

## Chapter 1

Even with the downpour, my mother's voice sliced through the air, silencing the background chatter.

"Heidi."

My sister straightened up, tightening her grip around the stem of her umbrella. "Yes, Mommy?"

"Come here, sweetheart."

Everyone unanimously moved aside to allow my sister space as she stepped up the stone steps, black umbrella in one hand, damp flowers on the other.

My sister stepped beside our mother. They mumbled to each other for a moment before Heidi nodded, then squatted down to place her bundle of flowers against the statue of our father.

Yes, a fucking statue.

Apparently, our mother didn't think a headstone was enough. She had bought out a massive area of the graveyard and had a sculpture built for her husband.

Did he deserve the statue?

No. Today marked his two years passing, but honestly, even if cancer didn't take him, I would barely recognise any difference in my life.

It was a terrible thing to say about your own father, but even though we lived in the same house, we seldom saw each other. He was always with my mother or my stepmother, Lucia.

A gust of wind had rain splattering on my face. Grimacing, I tilted my umbrella forward and glanced around, recognizing all the familiar faces. The whole family was here to mourn him.

My older sister, Heidi.

My younger half-sister, Ellie. Lucia's only child.

Honestly, it should be the other way around. Lucia was more of a mother to me than Ava ever was. My step-mother didn't need to do much. Just asked me how I was every once in a while. Gave me gifts on Christmas and on my birthday.

Our drivers were behind us, looking miserable to have been huddled under pouring rain for the past hour.

My gaze snapped to the front when I heard my mother's sharp tone.

"Lucia. Ellie. Come."

Heels clicked up the stone steps. My older sister returned to my side, sighing heavily. I never thought I'd admit it, but I was glad she was back. With the stench of damp mud and rotten flowers, her strawberry perfume was a welcoming addition.

"Mommy's crying again," she whispered, wrapping her scarf tighter around her neck.

"Crying?" I frowned. "She doesn't sound like she's crying."

"Well, she is." My sister glanced down, then grimaced. "Fuck. My new heels are ruined."

I sighed, shoving one hand deep in my pocket, looking at all the gruel around us. Looking at everything but the fucking statue.

Of course, I was being summoned last. I wasn't the eldest, but I was my father's only male child. That fact never seemed to cross our mother's mind.

With all her beauty, she sure wasn't the brightest.

She had her own weird way of doing things. Of treating her children.

Heidi received all the attention. All our mother's love.

Me?

Getting the scraps would be an exaggeration because Ellie received those.

Ten minutes stretched on for an eternity. Lucia was on her knees, hugging the statue, full-on weeping. Ellie was trying to comfort her mother with no luck.

Someone whispered way too close into my ear.

“I’m hungry.”

I recoiled back, frowning at my sister.

She frowned back. “What?”

“Don’t do that.” I glanced at my watch, trying to hide my quickening breaths. Hopefully, she couldn’t hear my heartbeats.

I haven’t been this close to my sister in a while. She smelled way too delicious, and worst of all—she was a mirror image to our mother, possessing the same full, kissable lips, the same mesmerizing blue eyes.

And a boner was the last thing I needed right now.

Fuck.

I looked up just in time to see Ellie. Her mother was clutching her arm, wobbly on high heels.

Our younger sister gave us a curt nod. “I need to get her back to the car. She isn’t feeling well.”

Heidi started to turn away. “I’ll go back too.”

Ellie looked at her as if she had gone mad. “Your mother told you to stay. You better listen or you’d get in trouble.”

Heidi rolled her eyes and groaned. But she did the wise thing and stayed put.

Our sister was right. Even being Ava’s clear favorite, she wasn’t immune to her wrath.

Our family was... complicated.

Two mothers. Three kids.

I always heard the middle child received the short end of the stick, and so far, it had rung through. Our mother doted on Heidi, babied her to death.

Ava treated Ellie like she was her own, too. My mother secured both girls a modeling job at her agency once they graduated, but I was left out to dry. Just thinking about it had me simmering with anger.

Taking a deep breath, I forced myself to calm down.

The question that always hovered over my mind was why wasn't our family any larger? I wasn't blind. Both my father's wives were, to put it bluntly, fucking hot.

And my father and mother had sex a lot. And I mean A LOT. I didn't need to guess. She was loud and seemed to have no concept of privacy.

Just on cue, her voice broke through the rain.

"Dylan. Come."

