

Chapter 2

“Dylan.”

“Mom.” I rasped, sliding my hand along her body, curving down to her ass where I squeezed so fucking hard.

“AH!” my mother moaned, her lips on mine, her tongue offering light, expert strokes.

What the fuck. Everything happened so fast.

One moment, my beautiful mother was leading me by hand into the Master’s bedroom, and the next, I was tasting her lips. Her fucking lips.

Vanilla. I once overheard my father saying she tasted like the most divine vanilla. And he was right.

My mother tasted sweet, but not overly so. Like a dessert. The best fucking dessert in the world.

Suddenly, we were on her bed. I didn’t even remember when we tumbled onto her pink mattress, but she was getting onto all fours, and I didn’t want to waste a second.

I scrambled behind her, almost tearing her pink mini skirt apart as I rolled it up her long, slender legs.

“Dylan—” My mother turned to look at me. Her usually perfect Hollywood waves were a complete mess, covering her face, but I could spot piercing blue eyes peeking through pink waves. “Sweetheart.”

I have never seen my mother look at me like that. Like—

Like she loved me.

“Don’t call me sweetheart,” I growled, placing my palm on her back and pressing her forward and down. My mother yelped, but she couldn’t do anything as I forced her head down against the mattress. “You don’t deserve to call me that.”

She whimpered against my handling of her, but she wasn’t fighting me. Just laid there as I tore her underwear off of her and cupped her bare ass.

I might be suffocating my mother, but I couldn't care less. All I wanted to do was fuck her senseless. Fuck her until she screamed how sorry she was for neglecting her only son.

I was going to make her pregnant, then show her how to love a child properly. She would be a good, submissive wife. Just like she was to my dad. Ava was essentially passed down to me by my father, and if I was quick enough, I could eventually hand her over to our eldest son.

"MHMM!" My mother leaked out a muffled cry. "MMM!"

I released my hold, and she gasped for air. I didn't even check if she would be okay. My focus was already back on her ass—her perfect fucking ass—and then my hungry eyes zeroed in on her leaking cunt.

"Dylan, you're too rough!" my mother whimpered. "Please—please slow down!"

I ignored her pleas. Grabbing my mother's hips to prevent her from moving, I positioned my cock over her pussy, and then I completed every man's fantasies.

I thrust forward.

Everything turned to black.

"Hey Dylan." A feminine voice broke me out of my thoughts. "Umm... Dylan?"

I blinked, then squinted at the woman in front of me. That wasn't my mother. She had black hair, and although she was pretty by normal standards—curvy, slim, petite—she wasn't Ava.

I sighed, feeling my shoulders sag. "I'm sorry. What did you say?"

Jennifer? Yennefer? I-forgot-her-name frowned. "You look sleepy. Are you okay?"

"I had a terrible night of sleep," I replied, sighing again. Rubbing my eyes, I continued. "Had a nightmare."

Or maybe it was a wet dream.

“Oh... okay.” Her smile was back. Bright and inviting. “As I was saying...”

I zoned out. I had no interest in her, and I didn’t know why she wouldn’t take the hint. Wasn’t I obvious enough?

The school cafeteria was buzzing with life. As the woman talked, I looked around, trying to spot a familiar face so I could excuse myself. I spotted several people, but I wasn’t in the mood to talk to any of them.

I needed somebody close to me. Someone like—

A group of girls walked into the cafeteria. I didn’t know their names—or didn’t remember them—but I immediately recognized them as Ellie’s besties. So that meant...

Yeap, I spotted a bouncing blue ponytail in the middle of the group.

“Hey, uh—” I coughed, interrupting I-forgot-her-name. “I need to go talk to my sister. Do you mind?”

If she nodded any quicker, her hair might fall off. “Yeah. No. yeah. I mean—no! N-Not at all!”

I stood up and strode over to the middle of the cafeteria, intercepting my sister’s group. They all stopped and stared at me.

“Ellie,” I greeted my little sister. Our gaze lingered for a heartbeat before I dragged my eyes down her body.

I wasn’t going to lie. After seeing my sisters in school uniform, I developed a thing for them. Both Heidi and Ellie looked insanely sexy wearing a navy blazer with blood red outlines. Combined with a matching navy mini-skirt, a white blouse that held an adorable red bow tie, and finished with knee-high white stockings, it made them look innocent. Feminine.

