liam was surprised she hadn't already been pulled aside by one of the other boyfriends.

Perhaps they'd all used her before breakfast.

"Seriously?" he asked. Despite all he'd seen, despite his girlfriend's weirdly casual attitude towards the situation, it still didn't sit right with him. It just...it didn't make sense.

"Of course," Charlotte said with a smile. "Why do you think God gave me such a busty sister?"

Liam had been attending church for as long as he could remember, but he couldn't remember a single sermon or Sunday school lesson which would give credence to the attitude Charlotte was espousing.

"Charlie," he said slowly. "I just...doesn't it..."

"It's fine," she said, leaning in and briefly touching her lips to his. "Just find somewhere private and use her however you like. Take her to my room, if you want."

With that, she gave his hard cock a friendly squeeze, and swam to the other end of the pool to help Cassandra set up the net.

Slowly, cautiously, Liam swam to the edge of the pool, where Aimee was laying, her eyes closed, her incredible body tanning in the hot Texan sun. He trod water for a few minutes, but before he could work out how to even broach the subject – "Hey, Aimee, do you want to make me cum?" – another of the boyfriends approached her on foot.

"Aimee, you free?"

Her eyes opened, and it was like her entire body lit up at the request.

“No one’s in the downstairs bathroom,” he said. His name was Martin, Liam suddenly remembered.

Aimee glanced down at him, and Martin noticed his presence for the first time.

“Oh, shit, Liam, I’m sorry. Were you about to use our girl?”

“No, no,” Liam replied quickly, trying not to stumble over his words. “You, uh...you go right ahead.”

“Seriously dude, I don’t mind. It’s your first family weekend. You must be pretty excited.”

“It’s fine,” he said insistently. “Please, uh...be my guest.”

“You sure?” Martin said, holding his hands up. Liam was trying very hard to maintain eye-contact with the man – Emma’s boyfriend, he was pretty sure. “I already went once this morning, so I don’t even particularly need it.”

Liam knew that if he turned to look at Aimee and saw even a hint of lust in her eyes, he wouldn’t be able to resist accepting Martin’s polite offer.

And he couldn’t. He shouldn’t. He knew that it was wrong.

Right?

“Mm-hmm,” Liam said, doing all he could to keep his eyes on Martin’s face.

“Your loss,” the other boyfriend said with a shrug. “C’mon, Aims.”

Aimee didn’t say a word, just let out a giggle as she followed him into the house.

Charlotte was buzzing with energy as they dried off; she and Sasha had narrowly eked a victory out over the other girls. Liam had watched the game quietly – his eyes were following the ball as it bounced across the net, but his mind was inside the house, imagining what Aimee and Martin were doing.

What he could have been doing, if he’d wanted to.

Who was he kidding? He *did* want to. That was the struggle; he wanted nothing more than to take Aimee to her room, or to Charlotte’s room, or...hell, to the garden shed. He wanted to strip her off, reveal the huge tits that apparently defined her role within the family. To take them in his mouth, before pushing the busty woman to her knees and making her take him in her mouth.

Before unloading his semen into her, onto her.

Before coating her with his cum.

But he hadn't. He couldn't. He'd chickened out. Whatever was happening with this family, it...it wasn't normal. It wasn't natural.

Although it felt so, so right.

He didn't leave the pool until everyone else had started making their way into the house, where Sylvia had prepared coldcuts for lunch. As soon as he was clear of the water, Liam grabbed his girlfriend and pulled her mouth to his.

Amused by his passion, Charlotte returned his kiss, before pulling back.

"What's gotten into you?" she asked teasingly. "You enjoy watching me win that much?"

"I want you," he groaned, his voice thick with need. "Quick. Before anyone notices that we're gone."

"Liam!" Charlotte protested softly. "I'm not fucking you in my family home's back garden. What kind of girl do you think I am?"

"The wild one?" he asked, and his girlfriend shook her head.

Liam sighed. "Can't we sneak up into your room?" he asked. *Or Aimee's*, he silently added. *Or the garden shed.*

"Everyone will notice that we're missing," Charlotte said. "Everyone will know what we're up to."

"So?"

"So this is the most time I've had with my family all year. I don't want to spend it sneaking around with you."

Liam's eyes opened at his girlfriend's words. At his reaction, her face fell.

"I didn't mean it like that," she said contritely. "I just mean...we drove almost twelve hours to get here. I want to make the most of it while we're here. You and I have so much time together back in New Mexico. I only have two days with my folks, and I want to spend it with them. Who knows when I'll get to see them again?"

Loathe though he was to admit it, Liam's girlfriend had a point. But even standing outside the pool, he was acutely aware of his erection pressing against his red board shorts, and until it went away, he didn't think he'd be able to think straight.

"Please..." he murmured. "I just..."

Charlotte looked down at his erection, and then back at his face, confused. "Still? I told you to

take care of that.”

“Yeah, but...”

“Seriously, Liam. Just use Aimee.”

