

Seducing My Sisters

By

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The bluish luminosity of the full moon casts an eerie mystique over my mother's spacious garden, setting me on edge. Quickly but quietly, I pace in the orchid-adorn central pavilion scanning for the dark elf. A raven circles above, so I know he is close. Does he doubt my resolve?

I stop short when I spot his reflective golden eyes as he steps out from the shadow of a maple. The violet skin of his angular face and long pointed ears glitter in the moonlight. Tall, dark, and inhumanly handsome. It is no wonder my mother succumbed to his seductions.

With his hands tucked in his elegant black robes, I fear he may be gripping hidden daggers and I can't help but shiver and sweat.

Hosirha silently climbs the steps of the pavilion and smirks. "Young Caleb, are you unwell?"

"N-n-no," I stammer, "I'm fine. Did you bring the item?"

He narrows his eyes accusingly. "Do you believe me untrustworthy?"

"No," I shake my head apologetically, "I am merely eager to receive it, is all."

"You would not be so eager if you truly understood how dangerous the item is. What sort of trouble do you plan to cause yourself?"

"That is not your concern."

"I figured as much," he pulls a small scroll from his robes, "which is why the contract explicitly states you can never reveal myself as the supplier of the item."

"What else does it state?"

"Only what we agreed to. You never disclose the affair."

"The affair," I probe, "is it over and down with?"

"That is not your concern."

I snort. "I thought so."

Hosirha grins. "Does it bother you that your mother gets down on her knees for me every chance she gets? Or that she takes my elven member up her rear?"

I snarl through gritted teeth, "Does it bother you that I could cause your financial ruination with a single conversation?!"

He sneers and an obsidian dagger appears from his robes. "The contract requires your blood. Should I open your jugular?"

Surprising the both of us, I courageously hold my ground. "You wouldn't take the risk. Now hand over the contract so we may finish this."

Flipping the obsidian dagger into the air, Hosirha catches the knife by the sinuous blade and thrusts it out to me along with the scroll.

Taking them both, I unroll the parchment and swiftly read it over before pricking my fingertip and smearing a droplet of scarlet across the bottom. I return the magickally binding contract but not the dagger.

Hosirha tucks away the scroll and pulls out a small wooden box engraved with sigils. With one fluid movement of blurred motion, he disarms me of his knife while pressing the box into my palm.

I flip open the box to discover a ruby pendant. "Tell me how it works."

He utters a sinister snicker. "Simply put it on and the power of the Incubus bound within the amulet is yours to destroy yourself with."

"Master Caleb," declares Gaelira, tugging off my covers, "you've overslept. Get out of bed

immediately.”

I rub the sleep from my eyes as the light elf stands over me with her delicate hands on her slight hips, eyeing my enormous erection poking from my boxers with an expression of disdain.

Stretching, I taunt, “Do your duties include stress release, ma’am?”

“The duties of a governess are not those of a nurse, however, if you would turn over I would gladly give you a stern spanking.”

My gaze slips from her silver eyes to the deep swell of her alabaster bosoms. “I would feel bad if I got you riled up so early in the day.”

“Master Caleb,” huffs Gaelira, “when speaking, look me in the eye like a proper gentleman.”

“I apologize, ma’am,” I smirk. “I was admiring your blouse.”

Sighing, she rolls her eyes. “Yes, I’m sure you were.”

My boisterous baby sister prances into my bedroom, her orange pigtails bouncing with each skip. With her big emerald eyes and chubby rosy cheeks, she couldn’t be any more adorable. “My belly’s ready for pancakes!”

Gaelira tosses my covers over my lap, concealing my erection. “Mistress Daisy, please go downstairs and wait to be served.”

Daisy climbs onto the bed and springs up and down, the frilly skirt of her peach sundress flaring with each ascent, teasing me with flashes of her pink cotton panties. Her cute apple-bottom is mouth-watering.

I can’t help but grip my dick under the covers.

“Mistress Daisy,” Gaelira demands, “cease hopping on the bed and take yourself downstairs at once.”

Daisy plops down beside me, crosses her arms, and pouts. “I’m waiting for Caleb, ma’am.”

“Your brother has not found the energy to dress yet and it is improper for you to see Caleb unclothed.”

Daisy glares up at her. “It’s not like I’ve never seen his big fat penis.”

My jaw drops open even as I burst into laughter.

Gaelira fumes, “You should *not* speak about your brother’s member!”

