**From One Sister to Another**

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**From One Sister to Another Ch. 01**

Maddie should have just kept walking. She never should have peeked into the opening of her sister's bedroom door. Curiosity killed the cat, after all, and right now, sitting on the floor outside of Tiffany's bedroom, back braced against the wall, Maddie herself might have still been alive, but her entire worldview was buried six feet under and never coming back. That murderous curiosity had driven her to look, and because of it, she learned three important things that ended her, that effectively killed the Maddie that existed before that moment.

The first, was what her sister's naked body looked like. Sure she'd seen her sister naked before but that was many years ago, back before they fully developed into the women they were now, and certainly never, ever like this. Never while she rode on top of a guy, rocking her hips back and forth while crying out in pleasure.

Their entire life, Maddie was always the more attractive sister. She took pride in her wide hips, shapely thighs, and thick dark blonde hair that ran down to her mid-back. Not to mention her undeniably cute face with vibrant honey-colored eyes, plump lips, and an awkwardly shaped but alluring nose. Even after she finally filled out, a good handful of years after Maddie, her younger sister just never quite hit the level she did. And that's not to say that Tiffany didn't have her own appeal. It was just different. She was long and lanky, her individual parts not as exaggerated as Maddie's. But right then, in that moment of nakedness, her proportions seemed exactly right.

Her breasts, much smaller than Maddie's own, looked perfectly suited to her frame as they bounced up and down on her chest, their perkiness indisputable. Her legs, with its gap right between her thighs where they met her mound, seemed exactly contoured for straddling the man beneath her. And her small ass appeared thick and plump as it gyrated back and forth.

While Maddie was undeniably the more attractive sister, there was no question how goddamn sinfully hot Tiffany looked fucking someone.

The second thing Maddie learned was what her boyfriend looked like fucking someone, in this case, Maddie's very own sister. Because it was definitely Kyle that was underneath Tiffany's rocking body, teeth clenched, strands of dark hair plastered to his forehead while he gripped Tiffany's jerking hips. He was naked as well, somewhat new to her also, though she'd seen enough bits and pieces separately to have formed a picture. She'd seen him shirtless before, from the back as he changed underwear, and on only a handful of occasions she'd seen his erect penis. Ironically, that last bit was the one part of him she couldn't see at the moment. But she'd never seen him have sex before and certainly never with someone else.

In the entire time they'd been dating, coming up on four months in about two weeks, Maddie and Kyle had only ever really gotten as far as handjobs. And getting to that point took about three weeks in itself. Kyle never pressured her to do anything and the first time she ever reached for his pants to unzip him and slink her hand inside to grab his stiff prick, it was entirely her own choice. That first time had been a little awkward; she was a bit unsure, but Kyle's groans and eventual climax were nothing if not encouraging. Since then, she'd jerked him off a few times, gaining more confidence with every stroke and every moaning explosion from her boyfriend. But even after all that, she had to admit, it was mostly for Kyle's benefit over hers.

Yes, Maddie was attractive. Yes, she was aware of how hot her body was. But she also was just not that interested in having sex. Maybe it was her inherent shyness, a level of modesty and traditionality that blocked her from finding immense pleasure in the idea of spreading her legs for someone. She knew she'd eventually do it for Kyle, but she had put off progressing past handjobs because of her unusual lack of interest. Kyle had never complained about it, never tried to force her face closer to his cock the times she beat him off while on her knees, but maybe now she knew why.

Which led to the third and final thing Maddie learned. The most world-shattering revelation: how insanely, panty wettingly fucking hot she found it all. How much it turned her on watching her sister fuck her boyfriend. That was truly the thing that put an end to the Maddie that existed prior to peeking into that doorway. The Maddie that watched for nearly a minute, taking in the sight of her sister and boyfriend's wild coupling before catching herself and spinning to brace against the wall lest they see her, was someone else entirely. The Maddie that quietly slid down to a seated position while listening to the sounds of the bed creaking and whose breath caught in her throat as she pushed her hand into her tights to find a slick, wet pussy waiting for her, was a brand-new Maddie. And as she rubbed her hand down between her slick lips and stifled a cry of joy, she knew the old one was gone forever.

