

Chapter 4

“Ellie,” I gasped, pumping my hips in and out of her, relishing my little sister’s delicious heat.

Her ear-piercing shriek was music to my ears. “D-DYLAN!”

Grunting, I wrapped my arms around her and stood up, carrying us forward and slamming my little sister against her bedroom wall.

“DYLAN!” She shuddered violently. “OH MY GOD!”

I didn’t care that I was hurting her. I didn’t care that I had corrupted my precious little sister. Ruined her angelic innocence—all because I couldn’t keep myself away from her.

All because I was as desperately in love with her.

“Dylan!” She tried to plant her feet on the ground to writhe away, but Ellie was too small, too short. She couldn’t do anything but stay there as I lost myself inside her virgin pussy. “You—you’re hurting me!”

“I don’t care,” I rasped, overwhelmed by intoxicating desire. I wasn’t a virgin anymore, and I couldn’t seem to stop myself from brutally pounding into her impossibly tight cunt.

I repeated my words, punctuating them with a deafening thrust forward, making my little sister squeal after every successful connection.

“I.”

“Don’t.”

“Care.”

“DYLAN!” Her voice cracked, then broke. “DYLAN! PLEASE!”

I jolted awake with a gasp, frantically staring into the darkness.

Fuck.

Another dream. Another fucking dream.

Ellie.

I have never dreamt of my little sister before.

My mother? Countless times.

Heidi? Maybe a couple dozen times.

But Ellie?

Exhaling a heave, I staggered out of bed, cold sweat beading out from every pore of my body. I reached for the light switch, grimacing as blinding light flooded the room.

Fuck. I felt sick.

Ellie.

The dream felt so real.

I staggered towards my bathroom and squinted at my reflection in the mirror. I looked like shit, and I told myself as much, muttering under my breath and bringing my hand over my face.

Bad mistake.

I could still smell my little sister on my palm. So fucking sweet.

Sighing, I headed into the shower and turned on the steamy rainfall, trying to wash my sins away. But it was impossible.

Her scent stayed on me like a stubborn thin coat, and eventually I gave up trying to wash Ellie off. Stumbling out of my tiled enclosure, I dried myself—just in time for my alarm to go off.

It was the start of the week, and that meant one thing.

School.

Fuck.

Crossing over to my bedside table, I switched off my alarm and got changed into my school uniform.

Having breakfast with my sisters was a hit or a miss. Sometimes they would head downstairs to the breakfast already prepared for us.

Or sometimes, they would prefer to have their breakfast served in bed, and would phone the staff to bring it up to them.

But if they weren't lazy, my sisters would head out, meeting their friends in various cafes near our school.

For Ellie, her preferred choice was to head out early to her mother's place. Lucia owned a luxurious coffee shop/interior design spot. It was a unique idea she had come up with.

The shop was decorated with modern artwork and unique art pieces. Everything in the coffee shop was for sale—including the furniture.

Ellie would spend the better part of the hour there, conversing with her mother. So if I wanted to see her, my best bet was to get changed and head over there.

But did I want to see her?

Movements outside my room had my heart thumping in my chest. It could be anybody. Maybe it was one of the maids.

No. The footsteps were soft and light-footed. And she was wearing heels. Whoever it was had ballerina training. Lucia. Heidi.

Ellie.

But the footsteps faded away and I could breathe again. No, I shouldn't see Ellie. After last night, the last thing I wanted was to bump into any of my sisters.

Hell, I would rather face my mother.

Opening my door, I peeked out into the hallway. Clear.

My stomach growled as I stepped outside. The best course of action was to get breakfast in a random restaurant further away from the city. That way, I would stand no chance of bumping into Heidi since she only went to extravagant places. Ellie too. Although our little sister was more reserved, she also only ate in fancy places—mainly her mother’s spot.

I closed my room door and headed towards the side stairs, passing Ellie’s room, then Heidi’s. And just like a horror movie, the door opened, and I froze in place.

I didn’t turn. Didn’t look at her.

Strawberries filled my nose, and her smooth voice resonated over me.

“Little bro,” she tutted. I could feel the heat of her stare scorching me. “Why are you in a rush? It’s still early.”

I finally turned to her, and my eyes immediately slid over her profile.

Fuck me. She was already in her school uniform. The navy pleated skirt was cut so low, her long, slender legs were practically exposed.

My legs somehow came back to life. I started forward, planning to ignore her, but when my sister grabbed my arm, my knees turned to jelly.

“I said...” My sister’s hot breaths skirted past my neck. Why was she always so close to me? “Where are you going?”

I eyed her grip around my hand. Heidi had a superpower. She could suck all the willpower out of you from just one touch. I couldn’t move.

“To class,” I breathed, trying to keep my voice steady.

