

Chapter 5

I stood there, hands in pockets, gaze set on my beautiful little sister laying in bed in the best position imaginable—legs spread wide open.

It would have been a perfect show if she wasn't in her pajamas.

I leaned against something. I didn't know what. My eyes were fully focused on the sinful sight in front of me.

Even without her hand jammed in between her legs, it was obvious what my little sister was doing. Her eyes were closed, her cheeks were flushed, and her lips were parted in a silent moan.

But it wasn't silent for long when my name leaked out in a whisper so low, I didn't have my confirmation until I took a couple of steps closer and she moaned me out again.

"Dylan..."

Holy shit.

Heidi could crumble my resolution with a few touches. But Ellie?

All it took was my name.

I stepped closer and my sister must have finally realized I was there because she lifted her eyelids, showing glazed pupils.

"Mmm?" She groaned sleepily, making my cock throb. "Big bro?"

I offered a smile. "Hey, Ellie."

Her eyelids flew open, and she gasped.

"Dylan?" My little sister jerked up into a sitting position and pulled her blanket over her body. "What the fuck?"

Fuck? Ellie just... swore?

Somehow that was more surprising than catching her red-handed.

“Hey.” I took another step towards her bed, and her sweet scent entered my nostrils, forcing me to fight the urge to moan. “Hey, it’s okay.”

“Dylan?” My sister furrowed her brows, squinting at me as if she didn’t believe I was real. I shot her another smile, and she gasped again, louder this time.

“GET OUT!” Ellie screamed, pointing a drenched finger towards the door. With her cute ponytail nowhere to be seen and her soft blue hair down like that, she looked so much less innocent.

I tried my best not to stare at her—and not her finger. “Hey, hey. It’s okay. I—”

“DYLAN, GET THE FUCK OUT!”

“Shh!” I took a quick glance back at her closed door, half-expecting Lucia or Ava to burst in at any second. When they didn’t, I looked back at my little sister, who was getting out of bed.

Ellie stomped towards me and shoved me backwards, without much success. “GET OUT!”

Okay, what the hell was I thinking? Just barge into my sister’s room and what?

Talk to her?

Seriously, what the hell was I expecting?

“Okay, okay.” I raised my hands in surrender. “I’m sorry, okay? I’ll leave. I’ll leave.”

“GO!” She shoved me, but my sister was so much smaller than I was. All her efforts just resulted in her tumbling backwards instead of me. “GET... OUT!”

There was real fury in her voice. The only time I saw Ellie this riled up was when Heidi had provoked her in the gym.

I took a step backwards, but Ellie was still adamant about forcing me out. She tried once more, charging forward.

I was ready this time. As she shot towards me, I grabbed her wrists, and Ellie tumbled face first into my chest.

“Stop,” I told my little sister. “I’ll go, okay? Just—”

I fell silent. Ellie wasn’t pushing me anymore. My sister was just leaning against me, breathing heavily, and when she looked up, I stared into those ocean blue eyes, those pink parted lips, those soft reddening cheeks.

My god, she was beautiful. Both my sisters were. Although Heidi undoubtedly had the more attractive features—longer legs, the perfect jawline, overflowing confidence—somehow, right then and there, with my sister’s soft, warm body pressed up against mine, I preferred Ellie.

I let her go, breathing her name out. “Ellie.”

“Yeah?” My sister parted her lips wider. She was breathing through her mouth now, torching my neck.

“You’re...” I raised my hand and tilted her chin, nailing our gaze together. Blue on blue. “You’re... fucking perfect.”

“Per...fect?” My little sister tasted the word as if hearing it for the first time. She continued heaving breaths, her tits heaving in and out against my chest.

Kiss her.

I closed my eyes.

Don’t! Do this and you’ll ruin her forever.

Hot breaths against my face. Opening my eyes, I realized Ellie was tip-toeing up, her glazed pupils focused on my lips.

Kiss her.

No! But I wasn’t responding to the demands in my head. My feet were glued to the ground, and my eyes were on her advancing lips. Full pink lips that were desperate to be ruined.