"Uggnhh! Are you... close?" she heard Tiffany pant from inside the room. Maddie had covered her mouth with one hand while the other frigged herself harder, thick thighs spread to accommodate the erratic movements inside her tights. She'd been masturbating outside Tiffany's door for almost five minutes by this point, reveling in the moans, groans, and dirty talk between the two. "We gotta... finish... before she... gets home. Mmmmm!"

If only they knew that Maddie had been home for some time now, a mere twelve feet away listening in and getting off.

Her class had ended early and rather than stay on campus any longer she decided to head back home. Her eyes had nearly popped out of her head when she entered the condo she shared with her sister to hear the unmistakable sounds coming from upstairs. Maddie had never had sex herself, but she knew what it sounded like, and even though Tiffany wasn't seeing anybody, it was very obvious her sister was having some. As much as she felt bad thinking it, it wasn't that surprising to Maddie that Tiffany might hook up with a guy she just met. She could see Tiffany trying to use sex to compensate for the lack of attention she received compared to Maddie. And from the sound of it, unlike Maddie, Tiffany seemed to enjoy it, so she wasn't going to judge her sister that much.

Not wanting to ruin Tiffany's fun—and embarrass the both of them—she had snuck upstairs intending to head straight to her room. But as she approached Tiffany's doorway, she saw it wasn't closed all the way, with about a foot of space between the door and the frame. She could have just walked right past it and continue to her room but instead, Maddie had paused and with a curious smirk, had peeked inside to catch a reflection of the action in Tiffany's large dresser mirror.

"Yeah, I'm close," Kyle grunted in response to Tiffany's question. "I can't believe we're actually doing this. Ungh! Fuck! It's so wrong."

"Cause it should be my sister?" Tiffany said, the sound of her bucking picking up. "You probably wish it was her. She's... so hot. Hotter... than me. And so fucking proud of it."

It was true. Maddie was very prideful of her looks... and secretly took just the slightest bit of pleasure in that fact when comparing herself to her sister. She thought she hid this dark truth well but apparently not well enough. Part of her felt bad about that and the complex it must have created for her sister, but that part was buried under the sea of an orgasm desperately wanting to crash onto the shore.

"Right now... you look fucking hot."

"Ooohhhhh." The sound of the creaking bed was near constant now, barely a breath between each bounce. "Hotter than her?"

"Fuck yes," Kyle gasped. "Shit, I'm almost there."

"Me, too," Tiffany said at the same moment Maddie thought the same thing. Maddie desperately wanted to hear them cum, knowing it would push her over the edge. But then a thought suddenly struck her. If they finished, and she was still here... Maddie's clenched eyes flew open.

"Shit," she hissed. She forcefully yanked her hand out of her tights. Quietly and quickly as she could, she scrambled down the stairs and toward the front door, carefully opening it and sneaking back out. Though, truth be told, the volume of the "ah ah ahs" of Tiffany's fucking would have drowned out any noise she made.

Once safely outside, Maddie released the breath she was holding with a long sigh. She had successfully made it out. However, now she faced another problem: her lustful pussy was aching for release. The sudden stop of her approaching climax left her frustrated and flustered. But where could she go? Licking her lips, she walked to the community garage, trying to appear casual while still moving at an accelerated pace. By the time she got to her car, she was nearly running. She darted her eyes around the area to make sure no one was around, then swiftly entered and dropped the seat down into a prone position.

With a satisfied whine, Maddie returned her fingers to inside her sopping wet panties. Teeth clamping down on her bottom lip, she rubbed herself at a feverish pace. Her mind filled with the images and sounds she witnessed moments ago. Tiffany's hands on Kyle's abdomen, her hips pumping and grinding; her head down, dark short-cropped hair hanging in front of her face. The muscles in Kyle's thighs flexing as he met Tiffany's rhythm, his eyes locked on her body. The creaking of the bed springs working to support their animalistic mating. Their grunts and groans.