An image of doing exactly that flashed through Liam’s mind, but he tried to eject it. “Charlie, I can’t just *use* your sister like that...”

“Why not? Everyone else does.”

She sounded baffled by his response, and despite his best efforts, Liam couldn’t come up with a particularly convincing argument against her suggestion.

“I just...can’t.”

The amused look returned to Charlotte’s face. “Aw, baby. Are you shy?”

“No,” he replied defensively. “No, I’m just...it’s just weird.”

“It’s the most normal thing in the world,” she said, trying – and failing – to hide her amusement at his reaction. “She’s the busty one.”

“It’s very weird!” he said, but was strangely unable to come up with even a single justification to defend his position.

“Stay here,” she said with a sigh. “I’ll send her out.”

“Charlotte, no!” he said, but his words faded away, unheard.

His girlfriend was gone.

As he stood in the shade of the six-bedroom house, Liam weighed his options. He could follow Charlotte into the house, but his erection was obvious, and if he ran into another family member...

Not an option.

But if he stayed here, and Charlotte really was sending her sister out, he’d...she’d...

He couldn’t do that. Not to Charlotte. Even if she thought she wanted him to, he knew she didn’t. He couldn’t do that to his girlfriend, or to himself, or to God.

Or to Aimee.

Liam’s cock throbbed at the idea of doing it to Aimee. Of taking the sister who seemed to have wholly embraced her role in the family as ‘the busty one’, and delighted in letting all her sisters’ boyfriends use her for relief.

Use her body for their pleasure.

He had to wonder – did she view it as a curse? From the photos of family weekends past he'd seen on the wall, it didn't look like she'd ever had a boyfriend of her own. Had she simply resigned herself to the fact that her function was to be used as a plaything by whoever her sisters were dating?

Or did she like it?

Liam let out an involuntary groan of arousal at the thought. At the idea of Aimee looking forward to these weekends, counting down the days until the house was going to be filled with men she could fuck. Was she as orgasmic as her sister? Did she get dripping wet as she played with herself, looking forward to the weekends where she'd be passed from man to man to man, taken in every hole, used for their pleasure?

The young man shuddered, and closed his eyes. God, why did these thoughts turn him on so much?

A noise made him open his eyes again, and there she was. The subject of his hot, dirty, sinful thoughts.

Aimee.

The busty one.

She was alone, and a coy smile appeared on her face as she stepped forward. Her eyes were blue, like her mother's, the exact same shade as her bikini.

Liam licked his lips nervously, and Aimee's eyes dropped to his red shorts.

"Aimee..." the young man said hoarsely, but before he could put the thought together, his girlfriend's sister had dropped to her knees.

"You...you don't have to do this."

In response, Aimee licked her lips, and lowered his shorts.

As Liam's cock appeared, so did a warm breeze, flying over the pool and towards the young man and his girlfriend's sister. Aimee's long blonde hair flew forward, masking her face and tickling his painfully-hard cock.

"Seriously, Aimee" Liam squeaked, before the feeling of the busty young woman's mouth enveloping his erection sapped the last of his resistance. "Oh, God..."

Charlotte wasn't the first girlfriend he'd ever had (though he hoped she'd be the last). In the almost-decade he'd been dating, Liam had received head from almost a dozen girls of varying skills.

As much as he loved Charlotte, if you'd put a gun to his head, he'd have to admit that she wasn't the best head he'd ever been given. She was the love of his life, her body drove him wild, their sex was intense and passionate and intimate and everything he wanted in a bedroom-partner... but his third girlfriend, Belinda, had done things with her tongue that had sent shivers up his spine and made his toes curl.

Belinda had, hands-down, performed the best oral sex he'd ever had.

Until now.

Aimee's eyes were glinting with lust, looking up at him as her soft, warm tongue swirled around the head of his cock. One of her hands was on his leg, and the other was gently playing with his balls, stroking them, like she was trying to coax the cum out of them directly. Her lips had formed a loose seal around his shaft, and as her tongue gently tasted his throbbing erection, her head lowered, taking more and more of his cock into her mouth as she did.

Liam groaned, louder than he intended. The kitchen was far enough away from the pool that he knew his girlfriend's family wouldn't be able to hear him, but if anyone was coming to check on him...

No, no one would be coming to check on him. They knew he was with Aimee. They knew what they were doing.

And they'd leave him alone until he was done.

Aimee began bobbing her head up and down, taking more of his cock inside her mouth with each pass. The sound of her slurping was familiar, but it wasn't until she began gagging on his hardness that he remembered he'd heard her doing this just a few hours earlier, at breakfast.

This was far from the first blowjob she'd given that day.

God, why did he find *that* hot?

Liam reached down and gently placed one of his hands on Aimee's blonde hair. He wasn't sure what to do with the other, awkwardly placing it on his hip, before letting it dangle loosely to the side. Her eyes were so expressive; he could tell that she was proud of what she was doing, proud of his reaction.

Proud, and incredibly turned on.

He could probably fuck her, if he wanted to.