I had already kissed one sister. What harm was there in sampling the other?

I wonder what she tasted like? I swallowed. *Better than Heidi?*

Ellie grabbed my shoulders. She was so close, her lips wavering a couple of inches away from mine.

“Big bro?” She rasped, her voice so low, her tone liquid seduction.

This was the second time she had called me that. Ellie wasn’t even seducing me, yet as the words entered my ears, I had to part a moan.

This was my little sister. What the hell was I doing?

I groaned. “Yeah?”

I should leave. I should really fucking leave before I—

“Please.” She moaned too, then closed her eyes and dipped forward a little, nibbling on my lower lips, goading out the frenetic hunger inside of me. *“Please.”*

Fuck. FUCK!

My cock was in pure agony, and my body was screaming at me to let go, but somehow I was using raw willpower to reel everything in. “Please... what?”

“Please make me...” Ellie opened her eyes, showing sapphires. “Make me... happy.”

I broke.

I slammed my lips against hers, propelling us towards her bed.

We crashed into her mattress, me on top of her, my hands on her cheeks, our lips sealed in a desperate kiss. Ellie was brutal with my lips, kissing me without technique or thought.

Sweetness exploded in my mouth, and then her tongue came forward, tangling with mine, chasing all notions of holding back.

Her scent, her taste, the way her body molded against mine, the sounds Ellie made... everything about my little sister was everything I ever wanted in a woman.

I didn't know how long we kissed, and I didn't care. When I finally drew back for air, Ellie gasped and then she gasped even louder when I gripped the hem of her pajama top, pulling upwards.

"Wait—Wait." My sister rasped, completely out of breath. She cleared her top off her head, and my eyes went wide. Ellie wasn't wearing underwear, and I gawked at her tits—flawless fucking teardrops, nipples beaded high and tight.

Ellie didn't allow me to admire for long. She banded her arms around my neck, pulling me down to her. We returned in a clash of teeth and tongue, and her moans entered my ears as I offered my sister a slow, long swipes, gathering her sweetness.

Ellie didn't kiss as well as our older sister. She was clearly inexperienced, but it didn't matter because I could taste her desperation and it was intoxicating.

"Fuck," I growled, swallowing her whimpers as our tongue tangled and spared. I've never ever been this turned on before. Not even when I was with Heidi.

Holy shit.

Tearing away from my sister's lips, I dragged my hands down to her pajama bottom. She was wearing a bright red set with teddy bears decorated around it, so it just felt extra wrong when I rough her shorts down her legs, revealing sin.

Not only was my sister cleanly shaven, she was *dripping*.

"Your turn." Her little girl's voice had me reeling in pain. I was so tight down there, so fucking huge, and I needed to do something about it. Right now.

Her fingers clawed at my shirt button. She popped the first button out, but her hand was trembling so much, she struggled at the second. I helped her, ripping my shirt apart, buttons flying everywhere.

Ellie giggled, then she pressed her palms against my front, sliding down, pausing at my abs.

“Holy crap,” she breathed. “I always wanted to touch them.” She ran her finger down the middle of my abs. “Wow.”

I tried focusing on my sister, but all I could stare at were those lips. Lips I had forever ruined. Was I her first kiss? From her sloppy skills, and from all the goosebumps that appeared all over her arms, it was likely that I was.

I groaned at the dirty thought.

“What?” Ellie asked, still running her hands up and down my abs.

“You’re perfect, Ellie.” I closed my eyes for a second, then reopened them, sliding my hands along the sides of her body, enjoying the curves and angles my sisters were so famous for.

I didn’t know what else to say. It was like the logical side of my brain had switched off. All I could think and see were her lips and her tits. So I told her as much.

“Your tits are fucking perfect.”

Ellie dropped her hands and grabbed my wrists. “Touch them. Squeeze me.”

She maneuvered me to her teardrops, squeezing the back of my palms, forcing my hand to close around her breasts.

“Ah...” She parted her lips, eyelids fluttering. Her tits were the perfect fit underneath my palms. So warm, so soft, so fucking plump. “Dylan...”