In her head she kept repeating the same phrase over and over again: her sister was fucking her boyfriend, her sister was fucking her boyfriend, her sister was fucking her boyfriend... and they looked so fucking hot together.

"Oh shit, oh fuck," Maddie panted and whispered. "Ungh ungh ungh... Oooohhhhhh YES! AHH!"

Maddie's body stiffened, hips off the seat and in the air, eyes rolling back into her head. Her orgasm slammed into her, paralyzing her completely as the electrical shocks ran through every fiber of her being. She vibrated and shook almost imperceivably before finally crashing back down, chest rising and sinking, breaths coming in labored gasps. God, she was glad she wore black tights today.

Fifteen minutes later, a re-put-together Maddie loudly opened the front door to their condo.

"Hey," she called out, eyeing up the stairs toward her sister's bedroom. "I'm home."

"In here," came a reply from the kitchen. At the same time, Kyle appeared from the opposite direction, coming out from the downstairs bathroom.

"Hey," he said, strolling over to give her a hug and a kiss on the cheek. "Sorry to surprise you. I came over a little early."

"Oh!" Maddie caught herself, faking surprise at her boyfriend being there despite already knowing that fact. "I wish you had texted. I could have hurried back sooner."

"It's okay. Tiffany and I hung out."

He said it so casually, so easily, like they were just sitting around playing video games or something while waiting for her to get home. Surprisingly, Maddie wasn't offended by the lie or angry about it. Instead, it again made her stomach do cartwheels.

"That's good." Maddie looked over to see Tiffany emerge from the kitchen area. Her body was now covered by a loose summer dress. She could see her sister's hip bones against the thin material and Maddie wondered if she was wearing panties underneath. "It's so nice to see you two together... hanging out."

"Your boyfriend is alright company," Tiffany said with a smirk. Maddie noticed Kyle smiling awkwardly out of the corner of her eyes. "I just started making dinner."

"Oh, great!" Maddie said excitedly, grabbing Kyle's hand and pulling him toward the kitchen. "We can help."

For the rest of the night, Maddie tried to see if she noticed anything between Tiffany and Kyle, something she may have maybe missed before. Furtive glances, hands brushing against each other, whispered secrets. She kept expecting them to do the type of things usually reserved for couples, things she and Kyle would sometimes do. While prepping dinner, she'd turn around and anticipate seeing Tiffany at the cutting board chopping carrots with Kyle pressed up against her, his hands on her waist, his crotch nestled between her flimsily covered butt cheeks. When they sat down to watch TV after dinner, she pictured them settling into the loveseat while she took the single-seater sofa. Even when they retired to their respective rooms later that evening, she envisioned Kyle breaking off from her as they passed by Tiffany's room to join her inside.

Naturally, none of that actually happened, but the thought of it all drove Maddie wild. With every odd fantasy that entered her mind, she felt her heartrate quicken and her panties moisten. She had no idea why these imagined scenarios between her sister and boyfriend had this effect on her, but by the time her and Kyle entered their room and shut the door, she was a ball of sexual energy.

"Tiffany looked nice today," Maddie said while they lounged in bed for a moment, both on their phones. However, Maddie was having trouble concentrating on the screen. "That dress looked really good on her. Don't you think?"

"Uh, yeah," Kyle said, still paying attention to his phone and appearing disinterested. "She looked pretty good. It was a cute dress."

"You should tell her."

That caught his attention. He placed his phone facedown onto his chest and stared at her curiously.

"What now?"

"If you think she looks cute, you should say something."

"You want me to... hit on your sister?"

"Not hit on her. I don't know." Maddie got up and headed toward her dresser. "I think it'd be nice. Sometimes I feel like she's insecure, you know, and you complimenting her or putting some effort into hanging out with her more like today, I think it'd be nice is all."

As she began pulling out her sleepwear, she heard Kyle get off the bed and make his way over.

"Sure. I can do that, yeah. I'll... tell your sister she's hot." Kyle chuckled, thinking he was making a joke. Instead, Maddie's mind went back to earlier, to Kyle telling Tiffany how "fucking hot" she looked. Hotter than her.

