

Chapter 6

My little sister giggled.

I shushed her. “You have to be quiet.”

Ellie stuck her tongue out at me and popped a golden nugget into her mouth. When I frowned in response, she closed her eyes, parted her lips and let out an exaggerated moan.

“I’m serious, Ellie. Mom’s home.”

We were relaxing in my bed, still in our school uniforms. According to Ellie, this was her first time skipping classes, and my little sister was acting a little too giddy for finally being a rebel.

I was such a bad influence on her.

The plan was to return home and fuck her in my bed, but when I drove Ellie back, we spotted my mother’s Bentley—her daily driver—outside the garage.

Ellie didn’t seem to mind too much, though. I’ve never seen my little sister this lively.

She giggled again, taking another chocolate nugget from the box.

“Say ahhhhh.”

I couldn’t help but smile.

“Open your mouth, big bro.”

I obliged, and she popped the golden ball on my tongue. Smooth, deep flavor exploded in my tastebuds.

Fuck, it was delicious. But it still wasn’t worth the insane price tag I paid for it.

Ellie returned my smile, her ocean blue eyes beaming. “So, why did you have flowers and chocolates hidden in school?”

Should I lie? The last time I wasn't truthful to Ellie ended badly. Apparently, I had an obvious tell when I was lying that only my sisters knew.

I sighed. "Those were for Heidi. We are not on the... best terms."

I expected Ellie to be upset, maybe call off the decision to lose our virginities to each other, but my sister just blinked. "Chocolates, I understand." She nodded towards the bouquet propped up on my desk table. "But why the flowers?"

Shit. Should I tell Ellie our family's secret?

No. *Not now.* It wasn't a good time to spill the beans about our whole family's unique dynamic.

But then again, no moment would ever be appropriate.

I decided on a partial truth. Leveling my gaze to her blues, I spoke out. "Would you believe me if I told you I have a crush on Heidi?"

She laughed, but when I stayed stoic, her amusement fizzled out.

"Are you serious?"

"Yes."

My sister stared at me for a long, long time. I stared back at her, focusing on her full, plump lips, trying to hold myself back from lunging forward to claim them.

She was quiet for a full minute, chewing on another golden nugget. When she finally spoke, her voice was barely a whisper.

"So all the dinner dates you and Heidi had recently. That was all...?"

I nodded.

She shook her head, blue ponytail swaying. "What's wrong with us, Dylan? What's wrong with all of us?"

There's nothing wrong with any of us. I wanted to say. *It's just human nature to be attracted to extreme beauty.*

I shrugged instead, skating my fingers up her legs, stopping at the spot where her pleated skirt ended.

Using my thumb, I rubbed small circles, and Ellie's breaths picked up.

"Was I..." She cleared her throat, her cheeks flushing pink, looking even more adorable when nervous. "I can't be your first kiss, right?"

"No." God, her skin was so smooth. "But..."

"But...?"

I glanced away. Talking about these things with my sister—my little sister—was way more embarrassing than I thought. "I've been in bed with a couple of women, but I... you know... Never—you know..."

She gasped. "Are you saying...?"

"Yeah."

"Oh my god. But—how?"

I shrugged. "I guess other women don't interest me."

"But you had exes." Ellie stared hard at me. "Surely you must have..."

When I kept silent, she shook her head. "No?"

"No."

I stopped rubbing her thigh and slipped my thumb under her pleated skirt. "Your skin is so soft, Ellie."

She didn't seem to mind my touches, or care that I was inching closer and closer to her sex. Instead, Ellie leaned forward and stared deep into my eyes, looking for signs of deception.

I guessed she found none because my sister leaned back against my headboard and blew out a breath.

“What the fuck?” she whispered.

I pitied Ellie. I just dropped two truth bombs on her without any warning. But I still held back the biggest one.

If I told Ellie she wasn't just my half-sister, but we shared full blood, she would definitely freak out. I already told her too much and the last thing I wanted was to spoil the mood.

Eyeing my sister, I spoke out. “Is this a good or bad thing?”

“I mean—” she shook her head again. “I always assumed you were like Heidi, always sleeping around and stuff.”

“She stopped doing that,” I said. “But, yeah, I'm very choosy with women. And I bet it's the same for you.”