“It’s still early,” she breathed, her voice dipping to a purr. “We have time. Come.”

I couldn’t resist as she pulled me into her room, kicking the door shut behind us.

Heidi’s room was much larger than mine—she needed two walk-in closets. In a lot of ways, Heidi was literally just a younger version of our mother. The entire room was coated in pink, with lush pink rugs, pink sofas, and a king-sized pink bed.

She let go of my hand. My willpower returned.

I frowned at my sister. "I don't have time for games. What do you want?"

In response, she retreated a couple of steps back, her hands behind her back, her hair styled down in wavy curtain bangs. With sunlight illuminating through the windows behind her, she looked like an angel.

Heidi didn't speak for a moment. We were in a staring competition again, but then her smile reappeared.

"Do you like girls in uniforms, Dylan?"

"What?"

She lifted the edges of her miniskirt, drawing my eyes down.

"Girls in school uniform," she clarified. "Do you have a thing for it?"

She lifted it higher. I glimpsed lace. This time... black.

I swallowed. "No."

She tutted, shaking her head. "You're such a terrible liar, little bro. So fucking bad." She took a step forward, forcing me to step back, pressing my back against her door.

This was crazy. Although Heidi was tall for a girl, she was still much smaller than I was.

I shouldn't be backing off.

But it was too late. My sister closed the distance, and then she was pressing herself against me, her breasts against my chest, our hips together, our lips inches apart.

Her breaths tickled my lips. "Do you want to fuck me now?"

I didn't reply. Just breathed.

"I can ride your cock." My sister raised her hand and cupped my cock through my pants. "I'm amazing at that."

Fuck. Fuck!

"You're so big. Holy shit." Heidi was heaving too, her breasts dipping in and out against my chest. "But I can make it work. Just lay down on my bed and relax. I can ride you in my school uniform. You wouldn't even see my pussy." She paused. "Or do you want me naked?"

"Heidi..." It felt like I had gone through a hard football session. I was full-on panting, beads of sweat rolling down my forehead. "What the fuck are you doing?"

"You know I touched myself to you last night?" Her eyes flickered shut, and she let out a low moan, jerking my cock up. She must have felt it, because her fist tightened around my length, making me clench my eyes shut too.

Jesus Christ.

"I'll let you in on a secret." My sister exhaled. "I love it rough and hard."

What the actual fuck was happening? Wasn't Heidi pissed off at me?

I didn't get women. Or maybe it was just my sisters. One moment, she wanted sex. The next second, she didn't want it. And now she was openly offering herself to me?

Had she taken the love pill?

It couldn't be. I just checked my stash this morning. There were still three pills left. And at this rate, I didn't need a pill for my older sister.

Silence. We were staring at each other. She leaned towards me, and I knew what she wanted.

I raised my hands, clutched her cheeks, and met her halfway, tasting strawberries.

Fuck.

She started off aggressive, sucking my lips hard. Heidi was trying to establish dominance, but I was having none of it. Dropping a hand from her cheeks, I wrapped it around her neck and applied pressure.

Heidi yelped, and then I parted her lips with a stroke of my tongue, meeting hers in a flash of heat.

She moaned with me, dissolving into the kiss, digging her nails into my wrist as I choked my sister and gathered fresh strawberries.

“Mmm.” Her deep groans had me choking her harder. But Heidi was taking it well, showing no signs of panic or discomfort.

We broke the kiss mutually, but our connection wasn’t severed. A string of saliva connected our lips, and Heidi chuckled, finally breaking our link with a swipe of her tongue.

“You kiss good,” my sister said, dropping her hands, leaving my cock bare. God, I missed her touch already. “You’re actually really good.”

I flicked my gaze past her—towards the unmade bed that was no doubt going to smell exactly like her. “Are we really going to do this? Right now?”

Her smile was pure seduction. “Do you want me that badly?”

After that kiss? And dressed in that unholy uniform?

“Yes.” I exhaled, my gaze dipping down to her *amazing* thighs. They looked so smooth, so fucking creamy. “Fuck yes.”

“Here.” I didn’t resist when Heidi took hold of my wrist and guided me under her skirt.

I stiffened when I felt damp lace.

“Look how wet I am for you.” Her breaths skirted along my lips, but then she leaned in closer and closed her eyes, sucking lightly on my bottom lip. “Mmm.”

“Heidi.” She was still sucking on my lips, and I groaned as sweetness filled up my tastebuds. “Get on your bed.”

She stopped, drawing back an inch, pulling my hand away from her drenched panties. Looking at me through those thick lashes, she purred out a question. "What are you going to do to me?"

"Go to bed and find out."

"Hmm." She ran her tongue along her lips, gathering our mixed saliva. "I have a better idea."

Of course.

I clench my jaw. "What?"

"Do you know Ichiro?"