"Great. Thanks," Maddie said, giving a sarcastic tilt to her voice to mask her growing arousal. She started undressing, pulling off her top and tights, unhooking her bra, when she stopped. Because of her general shyness, her and Kyle usually faced away from each other when they changed, but standing there in just her panties, she turned around to find Kyle in his boxers opening his overnight drawer to pull out some pajama pants. Maddie sauntered over to him, surprising both of them when she slinked her arms around his waist and slipped her hand into his boxers to grab hold of his cock, giving the slab of meat a slow jerk.

"Whoa," Kyle said in a shocked gasp, straightening up and leaning his naked back into her topless form. He closed his eyes and allowed her to increase her pace on his dick. She beat him off rapidly, her fist popping at the fabric of his boxers, the area growing and shrinking from her moving fist. It took her boyfriend a moment to realize her bare tits were pressing into his skin.

"Hang on," he hissed, pulling her hand out from his underwear before turning around to gawk at her naked breasts, which he'd only seen a handful of times before and only in the dark. Maddie bit her lip and stepped back, giving him a good look at her. She wondered if he was comparing them to Tiffany's. Maddie's were bigger, with more heft and just the slightest bit of sag. Her nipples were darker than her sister's as well, closer to a tan brown over Tiffany's light pink. Kyle reached out toward her boobs, ready to squeeze and fondle the mounds of flesh. "Damn. You are so—"

"Another time," Maddie interrupted, grabbing his arms, spinning him around, and pushing him toward the bed. He collided with the edge of the mattress and plopped down just as Maddie fell to her knees and yanked off his boxers, freeing his now fully erect penis. She grabbed back onto it, the turgid member already slick with precum, and resumed her fast pumping. Kyle groaned and shifted his hips forward while bracing his arms back, trying to give Maddie full access to every inch of his dick. The fapping of her fist drove him wild. He opened his eyes to look down at her staring at his member as if entranced, her cute, sexy face so close to its glistening tip, before he shut them again.

As Kyle basked in the ecstasy of his girlfriend's pistoning hand, Maddie wadded into the waters of her own pleasure. Again, she found herself unable to find arousal in her own sexual act. Instead, her mind wandered to the bizarre fantasies from when they were prepping dinner and watching TV. Kyle grinding against Tiffany's ass in the kitchen. Tiffany and Kyle making out on the couch. Kyle reaching under her sister's cute dress. She switched to an exaggerated version of the events she observed earlier. Tiffany and Kyle now fucking like wild animals, their grunts and groans turning into screams and ravenous cries of desire, their bodies bouncing and thrusting savagely. She licked her lips as Kyle dropped backward onto the mattress, hands covering his face, stifling his moans.

"Was that their first time," she wondered, her jerking hand mimicking the pace of their fucking in her mind. She thought it might have been. It sounded like maybe it was. "What else had they done? Had she done this to him? Had she done more?" Maddie panted, her quick, hot breaths right on the head of Kyle's cock. "She had," Maddie decided. She already imagined her sister was the type to put out after just meeting a guy, but maybe she didn't do it too often. The other guys, she took care of in other ways. "Yeah, Tiffany's definitely sucked a lot of cock," Maddie thought, her face inching closer. "...including my fucking boyfriend's."

Maddie dipped her head down with a wanton whimper, submerging the first two or so inches of Kyle's cock into her warm, wet mouth. She savored in the feeling of it for a moment before lifting her head up and sinking down again.

"Holy shit," Kyle gasped, jerking up from the bed to watch wide-eyed as his girlfriend went down on him for the first time. She gripped him with her hand, concentrating her sucking on the portion of his cock extending up past the ring of her index finger and thumb. Her thick hair draping across his thighs. Her awkward nose scrunching just the slightest bit. Her lips encircling his shaft, sliding up and down. He collapsed back, twisting the sheets in his hands. "Oh my god. Mmmm that feels so fucking good."

Maddie bobbed her face up and down, Kyle's groans and dirty talk spurring her on. His hips began to pop off the bed as he tried to fuck himself into her mouth. She was inexperienced and didn't want to take him too deep but clearly, he was enjoying it.