Liam could stand his girlfriend's blonde sister up, bend her over, and fuck her against the side of the house. He could pump his cock into her until he came, until her pussy clenched around his erection with pleasure.

He could make his girlfriend's sister cum.

He could cum inside her.

“Oh, God,” he groaned. The thought was so wrong, so perverse...and so, so hot.

Aimee, clearly a seasoned pro at sucking cock, must have recognized the signs of his impending orgasm, because all of a sudden her mouth was moving faster, her lips formed a tighter seal, and her hand left his balls and wrapped around the base of his cock, rapidly stroking the few inches of his erection that she couldn't fit in her mouth.

Her breathing sped up, and her other hand left his thigh and moved between her own legs.

That was what set him off. The sight of his girlfriend's sister touching herself, getting off as she sucked his cock. Getting off as she sucked what was at least the second cock she'd had in her mouth that day, not to mention however many she'd had in her other holes, including the wet opening between her leg she was stroking with such passion, such intensity...

With another loud moan, Liam felt his cock pulsating, spewing its seed into Aimee's waiting mouth.

“Oh, God,” he panted, as Aimee let go of his erection, falling backwards as she played with herself, twitching as her own orgasm overcame her, her mouth full of his seed...

He watched in awe as her huge tits bounced. One of Aimee's hands was inside her bikini bottom, and the other reached up and began pawing and groping at her left tit as she came.

After they were done, the two stared at each other in silence, breathing heavily. Aimee had a contented look on her face, like the cat who'd gotten the cream. In a sense, Liam supposed, she had.

For his part, Liam knew that his face must have held the same expression he'd seen on Sasha and Cassandra's boyfriends over the course of the weekend: a look of complete sexual satisfaction.

The Busty One

by Pan

Chapter 2

Liam didn't feel guilty as he joined his girlfriend's family for dinner.

He didn't feel guilty when Charlotte greeted him with a gentle squeeze. He didn't feel guilty as they ate.

What's more, he didn't even feel guilty about not feeling guilty. He wasn't tying himself in knots trying to justify it, telling himself that he shouldn't mind if his girlfriend didn't, or that clearly everyone was okay with it.

Intellectually, he knew what he'd just done was a sin. He'd just had oral intercourse with someone he wasn't in love with. Someone he wasn't in a long-term relationship with.

He had a girlfriend. She was the love of his life, and he fully intended to marry her. To be with her forever.

But just minutes ago, he'd cum into her sister's mouth.

Liam knew that he *should* feel incredibly guilty about that. He just...didn't.

For reasons he didn't understand, he felt completely at peace with what had just happened.

He didn't even feel guilty when he pulled Aimee aside after dinner and had her suck his cock again.

Charlotte seemed to know exactly what he was doing. As Liam stood up and moved towards Aimee, she threw him an encouraging smile. Like he getting back onto a horse after being bucked off, or standing up to a childhood bully.

It was not the kind of smile he would expect from someone whose sister was about to be orally penetrated by her boyfriend.

But at the same time, it felt...right.

The second time was even better than the first. Now that his nervousness had dissipated, and he didn't feel quite as pent-up, Liam allowed himself to sit back and enjoy his girlfriend's sister's oral talent.

She really was *very* good at giving head.

Of course she is, Liam found himself thinking. *She's the busty one.*

As Aimee's head enthusiastically bobbed up and down on his cock, Liam reached down and

played with one of her huge, pendulous breasts. The rest of the family had all changed out of their swimwear, but Aimee had kept her bikini on. That was what had gotten him going – the sight of her exposed flesh, her barely-contained breasts, as she was surrounded by her fully-clothed relatives.

By her sisters. And their boyfriends.

Liam hadn't been the only one checking Aimee out as they ate. Cedric had been overly ogling his girlfriend's sister, but Katie hadn't seemed to mind. He hadn't been subtle about it – none of them had – but no one had objected.

Least of all Aimee.

The busty one had seemed to thrive on the attention. As Aimee had basked in the male gazes of all her sister's boyfriends, Liam had remembered the sight of her cumming, sucking his cock as she rubbed her blue bikini.

Despite having just been 'taken care of' a few minutes, Liam had spent most of the meal hard as a rock.

And he didn't feel guilty at all.

He couldn't help but compare his girlfriend's breasts to her sisters, as he roughly pawed at them. Charlotte's were more petite – not *small*, but she definitely fell on the more modest side of the women he'd dated.

Aimee's, meanwhile, were the largest he'd ever handled. Which made sense, of course.

She was the busty one.

They were truly magnificent – firm, but soft. Heavy, but perky. He wanted to strip her bikini off and bury his head in them.

But something held him back. He was sure she'd let him, if he asked, but for now he was content for his girlfriend's busty sister to give him the best head he'd had in his life, as he groped at her boobs.

After almost twenty minutes, he felt himself getting close to climax.

