

Chapter 3

“Heidi.” I rap my knuckles on my sister’s door.

Yet again, no answer. She was obviously there—I could hear heels clicking inside. I couldn’t believe my sister was ignoring me even though I was doing her a favor accompanying her to the damn party.

How long had I been standing outside her door? Five minutes? Ten?

Why had I agreed to join her?

I wished I had a simple answer.

Heaving out a sigh, I knocked on her door much louder this time, but not loud enough for our mother to hear. I was pissed, but I didn’t have a death wish.

“Heidi,” I called out. “We’re ten minutes late.” I bang on her door. “If you don’t come out in a minute, you’d have to drive there yourself.”

Heels clicked towards my direction. A few seconds later, the door opened and all my anger vanished.

There she was. Right in front of me. In a bright silver maxi dress that strangled all her toned curves. I gawked at her, trying my absolute hardest not to hang my jaw, but it was basically impossible.

I dragged my gaze down her slim profile. Her left leg was completely exposed, showing off six-inch Versace high heels, and perfect—fucking perfect—legs.

My sister took a step forward, her golden hair styled down and to the side in glamorous, textured waves, her diamond earrings glittering under the lights. With her high heels, we were at eye level to each other, and she brought her lips inches apart from mine. If I just leaned forward a little, we would be making out, and from the twinkle in her blue eyes, I doubt she would stop me.

Move. Kiss her.

She grabbed my bicep and squeezed, coming even closer, pressing herself against me. I sucked in a sharp breath, and her heady perfume entered my nostrils.

Kiss her.

“Can’t you be a gentleman and wait for your lady?” my sister whispered, her hot breaths skating across my lips. I could almost taste her. *Strawberry*. “I was just finishing up my makeup.”

Somehow, I managed to speak, and it was a wonder how I kept my voice steady. “Be quick. I hate being late.”

My older sister was *definitely* the hottest girl in school. Ellie was probably second, but the competition wasn’t close.

Heidi took a step back. “It’s a party, Dylan. We’re not expected to be on time. Now... wait.”

We stared at each other for a few more moments. There was no way she wouldn’t recognize the raw hunger in my eyes. I didn’t care that she was my sister. In front of me was the only woman that could rival our mother’s unsurpassed beauty.

She was so fucking beautiful. And the worst part? My sister knew that.

Heidi turned around, and that was when I realized her back was also completely bare. I stared at her lean, toned back muscles, and all her crazy curves she worked so hard for.

Then she closed the door again, and I was left sniffing the residue of her fruity, seductive perfume.

Fuck me.

I was doomed.

My sister came out five minutes later, somehow looking even more gorgeous.

I was ready this time. I tensed my jaw and swallowed hard, taking in the utter vision in front of me.

Fuck, she smelled amazing.

Her dress exposed so much of her skin—only covering her breasts, hips, and right leg. It might have just been better if she wore nothing at all.

Heidi approached. Slow, graceful steps forward. Light on her feet, almost as if she was tiptoeing. Everything about the way she moved screamed seduction.

My sister tightened my bow tie before glancing up and giving me her sweetest smile. “You look even more handsome in a tuxedo.” Leaning in, she purred into my ear. “You should join me for more black tie events. We would have so much...” A pause. “Fun.”

I swallowed a groan as my sister pulled away from me.

“Let’s take Mommy’s car,” she said, running her thumb through her red painted lips. “The Aston. She said we could take it out tonight.”

I raised a brow. Heidi was a much better liar than I was, so it was a dangerous game to take her words as truths. But my sister wouldn’t play around with our mother’s cars. She had to be telling the truth.

“Just don’t scratch it,” my sister added, tilting her head. “If you do, then...” She giggled again, as if it was a joke.

“Fine,” I said, my voice growing raspier, as it always did when I was *really* turned on. I started forwards, towards the main stairs. “Let’s go.”

I whistled as the golden gates pried open.

The host of the party, Max, was definitely one of the richest guys in school. Probably the wealthiest—his dad was on the Forbes billionaire list.

Our family was loaded, but there was a level even beyond that. It was obvious as I drove through the sprawling driveway, lined with tall maple trees and beautiful handcrafted stone statues.