Her sweet voice sank into my skin, reverberating through my body in a warm flow.

Ellie offered me a small smile. "Good luck."

Heidi leaned into my ear again, even though I told her not to do that. Her hot breaths skated along my cheek. "Tell Mommy I'm hungry."

Shaking my head, I left my sisters, my boots crunching against the muddy stone steps, stray raindrops pounding against my face.

Time seemed to slow down as I walked towards my mother.

Why was I so nervous? It was my mother. I saw her every day.

People have told me it was a dream to have a mother like that. A mother that was on the front cover of beauty magazines. A mother that was on billboards. I'd argue the complete opposite.

Being her son was a disadvantage.

I was kind of popular in school. Girls liked me. I have had beautiful women confessed their feelings to me, but my perception of beauty was fucked. Growing up accustomed to beauty had dulled my eyes. If the girls didn't look as hot as my mother, I had no interest.

The last few steps up were the hardest. Her perfume tickled my nose as I neared her, and I almost tripped. But I regained my footing at the last second and cleared my throat from the embarrassment.

My mother didn't react. She was as still as the statue she was gazing at.

God, she smelled amazing. So much better than Heidi.

Smooth. *So smooth.*

Sweet. *Exceedingly so.*

They say beauty was a blessing. But for my mother? It was a curse. She had too much of it.

"Mother," I greeted her.

Silence. She didn't even move. Honestly, I preferred the silence. I could gaze at her, the woman I both desperately love and grudgingly hate.

I blew out a chilly breath and journeyed my eyes down her curvy profile. Slowly. She was eye candy, especially with how that low cut black dress hugged her insane curves.

I flickered my eyes back up towards her pink, diamond decorated collar. I have never asked her about that strange fashion choice, but she had that thing wrapped around her neck for as long as I could remember. It suited her.

It was actually frustrating how unfairly sexy she was.

People never believed she was my mother. They thought she was a sexy older sister or something. I didn't blame them. Even at thirty-five, she was a marvel.

The same can be said for Lucia, who honestly was more impressive. She was in her mid-forties, but looked half her age. My father really hit the jackpot.

The next five minutes dragged on.

Finally, my mother spoke out, and my cock jerked under my pants, springing back to life at the sound of her sweet voice.

What the hell was wrong with me? Being in love with your own mother was one thing, but getting a boner at your father's grave just because she gave you the slightest bit of attention?

*I need therapy.*

"Is Lucia in the car?"

Of course. First word to me and it was all about somebody else.

I almost shrugged, but then realized the reaction would get me killed. Sighing inwardly, I turned around to check.

"Yes," I grunted.

"Fetch her." Her eyes never wavered, still fixated on the statue in front of us. "Then bring the girls home. Go. Your grandparents are coming, and I don't want them to see any of you."

"My grandparents?" I frowned. For a person who had always raved about the importance of family, my mother had only mentioned them once before. "They're coming?"

"Yes."

I waited for her to say more, but it was clear I was being dismissed. Sighing, I turned around and made my way down, back towards my sister, who seemed to still be upset at her ruined high heels.

Heidi blinked at me. "Did Mommy say we can go?"

"Yeah."

My sister spread her free arm high in the sky. "Finallyyyyyyy!"

For the eldest child in the family, she sure was the most immature. Even Ellie, who had just turned eighteen, was ten times more grown up than her. I blamed our mother.

She treated Heidi like a real life princess. Throughout her life, everything she wanted was delivered to her on a golden platter.

On our way back, I had to listen to my sister complain about how hungry she was and whine more about her expensive new heels. God. If only people could see past her beauty and realize how much of a brat she was. The only reason she was the most popular girl in school was literally because she was the hottest.

Our chauffeur opened the door for us and we squeezed into the backseat with Ellie, Heidi sandwiched between us.

I told my step-mother that Ava wanted to see her. Ellie protested, telling her mother that she was in no shape to go back up there, but Lucia reassured Ellie that she would be okay. She left, and then it was the three of us.

We were such a weird trio. Heidi was nineteen, the oldest, but we were all basically in the same age group. I was eighteen, and Ellie was only a couple of months younger than I was.

All of us were popular in school. I knew the only reason people 'liked' us was because of the way we looked and carried ourselves. We attended an elite private school, so wealth didn't make us special, but inheriting our parents' beauty certainly differentiated us.

"Your heels look fine," Ellie muttered when Heidi didn't stop her complaining. "Just needs a thorough wash. That's all."