"Gonna cum," he grunted, and Aimee's eyes lit up. She'd been staring at him for the entirety of the blowjob, her eyes occasionally twitching with pleasure – especially when he tweaked at her erect nipples. Even through the bikini top, he could feel how large they were.

Everything about Aimee's tits felt large. They were the sexiest pair he'd ever seen.

As she'd sucked his cock, she'd watched him, seeing what he liked. Seeing how much she turned him on. How much pleasure her body gave him.

She hadn't touched herself as she had outside – all of her attention had been on his arousal, and now that he was getting close to cumming, Liam's girlfriend's sister surprised him by pulling back and letting his cock fall out of her mouth. She continued to expertly stroke him, aiming his throbbing cockhead at her bikini top.

“Oh, wow...” he groaned, and felt a surge of pleasure pass through his entire body, culminating at his cock, as he shot a load of thick cum onto Aimee's breasts. Another string followed the first, and then a third, partially coating the blonde woman's face before dripping down onto her tits.

She didn't say anything as he stared at her, panting with exertion. The young woman just beamed, her entire body seeming to glow with exaltation at what she'd done with her mouth, her hands.

Her enormous boobs.

One of her hands reached out to grab his. He hesitated as she pulled it towards her tits, but she was unyielding, not letting him break free as she brought his hand into contact with the cum he'd just deposited onto her chest.

Aimee's other hand reached up and began rubbing his cum into her skin; she released her grip once Liam saw what she was doing, and he started mirroring her. His other hand came up to join the first, and she dropped hers and leaned back, opening her mouth and rolling her eyes in bliss as he firmly massaged his own cum into her huge, heaving breasts.

Liam didn't know much about women's cup-sizes; frankly he wouldn't have been surprised if Aimee's were off the charts. Her breasts were so expansive; there was plenty of skin to rub his cum into, and soon it was all gone, absorbed by the busty woman's bust as if it were skin-cream.

When Liam and Charlotte returned to their room that night, he briefly wondered if he should bring up what he'd done with her sister. He knew she knew; she'd been the one to bring Aimee to him the first time, and he hadn't been at all subtle about joining her the second. (One of the sisters' boyfriends had all but high-fived him when he returned).

But he'd only gotten head from Aimee, so far. Was that something he was obliged to tell his girlfriend? Or was this a 'Las Vegas' situation? It didn't feel like something he needed to keep secret from her, but he wasn't sure what the protocol was.

Would Charlotte care that he hadn't gone any further than oral sex, and some over-the-bikini touching? Should he seek permission before going any further with his sister?

Or was he reading the situation right, and she simply...wasn't bothered?

Normally, he would let his conscience be his guide. But consciences rely on guilt, and when it came to Aimee, he just...didn't feel bad about what was happening.

She'd sucked him off twice, and he'd spent five minutes rubbing his cum into her oversized tits. And no part of it had bothered him, even a little. When it came to his girlfriend's sister, it was as

though his conscience had just...decided to turn a blind eye.

Liam decided not to say anything. Charlotte didn't seem worried, and neither was he.

Everything felt so...right.

"Let me know if you have any questions, by the way," Cedric said as Liam sat down for breakfast.

As soon as he'd entered the room, he'd glanced around to see if he could spot Aimee. It wasn't a desperate hunger, like when he'd first started dating her sister – in those early days, he'd felt a near-physical pain every minute they were apart.

No, it was more just...curiosity. Like walking past a breakfast buffet and seeing if they had any croissants. If they did: great! He loved croissants. If not, no problem.

It was a want, not a need.

She was nowhere to be seen. He did a quick headcount of the boyfriends – it looked like Grayham was the absentee. None of the other boyfriends seemed particularly distracted, so Liam figured Grayham was most likely off with the busty one.

Lucky guy.

"What about?" Liam asked, confused. "I think Charlotte covered everything."

"No," Cedric replied with a laugh. "About Aimee. That whole situation."

Liam's eyes widened. Since he'd arrived, this was the first indication that anyone but him had noticed the situation with Aimee was anything but completely normal. Expected.

Everyone had been acting as though getting off inside your girlfriend's bustiest sister was just...a part of life.

"Oh?" he said, trying to mask his surprise. "Is there like, a roster, or something like that?"

"No roster," Cedric said with a wave of his hand. "It's very much a first in, first served situation."

"Then what do you mean?"

Cedric sat back with a smile. "Ah," he said. "You might be further along than I thought. It's only been two days...but I guess if you were close to them for long enough..."

Liam didn't reply. He suddenly felt very unsure of himself. Using Aimee's mouth twice the previous day had calmed him down, but Cedric's ominous words had brought his doubts back to

the fore.

What *was* going on?

“The offer is open,” the young man concluded. “If you need anything, I’m happy to help. In the meantime...”

Cedric stood up, and Liam noticed that Aimee had returned. She was dressed in a lacy red nightgown, one that barely managed to contain her huge tits. As she moved, the nightgown shifted, showing glimpses of black lingerie underneath – a thong, and what looked like a half-cup bra.