Ellie nodded slowly. “It's... it's a good thing. I mean... it makes this moment feel more special.” Bringing her hands behind her head, she took off her hair band, tumbling rich blue waves down to her mid-back. Exhaling, she continued. “Much more special.”

I brought my thumb forward another inch, touching cotton. “You're wet, little sis.”

“Yeah.” She blew more blue strands away from her face. “So you... you don't know what it feels like?”

I raised a brow. “To have sex?”

“Yeah.”

“Yeah.”

She bit down on her lower lips. “Hopefully it feels good.”

“It will.” I shifted closer to her and used my other hand to cup her flushed cheeks. Ellie fluttered her eyelids shut, knowing what I wanted, accepting the kiss.

I sealed our lips together, tasting chocolate.

Groaning. I continued my journey under her skirt, finding the hem of her panties and sliding the cotton garment down her thighs.

“Mmm,” my little sister moaned, already a much better kisser. She sucked on my lips softly, matching my rhythm, following the slow, passionate pace I was setting.

I pulled back, and my sister giggled at the string of saliva connecting our lips. I smiled, severing it with my tongue, looking at Ellie, noting anything and everything about my beautiful little sister.

Her blue eyes, those full, glistening lips, her adorable nose, her thick lashes, those flushed cheeks.

Gorgeous.

“I’m nervous,” Ellie admitted.

“It’s okay,” I whispered. “We can take it slow.”

She nodded, staring into my eyes. This was exactly what I wanted. A woman who I could spend the rest of my days with. A woman that truly loved me.

But was the love genuine? We were extremely close when we were younger, but both of us had grown apart throughout the years. Things got in the way. She spent more time with her mother, while mine spent less time with me. She found her own group of friends while I avoided invitations to hang out.

The love pill not only reignited the long-lost love we had, it went overboard, making an innocent little sister lust over her big brother.

Ellie frowned. “Did I do something wrong?”

“No.” I sighed, focusing back on the beautiful woman in front of me. Glancing back down, I pulled her cotton panties to her ankles before tossing it away, the garment no longer needed.

Ellie bit down on her bottom lip, nibbling. *I swear, she did that one more time—*

“How should we do this?” my sister asked. “I don’t know crap when it comes to the bedroom. You know... my friends told me sex is the greatest thing ever, but I always doubted them. Maybe I’m wrong?”

I started unbuttoning my shirt. “You’re wrong.”

“How do you know? You’ve never done it either.”

I winked. “I just know.”

Tossing my shirt away, I started for my pants. Ellie fell silent, just watching me.

“Wow...” Her eyes grew wide, staring at my erection through my boxers. “You’re...”

She giggled.

“Big?” I completed the sentence for her.

“I was thinking of *enormous*.” Another giggle. “Will it...” *Giggle*.

“Yes, it will fit.”

“How do you know?”

“My love,” I said, taking a page out of Lucia. “I just know.”

I was already leaking pre-cum, staining a small pool on my boxers. My sister never took her eyes away from my erection, and I caught her fingers twitching.

Oh? She was eager to touch me?

I grabbed my sister’s wrist, and she squealed.

“No!”

“Shh. Not too loud.”

“It’s so big!”

"I know." I brought her hand closer to my throbbing cock that was aching for her touch. Ellie was giving me some resistance, but it was obvious she wanted to touch me.

"Fuck," I groaned when she made contact. Even through the cotton, pleasure wrecked through me as her finger closed around my length.

"Wow..." she exhaled. "It's so warm!" Ellie used her thumb, stroking up and down, making me hiss out a breath. "Oh my god."

"Take it off, little sis."

She giggled again, grabbing my boxers and tugging it down.

"Dylan..." she gasped, gawking at my exposed cock, so much pre-cum pooling at my tip. "Holy crap."

"You're going to take all of that, Ellie." I stroked her cheek and emphasized my last few words with a growl. "*All of it.*"

"It won't fit!"

"It will."

She chewed on her bottom lip, clearly not believing me.

I took a moment to appreciate the purity of the moment. Here I was, completely naked in front of my own sister, yet I felt comfortable, as if this was meant to be. We were two virgins, and after eighteen long years together, we were about to finally lose our innocence.