Her friends giggled, and one of them offered me a flirtatious smile.

“Hey, Dylannnnn,” she greeted me in an annoying high-pitched tone.

That got the rest giggling even louder. My sister rolled her eyes and shot me a frown.

“What?” she said, almost in a snap.

“Can we talk?” I asked, bringing my eyes back to hers. She really had beautiful eyes. Similar to ours—Lucia’s and mine—but not exactly the same.

Ellie’s blues were softer. Less intense, and she had matched her hair perfectly with her eye color.

God, she was so fucking beautiful.

And now I knew the truth about her. She wasn’t just my half-sister. What was she? My... cousin too? I had no fucking clue. Our whole family dynamic was unbelievably complicated.

“About what?” She narrowed her eyes at me, and her frown deepened.

Why did she look so annoyed? Did I do something to piss her off?

I cleared my throat. I didn’t really want to bring up the incident yesterday again because it was bound to put her in a bad mood. But I didn’t know what else to talk about, and I needed to use her.

If I sat on a bench by myself, it was a guarantee someone would use the empty seats around me and disturb my peace. If I had my sister sitting across from me, the table would be considered taken.

It wasn’t that I hated company. It was just that I found the majority of people *boring*.

I was about to reply, but one of her friends grabbed Ellie’s arm and squeezed.

“Go with your brother,” she said. “We will catch up with you later.”

Ellie shook her head, her wavy, high ponytail bouncing along with the movement. “But—”

They scattered away, leaving just the two of us.

“What?” Ellie sighed heavily. “What do you want?”

“Just come.” I skated a hand around my sister’s hips, stopping on the curve of her lower back before I led her forward. Thankfully, my sister didn’t put up any resistance, allowing me to maneuver her around.

Fuck, her blazer was so soft, almost like silk. And she smelled like heaven. Heaven that was filled with cotton candies. My stomach growled.

The cafeteria was massive, and it wasn’t just a single room. I knew what my sister liked, so I led her to the Japanese section where they sold fresh, handmade sushi.

The staff greeted us, and we pointed to several plates of sashimi. Ellie ordered ramen, which got a raised eyebrow out of me.

Neither of my sisters were big eaters. Our mothers had the girls on stricter diets than mine, and eventually, they got used to the limited amount of food they were given.

Ellie saw my expression and shrugged. “Share it with me.”

“Fine.”

While I paid for us, my sister went ahead and chose an empty table just right outside the canteen, with a full view of the football fields and the tennis courts. The sun was high and searing, so Ellie dug through her purse and dabbed on more sunscreen on her face.

She offered the travel-sized bottle to me, but I shook my head.

Ellie looked into the distance as she spoke to me. “I heard your mother called you into her study last night?”

I exhaled. “Yeah.”

I already knew what she was going to ask.

“What did she want?”

“Nothing. Just... stuff.”

“You’re such a terrible liar,” my sister said, turning to me and shaking her head. But she didn’t push the matter further, leaning back in her seat as the staff came over and served our order.

My sister used her chopstick and absentmindedly poked at the array of sashimi in front of us. “What do you want to talk about, Dylan?”

“I just wanted to see if you were okay.”

“Liar.”

I furrowed my brow. “What?”

Ellie sniffed, her gaze down at the food. “You’re just like Heidi. You’re so selfish, and you only care about yourself.”

I placed my chopsticks down and stared at my sister, but she wasn’t making eye contact. “Ellie, where is this coming from?”

She glanced up again, giving me sight of her gorgeous blues. “Look at me and tell me you wanted to spend time with me just so you could ask me if I was okay.” Her voice cracked. “And that you care about me.”

“Ellie, I do care about you. I—”

My tongue froze. I couldn’t push the words out.

I love you.

I meant it as a brotherly thing. A brother should love his sister unconditionally. It wouldn’t even raise an eyebrow out of anyone if they heard me say it.

But in our family, it was different. I have never even heard the three words before. Never, until yesterday, where the words entered my ears for the first time—from my father in the past—through a fucking video player.

I do love my sisters. Both of them.

And although they would never admit it, I knew they loved me back—but not as much as I loved them. The relationship between the three of us might be rusty, but it wasn't unsalvageable. Far from it.