Liam licked his lips, but before he could do anything more, Cedric had grabbed his girlfriend’s sister by the hand, and was pulling her into another room.

As though Cedric’s words had opened the floodgates, more and more worries began to pile into Liam’s head. Why was everyone so okay with what all the boys were doing with Aimee? Why was *Charlotte* so okay with it?

Most confusingly of all...why was he?

Liam glanced around the room. In all respects, it was the picture of a normal family breakfast. No one else was dressed particularly provocatively, no one else looked worried or concerned.

No one else was using each other for sex.

It wasn’t even like it was a *too* normal situation. Liam didn’t feel like he’d stepped into the town of Stepford – this wasn’t a group of people playing happy family. Emma and Cassandra were teasing each other, and Sasha was in a debate with her father about the election results.

Ever since he’d met them, everything about the family was completely normal, except for one anomaly:

Aimee.

The busty one.

“When did she get her nickname?” he asked, out of nowhere. Charlotte threw him an odd glance, but when Katie asked him what he meant, Liam’s girlfriend returned to her conversation with Cassandra’s boyfriend, whose name he’d finally learned the previous night – Dylan. Or was it David?

“Emma?” Katie asked, assuming he was responding to the witty insult that Cassandra had just landed on her sister. “She’s always been funny, I guess. When she was eight, she entered a dance contest at school, and—”

“No,” Liam interrupted. “Aimee.”

“Oh, Aimee...” Katie said, the furrow in her brow disappearing. “High-school. That’s when her bosom came in. That’s when we knew she was going to be...well, the busty one.”

Liam wrinkled his nose. “And she didn’t mind?”

Katie laughed. “Clearly you’ve never been a teenage girl. You quickly notice that the popular girls are always quite blessed in that area. Aimee quickly became very, very popular.”

The young man nodded. He could well imagine.

Part of him wanted to ask some follow-up questions. When did Aimee start fucking everyone’s boyfriends? Had she ever dated? Was she always so excited to please?

Instead, Liam fell silent. He didn’t know what was going on here.

But one person seemed to.

Cedric and Aimee never came back to the breakfast table. Afterwards, the family scattered – Liam spent ten minutes helping Sylvia clear the table, but Katie’s boyfriend never returned.

“Where’s Cedric?” Liam asked. He’d managed to find his girlfriend in the study. She had just begun a game of chess with Grayham.

“He’s gone with my Dad,” she answered, chewing on her lip as she considered Grayham’s opening play. “Cedric, Sasha, and him are all gun nuts, so they’ve gone shooting.”

Liam didn’t say anything, and Charlotte looked up, surprised by the look of worry on his face.

“They asked if you wanted to go,” she said apologetically, “but I know how you feel about guns. Don’t worry, I didn’t make a big thing out of it. Mom hates them too.”

“And me,” Grayham interjected. “Well, not hate. I just don’t see the point. When the founding fathers wrote the constitution, they clearly didn’t mean–”

Charlotte rolled her eyes and held up one hand. “Don’t try to distract me with a debate,” she said. “That only worked the one time.”

“I have to try,” Grayham replied with a grin. “It’s the only way I can beat any of you at this damn game.”

“I think Cassandra and her boyfriend are about to throw on a film if you want to join them,” Charlotte offered. “Or you can play Grayham in a few minutes, once I’ve crushed him.”

“Ha ha ha,” Grayham replied. “I mean, yeah, you’re going to crush me, but I’m definitely going to hold out more than a few minutes.”

Liam left the two of them, and began pacing the halls of the huge family home. Emma was helping her mother prepare lunch, Katie was painting her nails, singing happily to herself as she

did, Cassandra and Damien were cuddled up as a comedy played on the flatscreen television, and Martin was lifting weights in the family's home gym as Aimee – still wearing her red nightgown – knelt in front of him and sucked his cock.

“Morning Liam,” he sang out merrily. “You care to join me?”

“Uh...”

“For a workout, I mean. It's one of my favorite things about visiting this place, they have such great equipment.”

Liam suggested that another of the house's many highlights was the buxom woman currently slobbering on his cock, but he kept that opinion to himself.

“I'm good,” he replied cautiously. “I'm more of a runner, myself.”

“There's a treadmill,” Martin said, gesturing to the corner of the room. “Or ‘dreadmill’, as Emma calls it.”

“I...I'm good,” Liam said.

Despite being a churchgoer all his life, Liam would be lying if he'd said he was a stranger to porn. When he wasn't in a relationship, he'd often turn to online videos for stimulation as he masturbated.

Part of him had always felt guilty about it, but when he was alone and turned on, it was like he couldn't help himself. It was a dark temptation he just couldn't resist.

So while Liam had, in his time, witnessed many blowjob videos, this was the first time he'd really seen it happen in person. And if that wasn't strange enough, he'd received two blowjobs from Aimee the previous day.

“She's good, isn't she?” Martin beamed, following Liam's eyes. “I use her to motivate me. Whenever I come visit, I never miss a workout.”