I got to work, kneading her tits, taking her hard nipple in between two fingers, alternating between hard pinches and gentle squeezes.

On a cry, Ellie arched her back off the mattress and I took the cue to squeeze her harder, cheered on by her crazy moaning.

If only I knew my little sister was capable of making sounds like these. If only I knew she tasted *so wrong*.

“Yes—oh god! Yes!” I could tell by my little sister’s shudders, she was at razor’s edge to her release, but I was just getting started. “Mmm... Dylan...”

Ellie took my hand, slid it down her body, towards—

What the fuck.

“Touch me there,” she pleaded. “Please.”

I had to be dreaming. I had to be.

I didn’t exactly know how to touch a woman. I had limited experience when it came to female pleasure, but I wasn’t going to tell Ellie that.

I stared at her pussy. It looked so pink, so wet, so fucking inviting.

“Dylan,” my little sister begged, squeezing my wrist, urging me closer to her sex. “*Please.*”

“Okay,” I heaved, completely fixated at the sight of carnal sin. Oh god. This was so wrong. So fucking wrong.

I must look like a deer caught in headlights. I wanted to touch her. I really, *really*, wanted to touch her, but if I did, that would mark the end to my little sister’s innocence.

Why the hell was I still debating about Ellie’s innocence? For fuck’s sake, I already kissed her. She was a goner.

I was already addicted.

But—

“Dylannnnnnnnn.” Ellie squeezed my wrist harder. “Please!”

“Okay,” I breathed, as if it was the only word I knew. My jaw was hurting from how hard I was clenching my teeth, my heart was pumping so fast, and my vision was getting a little blurry. “Okay.”

What the hell should I do?

Fuck it.

Dipping my fingers down, I touched wetness, cursing my little sister forever.

I'm sorry, Ellie.

“Oh my god.” My sister dug her nails into my skin, but I didn’t care about the pain—only her. Always her. “Holy shit...”

I pinched her clit, and she screeched.

“AH!”

I wasn’t entirely clueless about girls. I knew where her clit was, but I didn’t know exactly what to do with it. Rub, pinch, stroke, flick?

I defaulted to a mixture of all of them, and my Ellie seemed to *love* it. She gasped loudly, shuddered violently, then gasped again.

“DYLAN!”

We lock gazes.

“AH—” Ellie started pumping her hips against my hand, coating me with her slick wetness. “AH! AH! AH!”

“Ellie,” I gasped. Placing my thumb against her throbbing clit, I stretched my other fingers towards her opening, and without another thought, slipped inside my little sister.

And that was all Ellie could take.

She burst with an ear-piercing scream, slamming her hips against my fingers.

Was I really giving Ellie *this* much pleasure, just from one hand?

Glancing down at my work, I hissed out a breath when I realized my sister was squirting, splattering my pants with her arousal. I was so full of adrenaline, filled to the brim with heady energy.

I worked on a second finger inside her, then attempted a third, only barely making it through. She was squeezing me so tight, practically crushing my fingers.

Squeezing and squeezing and...

Holy fuck, I doubt I would last a minute inside her.

"Dylan." She arched her neck back, staring up at the ceiling, tears welling up from those blue eyes, soft moans spilling out from those fantasy lips. "Oh god..."

"Shh..." I used my free hand to grip the back of her head, clutching a fistful of blue hair, not stopping my assault on her pussy.

I really didn't need to do much; Ellie was thrusting back and forth, plunging my fingers in and out of her pulsating depths.

But I offered her what I could, stroking her clit with my thumb, curling my fingers upwards, touching the spot where I heard all girls were sensitive to.

She started half-weeping, half-moaning. "Dylan..."

"Shh..." Dipping down, I reclaimed her lips, sucking softly, swallowing all her moans and whimpers with a growl, giving my sister the love she deserved.

"Ah..." Ellie stopped moving, but I continued kissing her. Her tongue was so eager to dance with me, so soft to lick, so delicious to taste.

We mutually broke the kiss. As we staggered breaths, I stared at Ellie's heaving tits.