Heidi was about to reply, but I quickly cut in, eager to change the topic. "Mother says our grandparents are coming."

Ellie raised a brow. Although she was our half-sister, she looked eerily similar to us. She had our blue eyes, the same fair complexion, identical cheekbones. The only difference between Heidi and Ellie was that Heidi was more 'straight up hot' while Ellie, with her freckles and adorable nose, leaned towards the cute side.

“You sure?” Ellie asked me, winding a finger around her stylish high ponytail. Like us, she was naturally blonde, but she had recently dyed her hair a beautiful ocean blue. “Even my mother never mentioned them before.”

“Maybe we should wait here and see what they look like,” Heidi suggested, but the Mercedes started moving and she shrugged her lean shoulders.

“Our mothers are definitely acting weird today,” Ellie said, looking between Heidi and me. “Did you notice that?”

Heidi snorted, her fingers a blur on her phone screen. I had no idea how she was typing that quick with her long, manicured fingernails. “Duh. It’s Daddy’s second death anniversary. And Mommy loves him wayyyyyy too much. Your mom too.”

“It’s not only that.” Ellie tried to think of something, but slumped back into her seat. “I just don’t know how to explain it.” She dipped into silence for a long while before continuing. “But I do miss him.”

“Who?” I asked. “Dad?”

“Mmm hmm.”

“Why?” Heidi piped up, never looking away from Instagram. “He barely talks to us. Even before he was sick.”

Ellie shot our sister a look. “He’s still our father.”

“Mhm.” Heidi set down her phone and exhaled an annoyingly loud sigh. “Since our mothers are busy today...” She glanced at me, then at Ellie, a naughty smirk crossing her pretty features. “Wanna skip the gym?”

That was a ground rule Ava had set for all three of us since we were kids. We had to be active in sports, and when we grew older, she had a private gym built in the house, requiring us to work out every single day.

I thought it was normal until I attended high school and realized the girls didn’t have the insane curves my sisters had, and the guys were all frail and unathletic.

Our little sister shifted in her seat. “I don’t know...”



Heidi turned back to me, giving me an expectant look as if I had always followed her lead. "Dylan?"

When I didn't reply, she scooted closer to me and placed a hand on my knee, her teasing eyes on mine. Blue on blue. She played with my skin, drawing slow, seductive circles on my knee.

*Fuck.* Was she...

No, it couldn't be. There was no way my sister was flirting with me. She was just using her femininity to goad me into her side. And it was working. My sister certainly noticed the flush creeping up my neck, warming up my cheeks.

I jerked my leg away.

Heidi's smile disappeared, and she threw her hands up. "Ugh. You two are soooooo boring! Live a little!"

I shared a look with Ellie. We knew our sister well. She might like to play the rebel, but once she was in front of our mother, it was all '*Yes, Mommy,*' and '*Of course, Mommy.*'

Heidi went back to Instagram, and Ellie plugged in her airpods, tuning out the rest of the world.

I was left on my own, my head in the clouds, a thousand questions rattling in my mind. Why was our mother so adamant in not letting us meet with our grandparents despite consistently preaching about how important family was?

Why was our father absent in our lives? Why was I treated so differently from my sisters? Why did we essentially have two mothers?

And most of all...

I looked at Heidi, then at Ellie. I closed my eyes and saw my step-mother front and center of my thoughts. Then my own mother. They were all so beautiful... so flawless... so fucking perfect.

Why was I so attracted to my own family?

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I hate working out at home.

It was impossible to concentrate on my workout, especially when my sisters were basically half-naked—just in a sports bra and leggings so tight, the fabric acted as a second skin, accentuating the insane curves of their asses.

I even had their anatomy memorized. Ellie took after her mother—her ass was rounder and fuller, while Heidi had a curvier, more toned backside. It was like comparing a Lambo to a Ferrari. Anyone could argue either had the better body since it all came down to personal preference.

“Hey.” Heidi snapped her fingers in front of my face. “Earth to Dylan.”

“What?” I frowned at my sister. She smelled even better when sweaty. In the background, Ellie was spewing out little grunts as she squatted.

My sister did a half-turn and pointed to her ass, as if that was the most normal thing to do in front of your brother. “Do you think my ass is getting bigger? I think it’s getting bigger.”

I tried not to stare too hard—or salivate. “I don’t know, Heidi. How should I know?”