“Uh huh,” Liam replied, not sure what to say. He didn't feel the sick fascination he did when watching a video of someone giving head. Instead, it was more like...just something to watch. Like he was just casually observing a master perform her craft.

He didn't feel guilty, or even awkward. It just felt...normal.

Right.

God, what was wrong with him?

“Do you think she...”

Liam gestured vaguely to Aimee, then trailed off. He wasn't even sure what he was trying to ask.

"Likes it?" Martin offered. The young man was apparently completely comfortable talking about Aimee as if she wasn't there.

From the look in her eyes, it was almost like...she wasn't. Liam had seen it before – flow state. A complete immersion into what you were doing. Athletes and creatives worked hard to get into flow state; it was when they did their best work, relying entirely on muscle memory, not letting themselves get distracted by anything other than their task.

The first step was to love what you were doing.

"Yeah," Liam replied, although he knew he'd answered his own question.

"She loves it," Martin said simply, putting down his weights. The two men stood in silence, watching as Aimee masterfully pleased the athletic young man's cock.

The first time Liam had watched a blowjob video, he'd felt very uncomfortable that he was looking at another man's cock. He wasn't gay, and the fact that it took up so much of the screen had been incredibly distracting.

Over the years, he'd become desensitized to the presence of a penis in his porn. He was consistently drawn back to blowjob videos, and not because of the dicks they contained. He'd never really bothered to analyze his tastes – he was too turned on beforehand, and felt too guilty afterwards.

But in that moment, as he watched someone get head in real life, was Liam – unrestrained by guilt – able to pinpoint exactly what he liked about them. It was the way the woman performing the blowjob gave herself entirely to the man's pleasure.

Anything she got out of it was mental or emotional, not physical – she wasn't doing it because of a secret hidden g-spot in her mouth. She was doing it because she wanted to get the man off. She was doing it either as a selfless gift, or because she found it hot to get someone off.

Liam was no stranger to going down on women. It was a standard part of his foreplay with Charlotte...and he didn't do it out of a sense of obligation, or duty, or to build up a debt that she'd have to repay. He did it because he got off on getting her off.

He found it hot to get his girlfriend off, even when he wasn't getting anything out of it himself.

The women in the porn videos were presumably not dating the men they were filming with. And though in real life, they were likely doing it for money, Liam had always found it easy to imagine that they were motivated by the same thing as he, that they were getting off on getting the men off.

With Aimee, he didn't even have to imagine. Everything about her demeanor confirmed it: she wanted nothing more than to get Martin off. Just as the previous day, she'd wanted nothing more

than to get Liam off.

Twice.

Liam suddenly realized he was hard again. Partially at the memory of what Aimee had done the day before, but largely because of the sexually-charged situation. She was giving all she could to sucking Martin's cock, and even at a glance, it was obvious what she was getting out of it.

"I might have a go when you're done," Liam said, and Martin gave him a smile and a nod.

They both knew he wasn't talking about the weights.

Liam saw a look of confusion pass over Rodney's face as he got out of the car. He knew it must have appeared a little strange; the newest member of the family waiting on the porch for them to come home, like a dog waiting for its owner.

"You need something, Liam?"

"Just a word with Cedric," he replied, trying to force a cheerful tone into his voice.

After Martin had cum into Aimee's waiting mouth, he'd quickly finished his gym session and left Liam alone with his girlfriend's sister. Liam hadn't wasted any time, moving his cock into Aimee's enthusiastic mouth, and letting her get to work.

Despite having just finished a blowjob, Aimee didn't hesitate, swallowing Liam's erection down and running her masterful tongue along his sensitive glans.

He'd reached down to play with her magnificent tits again, but found that her nightgown wasn't nearly as convenient as the bikini top had been.

So Liam had ordered her to take it off.

He hadn't been surprised, not really, when she'd obeyed. He watched as a small shiver ran across her skin. The sexiest woman he'd ever seen was standing in front of him, wearing nothing but a black bra and matching thong.

"Take off your bra," Liam had continued, his confidence surprising him. Maybe being around Katie was having an effect.

Aimee obeyed his command, and he'd let out a small groan as her huge tits were fully exposed to him for the first time. Even through the bikini, he'd been able to tell that she had large nipples - each was roughly the thickness and length (though not shape) of an eraser - but her swimwear had hidden exactly how pink they were, and the size of her areola.

"Bring them here," he said huskily, and no sooner were the words out of his mouth than Aimee was presenting her breasts to him.

He took one into his mouth, chewing and sucking on Aimee's huge breasts. Each of her areola was roughly the size of his hand, and he grabbed the one he wasn't tasting and palmed it roughly.

The tremors of pleasure going through Aimee's body told him that she was enjoying this. He'd been planning to use her mouth again, as he'd just seen Martin do, but now that her tits were exposed, he had something else in mind.

"I'm going to titty-fuck you," he said, and the busty young woman's eyes opened wide with delight. "I'm going to fuck your boobs until I cum..."