My sister, though, didn't seem overly impressed. She acted as if she had seen the view a hundred times already. I think she was more interested in staring at me—though I couldn't be sure because I was trying my best to focus my attention ahead.

If we locked gazes one more time, I wouldn't be able to control myself. Not with her wearing a dress like that and smelling like sin.

Finally, we rolled to a stop at the main mansion. I passed the keys to the valet, praying that he wouldn't scratch the Aston. My head was on the line.

The party was already in full effect. Music blared inside, and I could hear the occasional cheers and screams.

"Are you not going to hold me?" Heidi asked when I took a step forward. "What type of gentleman are you?"

"Heidi, what would people think?"

"Think about what? That my brother is a gentleman?"

I sighed. My sister was right. No one would bat an eye if I was holding my sister as if she was my date—which she was. It wasn't rare for siblings to be each other's plus ones.

As long as we didn't do anything sexual, nobody would care.

As long as we didn't do anything sexual.

"Fine." I stepped towards my sister and wrapped my hand around her lower back. I had done the same thing to Ellie yesterday, but Heidi was more genetically blessed. She felt noticeably curvier. *Much curvier.* "Come."

We reached the main doors. It was one of those *enormous* doors that looked like they were constructed for an ancient Chinese kingdom. I didn't understand the obsession with gigantic doors. It seemed like the richer you were, the bigger your door was.

Clearing past security was surprisingly smooth. We were supposed to show the guards a barcode generated from an app that was specifically designed for this party, but they gave Heidi one look and waved us past.

“Heidi!” A voice called to us as soon as we stepped inside. “Oh my god. You look absolutely gorgeous!”

A guy in a sharply dressed tuxedo jogged to us. I recognized him as the host for the party, and he must have recognized me too because, after giving my sister air kisses on both her cheeks, he turned to me and extended a hand.

“Dylan. A pleasure.”

“Max.” I shook his hand.

He gave me this goofy-looking smile, showing his veneers. “So are you returning to save us from the embarrassment? We just lost our unbeaten streak.”

My sister placed a hand on his wrist, and it was like he melted from her touch. His knees wobbled, and I heard him suck air.

“He will be returning to the team.” Heidi glanced at me. “Right, Dylan?”

I forced a smile. “Yeap.”

“Thank god.” He glanced at Heidi’s hand, then back at me. “So, uh, enjoy the party. If you need anything, just tap the ‘help’ button on the app and my assistant will personally attend to your needs.”

Heidi dropped her hand, and he paused, rubbing the spot where she had touched him. “But, uh... if I’m available, I’ll come instead. Alright?” He looked at Heidi, as if waiting for an answer.

Heidi smiled. “Thank you, Max.”

“Alright!” he boomed, clapping his hands together. “Oh... and Heidi, the private room you requested... It’s on the fourth floor. Room fifty-eight. I reserved the best for you. There’s champagne, a private pool. Oh, and a jacuzzi! Shall I lead you there in case you get lost?”

Private... room? What?

“What would I do without you?” Heidi’s smile widened, and her voice softened.
“Thank you, Max.”

I almost rolled my eyes. It was obvious what my sister was doing, but it seemed like the poor guy was utterly under her spell.

“So... do—do you want me to show you there?”

“It’s fine,” my sister said. “We’re good.”

“Oh... okay” He looked disappointed, but then he spotted a couple that just arrived and waved at my sister. “Enjoy the party, Heidi. See you later!”

I turned to Heidi but found her staring at me. She knew what I was going to say.

I gave her a look. “I thought we were just going to a party.”

“And here we are,” my sister replied, gesturing around us. “Come on. Bring me upstairs.”

We breezed past the security at the stairs, but when we reached the third floor, Heidi nodded. “Stop here. Make a right.”

I didn’t bother arguing. Although my sister acted like a brat most of the time, she was smart. There had to be a good reason she was stopping me on the third floor.

Her breaths tickled my cheek. “Another right.”

I maneuvered us through the endless hallway, feeling up the soft skin of her back, enjoying her curves and inhaling her scent. It was still early in the evening, so only a few rooms were occupied. It was easy to tell. If music was playing in a room, we all knew what the occupants were doing.