It was definitely the same size, still full and still toned to perfection, but I didn’t tell her that.

“Hmm.” She did a pose in front of the full sized mirror, snapping a selfie of herself. She took a half dozen selfies before she groaned, turning to our sister. “Can you keep it down? God, Ellie, you sound like you’re getting fucked.”

“At least I’m working out!” Our little sister retorted back, letting out another cute mini-grunt as she re-racked the bar. “All you do is take selfies, show off, and complain.”

I groaned. Here we go.

“Yeah, these are for my Instagram.” Heidi threaded her fingers into her wealth of golden hair, her piercing blues boring a hole through Ellie’s head. “I have a thing called followers, unlike you. You have, like what? Four thousand? Five? No wonder nobody likes you.”

Ellie stilled. "Take that back."

"No."

Ellie was quick, but I saw her coming. She rushed forward, murder in her blue eyes, but I caught my sister and captured her wrist, holding her in place while she screamed abuses at Heidi.

"Hey, hey, hey." I locked her wrists to her side, trying to calm her down.

Heidi knew how to strike a nerve. I have never seen Ellie this riled up, but we all knew our little sister had a lot of insecurities and always sought validation from both her mother and Ava. But what was ironic was that Heidi was probably the most insecure of us all. She just hid it well beneath a pretty and perfect mask.

"You're a bitch!" Ellie screamed, tears streaming down her cheeks. "I hate you!"

"No, you don't." Heidi smiled at our sister and blew her an air kiss, seemingly unfazed by her sudden outburst.

"I do! I fucking—"

"Hey—stop!" I pulled my sister away. Fuck, she smelled good. And delicious. Like cotton candy. My cock was pressed right against the crack of her round juicy ass and I prayed to god she couldn't feel my boner. "Stop! Ellie—stop."

My little sister quietened down, so I let her go. She flipped the bird at Heidi and stomped away, heading upstairs, presumably to her room.

I turned to my sister. "You should apologize. That was over the line."

She rolled her eyes at me in response. "Yes, Daddy."

She started snapping more selfies of her ass, so I stepped outside the gym and took the stairs up. I wasn't as close to either of my sisters as before, but I still held a soft spot for Ellie. She was just trying to do her best.

I stopped outside her door and rapped my knuckles on the wood once. "Ellie?"

"Go away."

"I just want to talk." I paused, but she didn't reply. I could hear faint sniffles from inside, and it broke my heart. "Please?"

"No." Her voice cracked. Another sniff. "Go away."

I tried one more time, knocking on her door, but when she ignored me, I sighed and headed back downstairs. But I stopped in my tracks when I saw my mother in mid conversation with my sister.

"... she called me a show off!" Heidi was saying, pointing at the stairs, right at me.

Our mother glanced at me and shook her head. "I don't care. Go and apologize to her. Now."

"But—"

"Now, Heidi."

My sister heaved an exasperated sigh. She stomped towards me, knocking shoulders as she whipped past, giving me a fresh whiff of strawberries.

"Dylan." My mother's sharp voice had me straightening up. "Come. I have something to show you."

I followed my mother into her study, watching her sway her hips in that mesmerizing sashay.

My mother being in love with pink was an under exaggeration. Not only had she styled her hair in gorgeous pink Hollywood waves, everything in her study was brushed in bright pink. The walls, the ceiling, the large oak table dominating the middle of the room, the cozy warm rug, the chairs, even the books in the bookcase had been wrapped monochromatically.

Fuck, even the room smelled pink, if that was even possible. A sweet floral scent filled my nostrils up, and combined with my mother's delicious smooth perfume, she'd have to forgive me if I was rock hard.

"Sit." My mother lowered herself into her chair and nodded towards the two seats in front of her.

“Oh.” I snapped back to the present and circled to the left seat, sitting down. What did she want to talk about? I was rarely summoned into her office, and whenever I did, it was because I was in trouble—usually because of Heidi.

Silence, aside from my mother’s soft ‘tap’ ‘tap’ as she typed away on her laptop, paying no attention to me, as if I wasn’t there at all.

“Right,” my mother finally sighed, snapping her laptop shut with a soft ‘click’. She laid back onto her comfy chair and surveyed me with her piercing blues from head to toe, left to right.

I shifted in my seat. “Is this about the incident in the gym? Because I didn’t do anything, only—”

“This isn’t about that,” my mother cut me off, her voice sharp as a blade. It was her ‘mother’ voice. She didn’t talk to my father like that. To him, she spoke like a little girl, and it was always insanely hot to hear.