Ellie groaned, and we locked eyes once more. I've never seen my little sister like this. Her ocean blue eyes were so wild, and through her tears, I could see hunger and lust. Even without a word exchanged, I knew we both were thinking the same thing.

My little sister reached up to my pants, tugged on my zipper and—

Knock, knock!

"Ellie?" Lucia's voice was soft and smooth, but it sounded like thunderstorms. "Are you okay, baby?"

Shit.

Ellie's eyes darted towards me, the hunger in them disappearing.

Fuck.

"Mommy?" she called out, her voice so deep and guttural. She didn't sound like herself at all. "Is—is that you?"

"Yes, love. Can I come in to check on you?"

"No!" Ellie tried to push me away, and I rolled to the side. She sat up and looked around her bed, at our clothes scattered everywhere, then at me, then back at her clothes. She seemed confused.

"What did you say?" Lucia sounded concerned. "Are you okay, baby?"

Ellie continued staring at me with those wide eyes.

"Baby, I'm coming in."

"No—No!" My sister scampered out of bed, but I reached forward and grabbed her arms.

When she turned to me, I mouthed the words, "I locked the door."

The doorknob turned. There was knocking again.

"Ellie, love." *Knock, knock.* "Let me in. Please."

My sister's eyes grew wider.

Shit, she was panicking. I needed to calm her down.

I tightened my grip around her wrist and hushed out instructions. "Tell her you're fine. Tell her you're okay."

"I—" Ellie looked at the door. "I—I'm okay, Mommy."

"Are you sure? You sound really sick."

“No, no. I... I’m okay.”

“Are you sure? I can have warm chicken soup made for you. How’s your temperature? Are you hungry? Do you need me to refill your water bottle?”

My chest tightened. My mother would never treat me with love like this—not even a tiny fraction of it.

I shook my head. “Tell her you just want to sleep and you’ll talk to her tomorrow.”

Ellie exhaled. “I just want to sleep, Mommy. I’ll talk to you tomorrow, okay?”

“Okay.” The doorknob twisted again. “Make sure to switch off the lights, okay?”

Ellie nodded.

“Okay, love?”

“O-Okay!” my little sister called out, her voice growing back to her usual tone—all sweet and feminine.

“Good night, my love.”

“Goodnight, Mommy.”

We sat in silence as the footsteps outside faded away. Our mothers lived in the west wing of the house, while we lived in the east, so it was understandable why neither of them heard Ellie’s... sounds.

For a small girl, she was unexpectedly loud.

Even after there was silence, we said nothing. Did nothing. Minutes stalled on, until finally, Ellie glanced down at her naked body.

She gasped, ripped herself away from me, then flung her thick blanket over her breasts that were still wet with my saliva.

“Please leave,” Ellie whispered.

I nodded, grabbed my ruined shirt, and got out of bed. I could still taste Ellie on my lips, and I knew no amount of showering would remove her scent all over me.

Heidi smelled fresher, but our little sister was sweeter.

So much sweeter.

Was it lust or love?

It had been two hours since I left Ellie, yet I was still rock hard, my heart was still pumping adrenaline, and my thoughts were still on blue-haired, blue eyes.

“Lust...” I poured water over my face and stared at my reflection in the vanity mirror. “Or love?”

It had to be love. I loved my sisters. I would take a bullet for either of them.

But Ellie’s words hovered over my mind.

‘You’re just like Heidi. You’re so selfish, and you only care about yourself.’

Was she right? Ellie knew me better than anyone. If it came down to it, would I really take the bullet for her?

Ellie.

I broke her.

Of all the shitty things I had done in my life, this one stung the most. I felt evil, dirty, filled with sin no priest could ever hope to cleanse.

Fuck.

Were my feelings for my sisters really that bad, though? My dad held the same affection towards his sisters, and I would bet my life any straight man that had Heidi and Ellie for sisters would lust after them too.

Why did society deem it unforgivable to be attracted to extreme beauty if they were blood?

I sighed, my thoughts drifting to my other sister.

Heidi had admitted her feelings for me—without any influence from the love pill. So I wasn't the only weird one in my family.