Heidi and Ellie might do their best to avoid each other, but I'd bet my life that if one of them was desperate for help, the other would drop everything at a moment's notice.

"So you just wanted to ask me if I was okay?" Ellie asked, tilting her head, expecting me to answer, but I just stared at her.

"No ulterior motives?" She crossed her arms, pushing her chest out. I flicked my eyes downwards, but quickly realized my mistake, bringing my gaze back up. If Ellie saw me checking her out, she didn't mention it.

"So?" My sister pursed her lips.

I almost said yes, but I stopped myself at the last second. If I lied, Ellie would know, and that would make things between us much worse.

"See?" Ellie shook her head. "You're just like Heidi! Selfish and—" She sighed, going back to her food. "Whatever."

"I'm sorry, Ellie," I sighed. "I'll try to be better, okay?"

She didn't answer, munching on her sashimi, looking into the distance where a live tennis match was being played.

We didn't talk anymore, but I wanted to say something.

The truth clawed up my throat. Confessing the secret about our family was tempting. Ellie deserved to know that she wasn't just my half-sister. That we were tied to each other deeper than she could have ever imagined.

But Ellie was pure. Too pure and innocent for this world.

No. I couldn't corrupt her with that knowledge. I couldn't tell her the secret about our father.

About our mothers.

There was no way to know how she would react. I doubt she would even believe me.

I glanced up from the food and stared at the gorgeous blue-haired woman sitting in front of me. Ellie made eye contact, but when she realized I wasn't going to say anything, she returned her attention to the tennis game.

After knowing the truth about my family, I felt closer to Ellie. She wasn't 'just' my half-sister anymore. Whenever I looked at her, she seemed...

Sexier.

Do I think my little sister is beautiful?

Fuck yes.

Am I attracted to my own little sister?

Yeah. Fuck it. As sick as it made me feel... Yeah, I was.

Do I want to...

Ugh.

Do I want to fuck her?

"I'm full," Ellie said suddenly, breaking me away from my thoughts. She pushed her half-finished ramen bowl towards me and stood up. "Bye."

"Bye."

I couldn't keep my eyes off her as she sauntered away, especially when she swayed her hips like that. Her ass looked otherworldly behind that pleated navy mini-skirt. Years of squatting and being competitive in sports really paid off.

I didn't even know how the girl's uniform was approved by the school board. But I wasn't complaining, and neither were the guys in school.

I noticed several other guys staring after my sister too, their prying eyes glued to her curvy ass. I wanted to punch them for gawking at her so openly like that, but I was doing

the same, and it was much worse for me since she was my blood, so how could I blame them?

And... why was I jealous?

My little sister disappeared around the corner, but the question still hovered front and center of my thoughts, haunting me.

Do I want to fuck her?

"No," I groaned. "No, I don't."

But Ellie was right.

I was a terrible liar.

My head was in the clouds during the drive home.

Heidi had to stay back in school for cheer practice. Like our mother, she was the head of our school's famous cheerleading team.

Ellie used to be in the cheer squad too, but she moved on to track and field after Heidi was promoted to captain. My little sister was smart. She knew if Heidi was in charge, she wouldn't have a good time. Our older sister loved to pick on people—other girl's—and I guess Ellie didn't want to deal with her bullshit.

I was also in the football team, used to being cheered on by my sisters, but to everyone's shock, I resigned last semester. I told everyone I wanted to focus on my studies. But in reality, I rather spend my afternoons not breaking my body apart by slamming against other bodies.

Of course, my older sister and my mother were furious with my decision. Heidi still couldn't accept my leave and my mother went to the headmaster and demanded that I was to be reinstated into the team. Poor guy.

I had hoped my mother would comfort me instead. Yell at me or something, just like Heidi had. Tell me how much of a disappointment I was to her. Do something. Anything. I was that desperate for her attention.

But although she was mad at my resignation, she had never spoken to me about it. All I received was her usual icy stare and sealed lips.

And that felt worse.

I'd probably rejoin the team, but for the time being, I had the afternoons free, and I was going to enjoy every second of it.

When I returned home, I took a stroll through Lucia's garden for a bit, replaying my conversation with Ellie over and over, and what I could have said better.