Silence filled the room again. But finally, my mother heaved another sighed, and opened a drawer to her right, pulling something out. An expensive wooden box, carved mysteriously. There were weird drawings on it. Rune of some sorts.

She carefully placed the box in front of me. “This is from your father.”

“Father?” I perked up in my seat, staring into my mother’s icy blues. “What do you mean?”

“Your father...” Her voice cracked, and she looked away. Shit, Heidi was right. She had been crying. Even two years after his passing, the pain of losing her husband was still fresh.

My mother exhaled slowly, steadying herself. She looked at me again, but the intensity in her piercing blues had disappeared. “Your father left you this for your eighteenth birthday. It’s a gift.”

“My birthday?” I shook my head, confused. “But my birthday was months ago.”

“I know. Truthfully, I forgot all about it, but now after visiting his grave...” She exhaled shakily. “Take it. Here’s the key to the lock.”

She forgot her only son's birthday. I had always expected it, but now I had confirmation. No wonder I had Mommy issues.

I studied the box. I haven't touched it yet. Didn't dare to. Part of me didn't believe her. A gift from my father? Him? It would be a first from my parents.

I stared at the box for several more seconds, before finally croaking out words. "What's in it?"

"I don't know." My mother sniffed. She looked as if she was on the verge of tears, and I didn't know what to do. Comfort her? Say I was sorry? "Take it and go."

Like in a dream, I took the box in my hands. The wood was cold to the touch. I shivered as I stood up and walked away, leaving the pink room.

"What did Mommy want?"

I almost dropped the box when I heard the voice in my ear the moment I closed the door.

"Heidi, fuck!" I glared at my older sister, but she fizzled out the heat with her icy blue eyes. "Stop doing that."

My sister tilted her head, studying me. "Did she say anything about me? What did she say?" Then her gaze dropped to my hands and furrowed her dark eyebrows. "What's that?"

"You're annoying." I sighed. "Did you apologize to Ellie?"

"Obviously." She rolled her eyes. "Because Mommy told me to. But you saw what happened. She insulted me first." Clearing her throat, she refocused back on me and her smile returned, as seductive as ever. "Sooooo..."

My sister trailed her finger along my bicep. Slowly, leaving goosebumps along her trail, forcing me to stiffen a groan. Fuck. Not this again. Heidi was well aware of the exhilarating effect she had on men, but I couldn't believe she was using her little tricks on me, her own brother.

But why wouldn't she? After all, it had always worked with all the dumb, hungry guys.

But I wasn't one of them.

I wasn't.

"What did Mommy say?" She shifted closer to me, her soft lips on my ear, her sweet strawberry perfume overloading my senses. My cock jerked up, straining painfully against my pants. *Fuck. Fuck!* "What's in the box, little bro?"

My willpower was already at a record low from being with my mother, and now I had to deal with *this*. Using the last remains of my crumbling resolution, I pushed past my beautiful sister, taking the stairs two at a time, heading straight for my room.

I slammed my door shut, slumping against the cool wood, almost forgetting my father's gift until my fingers burned and I looked down. I was clutching the box so tight, my knuckles were white.

Was my mother telling the truth? Did my father actually leave a parting gift when he never even said a 'happy birthday' throughout the eighteen years I have known him?

My mother could be cold, cruel almost, but she wasn't a liar.

With my back still against the door, I sat down, bringing the gift closer. The small padlock jiggled as I curiously studied the many runes inscribed around the box.

But those were just decorations. I set the wood down on my lap and retrieved the key from my pocket.

Should I even open it? As much as I didn't want to admit it, I was *excited*. What could it be? What if I opened it and there was nothing inside? It would be a final 'fuck you' from my father.

But there was *something* in the box. If I jiggled it around, I could feel items inside. And although my father was mostly absent in my life, he didn't hate me. He just... wasn't there.

I could hear Heidi behind me, the faint 'tap' 'tap' of her footsteps passing my room, trailing along the hallway towards hers.

My sisters walked differently than other girls. They were light on their feet due to undergoing ballet training when they were younger, just like my stepmother, Lucia. And even though none of them pursued a career in dancing, their habits remained.

I could almost smell her as she padded past my room, almost feel her soft lips nibbling on my earlobe just like minutes ago. Heidi had never done that before. She was never the touchy type, and I have no idea why she was suddenly so physical with me.