Daisy offers a proud smile. “When I’m swimming in the pool with my goggles I can see up Caleb’s trunks.”

When I’ve clocked her holding her breath, I never realized she was appraising my junk.

Gaelira jabs a slender digit toward the door. “Go *now*.”

Daisy shouts, “I don’t wanna!”

Gaelira’s alabaster face flushes crimson and she turns to me. “You are the only one she will listen to when she gets this way, so *please* give me some assistance.”

Sitting up, I give Daisy’s chubby cheek a firm smooch, then whisper into her ear, “Go wait downstairs, you little penis peeper, before you give poor Gaelira a heart attack. She’s a hundred years old.”

“Okay,” Daisy gently pecks the corner of my mouth, “but only because she makes the best blueberry pancakes so I don’t want her to die.”

I chuckle as I watch Daisy climb off the bed and march out of the room with her arms crossed like she’s been publicly disgraced.

As I tramp down the grand staircase to the opulent foyer, my tenacious twin sister strides in the front door from her daily morning run.

Her shoulder-length golden-blond hair is pulled up into a loose ponytail, her pink pouty lips are panting, and her smooth skin is glistening with perspiration. The tiny nipples of her small breasts are visible through her baby-blue spandex sports bra.

I'm momentarily mesmerized by the repeated contraction and relaxation of the well-defined abdominals of her taut tummy due to her heavy breathing, until she twists around to shut the door. The bottom quarter of her bubbled buns are peaking out from her baby-blue spandex shorts. I chew my lower lip at the sight of her athletic ass and lustrous legs.

"Damn, Chloe," I swoon, "your tight tushie is looking more firm and fit every day."

She rolls her sapphire eyes while grinning at the compliment. "You're such a perv, Caleb."

My dick twitches as I notice the faint outline of her slim slit below her mound through her form-fitting shorts. "Are you even *wearing* panties?"

"Of *course*," she giggles bashfully. "Are you the panty inspector? I'm wearing a thong, okay?"

"That depends," I tease, "what color is this supposed thong?"

"Same as your balls from staring at my ass," Chloe arches a cocky brow, "blue."

"Touche," I chuckle, and wiggle a finger into her navel, tickling her.

She smacks my hand away as she squeals with laughter. "You know I *hate* to be tickled, Caleb!"

The conflicting emotions of her smiling lips and narrowed eyes accentuate her beautiful features and cause my cock to engorge. I want to yank down her shorts and thong, slam her up against the front door, and pound her pussy right here in the foyer until I explode inside her!

Denying my desire, I flirt, "You're so cute when you're angry I could kiss you."

Chloe turns on one heel and arches her lower back, thrusting out her bodacious booty. "Go ahead, kiss my ass."

"Don't tempt me," I smirk, "you know that I will."

Twisting back around, she giggles, "No, you won't, you just tease me out of habit."

I don't know if she is in denial of my lust for her or if she truly can't fathom it. Either way, it won't matter once I'm wearing the amulet. I just have to find the right time and place.

Gaelira sings, "Breakfast is served."

I follow Chloe into the dining room, watching her bubbled buns flex as she struts, until my ogling gaze is drawn to another awesome ass.

My bitchy big sister is bent over the end of the table, leaning on her elbows as her thumbs tap the screen of her smartphone. The round cheeks of her plump rump are squeezed snug by her purple yoga leggings. Her burgundy-dyed hair cascades down the length of her back, taunting me to pull it while pelvis-pummeling her breathtaking bottom.

"Hey, Brittney," I goad gleefully, "I can see your colon."

She spins on me, the nostrils of her upturned nose flaring, her violet eyes beaming. "You are so damn gross! I'd kick in your dick but you'd probably enjoy it!"

"Are you perpetually premenstrual or were you born a bitch?"

"Master Caleb," Gaelira interjects, "stop taunting your sister this instant. May we *please* have a peaceful breakfast for a change?"

"Yes, ma'am, I'd love to." I sit down next to Daisy who is slurpily sucking a link of maple sausage.

Chloe sits across from me where her usual vegetarian protein fruit smoothie has been set. “Thank you for breakfast, ma’am.”

Brittney sits beside Chloe and tucks her phone into her ample cleavage since Gaelira insists on no screens during meals.

Our mother is standing in a far corner of the deluxe dining room with her back turned, chatting over her phone in hushed whispers, probably arranging another interlude with Hosirha.

Our father is not present, therefore he is either in his private office or, more likely, he has already left the estate for the day. He rarely spends any time with any of the family, so it’s no surprise that he’s oblivious to his wife’s affair with his business partner.