I groaned. I knew where she was taking this conversation to.

"Hmm?" Heidi pressed forward, raising her right knee and rubbing it against the tent under my pants. "Do you know, little bro?"

"Don't call me..." I swallowed saliva. "Fuck—Heidi."

"Answer me."

"Of course I do." I squeezed my eyes shut. "It's the fancy Japanese place."

"Take me there tonight."

I lifted my eyelids and stared straight into those hypnotizing blues. "It's always packed full. There's no way we can get a table at short notice."

"I already made reservations."

I groaned, taking in all the sensations overwhelming me. Her smell, her taste lingering on my lips, her fucking knee rubbing against my cock.

When was the last time I was this riled up?

I couldn't even remember. I was always hard to please, but Heidi was making this look like child's play. It was actually embarrassing.

“Listen, Dylan.” She dropped her leg and leaned into me. “Take me out tonight. Give me a good time. And maybe when we return home, I’ll give you something in return. Something you will like...” She nibbled on earlobe. “*Really* like.”

I gritted my teeth. “I know what you’re doing.”

She swiped her tongue along my ear, and I swallowed the groan clawing from my throat. “What am I doing, lil bro?”

“You’re using your femininity to get what you want. You want me just like all the guys wrapped around your finger.”

Somehow she found my answer amusing. She giggled. “I do like power.”

“Well.” I forced a smile. “You’re not going to get one over me.”

“Oh, really?” She drew back and stared into my eyes. “I like a challenge.”

Heidi glanced down, and I followed her gaze. But it was a major mistake, my sister was lifting her skirt again.

“Are you rejecting me, little bro? Are not going to take your sister out for a simple date, then fuck her after? You don’t want me in your bed begging for your big cock? You rather choose your own ego over... me?”

For someone wearing her school uniform—with a cute red bow tie and looking so innocent—she sure could be a slut.

“I know what you’re thinking,” my sister said, letting go of her pleated skirt. “I’m not easy, Dylan.” God, I could stare into her eyes forever. Eyes that were identical to mine. And I was sure she was thinking the same because it felt like hours had passed before she reopened her full lips.

“What if I told you you are my first kiss in over six months? What if I told you I haven’t slept with anyone in a looong time?”

I eyed her. “You’re lying.”

She shrugged. "Most men are boring. I'm sure you feel the same way. That's why you dumped all those women." I swore her gaze could burn flesh. "But you and me? We're different and we match. Don't you agree?"

I exhaled. "We're family, Heidi."

We're family? *Why the fuck did I say that?*

It was the worst excuse that ever came out of my lips. Hell, I had been lusting over our mother ever since I could remember. And my older sister? She was right.

Women are boring. Heidi wasn't.

"Oh?" Her knee was back against my cock. *Fuck!* "But doesn't that make things... naughtier? Wouldn't it make the sex wayyyy better? Just imagine, Dylan. Close your eyes." Heidi closed hers, and I stared at her for a moment before I followed suit.

Her voice was so smooth. So low. "Imagine fucking me, Dylan. Imagine plunging your cock in and out of your own sister while Mommy is just outside." She pressed her lips against my ears, blowing out scorching breaths. "Can you imagine it? Can you imagine how fucking hot that would be?"

What the fuck?

It didn't make sense. Heidi hadn't taken the love pill yet. Was Heidi as depraved as I was this entire time?

"Take me out," she whispered, pecking me sweetly, as if it was an innocent, sisterly kiss and not the lust filled one we had moments ago. "Tonight."

I opened my eyes and nodded. What else could I do? I didn't think I was even capable of speech anymore.

"Good." She smiled, pecking me one last time before her warmth left me. "See you in school."

I am going to lose my virginity to my sister tonight.

The sinful thought swirled around in my mind as I went through my day. I couldn't focus on anybody or anything but that singular thought. The lecturer's voice drone in the background. The words on the iPad were gibberish, and the hush whisperings of my classmates around me fell onto my deaf ears.

I knew Heidi was playing a game I was going to lose. And I hated the fact that she had the upper hand. A couple of days ago, I wasn't even desperate for sex, but now that she had implanted the sinful scene of her in my bed, it dominated my every thought.

But what could I do to get the ball back in my court? Deny her advances? I already tried that, but Heidi was *very* good at seduction. She didn't need to do much. Just touch me and pollute my mind with her filth.

Fuck.

As much as I despise the fact that I was falling under her spell, I much rather fuck her than keep resisting. Especially when all I had to do was deal with her bullshit for half a night before I could take her to bed and have my way with the hottest girl in school.

Maybe sex wasn't all it was hyped up to be. Maybe after our first time together, I wouldn't be craving for her any longer.

I chuckled. *Yeah, sure.*

"Dylan." Mr. Gold's voice rang through the classroom. "Is there something funny?"