And the worst part about the whole thing?

I love it.

Her skin was so smooth, so fucking creamy.

*What the fuck is wrong with me?*

Sighing, I flicked my attention back to the box in my hand. Drawing the key to the padlock, I inserted it, then twisted. The lock snapped open with a click. This was it. I was going to find out what my father had left for me for my eighteenth birthday.

With a bated breath and a thundering heart, I flipped the lid open.

Inside, there were...

Pills?

The fuck?

No, not only pills. I rummaged through tiny plastic bags, stocked with a pill each, until I felt something metallic. A pendrive.

I stood up and walked towards my desk, setting the box with pills aside and jamming the usb drive into my laptop. A pop up appeared.

*Enter the password.*

Password? How the fuck should I know the password?



Frowning, I squinted at the screen until I realized there was a tiny 'hint' button just below the box where I had to enter the password.

I clicked it.

The hint read, '*Final words from me to you.*'

Final... words?

I recalled back to the last time I saw my father. We didn't exchange a single word. No, it couldn't have been that. When was the last time we had talked?

When?

It must have been just after my fifteenth birthday. I was having a rare dinner with him and my little sister.

Did anything happen then? The memory was so fuzzy. Fuck.

Think. Think. Think!

There was something. When Ellie excused herself to the woman's, my dad told me... he told me his favorite color.

Pink. Same as my mother's.

I typed the letters.

P-I-N-K.

Another pop-up appeared. It was a video file titled 'To Dylan.'

I was in.

I could see my father's face in the file's thumbnail. He looked healthy and strong, so this must have been recorded before he fell seriously ill. That was over two years ago. What could he have wanted to tell me then?

I didn't even realize I was holding my breath until I gasped for air. I had been so worked up from the meeting with my mother, and then I had to endure my sister's weird flirting attempts. And now this.

A part of me didn't want to click the video. Just forget about the strange pills and the video message. Just forget about my dad. If he wanted to leave me with a final message, why couldn't he be a man and talk to me face to face? All he did during his final days was talk to his wives. He didn't seem to care about us, his children.

Why? What did we ever do to him?

Whatever the reason, I knew I was going to hear him out. A part of me held hope he would apologize for being such a terrible dad.

I double clicked the file.

"Dylan." His voice filled up my room. I quickly lowered the volume in case one of my sisters walked by and picked up his voice. I didn't want any interruptions.

My father was recording the video on the front porch, with Lucia's garden and the swimming pool in the background. There were birds chirping in the background and the sun was high.

"Dylan," he repeated my name as if he was tasting the unfamiliar word. "If you're watching this video, then happy birthday. You're eighteen now, a full grown man." He sighed, looking away. "Look. I'd be dead by then. I'm still strong now, but soon, I won't be. The doctors have told me that..."

He sighed again. "Nevermind. Apologies that I'm all over the place. I don't have a script, and I'm tired of re-recording this."

I sat up in my seat. Whatever he had to say, I was all ears.

"Dylan," he repeated my name, louder this time. "I know I've not been the best father to you. To the girls. To be honest, I never wanted children. But your mother, she can be..." He chuckled suddenly. "... quite persuasive. She wanted daughters, you see. Two of them. And I know she hasn't been the best mother to you too. It's not your fault that you were born a male, but I just..."

He looked away again, clearly uncomfortable with what he was saying. "I'm sorry I wasn't the best father. I don't know how to be a parent, and I don't know why your mother doesn't treat you the same way as the girls."

I couldn't believe it. My father was apologizing! He was... what the fuck?

"The pills," my father continued. "I don't know the best way to explain to you, Dylan, but long ago, when I was your age, I was given the pills. No, not the ones you have. Those have been modified. Made better. They are dissolvable in water. Anyways..." He cleared his throat. "I looked different back then. I wasn't getting any attention from women and I was lonely and desperate. So I went online and had these love pills delivered to me."

Love pills? Did he really believe in those types of scams? Has my father gone mad?

Seemingly reading my mind, my father continued. "I know you don't believe me, but you will. The pills in the box. There are actual love pills. If you mix your... um..." He coughed into a fist. "... your semen with the pill and dissolve them together in water, the person that drinks the concoction will fall utterly in love with you. I thought they were fake too until your mother accidentally swallowed the pill. She—"

My father went silent for a moment. He was everywhere, looking at the lens, away to the distance, up at the sky.