And as crazy as it sounds, Heidi and I made sense. She could help me with my social skills, make me more 'likable', bring up our family name—improve my life.

We could do exactly what mom and dad did. Make love, have kids, live in a big house.

But there was one big difference between our parents and us. Heidi promised me happiness, but I knew it was an empty pledge.

The only reason our dad was happy with our mother was because she did whatever he wanted.

If I was with Heidi, it would be like living in a jail cell.

A very comfortable prison, with an enormous bed and the hottest girl in the school in it. But still—a jail cell.

Two dates with my older sister made it clear she wanted to be the leader in our relationship. Heidi was our mother's daughter—dominant, confident, unfairly beautiful.

If only I could change her. Then Heidi would be truly perfect.

Wait.

She was exactly like our mother.

Didn't my father mention that Ava had treated him badly? Even worse than how she treated me?

And that all changed when—

Fuck, I am a dumbass.

The solution to my problems had been so simple. I'd dose Heidi with the love pill. She would fall for me even harder.

She would do anything I say.

But why stop there? Accidentally dosing Ellie had fucked my original plan—and then dates with Heidi had me completely forgetting it.

My mother.

Why stop at one wife? I could have both vanilla and strawberries every day.

But what about the other side of my family? Lucia and Ellie?

I should leave Lucia alone. It was obvious Ellie needed her. I loved my little sister, but her mother undoubtedly loved her way more than I could ever have.

I had to leave Ellie alone. I needed to stop giving in to my urges. I already fucked up once and cursed my little sister, but she wasn't doomed.

Not yet.

Maybe it was a blessing that Lucia had interrupted. If she didn't, we would surely have...

I splashed more cold water onto my face.

Leave her alone, Dylan. Leave her the fuck alone.

My mother and my older sister would provide me more love than any man could ever deserve. One of them was a supermodel, and the other was a beauty star in the making.

It was decided.

I was going to focus all my efforts on Heidi and my mother. It was a slight diversion from the original plans, but I knew I didn't deserve Ellie.

The pill might have made her lust after me, but if I kept my distance for long enough, maybe she would eventually fall for another man. A good man. Not me. Never me.

I sighed. *No more distractions.*

I closed my eyes. My lips tingled.

Blue hair and blue eyes.

No. No more.

New plan.

Apologize to Heidi. Take her out to a party. Dose her drink with the love pill.

Simple.

Except it really wasn't. I couldn't remember the last time I had apologized to my older sister, and taking her out to another date reeked of desperation.

But it would be worth it in the end.

Play the long game, Dylan. The dividends would be infinitely worth the hit to my ego.

Surprisingly, I had a good sleep last night, so I felt energized, ready to conquer the day.

Getting dressed in my school uniform, I tossed my bag over my shoulder and exited my room, heading left—towards Heidi's.

It was still early, so she shouldn't be out yet. Standing in front of her door felt like waiting in the principal's office. Not that the headmaster intimidated me—but Heidi surely did.

Exhaling, I raised a fist and knocked twice.

Heels clicked inside. That meant my sister was already in her school uniform. Placing my hands in my pockets and gritting my teeth, I prepared for the absolute treat my eyes were going to receive.

The door opened, revealing my sexy older sister in her school uniform, just like I'd predicted. But what I didn't expect was the state of her attire.

She wasn't wearing her blazer or her red bowtie. And her blouse was unbuttoned, showing a red bra covering tits that were undoubtedly larger than our sister.

"Hey," I breathed, trying to stare at her piercing blues, but failing miserably. I kept flicking down to her tits. God, they were like Ellie's. Perfect fucking teardrops. Rounder and fuller too.

Heidi said nothing, just looked at me. I tried to be comfortable in the silence, but it was impossible.

She finally parted those full lips. "Are you here for a booty call?"

"No." I shook my head. "I—"

"It's still early, baby bro," she cut in. Her face remained passive, but her eyes told a different story. There was fire behind them. "Maybe we can do a round or two before we head out? Some morning cardio."