There was something very special about that.

"So..." My sister fingered the buttons of her white blouse. "Is it my turn?"

"Keep on your uniform for now. I'll take it off myself later."

When she frowned, I had to explain.

"I've a thing for uniforms, little sis."

“Oh.” She tugged on her necklace I gifted her and absentmindedly fingered the white gold key. I still remembered the day I bought her the gift. Ellie had just turned sweet sixteen and Lucia had thrown her a massive party. “I don’t see you looking at me in school, though.”

I chuckled. “I try not to make it obvious.”

“Oh...” She glanced at my cock again, letting go of the pendant and twirling a strand of her hair around her finger. “What do we do now?”

“Get down from my bed and get on your knees.”

I was half-joking, but my little sister nodded.

“Okay,” she whispered, scrambling off the bed.

Was it this easy?

Was my little sister always this sexually submissive, or did the love pill make her like this?

It didn’t matter.

“Good girl,” I told her, when my sister kneeled and she looked up at me, waiting for further instructions. I perched myself on the edge of the bed and cupped her right cheek, stroking my thumb up and down. “Tell me you’re a good girl.”

“I’m a good girl,” she squeaked.

Fuck. Holy fuck.

No way Heidi would do this. No way.

Tracing my thumb down her cheeks, I reached for her soft lips, feeling her shiver. I didn’t even need to say anything. Ellie parted her mouth for me, and I slipped my thumb through, pressing down on her tongue.

“Good girl,” I repeated.

She moaned, her eyelids fluttering.

This had to be one of my wet dreams. I was going to wake up in a few moments and realize fucking Ellie was too good to be true. Except the school girl kneeling in front of me was all too real. Her tongue, those eyes, her little shudders...

Exhaling, I withdrew my finger out and grabbed my cock.

"Don't worry," I whispered, placing one hand on her shoulder, the other guiding my erection closer and closer to her waiting lips. "I don't care how good you are. We can learn together and you'll get better. What matters is that you want to please me."

I shifted my palm away from her shoulder, touching the side of her neck, making her shiver. "You want to please me, don't you, Ellie?"

"Yes." She swallowed. Our gazes locked and held. "...Sir."

Fuck.

I closed my eyes, relishing the single word. "That's a good girl."

I reopened my eyes, just in time to see Ellie leaning forward, and then I felt her on my tip, felt her sucking up all the pre-cum spilling out, proving her resolve to please me.

Warm electricity erupted from the spot she pecked, spreading through me like wildfire. I groaned, shuddered, wrapped my hand around her neck.

"Fuck," I spat out, making her suck harder. "Holy shit."

She continued slurping my arousal for a few more seconds before pulling back. Her blue hair was a mess, the roguish appearance elevating her sexiness to the max, matching Heidi's. And through the blue strands, I spotted her satisfied smile.

"Be..." I heaved, grabbing her hand band that she discarded and handing it to her. "Be a good girl and tie your hair back so it won't get in the way."

"Okay."

"How do I taste, my love?" I watched her as she collected her blue waves and pulled it all back. I had the schoolgirl again. Ellie in her complete uniform.

Well, except for her panties that were discarded somewhere in my room.

“Salty.” She licked her lips, then giggled cutely. “Very... very salty. I love it.”

“Open your mouth wide for me now,” I told my sister.

Even before the words left my lips, she stretched her jaw, multiple emotions coloring her beautiful blues. Love and most importantly—trust.

But I was the last person on Earth she should trust. I broke Ellie. Turned her into my personal plaything just because I couldn’t stop obsessing about blue eyes and blue hair.

I placed my hand on the back of her head and closed in on her mouth. In response, she gripped my wrist, her manicured nails feeling like tiny daggers.

“Ready?” I asked.

She nodded.

I thrust in.

“There you go, baby.” I fed Ellie more of my cock, shuddering as warmth and wetness enveloped me.

It took a little bit of work, but I managed to squeeze past my sister’s lips, stretching her mouth wider, sighing as her groans entered my ears.

Her tongue came forward, licking underneath my length. She was sloppy, but it felt fucking amazing. I hissed, even breaking my own warning of being too loud, in complete ecstasy from Ellie’s little flicks and delicious licks.