"I wonder if he's thinking about her," Maddie thought, her dipping head picking up speed. "I wonder if he's imagining Tiffany's mouth around him right now." An image popped into her head of Kyle cumming as she blew him: him reaching out to grab her head, holding her in place as he erupted, and calling out her sister's name.

Maddie let out a long and passionate moan around Kyle's cock, her panties flooding with her juices as a small orgasm rushed through her, without her even touching herself. The vibrations pushed Kyle over the edge, but instead of Maddie's fantasy becoming reality, he balled the sheets tighter into his fist and bucked his hips, jerking with every spurt of gooey cum into Maddie's mouth.

The moment he started cumming, Maddie stopped her bobbing, allowing his thick spunk to flood and fill her orifice. Her hand helped stabilized his sporadic thrusts, keeping him from burying himself deeper into her, until they slowed and eventually stopped, Kyle lying still except for his heaving chest. She gently slid her lips off his deflating cock.

Sitting back on her haunches, she held his cum in her mouth, wondering where she should spit it, before thinking, "What would Tiffany do?" Maddie's throat bobbed up and down as she swallowed.

She left Kyle to recuperate and returned to the dresser, slipping into her waiting sleep shorts and tank top. Maddie felt thoroughly satisfied, despite the impetus for that satisfaction being somewhat unusual. From the looks of it, Kyle also felt equally fulfilled. She made her way back to the bed, crawling onto it from the foot of the mattress, right next to Kyle's resting form. He smiled at her with lidded eyes as she slinked past him and then flopped down onto her pillow, closing her eyes with a wistful sigh. The creak of the mattress signaled Kyle finally reenergizing enough to rise and pull on his pajama pants before he returned to the bed and plonked down next to her.

"That was amazing," he murmured, still the slightest bit of our breath. "What brought that on?"

Maddie didn't answer. Mainly because she could barely explain it to herself much less her boyfriend. Instead, she snuggled against him and made a few cute sleepy sounds. Either it worked or Kyle was too tired and content to press the issue. Shortly after, they both passed out.

When Maddie awoke the next morning, she was alone. She stretched across the mattress, extending out her fit sexy body before sitting up and scanning around the room. Kyle wasn't in their bathroom, so she assumed he must be downstairs already. She hopped out of bed but paused before grabbing the handle to the bedroom door, something in her head, a lingering remnant from yesterday's strange series of fortunate events, stopping her from just yanking it open and exiting. Instead, she slowly and carefully turned the knob, and cautiously stepped into the hallway. Hushed voices emanated from downstairs. Maddie crept further up the hall and closer to the banister until she could hear Kyle and Tiffany more clearly.

"—sorry, but we can't," she heard Kyle say. "Yesterday was, well, mind-blowingly incredible but..."

"So, that's it then?" Tiffany said, her voice rising slightly. "She sucks your dick once and already it's better than what we did yesterday?"

"That's not it and you know it. She's my girlfriend... your sister. It's not right to continue this."

"I should have known." Tiffany's voice turned a little dejected. "Hook up with me once and then just break it off. Use the less attractive sister for sex while waiting out for the hotter one."

"Come on, that's not—"

"Forget it," Tiffany said, cutting him off. "Coffee is ready."

As they grew silent, Maddie backed away, sneaking back toward her room. Her eavesdropping left her torn. Sure her boyfriend already cheated, but he seemed to regret it at the very least. Or was it because she went down on him last night that he regretted it? Her at long last making steps in their relationship showing him that she would eventually come around to finally spreading her own legs for him. Then of course there was Tiffany. Her sister seemed genuinely hurt by Kyle's rejection, him doing so seemingly confirming her own insecurities about her attractiveness. Insecurities caused by Maddie herself. Maybe Tiffany seducing Kyle made her feel better about herself, Maddie theorized. If she was able to entice her sister's boyfriend, able to take that away from her, it improved her own self-image.