But the most glaring question was... what was I doing? I should turn back around, go downstairs, mingle with the crowd—not lead my sister into a private room.

But wasn’t this what I wanted?

Finally, we stopped in front of a door. My sister knocked once. No answer. She tried the doorknob and then took a peek inside.

“Come on.” Heidi grabbed my hand and pulled me in, closing the door shut and clicking the lock.

Although the room seemed random—just one out of the countless rooms of this mega mansion—it was luxurious.

Pink lights hung over us, creating a seductive atmosphere and an enormous bed dominated the middle of the room.

I went over to the mini bar and opened it, surveying the selection of alcohol. It was mostly beers, but there were a couple bottles of red. No champagne.

Frowning, I closed the bar and stepped over to the bedside drawers, pulling them open. Boxes and boxes of condoms greeted me.

What the fuck?

I heard ruffling in the background and turned, catching my sister digging through her purse.

I eyed her. “What are you doing?”

Instead of answering me, she pulled out some kind of handheld device. There was a button in the middle, and above it... a large circular red sensor.

She started waving the thing around the room.

“Heidi,” I started. “What the hell are you doing?”

She continued waving it around. “Checking for hidden cameras.”

“What?”

“Dylan,” she sighed. “I know you don’t go to parties, but how can you be this ignorant?”

She climbed on the bed and hovered the device over the bedpost. Satisfied, my sister left the bed and ‘scanned’ the rest of the room.

“It’s simple,” my sister spoke up. “If someone like Max has leverage over me, then I’m fucked because he couldn’t be bought out.” She paused. “At least with money.”

“What are we doing here, Heidi?”

“I think it’s obvious, little bro.” Finally confident we weren’t being spied on, my sister tossed the device back to her purse and walked over to the minibar. “I just think we haven’t been spending enough time with each other. We used to be soooo much closer. I missed you.”

Heidi retrieved a couple of wine glasses and then pulled out a red. Corking the bottle open, she poured two glasses.

My sister’s smile was dazzling as I accepted the wine. “Want to play a game?”

I captured her blue eyes. “If you want to spend time with me alone, why don’t we talk at home? Or we can do stuff together outside.”

“We’re doing stuff together. Right now.” She leaned closer, taking my hand in hers. “Let’s play truth or dare.”

The offer was tempting—*especially* with Heidi.

Fuck it.

“Fine.” I stilled when she drew slow circles over my skin. “Ladies first.”

“There you go.” Heidi let go of me and took several steps backwards, giggling and perching herself on the enormous bed. “Now you’re acting like a proper gentleman.”

I sat down on the couch directly opposite her.

This might be fun.

I have never seen Heidi like this before. She wasn’t acting too much of a brat. She seemed playful. Feminine. Seductive. I liked this side of her.

“Okay.” She stared at the rim of her glass and burst into giggles again. “Truth or dare?”

“Truth,” I told her before instantly regretting it.

No, wait. Dare might be worse.

Heidi pursed her full lips, staring at me, neither of us ever breaking eye contact. It was electrifying... whatever this was between us.

I heaved a heavy breath. My heart was racing so fast, it was as if I was in the middle of a football game, pumps of adrenaline rushing through my veins.

“Are...” My sister placed her wineglass down, then tilted her head at me. “Are you a virgin?”

I frowned. “What?”

That wasn’t what I was expecting. But what was I expecting, anyway?

“You can’t lie, little bro. Answer the question.”

“Don’t call me little bro.”

My sister stood up and sauntered towards me. I thought she was going to sit beside me or something, but she caught me off guard when she sat *on* me, straddling me in place, gazing at me from above.

Heidi took my wine glass and placed it at the side. “Answer the question, Dylan.”

I couldn’t believe this was happening. Fucking hell, her hips felt *amazing* against mine. My cock throbbed painfully against my pants, aching to sink itself into her heat.

I didn’t want to look panicked, even though my insides were scorched and screaming. Maintaining my composure, I circled my hands around her hips, easily slipping underneath her skimpy dress and touching lace.

Wet lace.

Jesus Christ.