I sighed and crossed my arms, feeling fifty pairs of eyeballs lasered on my skull. "No."

He glared at me for a few more moments before resuming the lecture. *Blah, blah, blah.* Boring.

My thoughts drifted back to golden hair and piercing blue eyes.

Fine. I would submit to her stupid games. Wine and dine her tonight. Then I would take her to my room and fuck her like there was no tomorrow.

Screw it. I wanted her. I wanted her almost as much as I wanted our mother.

Almost.

The first attempt at love-pilling my mother ended in grand failure. I needed to try again.

But for now, Heidi would make do.

I couldn't find blue hair anywhere among the cafeterias.

I didn't understand my sudden obsession with my little sister. I dreamt of her this morning, smelled her on my skin when I woke up. Even after knowing that I was going to lose my virginity to Heidi tonight, I still couldn't shake the gorgeous image of ocean blue hair and matching blue eyes out of my mind.

Ellie's besties were all seated around a large circular table, but my sister wasn't with them. Glancing around the crowded space one last time, I strode up to the table and nodded.

"Ladies," I greeted them, shoving my hands in my pocket when I was met with smiles and giggles. "Have you girls seen my sister?"

One of them—a petite dark-haired girl—smiled widely, showing her row of perfect white teeth. "She didn't come to school today. You didn't know?"

"She..." I shook my head. "... didn't?"

That was definitely odd. Ellie never skipped school, even when she was sick. She was a star student—her perfect grades proved that.

Ellie's friends shared glances. One of them fished out her phone from her purse and started tapping on her screen.

"Is she okay?" The dark-haired one asked me.

I was about to reply, but I smelled strawberries and their facial expressions instantly changed.

"Found you." A smooth voice purred into my ear, making my whole body react. My breaths stilled. My pulse kicked into overdrive.

I glanced towards Ellie's friends, but all of them were pretending to be busy, munching on their food or focusing on their phones.

"Come." Heidi took my hand in hers and tugged me to the side. "Join me for lunch."

I allowed her to lead, but my eyes were darting around the room, desperately searching for signs of blue. I couldn't believe Ellie had skipped class. Something must be very wrong.

After drinking the love pill meant for my mother, she had been off. Aloof and distant.

I whispered the news to my sister. "Ellie didn't come to school today."

Heidi didn't stop walking, but the news made her purse her lips.

Finally, she shrugged. "I'm sure she's fine."

"I should check on her."

"She's fine." We stopped at a table that had two seats reserved. I recognized the people seated and internally groaned when I spotted the faces of my ex teammates.

"Dylan." One of them, Adrian, nodded at me. He wrapped his arm around the pretty blonde girl next to him. "Long time no see."

"Yeah." The girl laid against Adrian's shoulder and blinked her lashes at me. "Are you coming back to save us? We missed you."

I swear to god. If I had a dollar for every time someone asked me that...

Heidi squeezed my bicep and pressed herself close to me, her golden hair tickling my neck. She was practically acting as my girlfriend, but she could get away with it because everyone would just chalk it up to Heidi being a loving sister.

"I ordered you steak," Heidi breathed into my ear. "I hope that's okay."

We sat down next to each other and the chatter continued. I didn't like crowded tables, so I resorted to nodding and mumbling replies whenever someone brought me into the conversation.

As the minutes passed, Heidi shifted closer and closer to me. Soon, she had one leg draped over mine, and my sister was using her other foot to rub against my calf.

If I could describe my Heidi's recent attitude, *annoyingly irresistible* would be an apt description.

"What are you thinking about?" my sister asked, propping her chin on my shoulder.

I chewed on my steak. Of course Heidi had ordered an extravagant one, topped with caviar and served with sides of golden fries. But I didn't look out of place since pretty much everyone else on the table went all out for lunch.

Fuck. I was so fucking hard from her delicious rubs. Taking the strawberry protein shake Heidi had ordered for me, I took small sips.

Heidi tasted better.

"Nothing," I mumbled.

"You're still thinking about Ellie, aren't you?"

I continued chewing.

"I didn't know you liked her so much." Why was she whispering? And why the hell was she trailing a finger down my stomach, towards my—

"Heidi," I hissed, taking an urgent glance around us. If somebody looked under the table...

"Do you like her more than me?" She squeezed my cock as she waited for my answer. "Hmm?"

I jerked up when she squeezed harder. Glaring at my annoying sister, I spoke out, my voice so guttural I could barely recognize myself.

"Maybe," I told her, but then she moved the pressure towards my balls.

"Heidi—" I pried her hand away from me, but I must have said her name too loud. Because when I looked up, the entire table was staring at us.

My sister didn't seem fazed. She scooted back to her seat and flashed me a smile. "You should finish your steak, little bro. Or you'll lose all those muscles you worked so hard for."