But the part of it all that left Maddie reeling the most was how much all of it turned her on. How much she enjoyed the idea of Tiffany and Kyle together, how badly she wanted to see them together. It was a lot to take in and process, and she had no explanation or understanding of it. But it wasn't something she was going to figure out standing in that hallway.

Grabbing the bedroom doorknob, she noisily yanked it open and then shut it again before making her way downstairs.

The rest of the morning and afternoon passed by rather quickly. Everyone naturally slipped back into their usual routine. Kyle and Maddie only had two classes that day while Tiffany's day was a little more stacked, and their schedules mostly left them as passing ships until late afternoon. They all had an hour together when Kyle and Maddie finished for the day and before Tiffany left for her last class. However, unlike every previous time they hung out together, Maddie could tell something was off with Tiffany. She seemed more distant and even left early, saying she wanted to stop by the Union before her class started.

Shortly after her sister left, Maddie was throwing some laundry into the wash when Kyle came up behind her, placing his hands on her waist and giving her a kiss on the neck.

"Well, hello there," she said, slamming the washer door shut and hitting the cycle button. She spun around in his arms and he leaned forward to kiss her. Pushing up against her, their tongues entwined. Groins pressed together, he trapped her body between the churning washer and himself. The vibrations from the machine against her ass ran through her and into his crotch, raising his cock in his sweats, and they moaned into each other's mouths. Finally breaking apart to catch their breaths, Maddie said, "Someone's excited."

"Well, we had a little time before Tiffany gets back, and I was thinking about last night, and was wondering if maybe we could... have a repeat?"

Maddie was thinking about last night as well, but unlike Kyle, she was also thinking about the conversation she overheard this morning. She felt sure that a big reason Kyle ended things with Tiffany was because of Maddie's impulse decision to go down on him, and because of that, her sister spent the entire day clearly feeling pretty awful. It made Maddie feel guilty knowing that she was the reason for some of her sister's self-image issues—both due to her superior attractiveness and now, as weird as it sounded, because she stopped her boyfriend from hooking up with her. Maddie still wasn't sure what she was going to do about all these complicated feelings when she suddenly said, "Sorry, I just don't know if it was really my thing, you know? I'm glad we tried it, but I don't know if it's something I'd enjoy doing too often."

"Oh, uh, sure," Kyle stammered, the shock and disappointment obvious, despite him trying to hide it. He pulled back from her, looking away and running his hand on the back of his neck. "That's fine. I totally get it."

It wasn't a complete lie. Maddie didn't enjoy the act of going down on Kyle in itself. It was just an outlet for her sexual energy, built up over witnessing Kyle and her sister's forbidden, insanely erotic tryst. She didn't know why she felt this way—why she failed to find excitement in doing things with her boyfriend but found immense arousal in seeing him involved with another person, specifically her sister—but it was the way she felt, there was no denying it. So maybe, just maybe she could please two birds with one cock. Help her sister feel better about herself while getting her own rocks off.

"Speaking of last night though," Maddie said as they headed back into the living room, "there was something else I was thinking about."

"Yeah?"

"I noticed Tiffany seemed really down today." She tried to make it sound casual, innocent, but she noticed the subtle sign of guilt in the quick sideways dart of Kyle's eyes. "I was hoping maybe you could do some of what we were talking about? Compliment her, maybe just, I don't know be around her? And I guess, yeah, be a little flirty."

"Um, yeah. If you think that'll help, of course. I can do that."

"Great!" Maddie thought about leaning in for a kiss but decided against it. "I appreciate you doing this. Making my sister feel good... about herself. I think it'll really help."

Despite the request, Kyle did take the slightest bit of nudging when Tiffany returned home, literally. After Tiffany walked through the door, Maddie had to jab him with her elbow, give him a pointed look, and nod toward her sister before it clicked and Kyle said brightly, "Hey, Tiffany! Welcome back."

For a moment, Tiffany was taken back, surprised at Kyle's overt friendliness, but then she recovered and returned his greeting. "Hey Kyle. Maddie. Gimme a second and I can help get dinner started."

"You know what?" Maddie said, hopping off the couch. "Why don't you guys relax tonight and let me handle dinner?"