I sighed. "Okay, look—"

She tried to slam the door in my face, but I reacted quickly, pushing against the resistance. Heidi was surprisingly strong, but there was no way she could overpower me.

Eventually she gave up. She flung open her door, and I saw a flash of her hand before my left cheek reeled in pain.

"Fuck." I scowled at my sister, touching my stinging cheek. The sensation was all too familiar.

When we were kids, Heidi had a fondness for slapping people. She thought it was hilarious.

"Look." I sighed. "I'm sorry, okay?"

"Sorry?" she scoffed. "So you tried Ellie out, found out she wasn't good enough, and now you come crawling back to me?"

Damn it. She must have heard our sister last night. Of course she did. Ellie didn't seem to care how loud she was.

"Are her tits better than mine, baby bro?" Heidi spread her school blouse wider apart, showing me more of her insane body. "Hmm?"

"Umm..." I gawked at her hourglass figure. It was pure fantasy material—flat stomach, toned abs, breasts other women could only achieve through other means.

While I was distracted, she tried to slam the door shut, but I stopped her attempt once again.

"Me and Ellie didn't... you know," I tried to explain. "But, look, you're right. You and I make sense. What can I do to make this right, Heidi?"

Heidi forced a laugh. "You have to do better than that."

"What do you want me to do, then?"

"Fucking let go of my door."

"Heidi—"

"LET GO!"

I startled back from her sudden outburst, and she slammed her door in my face. The lock clicked a second later.

Okay. This might be much, much harder than I expected.

I know it's cliché, but I bought flowers and chocolate.

Although Heidi was a modern woman who wanted her own career and independence, when it came to dating, it was obvious my sister was old-fashioned.

Flowers, chocolates, and gifts should at least prove I was serious about getting with her, and that I was 'sorry'.

So I had roses delivered to me in school. I collected them at lunch break, already feeling the gossip spreading as people saw me retrieve the bouquet.

The chocolate was much harder to search for. Heidi had... refined tastes, so I had Mom's assistant, Sophia, get me the most expensive chocolate box she could find.

An hour later, I had this thin golden box wrapped in golden ribbon in my hands. It felt light, and it was definitely not worth the massive price tag—no matter how amazing it tasted.

Heidi should be at her usual spot in the canteen. Giving her the flowers in front of everybody would just be weird, so either I hand her the bouquet at home or I get her alone in school and surprise her with my gift.

I decided on both.

Try and talk to her in school. If she refuses, she can't ignore me at home forever.

I found an empty classroom and tucked my gifts under the lecturer's table. Then I headed to the 'lunch building' as people like to term it.

I almost didn't recognize Heidi when I spotted her in the distance. Her golden waves were pulled back into a high ponytail—just like our sister—and my heart started racing as I closed in on her.

"Dylan."

I stopped and turned to the voice of my little sister.

"Ellie?" I frowned when I spotted her standing alone without her friends. I looked back at Heidi once more, then stalked towards my little sister. "Hey, are you okay?"

"Can we talk? Alone?"

Our eyes met for a second before Ellie looked away.

Leave her alone, Dylan. Remember your promise.

I exhaled. "I don't know, Ellie."

“Just... come.” My sister started walking out of the canteen. “Please.”

Fuck.

I didn't have a choice. I followed her.

Ellie took me for a three-minute walk, finally stopping at an abandoned shed hidden behind one of the football fields.

No one was playing, so we were guaranteed privacy.

The sinful thought hit me hard. I was alone with my little sister. In school. I looked at her.

Short pleated skirt, cute red bow tie, knee-high socks, black heels.

This was a dream scenario.

No. No, stop!

Ellie swayed on her feet, eyes to the side, one hand clutching the other.

“So...” My sister started. “I found someone.”

I frowned. “Someone?”

“There's a guy who can help us. His whole job is to help people with problems... and you know...”

“You found a shrink?”

She nodded. “He can help us, Dylan.” My sister gestured to the space between us. “This... this is not normal and you know it.”

“It won't happen again. I promise.”

“No.” She shook her head, blue ponytail swaying. “You don’t get it. I can’t trust myself anymore. Not around you.”