Around us, people gave awkward chuckles, making me wish the ground would open up and swallow me whole. Why was I playing into Heidi's games? She was practically a Master at it.

I shouldn't take her out tonight. I shouldn't sing and dance for her like I had told myself not to. All my older sister had was her looks—that was it.

I had scoffed at all the men under her spell. Wondered why they couldn't see past her beauty and realize the monster underneath that pretty mask. But somewhere along the lines, I had fallen into her web too, wrapped up tight like all the other poor souls who fell in love with her.

And the worst part about it all? Heidi made it look easy. I had rejected countless women, but all it took for my older sister to break me was a couple of kisses and the promise of sex.

God help me.

"Dylan?"

I cleared my throat and pressed my phone closer against my ear. "Hey, Lucia."

"Is there something wrong?"

"No. No, it's nothing." I cleared my throat again, then nodded when a couple of guys waved at me in the distance. "It's just..."

My step-mother (Aunt?) waited for me to continue.

"It's Ellie. She's not answering my calls, and she didn't come to school today. I was just wondering if she's okay."

Laughter on the line. I loved it when Lucia laughed like that. It was a sweet, feminine sound. I wished my mother laughed more. I'd bet it would sound even better.

"She's fine," my stepmother told me. "Just a little sick. Fever, she told me." A pause. "Dylan, I didn't know you cared about her so much."

Why was everyone saying that? Had I been that bad of a brother this whole time?

I grunted. "Just trying to be a better brother."

"Good. I love to hear that. Wait—" Lucia must still be in her cafe because I heard several people murmuring in the background, but she returned quickly. "You know, Dylan. She really loves you. She talks about you often."

"She does?"

"Yeah. Especially these last couple of days. All she talks about is you."

All she talks about is you.

The words thumped inside my head.

All she talks about is you.

Memories of us last night flashed into my mind. Ellie's parted lips, her glazed blue eyes, the sudden intake of air when I touched her.

The evidence that the love pill had worked was stacking up.

Was my little sister actually in love with me?

Had I ruined her?

No, she wasn't at the point of no return. Yet.

All I needed to do was leave her alone. Ellie was right. In a lot of ways, I was as bad as our eldest sister. The last thing I wanted was to corrupt Ellie.

Could I do that? Leave her alone? I owe her that much.

I closed my eyes.

“Dylan? Are you there?”

“Y-Yeah.” I touched my cheeks, feeling them warming up. No way. Was I... blushing?
“She’s... she’s not, uh, she’s not with you, right?”

I was actually stuttering. What the hell was wrong with me?

“Oh, no, she went back home. Probably asleep by now.”

I wish I was with her. Cuddled up against her soft, warm body.

“Okay.” I nodded. “Thank you, Lucia.”

“See you back at home.”

“See you.”

Click.

A dinner date with my sister.

I didn’t know how to prepare. When it came to Heidi, anything and everything could happen.

Should I just default to the typical formula?

Drive the girl to the restaurant, make her laugh, introduce physical contact, agree with everything she says, make her talk and talk. And eventually when the bill came, and it was to head back to my place—

I never got to the last part. It always ended up with me dropping her home, leaving them confused and disappointed.

Knowing how much of an elitist my older sister was, she would expect me to follow the script. But that was a bore. Damn it. Why had I even agreed to take her out?

Oh, right. She had seduced me into agreeing.

Sighing, I finished buttoning up my dark dress shirt and glanced at my watch. Heidi had made reservations at seven and it was already half-past six. And driving there would take a full fifteen minutes—depending on traffic.

I didn't understand women. Why were they always late for everything? Why couldn't they do their make up an hour before?

I had half hoped to bump into my little sister when I returned home from school. But she had locked herself inside her room for pretty much the entire day.

Stepping outside my room, I headed towards Heidi's. Soon, she was going to step out wearing something slutty, and I had to mentally prepare myself for the absolute treat my eyes were going to receive.

I fished out my phone from my pocket and tapped Heidi's number from my contacts. If I knock on her door, I doubt she would answer, so calling her was the best solution.

To my surprise, she answered on the third ring.

"What?" she said.

"Are you almost done?"

"Come in. Door's not locked."

"Heidi—"

"Come in." *Click.*

I swallowed, feeling the sudden whirl of butterflies in my stomach. Gripping her door handle, I swung it open a crack, waited a second, then opened it fully.

I didn't spot Heidi at first, but then she stepped out of her bathroom, dressed surprisingly tame. Well, tame for my older sister's standard.

I drank her in. A criss-cross black halter top hugged her upper body. It was a simple top, but it looked *otherworldly* on her, especially when her breasts were pushed up like that. And combined with a matching black miniskirt and tall high heels, the only description for my sister was *fuckable*

“You look good,” Heidi said, her dazzling smile making me breath heavy. She raised a finger and gestured me closer. “Come here.”