I should have been truthful from the start. Admitted that I just needed her to avoid people. Told my sister that I genuinely enjoyed her company. Maybe tell her I was actually worried for her after yesterday's incident.

Fuck. Because of me, our relationship was now more fragmented.

Sighing, I made a beeline towards our home gym. We have two gyms in our house. One for our mothers, and one for us.

And our gyms weren't one of those cardio stations that only held treadmills and stationary bikes. My mother went all out. We had all the equipment and weights we would ever need.

I didn't even like carrying heavy weights. I was just going through the motions, because when we were younger, my mother made sure we never missed a workout unless we were ill, so now, it just felt *wrong* not to sweat it out.

After half an hour, I returned to my room, took a shower, and came out of my bathroom, not feeling any better.

Ellie's words hung over my head. She had called me selfish. Yeah, sure, I was a little selfish, but hearing it from Ellie of all people? The girl who always saw the good in everyone? The little angel of our family?

Ouch.

I was going to relax into one of those comfy gaming chairs that could recline all the way horizontally and maybe waste the afternoon scrolling through YouTube and listening to podcasts when I caught sight of the plastic bags on my desk.

Right. The love pills.

How could I have forgotten about them? I guessed after last night, there was so much to unpack, the pills had completely slipped from my mind. Then that dream happened, and then the conversation with Ellie.

Last night, I did exactly what my father told me. I ‘activated’ the love pill by mixing it with my cum, achieving that by going to my default fantasies—bending my mother over her study table, pulling her gorgeous pink hair and fucking her without mercy.

That had been the easy part. The difficult part was getting my mother to drink the dissolvable pill.

The plan was to wake up this morning, sneak downstairs, and slip the pill into my mother’s pink water bottle she always kept in her study. She would definitely take a sip out of it since she was always in her study when she wasn’t at work, and she was also an avid water drinker.

I had one simple job, and it had completely slipped from my mind.

What had my dad said? I recalled his instructions from the video, his deep voice I seldom got to hear echoing in my head.

Once activated, the pills would remain active for twenty-four hours.

Twenty-four hours. Shit. And my sisters would be returning home at any minute.

Grabbing one of the plastic bags that held my mother’s pill, I rushed downstairs. Thankfully, my mother’s study wasn’t locked and I entered the pink room before a light wave of sweet floral scent hit me.

Her metallic water bottle was where it usually was, at the right-hand side of her large, pink desk. Glancing behind me as if my mother was going to burst in at any minute, I quickly unscrewed her cap and slid the pill into the opening.

I heard a faint ‘plop’ and then a fizzle as the pill dissolved into the water.

I stood and watched until the pill had completely diffused, but it was a painfully slow process. When it was finally done, I screwed back the pink cap, shoved the plastic bag into my pocket, turned around, and exited the room—only to bump into my own mother.

Fuck.

“Dylan.” My mother glared at me. “What are you doing here?”

“I—uh.” I tried to think of something. Anything. But my mind went blank. I noticed Ellie standing just behind her—still in her track and run uniform, a navy sports bra with red outlines that pushed out her boobs, and way too tight navy exercise shorts that clung to her ass.

My little sister was frowning at me too, probably wondering the same thing my mother was.

“Nevermind,” my mother said. She flicked her chin to the side. “Out.”

My mother stepped away to allow me space, but my sister was still blocking the doorway, so I had to turn sideways and scoot past her. Ellie was still a little sweaty, breathing heavy from her hard practice session. God. She smelled even better.

Ellie mouthed a ‘what are you doing?’ but I hurried away, my heart at a million miles a minute, my head dizzy from the sudden adrenaline rush.

It was done. I might have fucked up and completely forgotten about my plan when I woke up, but at least I managed it in the end. If what my father said was true, then soon—very soon—I would achieve the impossible.

Make my mother love me.

“You’re such a dumbass.”

Those were the first words Heidi said to me when I opened my room door because she wouldn’t stop knocking.

Before I could retort back a reply, she ducked under my arm and slipped into my room, perching herself at the edge of my bed as if she owned the place.

I closed the door and turned to my older sister. "What do you want?"

She bounced on my mattress. "We lost."

"What?"

"We received our first loss this season. And it's all your fault." She stopped bouncing and tilted her chin up. "Why did you quit?"