We locked eyes, and for a beat, my sister glance down, towards my—

“The thoughts in my head...” Ellie’s lips trembled. “You wouldn’t believe me even if I told you.”

Tell me.

No. Stop!

“Please,” my sister begged. “I know you don’t like talking about your feelings, especially to strangers, but do this for me?” Her voice grew shrill, desperate. “Please, Dylan?”

I didn’t know what to do or say. I never trusted therapy, but this could really help Ellie get over me. And maybe within time, it would nullify the effects of the love pill. After all, this was all my fault.

But then it would mean admitting to a random stranger about my feelings for my sister. It would mean opening up.

“Stop...” My sister swallowed. “Stop staring at me like that.”

I didn’t stop staring at her. “Like what?”

“Like...” Ellie folded her lips in between her teeth. “Like...”

Her eyes changed. Became softer. “Like you want me.”

“I do want you.”

What the fuck? What was I doing?

What the fuck. Dylan?

“But why?” Ellie stepped closer, the ‘click’ of her heels sounding like gunshots. “Why, big bro?”

Big bro.

Fuck.

I closed my eyes, relishing the two words. It was crazy to think that two simple words were enough to make me rock hard.

I felt Ellie's breaths on me. I reopened my eyes, greeted by the gorgeous sight of blue.

She was so close. Holy fuck.

"Ellie..." I reached up and ran my thumb along her jawline. She shivered at my contact, her breaths picking up.

"I want..." Ellie pulled back. "I want you too. So fucking badly. And I don't know why."

Her blue eyes glistened. Pain radiated in my chest as a single tear rolled down her right eye, trailing down her soft cheeks, down to her pink lips.

"I..." My sister tip-toed up. "I can't seem to stop myself."

I knew I shouldn't take advantage of Ellie. She was vulnerable, confused, scared, and—

I met her halfway, claiming those soft lips.

I tasted her tears, her lust and desire. Salty and sweet. Fucking delicious.

"I don't understand, big bro." She broke the kiss and sniffed, causing more tears to stream down. "I don't understand why am I like this."

"Hey." I came forward, hugging her close, and that made her cry even harder, her entire body trembling. "It's okay. It's okay."

"Why..." Her voice broke. "Why do I feel this way about you? Why? Why?"

I knew why, but I held my tongue.

Ellie was wrong about me. I was way worse than Heidi. Why was I so fucking selfish? Why did my resolution instantly crumble when it came to my little sister?

"It's okay." I shushed my sister with a stroke, running through the soft strands of her blue hair. "It's okay."

"I'm sick. I'm..." She burst into tears.

"Hey. No, you're not." I stroked her some more. God, she smelled good. Her shampoo mixed in with her sweet scent was just divine.

"I am."

"No," I groaned, briefly wondering if Ellie could feel how hard I was. She must have, because my sister was pressed up against me, her curves molding into my body. "You're not."

"No one's..." Her breaths scorched my neck. "No one's here, big bro." She pulled back, staring at me with those tear soaked blue eyes. "We could..."

Was she...

I touched her cheek and looked into her eyes, confirming my suspicion.

Stop, Dylan. Stop this madness.

I moved my thumb down her cheek. "Are you a virgin, little sis?"

What am I doing?

"Yes," she breathed. "You were my..." She exhaled, her eyelids dropping, her full lips parting. "... my first kiss."

I hit the jackpot. Where else would I find a girl this gorgeous and pure? My own sister. I was also technically untouched—a virgin—but why did I feel so dirty inside?

"Dylan..." I felt her raise one leg, then when she pressed her knee against my erection, I almost lost it. *"Please."*

Almost.

“No.” I shook my head. We were both full on panting, our eyes locked in a hold of pure lust.

“Please,” my sister heaved.

“I’m not going to fuck you in this dirty, abandoned shed, Ellie. You deserve better than that.”

Her voice grew hopeful. “Where then?”

“You like chocolates, right?”

She smiled through her tears, and my heart jumped.

“Love them.”

I took her hand and led her back to the main building. “Then you’ll love these golden ones.”