Aimee nodded, her eyes fluttering with pleasure at the idea. She hadn't cum after swallowing down Martin's seed, so Liam was unsurprised when her hand moved between her legs.

"Get me nice and wet," he'd ordered, and she'd obediently begun slobbering on his dick, taking it halfway down her throat and coating it with her spit.

For almost forty minutes he'd fucked his future sister-in-law's naked tits. It wasn't something he'd ever done before – his preferences were normally towards less-busty women, but even when he dated women with fuckable tits, it had never seemed like a high priority.

But at the sight of his girlfriend's sister's huge, naked tits, he hadn't been able to resist.

As he did, Aimee had reached trembling orgasm after trembling orgasm, getting herself off multiple times as his cock slid between her huge mammarys. As soon as he'd started, Liam had known this would take longer than sex normally did, but he didn't mind. He was doing it for the experience, not for expediency.

He'd never been in contact with such huge tits, and he wanted to make the most of it. As his cock moved in and out of Aimee's cleavage, his hands stayed on her sensitive nipples, tweaking and pulling and keeping them in the best position to sheath his throbbing erection.

Finally, Liam had let out a long groan, and his cock had started twitching, shooting his seed onto Aimee's waiting skin. She must have known he was close, because almost as soon as he started cumming, so did she, her entire body quivering and trembling as his cum landed on her face.

Just as she had the day before, Aimee transferred his cum to her tits, and guided his hands to where the warm fluid was resting. Just as he had the day before, Liam rubbed it into her skin like handcream, until it had completely disappeared.

By the time he was done, his cock was hard again. He glanced down at Aimee's black thong.

He could order her to take it off. He knew she would. She hadn't resisted anything he'd asked of her so far – she hadn't so much as blinked an eye.

He could order her to strip for him. To stand in front of him completely naked. To lay down on the weight bench and spread her legs, allowing him to penetrate her. Allowing him to fuck her until he came, filling his girlfriend's naked, busty sister with his seed.

But he didn't. For three reasons.

Firstly, because that sounded like it would involve a lot of cleanup that he didn't much feel like doing.

Secondly, because it felt selfish. Aimee wasn't just there for his pleasure; there was a whole household of men whom she had to take care of.

And thirdly, because he had some questions that needed answering.

"Heya Liam," Cedric replied with a broad grin. "You missed a helluva trip. The range near here is so good, it's—"

"You said you'd answer any questions I had," Liam interrupted. He had no interest in hearing about the quality of the local shooting range.

His questions were about something much closer to home.

"Oh, right," Cedric said, watching as Sasha and Rodney made their way back inside. "Here?"

"It's as good a place as any," Liam replied.

The two boyfriends sat in a pair of rocking chairs. Liam had seen from photos that this had been Charlotte's grandparents' favorite place to sit.

"I have to know," Liam said. "What's...what's up with Aimee?"

"She's the busty one," Cedric replied, looking Liam square in the eye. "Surely you've noticed."

"Don't be the old guy at the end of the Matrix," Liam replied with an exasperated sigh. "You know what I want to know."

"Yeah," Cedric nodded. "Yeah, I do."

There was a brief pause as the two men rocked on their chairs. The sun was beating down on the tin roof above them, and as the occasional car drove past, it was briefly reflected into Liam's eyes.

"I was just as confused as you when I first met her," Cedric continued. "The second-weirdest thing was that no one seemed to think it was weird."

Liam nodded. "And what was number one?"

"That after a day or two...neither did I."

"Right," Liam said quietly. "That's where I'm at, too."

"Yeah," Cedric said. "Don't worry. You get used to being used to it."

“So what’s happening? Is it some kind of...I dunno, mind control?”

Cedric laughed. “Mind control? Like what, alien space rays taking over our brains?”

Liam scowled. “I mean...”

“No, no,” Cedric said. “It’s not Jedi mind tricks, or communist hypnotism. It’s just basic physics.”

“...physics?”

“Physics,” Cedric repeated. “Hang on. Let me get a pen and paper.”

As the other man disappeared inside, Liam was left alone on the porch. What was happening, it didn’t...it didn’t feel like physics. But he’d learned from Charlotte that Liam was a co-director of the physics program at the University of Austin. He wasn’t a Nobel Prize winner or anything like that, but he knew his stuff.

When Cedric returned, Liam leaned forward.

“This was all I could find,” Cedric said apologetically. He was holding a crayon and a pad of colored pages, relics from the girls' childhood. Liam watched, bemused, as the young physicist sketched out what he immediately recognized as Aimee’s tits.

“So she’s the busty one,” he repeated. “And not just, like, in the family.”

“She’s definitely part of the family?” Liam asked, and Cedric shot him an odd look.

“...yes,” he answered. “What, you thought she was an alien or something?”

“Well...” Liam mumbled. “The blonde hair...”

“That’s just genetics,” Cedric said with a wave. “Basic Punnett square stuff. No, the truly interesting part is her tits.”