“We’re going to be late.”

“Dylan, baby.” She beckoned me close again. “Come. Here.”

For a split second, I almost walked out. But I couldn’t. As much as I hated to admit it, my sister held all the power tonight. Sex was a huge thing for me. I couldn’t sleep with women I wasn’t attracted to, and unfortunately with how insanely picky I was, the choices I had were a depressing *four*.

And one of them was offering herself if I just went along with her games for a single night.

One night, Dylan. Just one fucking night.

Sighing loudly, I dug my hands into my pockets and took heavy steps forward.

The moment I entered her space, Heidi grabbed my arm, tip-toed up, and pulled me in, greeting me with strawberry lips.

“Mmm.” I groaned, inhaling her intoxicating scent, clutching her hair in my fist and angling her so our tongues could meet in a frantic dance. I just fucking love the way she kissed me, as if she was as desperate for me too.

But just as I deepened the kiss—my other hand wrapping around her hips and pulling her closer—my sister tapped my chest and pulled away, ending our brief moment of passion.

“See?” she said, wiping her bottom lip with her thumb. “Listen to me and I’ll make you happy. It’s simple.” Her eyes flitted down. “You’re already hard. At least make this a bit difficult for me, lil bro.”

Heidi didn’t expect me to pull her back in. She yelped and tried to pry away, but my hands were already on her ass, squeezing her hard through her mini-skirt. Her ass was pure fantasy material, and I groaned as I squeezed and kneaded her toned cheeks.

I growled. “Call me lil bro again and I’ll bend you over the bed and spank you until you are black and blue.”

“In your dreams.” She grabbed my wrist, and I allowed her to pry away from me. Heidi jabbed a manicured fingernail towards my chest. “Behave or you won’t get anything tonight.”

First, she challenged me to make it hard for her, and now she was demanding me to behave?

What the fuck does she want?

“Use your car,” Heidi told me, nodding her head towards her door. “I like yours. It smells nice.”

The drive to the fancy Japanese spot was silent. Heidi was on her phone the entire time, looking completely comfortable, while I was a jitter of nerves.

Kaizo was located inside one of the best hotels in the heart of the city. I rolled to a stop at the hotel’s front entrance, exited the car, and tossed my keys to the approaching valet. I almost rolled my eyes when I looked back and realized my sister hadn’t moved a muscle, waiting for me to open the door for her.

Brat.

I circled around my car and opened the door. I could feel everyone’s eyes on us as Heidi stepped out and wrapped herself around my arm.

I didn’t understand my sister’s newfound obsession with being so physically close to me. She was never the touchy type, but it seemed like over the week, she couldn’t stop feeling me up, and it was driving me insane. Heidi was so warm, and her skin felt buttery smooth.

“Let’s go,” Heidi whispered the words into my ear. “Before someone recognizes us.”

Right. I haven’t thought about that. With her massive Instagram following and being widely known as Ava’s daughter, Heidi was basically a mini celebrity.

I led my sister into the impressive lobby—with its diamond chandeliers and porcelain flooring—and smiled as a hostess greeted us. Heidi mentioned our reservation and we were quickly led into the Japanese bar, past the chattering diners—and straight towards a private elevator.

Shit. Of course Heidi had booked us a private room. Does she know how much this was going to cost? Because I was the one paying.

I didn't even know that Kaizo was a Michelin star place until I saw the Michelin sticker on the elevator wall, proudly displaying three stars, making me even more nervous.

As the golden elevators peeled closed, Heidi pressed herself closer to me, scorching lips on my neck.

"I'm starving," my sister breathed.

"Me too."

My sister giggled. A sweet, girly sound that had my cock throbbing painfully.

"Relax," she told me, nibbling on my earlobe, doing the total opposite of making me relax. "You sound so nervous and you're so rigid." She patted my shoulder. "Loosen up. It's just a date. You have been on lots of dates, haven't you?"

I exhaled. "You know this isn't 'just a date'."

Her voice was drunk with humor. "Why?"

"You know why."

Another giggle. "I can't believe little bro is a virgin. How can you be as innocent as Ellie?" She squeezed my arm and grazed her lips up my jawline, making me hiss out a breath. "Tell me, have you ever had a blowjob?"

Before I could reply, the elevator doors opened, and another hostess greeted us with a deep bow.

Heidi returned to my arm, following me as we were escorted into one of those Japanese rooms that had translucent private dividers. We were served green tea, freshly brewed in front of us.

As soon as the hostess left, Heidi raised a brow. "So?"

I eyed the sliding door, expecting someone to come in at any moment. “Maybe we shouldn’t talk about this here.”