I shook my head, replying as if my father was alive and in front of me. "She... what?"

And as if he was indeed in an actual conversation with me, he spoke up.

"Your mother..." he looked directly into my eyes. "She's my sister."

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For the next half an hour, my entire world crumbled. It felt like I was having a fever dream. A really, really bad one.

My mother. She was... what the actual fuck?

And I believed my father. His voice drone on in the background, his every word a gut punch to my stomach. He explained everything, the whole incident about my mother

hating him, then falling in love with him after accidentally taking the pill meant for somebody else.

Then how he got corrupted into tricking my stepmother—my aunt—into taking the pill, too.

“I have to admit, Dylan,” my father said. “The pills I left for you... they were meant for your sisters after they came of age. I’m not a good man, my son. I’m greedy. And maybe it’s finally time I get punished for my sins.”

My father’s eyes were on the lens, but his pupils were unfocused. “I had a good life, Dylan. A very good one, way better than what most men will ever dream of. I wanted to push my luck, to have your sisters too, but now I see that everything has its limits. I have pushed my luck, and I don’t regret a single thing. So I’m handing you these... gifts.”

His eyes were back. “Use them as you please. Taint yourself with the same sins I have committed.” He sighed. “The right thing to do is to not give you the pills. To have you staying ignorant. I know you’ll have a good life, find a beautiful wife, but—”

My father rubbed his five o’clock shadow. “Our name, Dylan. Our family name. I rather have it remain pure. I know I’m asking for a lot, and this is an insanely selfish thing to ask of you, but... I’d rather have you continue my legacy. Our legacy.”

Does... does he mean—

“Use the pills, Dylan,” my father said, his voice firm. “Give your sisters the pills. And—” He tried to continue, but his voice cracked, and he stumbled into silence.

He stayed like that for a long while before finally speaking out again, voice hoarse. “I love your mother and your stepmother very much. Too much. And I know you love them too. I have seen the way you look at your mother. It’s the same way all men look at her. It’s the same way I looked at her. She’s insanely beautiful. She’s perfect.”

Yeah. He was actually implying what I thought he meant.

“You can have the love your mother never gave you,” my father said. “I know how it feels because she treated me badly too, way back when we were young. She treated me way worse than you, actually. If you can believe that.”

“And if you do make her love you, you might think her sudden intense affection is... fake.” My father shrugged his broad shoulders. “And maybe it is. But I can assure you that the entire eighteen years we have been together, not once did I ever think that her love for me was artificial. And I’m sure you will feel the same. Enjoy her, son. She’s...” He cleared his throat. “She can be a handful in... you know.”

“It’s weird saying this,” my father continued. “But by the time you watch this video, your mother will still be fertile. Both your mothers. And they will continue to be for a long while. If you—if you decide to have...” He coughed. “Or it could be with your sisters or maybe you decide to not use the pills and ignore everything I said—I don’t know. It’s your choice. I have already explained to you how to use the pills. But if you ever happen to be a father...” He looked directly into the lens. “Be better than me. Don’t make the same mistakes I have. You can be better. You’re better.”

His lips trembled. “I.... I know I have never told you this, but... I love you. Goodbye.”

I stared at the blank screen for hours. Or at least it felt like hours.

Finally, I snapped my laptop shut and grabbed the tiny plastic bags inside the box. There were four total pills. One for—

Oh my god.

I should throw them away.

No, I should burn them to make sure no one else would ever get their hands on these... love pills. That was what my father called them.

Fucking... love pills.

What the fuck was happening?

My mothers were my aunts.

Me and my sisters... we were....

Pure blooded.

That was what my father called us. It all made sense now. Why Heidi and Ellie looked so alike despite having different mothers.

Holy. Fuck.

I should burn the pulls. Fucking burn them.

But every time I tried to think, my mother intruded my thoughts. Pink hair. Hypnotizing blue eyes. The figure of a supermodel—and she was a supermodel.

She never loved me. Never. And now my father gave me the opportunity to remedy that.

All I needed to do was mix my cum with the pill. Then dissolve it into water and trick her into drinking it. My father promised the concoction would be tasteless, so she wouldn't even notice.

No. I shouldn't do it.

But pink hair.

Blue eyes.

The voice of a sex Goddess.

Definitely the body of one.

All those soft curves and defined angles...

I didn't think before I grabbed a plastic bag and rushed into my bathroom.

Mother...

No matter what it takes.

You will love me.