“I heard stories, Dylan.” My sister tutted. “From Audrey.”

I should be more bothered at the mention of my ex, but with my sister on top of me, with my fingers underneath her drenched panties, feeling up her bare ass?

The whole mansion could catch on fire, and I couldn't care less.

Straightening up, I whispered the words. "What have you heard?"

Heidi's smile was an erotic invitation. "That she offered herself to you many, many times. But you always, always..." My sister closed her eyes, exhaling slowly, grinding her hips against mine, as if she was riding my cock.

I couldn't resist the groan spilling out from my lips, or the urge to squeeze her ass for the first time. My sister moaned. A low, feminine sound that almost broke me wild.

Her ass was so toned in places, yet soft and supple in others. I clenched my jaw, feeling up an ass that was built from years of hard work and discipline. A body sculptured to utter perfection. Anything less than *this* was a waste of my time.

I continued kneading her toned cheeks, and from the barely audible whimpers spilling from those red painted lips, Heidi was loving it.

"You always rejected her advances. Always." Her eyes reopened, showing glazed pupils. "Is that right, Dylan? Are you a virgin?"

I didn't reply, but her blue eyes refocused and she saw the truth in mine.

"You are..." Heidi leaned back and covered her open mouth with a palm. "Oh my god. You are. How could—" My sister shook her head in disbelief. "Why? How?"

I stayed silent. *Anything I say can and will be used against me.*

But Heidi was smarter than I thought. Either that, or I was an open book to my sisters. Both of them always seemed to figure me out pretty quickly.

"Is it because..." she moved her hips again, grinding her barely covered sex against my rock hard cock.

I hissed a breath, jerking up. Every touch from her was lethal, especially when she was basically half naked and dry humping me.

“... she isn’t good enough for you?” My sister finished the words with a wink.

Heidi sped up her rhythm, pushing her hips forward and down, rubbing against my cock in the most delicious way possible. “She’s beautiful, but she’s not good enough for you.”

I groaned. “Heidi.”

“You like me better, don’t you, lil bro?” My sister dipped her head low, grazing our lips. I could feel her lips moving as she talked. Taste faint strawberries. “You hide it pretty well. But your body always reacts when I...”

My sister curved her hand down, and without looking, unbuttoned my dress pants and slipped underneath, cupping my cock through my boxers in her soft, warm palm.

“Heidi—fuck!” I squeezed her ass so hard, I was sure my nails were making deep marks on her. But all my sister did was giggle. “Fuck!”

“See?” Another girly giggle. Another cock-throbbing smile. “You want me, little bro.” Her gaze flicked from my irises to my lips. She leaned in closer. “What if I want you too? What if—”

I didn’t let her finish. Freeing a hand from her ass, I clutched her soft blonde hair in my fist and pulled her into me, hard. I didn’t even register that I was kissing my sister until her tongue slipped past my lips and I met her in a frantic dance.

Heidi gripped my cheek and neck, moaning as our tongues tangled in a frenzy of lust and burning hot taste.

Strawberries. Heidi tasted like fresh strawberries.

My sister was everywhere. Clutching my cheek, fingernails raking down my neck, hips grinding on my cock, erotic moans filling me up with intoxicating energy.

Fuck, Heidi was a superb kisser. When we first joined lips, we were at it like lifelong lovers, but after a peak of passion, we slowed down a little.

My sister offered long, leisurely licks with her tongue, then she withdrew, passionately sucking on my top lip, then the bottom. Then she was at the top again, coating me with her strawberry saliva.

I am going to cum, I realized, groaning low. The pressure building in between my legs was almost painful, and there was no way in hell I was going to waste all this build up just to explode in my pants—just from a kiss.

I broke the kiss, and we both gasped for air. I was full on heaving, and Heidi was equally as riled up, her eyes wide with lust, mouth ajar, panting in and out.

“Dylan,” my sister breathed. “I—”

She yelped when I stood up, carrying her slim, curvy frame with me. She crossed her legs around my hips in a panic, and I steadied her, planting a palm on her back, bringing us forward—straight towards the bed.

“Stop—Dylan! Wait!”

Her words didn’t register. All I could hear was the roar of blood in my head, telling me to do one thing, and one thing only.