My mother doesn’t know that I know about her affair and now that I’ve signed Hosirha’s contract, I can never disclose my knowledge of it. Even if I wanted to break the agreement, which I don’t, it would be impossible. The words would die in my throat as I perished.

Slipping her phone into a pocket of her tailored dress suit, our mother offers a curt wave as she exits. “Be good for your governess. Hugs and kisses, my darlings.”

With a sausage link between her sucking lips, Daisy waves goodbye but our mother is already gone from the room.

I curl an embracing arm around Daisy’s narrow shoulders and kiss her temple with affection. “She loves you even if she doesn’t show it well.”

Daisy frowns around the sausage jutting from her mouth and shrugs her shoulders as though she doesn’t care about it even though she obviously does.

“Yo, *brat*,” Brittney glares at Daisy, “stop sucking off that sausage and eat it already so I don’t have to listen to your gross slurping.”

Daisy spits the sausage link across the table at Brittney, spewing it into her cleavage. “I just want the maple syrup inside, you stupid meanie!”

Brittney’s jaw stretches wide with shock and rage and she scoops up a handful of scrambled eggs from her plate and hurls them at Daisy. The fluffy yellow pillows bounce off an invisible force field and shower down over Brittney.

All four of us siblings turn to Gaelira with awe. It’s only on extremely rare occasions that the light elf has demonstrated her elven magick. Gaelira doesn’t utter a word or meet our wide-eyed gazes. The punishment for use of magick against humans, no matter how slight, is public execution. We remain silent until she dismisses us from the table.

After spending the morning in the library completing our lessons for the day, we have a well-mannered lunch, then go out to the swimming pool.

Brittney and Chloe wear thong bikinis, Brittney in crimson and Chloe in coral, and Daisy wears a pink ruffled one-piece.

Brittney pops in earbuds and lays on her belly on a lounge chair so I may admire her round rump.

Chloe swims laps while Daisy fails miserably to keep up.

As I ogle Brittney’s bare cheeks under the summer sun, I contemplate when and where to use the amulet’s power to seduce my tasty twin. My ultimate goal is Brittney’s ass, of course, but I need to master the power before I attempt that feat. Chloe is an easier challenge.

Daisy climbs out of the pool, furious with frustration, and marches over to me, dripping. “Caleb, will you teach me to swim faster than Chloe?”

“You already swim perfectly fine.” I pinch her chubby cheeks. “Chloe just has longer

limbs.”

Daisy turns and plops in my lap, crossing her arms with defeat. “Then I don’t wanna swim with her *anymore*.”

I close my arms around Daisy and kiss her crown. “Chloe swims for exercise but you should swim for fun.”

She watches Brittney reach back and unhook her bikini top. “I don’t want lines *either*.” Daisy shrugs free of my embrace and starts pulling an arm out of her swimsuit.

“Daisy, leave your suit on.”

She glares up at me. “I’m just pulling the top down and I don’t have big boobies like Brittney anyway.”

She’s already in a mood and if I force her to stop she’ll probably cry. “Okay, let me help you.”

Once her arms are free, Daisy tugs her swimsuit down, bunching it around her waist, and leans back against me. Her teeny pink nipples protrude proudly from her flat chest, daring me to tweak them.

My cock grows rigid and Daisy wiggles her apple-bottom until it’s pressed between her cheeks.

Daisy smiles up at me. “Why’s your penis so hard?”

I gulp. “Um, sometimes that just happens for no reason. Don’t tell Brittney or Chloe.”

“I promise I won’t tell.”

“Not mom or dad either.”

She frowns, “Does it hurt cause I’m sitting on it?”

“You’re light so it’s okay.”

Daisy titters, “How ’bout now?” And she clenches her cheeks.

“That, uh, kinda feels good.”

She muses, “Do you wish I had big boobies and a big butt like Brittney?”

“You are an adorable cherub and I love you just the way you are now.”

Daisy pouts, “Are you serious?”

“Yes,” I chuckle, “totally serious. You’re cute as a button.”

She scowls, “Buttons aren’t cute.”

“It’s just an old saying. You’re cute as a kitten.”

Daisy smiles, “That’s much better.”

It occurs to me that I should probably test the amulet on Daisy first just to be sure I understand how to use it properly.

“Daisy,” I whisper, “would you like to go play with me in the tree castle?”

This is the end of the free preview of [Seducing My Sisters](#).
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