"Are you sure?" Tiffany asked. "Not that I'm going to complain but..."

"Yeah. My treat tonight. You guys can make it up to me another time."

"Thanks, sis. That's... really nice of you."

Giving Kyle another pointed look, Maddie went into the kitchen to start whipping up dinner, looking back before she disappeared around the corner to see Kyle motioning for Tiffany to sit next to him on the loveseat. Maddie bit her lip in excitement. She clamored around as best she could, trying to be somewhat loud in order to make them believe she couldn't hear what they were saying in the living room, but she was purposefully listening, even going so far as to brace against the wall like a covert agent while the water was running to try and peek in on them.

"You look really... nice," Kyle said, his eyes darting toward the kitchen. "Great, actually. You look really great."

"Thanks," Tiffany said, fiddling with her hem. She wore a flowy multicolored semi-see-through top, her nude colored bra visible underneath to anyone that really paid attention, as well as the pale expanse of her long torso. A pair of tight jeans completed the ensemble. "After this morning, I actually wore it to try and get your attention. But with Maddie around—"

"Oh, you got my attention," Kyle said with a smile, which dropped away after a beat. "About this morning... I'm sorry. I shouldn't have been so dismissive of your feelings. We can't keep doing what we did, but... I like being around you, and you're Maddie's sister. I want us to continue being cool with each other, you know?"

"Yeah, I understand. I want us to be cool with each other, too. Even if we can't be hot with each other."

They both laughed, and Maddie heard movement on the couch followed by a bit of silence. She had wanted to rush over to look but the sautéing garlic and onions kept her. By the time she got to peer around the corner, they were just pulling away from each other. She didn't know if they had been hugging or making out, but she knew which one made her heartbeat speed up.

"Also, this isn't about 'hotter' sister or any of that shit," Kyle said after a moment of silence. "You're fucking hot. Believe me, I know. Just thinking about your body..." In that pause, they stared at each other lustfully. Tiffany did look good in her outfit, but she was one of those girls that just looked so much hotter naked, and Maddie knew all of them in that moment were picturing a naked Tiffany bouncing of top of Kyle, legs spread wide around his waist. Considering the affect it was having on Maddie, she could only imagine what it was doing to her boyfriend, who subtly adjusted his position. Maddie imagined him lunging toward her sister, ripping Tiffany's jeans and panties off and shoving himself into her right there on that couch. The oven beeped and Maddie darted away just as Kyle said, "We should probably watch some TV or something."

Seconds later, they turned on the TV, and despite Maddie's best efforts, sidelined by the increasing needs of dinner, she was unable to hear or see anything else that happened.

The rest of the night was the opposite of earlier in the day. Everyone was back to normal and if anything, Kyle and Tiffany were even better than usual. Maddie kept giving her boyfriend appreciative glances, almost encouraging him to go the extra mile with her sister in terms of flirting and friendliness. And if Tiffany noticed anything, there was zero indication. Once dinner was done, they went back to watching TV, this time with Maddie taking Tiffany's spot on the loveseat. However, she wasn't going to be there for long. Maddie had a plan in mind, and she hoped it paid off.

"Oh man, I'm tired," Maddie said with an exaggerated yawn. "I might retire early tonight. I'm beat."

"Okay, sure," Kyle said, about to get up before Maddie held out a hand to stop him.

"It's okay. You don't have to go to sleep early on my behalf. You can keep watching with Tiffany. Just come on up when you're done." She let out another extended yawn. "I'll be out though. Night."

They both told her goodnight and Maddie headed up to her room, trying her best not to bolt up the stairs in anticipation. She quickly changed into her tank top but abandoned the bottoms, leaving her lower half covered only by a pair of lace panties. Pressing down on the mattress to make it sound like she was climbing onto it, Maddie instead waited by the side of the bed. Those twenty minutes were the most excruciating twenty minutes of her life. She wanted to give them enough time but hoped that she didn't give them too much time and miss anything that might happen. Finally, the wait over, Maddie again snuck out of her room and quietly crept back toward the spot in the hall from this morning where she could clearly see into the living room.