We reached the bed, and I fell forward, slamming my sister onto the mattress. She yelped, but I was already in action, my hands on her creamy thighs, pulling them apart. I might have been too forceful, because I heard fabric ripping.

“Dylan!” My sister was shouting. “Stop! Stop!”

But I couldn’t stop even if I wanted to. My hands were already at her panties—and a quick glance south confirmed she was wearing bright red lace. Before I could pull them down and expose perfection, I felt a blow to my cheeks, and then radiating pain.

The sting brought me to my senses. I stopped, heaving breaths on top of my sister.

“Dylan!” Heidi tried to push me off. “Get off! What the fuck?!”

I stared at her. What the fuck was wrong with her? She wanted to fuck, and then suddenly she didn’t?

“Get off!”

I rolled away, and my sister immediately jerked up, covering her legs with her torn up dress.

Heidi glared at me. If looks could kill, I would have been bloodied all over the floor. "What the hell is wrong with you? Are you some kind of barbarian?"

"What?" I snapped. My lips were still tingling from the passionate kiss we had seconds ago, faint strawberries searing my tastebuds. "Didn't you bring me here for this?"

My sister shook her head. Her hair was a mess, her golden waves a waterfall down her face, but the wild look made me want her more. "You're a moron."

I furrowed my brow. "What the fuck do you want, then? I don't understand."

"Do I need to teach you everything?"

When I didn't reply, she rolled her eyes. "You're not supposed to go straight to fucking. What is this? The stone ages? Behave yourself."

I growled. "I'm tired of games, Heidi."

"Well, you'll have to participate if you want me." She tilted her chin up. "Do you want me?"

"Obviously."

"Good." She let go of her dress, and the silvery silk fell to the side, giving me a glimpse of soaked red lace.

She was drenched. The proof was right there. She wanted me too, but apparently, I had to go through hoops and loops to have her.

My sister crawled forward, taking my chin in her hand, pinning our gaze together. I watched her full lips slowly part.

"Rejoin the team," Heidi whispered. "Bring me out on dates. Court me the proper way." Her smile was back, flirtatious heat singing at the edges. "Be mine, Dylan. Imagine what we can do together. The things we could achieve."

She traced my lower lip with her thumb. "Audrey? Gwen? The rest of your fucking exes? All of them aren't good enough for you. I am. You know I am."

My sister wanted me to give her the boyfriend experience. Take her out. Wine and dine her. Be a good little boy until she deemed it appropriate to reward me.

For a woman like Heidi, it was understandable for her to have such demands.

Was I going to play into this madness? Sing and dance for her?

Fuck no.

I broke eye contact and exhaled. "Are we going to fuck or not?"

I couldn't believe the words coming from my mouth. I've never been interested in sex. Never. But with my sister half-naked, hair a mess, lips wet and ruined, breasts heaving in and out... I would be royally pissed if I came out of this room still a virgin.

Her smile slipped, and she crossed her legs. "Did you not hear a single word I just said? Do you think I'm some kind of slut? If you want me, earn me."

"Heidi." I stared at her. She just seduced me. French kissed her own brother. And after all that... after she personally brought me to the edge, she was giving me demands?

Who the fuck does she think she is? If she thought she was a real life princess, I was about to give her a rude awakening.

My voice was so deep, just whispering came off as a growl. "Open your fucking legs."

Her brows furrowed, her nose scrunched up, and her lips morphed into a deep-set frown. The thing about overwhelming beauty is that no matter what face my sister made, it only served me to want to fuck her more.

But to her credit, she didn't give me the outburst I expected. A few seconds passed in silence. And then she moved, shifting towards me, leaning into my ear.

"Fuck you, Dylan," she whispered. "Find your own fucking ride back."

“What?” I said, watching my sister hop out of bed and cross the room, towards a wardrobe. She flung it open and searched through it for a while before retrieving a towel, wrapping it around her hips. “What are you talking about?”

“I’m taking the car home.”

I chuckled. “No, you’re not.”

That got her glaring at me, pure ice in her eyes. For a brief moment, she looked exactly like our mother. “If you try to stop me...” She gestured to her ruined dress with a nod. “I’ll tell Mommy what you did to me tonight.”