"Why do you care?"

"Of course I fucking care. The new quarterback sucks ass." Heidi stood up, strode up to me and jabbed a manicured nail against my chest. "We were undefeated and now you made us all look bad."

"And you're making me look bad too," my sister continued. "Do you know how many people have come up to me and asked..." She started speaking in an exaggerated high-pitched tone. "Oh, why did Dylan quit? Did something happen to Dylan? Is Dylan injured? Is he sick? Will Dylan come back?"

Heidi crossed her arms and glared at me just like our mother had hours ago. They even had the same piercing blue eyes. "If you fuck up, then I get flake, too. Have you ever thought about that?"

I sighed. "Heidi, get out of my room."

"Are you going to come back to the team or not?"

"Maybe."

She frowned. Our gazes locked and held, and it seemed like we were in some kind of staring competition. Ten seconds passed. Twenty seconds. Thirty.

Finally, Heidi shrugged. "Whatever."

She breezed past me, but before she stepped outside, she turned back around.

“Oh, and...” My sister took out her phone from her pocket and started tapping on her screen.

A second later, my phone buzzed on my bed.

“What did you send me?” I asked her.

She crossed her arms in reply.

Shaking my head, I turned around and retrieved my phone. I quickly unlocked it and tapped open the text she had sent. It was an image, and I instantly knew what it was.

A party invitation.

It wasn't anything special. There was a party every weekend. At first, I would go to them whenever I was invited, but when I realized it was all just sex, drugs, and alcohol, I didn't see a point anymore. Alcohol was great, but the other two I had no interest in.

Mom would kill me if I took drugs. And she would do the same to Heidi.

Was my sister taking drugs?

“Come to this one,” my sister said. “Be my plus one.”

“What?” I stared at my sister. Was she serious? She was. “Why? Why don't you just go with one of your guys?”

“I don't have *guys*.” She emphasized the word with air quotes. “You just implied your sister is a slut.”

“Heidi, you're always in the arms of a different guy every time I see you in school.”

“Yeah, so?” She rolled her eyes. “I don't sleep with them and I don't ever intend to. Are you coming or not?”

“Why do you want me to come?”

“Because...” Was I imagining things or was there a sudden shift in her energy? She took a slow, seductive step forward and placed a finger on my chest, giving me a light scratch.

No, I wasn't imagining things.

Heidi dragged her finger upwards, running along the veins of my neck, ending her journey under my chin. Her digit was ice cold. "... I want you to come."

She leaned forward, our lips just several inches apart. Her eyes flickered up to mine, but this time, she was looking at me behind those thick lashes. I drank her in, feeling her long, golden waves tickling my neck.

"That's enough reason, isn't it?" my sister whispered, our breaths hot, heavy, and mingling together.

I didn't move. Couldn't move. "What are you doing?"

"Nothing." Her piercing blue eyes lingered on mine for another heartbeat before she dragged her eyes down my body. Her finger followed her trail, and I sucked it a breath when she slid her digit down my abs. Then back up again to my neck. "Everything."

My sister giggled, then took several steps back. Instantly, the heat between us evaporated. I could breathe again.

"Tomorrow night. 8 p.m." Heidi winked. "Drive me there."

Then she was gone, leaving nothing but traces of fresh strawberries and my rock-hard cock.

What the fuck just happened?

I couldn't sleep that night. Not with wild thoughts running rampant in my mind.

Did mom drink the love potion yet? If not, then I would be wasting a whole pill. I only had three left. If that was the case, then I would have to spare one of my family members.

Who would it be?

Blue hair and blue eyes popped into my mind.

Definitely Ellie.

What I was doing was sickening. What my father did to his sisters might even be liable for capital punishment. He had basically enslaved them, but as a man, I understood why he did it.

When you had the power to make somebody as gorgeous as my mother and my step-mom fall in love with you? Show me a straight man who swears he wouldn't do it, and I'd show you a liar.

My thoughts hovered back to Ellie.

Ellie was where I should draw the line. Even if my plan worked, and I had an extra pill for her, I shouldn't corrupt my little sister. Bringing Ellie into a life of forced love was going to ruin her innocence.

But if I didn't have her, then some prick would eventually come along and snatch her up. The thought had me jerking up into a sitting position, and I was left staring into the darkness.