“This is our date.” Heidi shot me a pointed look and I had to stiffen a moan. It was unfair how hot she was. My sister was the younger version of our mother—but instead of pink, Heidi had gold. “Anything goes.”

When I didn’t say anything, her frown deepened. “So?”

I sighed. “Yes. Yes, I have.”

Heidi looked away. “You probably received shit heads. I give the best ones. Just wait and see.”

I leaned back in my chair. Well, it wasn’t really a chair—it didn’t have legs. We were seated cross-legged on the ground. “What are we doing, Heidi? How did we end up like this?”

Heidi was still playing dumb. Glancing back at me with those hypnotic blue eyes, she shrugged. “Like what?”

“I’m on a date with my sister.”

That was all I needed to say. Because saying that aloud just proved how ridiculous our situation was.

I expected Heidi to continue playing dumb or lean in and say something dirty, but when she looked away and fell silent, I knew she was deep in thought—a rare sight for my older sister.

The hostess returned and served our entrée. I couldn’t recognize any of the dishes. They were all small, raw fish decorated in an extravagantly fancy way.

Thanking the hostess and picking up my chopsticks, I grabbed one of the raw fish and placed it in my mouth. Immediately, flavor exploded in my taste buds and I closed my eyes, groaning out my pleasure.

“Fuck,” I said, pointing at the identical dish in front of my sister. “You should try that. It’s so good.”

Heidi was much better at me with the chopsticks. She picked up the fish in one fluid motion and ate it.

“Good?” I asked after she chewed for a few seconds.

“Dylan,” Heidi sighed, placing down her chopsticks. “Can you keep a secret?”

I sat straight up, eyeing my gorgeous sister. She was suddenly serious, so I knew whatever she wanted to tell me, it was big.

“What is it?” I asked her.

“Promise me.” She locked eyes with mine. “Promise me you won’t tell anyone.”

Her blue eyes burned into mine. I could get lost inside those beautiful blues void forever, but she was waiting for an answer. I nodded.

“I promise.”

“I don’t know how to put this simply, Dylan.” My sister shifted in her seat, then looked down. “Fuck it.” A pause. She locked eyes with me again. “Mommy and daddy are brother and sisters.”

Even though I already knew that, the fact that Heidi knew it too caught me off guard. I couldn’t do anything but stare at her in stunned silence.

“They are siblings,” my sister clarified. “Like us. They fell in love when they were in college and married in secret right before Mommy graduated.”

The silence was broken when the hostess came in again, bowing at us before lowering to her knees and serving us the second course. I think it was more raw fish. I couldn’t be sure. Except for my sister, everything else was a blur.

Heidi blew out a wisp of breath. “Say something.”

“I...” I shook my head. “Who... who told you?”

“Mommy did.” Heidi said, folding her lips in between her teeth. “Last year, during Daddy’s first anniversary.”

“Does... does Ellie know?”

“You believe me? Just like that?” Heidi stared hard at me, a cute frown etching her full lips. Lips I wanted to devour. “You’re not even going to question what I just told you?”

“I... uh...” My mind whirled for excuses, and I settled on the first one that made some sense. “I mean, Mom and Lucia look kind of similar, and you and Ellie...”

Heidi tilted her head, studying my eyes, clearly knowing something was up. But I was saved when the hostess asked if she could enter to refill our green tea.

My sister ate her sushi as our tea was being refilled, and when the hostess left, I pushed my question.

“Does Ellie know?”

“No. Mommy only told me and I doubt Lucia told Ellie.” Heidi leaned back, resting on her palms. “So, how do you feel? Knowing that we’re not just... you know...”

I broke eye contact, shrugging. “I don’t know.”

“You don’t look that surprised. I kind of expected you to be more emotional about it.”

“I guess I’m still processing what you just said.”

Heidi didn’t stop staring at me.

“So what is this, Heidi?” I changed the subject, gesturing to the space in between us. “This date, our kisses. What—you know what I’m trying to say.”

Heidi was silent for a while, just looking at me.

“I have a theory,” my sister whispered, picking at her food. “On why you can’t keep a relationship for long. On why *I can’t* keep a relationship for long.” She shrugged her lean shoulders. “Do you believe in soulmates?”

I chuckled. “Are you saying...”

“Think about it. Mommy and Daddy were so happy together. Mommy told me she had trouble with relationships before Daddy too, but when she finally realized how much she loved him...” Heidi shrugged again. “Men bore me. I don’t find you boring, little bro.”

I frowned at the mention of little bro, but I didn’t react too much because it would divert away from the topic. This was important.

Heidi glanced back at me, smiling softly.

I swallowed. “So...”

She nodded. “We are meant for each other, Dylan. You know me well and I know you. And the attraction is already there. I mean, we should at least try. Who knows? We might end up like Mommy and Daddy. Happy.”