In the center of each of Aimee’s breasts, Cedric had shaded an orb.

“See, Aimee’s breasts are big enough that they have their own morality field.”

“Morality field?”

“Uh huh,” Cedric said, continuing to sketch. “Every body of matter has one. The Earth, the Moon...and Aimee’s tits.”

“The Earth has a morality field?”

“Yes,” Cedric said, once more looking at Liam like he was an idiot. “Where do you think morality comes from?”

“...God?”

“Oh, right. I forgot you were religious. Well, fortunately, this doesn’t contradict the Bible or anything like that – it’s like evolution. It’s an independently observable system...but it’s very easy to think of it as the tool that God used to give us morality.”

“Right,” Liam nodded. “Gotcha.”

“So Aimee’s tits aren’t big enough to like, compete with the morality field of the Earth. But if you spend enough time around them...”

Cedric drew some wavy lines emanating from the pair of crayon breasts on the blue piece of paper in front of them.

“...it can have an effect on your morality. Just like the Moon causes the tides, spend enough time around Aimee’s tits, your sense of right and wrong can be affected.”

Liam scrunched up his nose. “This is why I don’t feel guilty?”

“Exactly!” Cedric said triumphantly. “Our sense of right and wrong comes from our morals, which come from the Earth’s morality field. Aimee’s tits are dense enough to affect that. The more time you spend near them, the more you’ll be okay with, well...”

“...using her for sex,” Liam finished thoughtfully. He looked up at Cedric, suddenly worried. “Hang on. Does that mean she doesn’t enjoy it?”

“Oh no,” Cedric said with a chuckle. “She definitely enjoys it. You see, no one has been affected by the morality field generated by Aimee’s tits than she has. Everyone using her for sex is more than something Aimee *likes* – it’s the foundation of her entire moral framework.”

“Okay...” Liam said slowly, and Cedric sighed.

“Think of it this way,” he said. “You’re a Christian, right?”

“Right.”

“Have you ever had that moment where you *know* you’re doing the right thing? Like the rush you get when you raise a bunch of money for a good cause, or get someone truly evil taken out of a position of power?”

Liam nodded, remembering the moment he’d brought his neighbor to church for the first time.

“Every time someone uses Aimee for sex, that’s how she feels. Each and every time she makes someone cum, she’s doing the most moral thing imaginable.”

“Wow. Is that why it feels so...”

“...right? Yup. After just a few days of exposure to the morality field, that’s how you feel.

Imagine what it's like being her.”

There was another long silence, as Liam reflected on Cedric's words.

“Hang on,” he said, as a worrying thought struck him. “This is all against my own morality. Like, my own...original morality. Isn't that...bad?”

Cedric shot Liam a wry look. “That's above my pay grade, I'm sorry to say. I'm a physicist, not a philosopher.”

For the rest of the day, Liam avoided his girlfriend's sister. Not Sasha, or Cassandra, or Katie, or Emma.

Aimee. The busty one.

He watched as the other boyfriends took her aside. He watched as the rest of the family completely accepted it as normal.

He watched, and he thought. And when everyone else went outside where Rodney was grilling up dinner, Liam stayed inside and prayed.

Before that weekend, he'd known that being sexually monogamous was the right thing to do. The moral thing to do. It was what God wanted of him, and it had been what made him happy.

As he'd spent time around his girlfriend's sister, however, another fact had emerged as true. Using Aimee for sex, using her to get off was also right. Normal.

And although he'd only done it three times, he knew it made him happy.

On that first night, he'd thought it was a test. He'd thought his girlfriend was testing him.

Now, he wondered if God was.

So far, he didn't feel like he'd done anything truly sinful. Yes, he'd lusted after his girlfriend's sister, but this was something they talked about all the time at church. Everyone had these urges; the important part was that one didn't act on them.

And yes...he'd acted on them. Sort of. He'd used Aimee's mouth twice and her tits once.

But he hadn't fucked her.

He hadn't had sex with his girlfriend's sister. And under that framework, had he truly cheated?

In the morning, he and Charlotte were getting back in the car. Friday had been a Federal holiday, and both Liam and his girlfriend had managed to score the Monday off as well, giving them enough time to drive down and back. It was going to be a long day of driving, but they'd agreed

it was worth it, to give Charlotte time with her family, and him a chance to meet them.

If he could stay away from Aimee until the morning, he'd be fine. If he could avoid her tits and their morality-warping influence, he wouldn't have cheated on his girlfriend. Not *really*.

That meant he couldn't use her at all. He'd spent almost an hour with his cock between her big, beautiful tits. Almost an hour where her tits had been destroying his Christian values, making him want to cheat on his girlfriend. Making him lust after someone he really shouldn't be lusting after.

He let out a sigh.

What he'd done with Aimee felt so right, but wasn't that the nature of temptation? If it was easy to resist, it wouldn't be tempting. This was his 'Jesus in the desert' moment.

He just had to avoid having sex with her for one day. Eighteen hours.

How hard could it be?