No. Ellie couldn't belong to another man. But I also couldn't bring myself to make her take the love pill.

Maybe once I corrupted my mother, then Heidi, then Lucia... maybe by then, I would be too far gone to even have this internal debate. Maybe by then, I would be dead set on having my beautiful blue-haired little sister, too.

Why was I so possessive over Ellie anyway? I could blame it on being her big brother, but she wasn't some kid.

We were the same age. She was only two months younger than I was. My sister could take care of herself, and it wasn't like we were as close as we were before to justify this... unhealthy possessiveness over her.

I should leave her alone.

Knowing there was no way I was going back to sleep, I hopped out of bed, debating whether I should head downstairs.

I needed to know if my mother had drunk her water. But sneaking back into her study was unnerving. I had already been caught once, and there were cameras all around the house with a twenty-four seven security team stationed in our compound.

They were bound to see me entering my mother's study, but it shouldn't ring any alarm bells. I should be fine.

Keyword: *should*.

Heaving a sigh, I exited my room. I have never been the type of person to worry a lot, or have these thoughts in my head. The conversation with Ellie still haunted me, and my most recent experience with Heidi was definitely the most confusing thing out of it all.

Why was my sister suddenly so flirty with me? I could have kept disregarding all the recent advances, but I had to face the truth: my sister was actually being sexual with me.

The worst part?

I loved it. We both did.

But what the hell was up with Heidi? It was a stupid question because nobody could answer it. I didn't think my sister even knew what she was doing. My older sister was more of an 'act now, think later' kind of person.

It was our mother's fault. She always cleaned up after Heidi's messes, so my sister probably assumed she was a real life princess that could get away with anything.

Closing my room door, I took a peek at both ends of the hallway. I planned to take the side stairs down because I didn't want to chance bumping into anyone on the main stairs. But it was two in the morning, and the house seemed silent.

Silent until I passed Ellie's room.

There was still light under her door, which was odd. Out of the three of us, Ellie slept the earliest. Ten o'clock at the maximum. Why was she up so late at night? Had she forgotten to turn off the lights?

“Shit...” Her faint, muffled voice leaked out, and I wouldn’t have caught it if I wasn’t so close to her door.

“Ellie?” I whispered, a little alarmed. My little sister almost never swore, so she could be in trouble. “Ellie, are you okay?”

I had no idea why I was whispering. There was no way she could hear me. I was about to knock on her door when another muffled curse leaked out from her room.

“Fuck...” A second pause. “Ah... holy shit...”

I stilled. Was my sister—

I pressed my ear against her door, just in time to hear another faint moan.

Yeah. Yeah, she was.

“Ah!” A loud gasp. “AH—AH!”

Fuck. I was instantly rock hard.

Although a large part of me was screaming for me to stay, to experience my little sister become unbound, I had better things to do.

But what was better than experiencing Ellie in her most vulnerable state?

My mother.

I needed to know if my mother had drunk the love potion.

Love potion. I couldn’t believe I was believing everything my father told me. I didn’t even know if I could trust him.

What if the whole thing was some kind of prank? He might have been going insane during the start of his illness.

No. I had to believe him.

I wanted to.

Having my mother's love was everything I could ever ask for.

She was the perfect woman. The perfect...

The perfect wife.

I reached downstairs and beelined straight towards my mother's study. For some reason she seldom locked it, and after glancing at a live camera with its blinking red light perched in one corner of the living room, I opened the door and slipped inside.

I blindly reached for the light switch and flicked it on. The room illuminated up, and I blinked through the sudden brightness, sucking in a breath when I saw my mother's pink water bottle exactly where I had left it. On the right side of her table. My heart jumped.

Did that mean she didn't even touch it?

I strode forward to confirm my fears, picking up the bottle. It was light. That meant—

Unscrewing the cap with trembling fingers, I peeked inside.

Empty.

Fucking empty.

I recalled my father's instructions.

Once the mixture is drunk, the effects of the love pill would activate immediately. She could fall in love with you in an hour. Two hours. It depends on the person, but, your mother... She's very strong willed, so expect at least a day or two for her to treat you differently. And, trust me, she will treat you differently. Good luck.

I had been waiting for my mother's love for years.

One or two days?

Child's play.