“You’re going to lie to her?” I couldn’t believe my Heidi was hanging this threat over me. If our mother knew what we did, there was no telling what would happen to me.

But maybe she would understand. After all, our mom fucked her own brother. Married him. Bore his children.

Maybe she would chalk it up as a family tradition.

And if the love pill had already taken effect, maybe for the first time in my life, our mother would side with me.

“What lie would I tell?” my sister countered. “That you forced yourself on me? That you’re a sicko and have a crush on your own sister?”

“You kissed me, Heidi.”

“Did I?” She raised a hand and traced her lower lip with her thumb, and the tiniest of smirks cracked the straightness of her red lips. “It’s your word against mine.”

I had completely forgotten how much of a bitch my older sister could be.

Heidi took my silence as a victory, raising her chin high and leaving me with parting words.

“You’re such a moron, Dylan.”

“Fuck,” I whispered under my breath, running a hand through my hair. “Fucking Heidi.”

Getting a ride back home wasn’t a big deal. I was sure I could figure something out within a few minutes, but Heidi doing Heidi things? That pissed me off more than I would ever openly admit.

I should have known she would pull off something like this. When we were younger and played rough in the playground, she would come running to our mother with tears in her eyes whenever I played ‘wrong’—pushing her during a game of tag, when she couldn’t find me during hide and seek, or sometimes, when I played with Ellie more than I played with her.

Our mother didn’t punish me for every one of her tantrums, but the few I got crap for, it just encouraged my older sister’s shitty behavior.

I could still smell strawberries on the bed. Still taste faint sweetness on my lips.

Fuck. What should I do now?

But as I filtered through my thoughts, my mind kept drifting back to ocean blue eyes.

I fished my phone out of my pocket and dialed her number. I didn’t need to have her number memorized, but somehow I did. It was ingrained in my brain, along with the memories of her last night.

Her breathy moans. The sounds she made as she—

“H-Hello?”

Closing my eyes, I inhaled deeply, wishing I could smell her instead of strawberries.

“Hello?” my little sister repeated. Why was her voice so airy? And why did she sound so nervous? “D-Dylan?”

“Ellie,” I breathed. I didn’t even know why I was saying her name like that—in a low, smooth exhale.

Silence on the line. I could hear her breaths. In and out. In and out.

Finally, my little sister squeaked out a reply.

“Yes?”

“I’m in a little situation,” I told her. “I don’t have a ride back home. Could you pick me up? I’ll pin you the location.”

A sharp inhale. “What... what happened to your mother’s car?”

“It’s nothing like that. It’s just... Heidi being Heidi.”

“Oh.”

I didn’t need to say more. My little sister immediately understood.

Silence again. *Fuck*. Did the temperature in the room take a plunge or something? I could almost feel the tension radiating from the line, wrapping the room in a thick blanket.

After ten long seconds, I broke the silence.

“So, can you pick me up?”

A long pause.

“I can send Henry.”

“No.” I shook my head. I wanted to see *her*, not her damn chauffeur.

My sister’s voice dipped. “Why?”

“Just...” My mind whirled. “Just come, okay?”

My heart pounded as I waited for an answer. If Ellie refused, it would hurt me way more than what Heidi just did.

Ellie’s tone was so fucking low, I had to strain to hear her.

“Okay.”

God. I could touch myself to her voice. Have the best fucking orgasm just listening to her.

I nodded. "Okay."

"Okay."

I waited for her to click off, but she was still breathing, and if I wasn't imagining things, she was breathing heavier.

I killed the line.

My stomach growled. I wasn't hungry for food; I craved something else. Something only the girls in my family could provide. I wanted to return home, storm inside Heidi's room, pin her against her bed and release all this pent up sexual frustration into her.

Then once I was done with her punishment, I would pay my little sister a visit.

The party was still in full effect. There were a couple of people scattered outside, smoking their cigars, which annoyed me because they kept giving me glances. But most of the partygoers were inside, screaming, cheering, and being maniacs.

Ellie was taking longer than expected, and I was getting a little worried. I trusted her more than anyone else; she wouldn't flake on me.