I knew the date was going to be unexpected, but this...

I scratched my head. “I...”

“Besides,” my sister cut in. “You desperately need help. As your sister, I can’t really do much. But as your partner, I can mold you into somebody who wouldn’t be a failure. And at your rate, you’re heading to loser-ville fast.”

“What?”

Heidi started counting my flaws off her fingers. “You quit the team. You don’t talk to people. You don’t even try to socialize. You don’t act like a gentleman for somebody of your stature. Your grades aren’t even that good. Your relationship with your family is worse.” Heidi shook her head, her golden hair whipping from side-to-side. “The only things you have, Dylan, is your looks and your talents for sports. That’s it.”

The same can be said for you. But I held my tongue.

“With my help, your life will improve sooooo much. People are already gossiping about you and that means Ellie and I are under fire too. I can’t let you bring shame to our family’s name.” Heidi jabbed her chopsticks at me. “You need me, little bro. More than you think.”

When I didn’t reply—just looked at her—she sighed.

“I can teach you everything. From the ground up. How to pretend to like somebody, how to make connections, how to...” My sister pursed her lips. “How to make love to a woman. All you need to do is listen to me and you’ll be a very happy man. Like Daddy. I promise.”

“Besides,” my sister continued. “Mommy wants this, she—”

“Mom wants us to be together?”

“I haven’t finished.” Heidi glared at me. “As I was saying, Mommy didn’t explicitly say that, obviously, but she hinted several times to spend more time with you, to take you out. To fix you. And she knew it was impossible for me to do that as your sister, so...”

Fix me?

Fix me?

What the fuck?

“Heidi.” I set my chopsticks down. “I want to go home.”

My sister folded her lips in between her teeth. “Of course. I know it’s a lot to process but—”

“Do you think I’m broken?” I cut in. I didn’t mean to sound so angry, but my sharp tone made my sister flinch. “Is that why Mom hates me?”

“Mommy doesn’t hate you. She just...” Heidi picked up her yunomi cup and sipped the steaming tea. “She just... expects more from you.”

“Like what?” I challenged my sister. I knew I was being immature, but all the years of pent up frustration of being ignored by our mother was slipping through. “You get all of Mom’s love, and what exactly did you do to deserve it?”

Heidi blew the steam rising from her cup. “I know you want to please Mommy too. And the best way to make her proud is to listen to me. Be with me. Learn from me.”

I forced a smile. “Of course.”

She returned a frown. “What?”

I shook my head, looking away. Fuck, I was so pissed. Having sex with my sister didn't seem as appealing as it was a few minutes ago.

Fuck Heidi. Fuck Mom.

"I'm just trying to help, Dylan," my sister told me. "If you can't see that, then you are a lost cause."

I stood up. "Let's go."

Heidi sniffed, rising to her feet. "Suit yourself."

The hostess was confused when I told her we had to cut our meal short. But I still paid the full price, not even bothering to glance at the bill as I handed her my card. I couldn't think. Couldn't feel anything.

Fix me.

I couldn't believe my mother told my own sister to 'fix me.'

We stepped into the private elevator, and I allowed Heidi to wrap herself around my arm. I wanted to scream at her, shove her away, but I just couldn't find the energy to do so.

The ride home felt like hours. When we finally rolled into our garage and exited the car, Heidi looked at me.

"Are you coming into mine?"

"No."

She shrugged as if it was no big deal. "Whatever."

I watched her enter the house, hearing the 'click' 'click' of her heels fading away as she walked upstairs.

Fuck. Fuck!

I wanted to storm into my mother's room and comfort her about everything. Fuck. I would force the pill down her throat and make her love me by force.

Fix me. She wanted me to be fixed.

I don't need to be fucking fixed.

Storming up the stairs, I was about to head into my room when I glanced at the hallway and spotted light leaking out from under Ellie's door.

She was still awake.

Ellie.

Compulsion drew me to her door.

Ellie.

I pressed my ear against the door and almost groaned when I heard faint moans, and if I wasn't mistaken, she was—

"Dylan..." The muffled moans of my little sister had me grabbing my erection through my pants. Holy fuck. "Dylan... Dylan..."

Was I imagining my name? I pressed myself closer against her door, but it didn't make any difference.

Her moans were so soft, so fucking erotic.

Right then, I needed comfort. Heidi was right about one thing. I didn't have friends—not really—so I couldn't find it in anybody.

Anybody except Ellie.

My sister was pretty much the closest person I had in my life.

I grabbed the door handle and turned, fully expecting it to be locked. I sucked in a breath when it turned fully.

Should I...

No, I shouldn't.

I knew I shouldn't.

I should leave her alone.

I—

I flung the door open and stepped into my little sister's room.