Peeking over the edge, Maddie nearly moaned out loud in orgasmic bliss.

There, in the dim light of the TV, Kyle sat alone in the loveseat, sweats down around his ankles and one hand curled into Tiffany's dark hair as he guided her head up and down in his lap.

Tiffany knelt on the floor between his legs, still clothed. Her hands gripped the sides of his thighs and her lips were wrapped around the width of his cock as they rhythmically slid across its length. Listening closely, Maddie swore she heard the wet shlk shlking sounds of her sister's mouth engulfing her boyfriend's cock again and again, or it could have just as easily been the sound of her own wet lips as her fingers rapid rubbed across her folds and strummed her clit. Tiffany took Kyle's cock much deeper than Maddie had as well. Where Maddie only managed to take in a couple inches, Tiffany's downward plunges nearly took her all the way to the base of his shaft. Maddie longed to be right there next to them so she could see her sister's long neck up close, widening with her every descent onto her boyfriend's dick.

"Hhunnnghh," Tiffany panted, lifting her mouth off Kyle's prick so she could catch her breath. She took deep, rapid gulps, her face only an inch above Kyle's spit slick head.

Maddie slowed down the pumping of her fingers inside of her already drenched panties, using the break in the action to give herself a moment to back away from the edge of her climax. She was so close already. Just the mere sight of her sister sucking Kyle off nearly making her explode instantaneously. She wanted to run back to get her phone and attempt to record this, but she knew the risk was too high. Instead, she'd have to engrain every moment into her memory: Tiffany's gaze locked and focused directly on Kyle's impressive member, eyes just the slightest bit crossed due to her lack of glasses; her back straight and at an angle, putting her face directly in line with the tip of his cock; the slightest bit of spit and saliva dripping from her plump bottom lip.

"Am I better than her at this?" Tiffany asked between gasps, giving a lick to her lips and a few long slow bobs up and down his shaft before pulling away again. Kyle groaned in response, trying to tug her face back onto him, but she resisted slightly. Finally she relented, allowing him to lead her back down after whispering breathily, "Tell me."

"Tell her, Kyle," Maddie hissed quietly, her hand again moving at a frenzied pace. She let out little gasps as she concentrated her stroking on her clit. "Tell her how much hotter her mouth is on your cock. Fuck!"

"You really are," Kyle growled at last. Tiffany whimpered happily in response, her bouncing head picking up speed. "Shit! Your mouth feels so fucking good, and you take me so much deeper and rougher than she can. Oh god!"

With every word out of Kyle's mouth, Tiffany pistoned her head faster and deeper onto him, fucking her face with his cock. Maddie was completely enthralled and insanely aroused by her sister's skill and ability. It was like she wasn't even giving him a blowjob; she was humping him with her face. A steady stream of passionate and joyful "mmph mmph mmphs" emanated from her filled throat, accompanied by constant slurps and gurgles that there was no question Maddie heard.

Maddie was right there, ready for release when Kyle said, "I've always thought... your face... was cuter than hers... Unnngghh! Tiffany!"

Just as Maddie's orgasm hit, Kyle tightened his grip on her sister's head and came hard, pulsing his thick, heavy load straight into her throat and toward her stomach.

Maddie was right. Her sister swallowed.

Maddie clamped her free hand tightly over her nose and mouth, stifling her screams of ecstasy as she erupted into an orgasm. She arched her back, thrusting her hips into the air in fits and jerks, stiffening and twitching as she experienced arguably the biggest climax of her life, her cunt clenching and spasming. Eventually, the wave passed, and she lowered her ass and hips back onto the floor, her hand dropping away from her face to allow her to breathe. As she lay there, chest rising and falling, her mind a mush, she only had one thought: she was going to cum a lot to the sound of her boyfriend moaning her sister's name.

Forcing herself to move before it was too late, Maddie practically crawled her way back to her bedroom before sneaking back in and carefully wriggling into bed, making sure to nab her pajama shorts on the way. True to her promise, by the time Kyle made it to their room, she was already unconscious.