What if she had gotten into a car accident? My little sister wasn't the best driver, and it might have been a while since she was at the wheel.

I never considered myself an anxious person, but when my little sister dominated my thoughts, I was a mess.

In the distance, I saw headlights approaching, and I breathed a sigh of relief when I recognized Ellie's dark BMW.

One of the valets started to head towards us, but I waved him away. Ellie smoothed to a stop in front of me, and I opened the door, ducking inside.

God. My sisters' cars always smelled like heaven. I pity their chauffeurs.

“Hey,” I greeted her, shutting the door and lowering the music so she could hear me better.

Ellie stared straight ahead. She hadn’t even given me so much as a glance. “Hey.”

Was she pissed at me? It was hard to tell. When it came to my sisters, it was practically impossible to tell the moods they were in.

I studied Ellie as she drove. She was still in her pajamas—a silken blue pajama set that had adorable cartoonish clouds decorated all over it.

“Sorry,” I told her. “Did I wake you up?”

She bit her bottom lip, her ocean blue eyes glued straight ahead. “No.”

Silence again, except for the faint pop song playing on the speakers.

My little sister was never the conversationalist with me, but she was never *this* quiet. She should be asking me what Heidi had done—or at least ask me about the party, especially since it was rare for me to attend one.

“Ellie,” I spoke out. “What’s wrong?”

She said nothing. We passed a streetlight, and I caught a brief shine of silver on her neck. Frowning, I leaned forward.

“You’re wearing a necklace,” I pointed out, unable to hide the surprise from my voice.

Heidi always went all out with her jewelry, but for our little sister, aside from the platinum ring her mother gifted her wrapped around her ring finger, Ellie went bare.

So it was a shock to see she had something on her neck. And it wasn’t *just* a normal necklace. It was a white gold pendant in the form of a small key. A birthday gift from me when she hit sweet sixteen.

My sister brought a hand to her neckline, touching the pendant.

“Yeah,” she whispered.

“Let me...” I leaned towards her, bringing my hand forward to take the pendant. I just planned to examine the jewelry closer, since I had forgotten what it looked like.

Ellie’s eyes went wide. She finally looked at me. “Don’t—”

She tried to jerk away, but the panic made her lose control of the car. I fell sideways, and I instinctively grabbed my sister for support.

“Dylan!” she cried out.

I reacted quickly, grabbing the hand brakes and yanking it up.

The car screeched for a few seconds before coming to a sudden stop. We jolted forward, but the seatbelts saved us from the dashboard.

“Ellie.” I placed my hand on her shoulder, frantically looking at her for signs of injury. “Are you okay?”

“Don’t—” She pulled away, and I dropped my hand. “Please don’t touch me.”

“What?” I stared at her, and she looked away. “What do you mean? Are you okay?”

She sniffed in response.

I frowned. She was panting, but it wasn’t from shock. Glancing back up, I finally noticed her flushed neck, parted lips, glazed blue eyes.

I knew the look all too well. Heidi had mirrored the expression just an hour ago.

My little sister was turned on.

“Ellie?” I said. “Are—”

“Please stop,” she exhaled, her heavy breaths now *definitely* noticeable. “Please.”

“Okay.” I moved away. “Okay. Drive.”

There were no other cars on the road, so we didn’t make a scene. Ellie started the car forward, and I respected her wishes, keeping my mouth shut while she pressed buttons on the wheel, turning up the music and drowning out her heavy pants.

When we reached home, Ellie killed the engine and rushed out, slamming the car door shut and bolting towards our front door.

I still hadn't moved from my seat. Ellie... turned on? By me?

It didn't make sense. I have never seen Ellie so much as show interest in *anybody*. She had her celebrity crushes, sure. Mostly k-pop artists, but she had never had a boyfriend before. She always refused every guy that approached her.

What I saw was impossible. I must have interpreted it wrongly.

But the look on her face.

It didn't make sense. How? It couldn't be.

Unless—

The love pill.

I had slipped it in my mother's water bottle. And—

Ellie was in the room with my mother.

And my little sister had just finished a hard, sweaty practice session in school.

She would have been thirsty.

Oh my god.