Christ. If her mouth feels this good, how would her pussy feel?

I almost burst at the thought.

“There you go,” I whispered, keeping my promise of being slow, allowing Ellie time to get accustomed to my girth.

She was still gripping my wrist, but her free hand came to my base and she started jerking me off while her tongue did wonders.

“That’s right, love,” I rasped. “You’re doing.... you’re doing fucking amazing.”

She mewled in response, and the sweet girly sound had me throbbing inside her mouth.

I shuddered, my thighs flexing, my grip around her ponytail tightening as I went deeper and deeper until Ellie dropped her grip around my cock to allow me more space.

Fuck. Holy fuck.

She was so wet, so fucking warm. I was halfway deep, and I guessed I was naïve to think Ellie could take more. I fed her another two inches and my sister let out a cock-muffled gasp.

“MHMM!” Her tongue withdrew, and she pulled away from my cock, spluttering saliva, gasping for breath.

“Shit, sorry.” I sat down on the ground with her, gripping her sides as she coughed. “Are you okay?”

She nodded, still bent over forward and hacking, not looking okay at all.

I shouldn’t push Ellie too much. If I could have my way with her, I would be slamming thrusts in and out of her virgin pussy, but my little sister had zero experience, and she was a bundle of nerves.

“I’m sorry,” Ellie rasped, her voice much deeper than minutes before. She coughed. “I’m just—”

“No, it’s okay. It was amazing. You were amazing.”

I wasn’t lying. If I was inside her mouth for a minute longer, I couldn’t guarantee holding back. Anything from Ellie was lethal, from her voice to just a simple touch.

Standing up, I offered her my hand. “Come.”

I took my sister back to bed and nodded towards the pillows. "Lay down. Get yourself comfortable."

"O-Okay." Her voice was already growing back to all sweet and feminine.

"You're gorgeous, Ellie," I said as I watched her lie down, gazing at all her lean curves and ample angles. "Fucking gorgeous."

She folded her lips in between her teeth and looked to the side, cheeks burning red.

I got on all fours on top of her. My sister squealed, snapping her gaze back to me, blue eyes wide.

"Shh..." I dropped to one elbow so I could run my thumb up and down her cheek—my new favorite thing to do. "Not too loud, my love."

"S-Sorry." Just like last night, goosebumps were appearing all over her arm, and I smiled as I watched my sister shift and squirm underneath me.

"It's okay." I offered my best smile to comfort her, continuing to stroke her, enjoying her shivers. Giving her another grin, I skated my fingers down her neck, past her collarbone, towards the buttons of her blouse.

I popped open the first button and winked. "You're going to enjoy this."

"I..." Ellie half-closed her eyes, her light blue irises growing hazy, her freshly kissed lips parting in a silent moan. "I believe you."

She stilled when I opened up her second button, then gasped when the third popped out, exposing a nude colored bra.

"Just relax, my love," I repeated, sinking low and offering my shuddering sister featherlight pecks around her neck.

The room was filled with the sounds of her breathy moans, and the sweet puckers of my lips sucking on her skin.

"Ah..." Ellie was panting, her eyelids fluttering, her lower back arching into me as I trailed my lips downwards, moving to her collarbone, pecking her there, then moving down to her bra-covered breasts. "Dylan..."

“Shh...” I popped open another button then slid my hand inside her shirt, rounding to her back, feeling up her flexing, toned muscles there. I fumbled with her bra clasp for a moment before I got the hang of it, unhooking her underwear and tossing it aside.

“Big bro...” she moaned. “Touch me... please...” She groaned. “Please.”

I glanced down, noticing Ellie had grown *noticeably* wetter. A damp patch had appeared in the middle of her navy pleated skirt, and slick arousal was dripping down the sides of her thighs, pooling at my mattress.

Jesus.

Last night had been the most intimate moment in my life, but it was obvious tonight would top that experience. I had my sexy little sister in her sexy school uniform, eager and more than willing to be fucked.

“You’re so dirty, little sis,” I tutted, clicking my tongue, then using it to swirl around a beaded nipple, making her shriek—as if she was in pain. “Shh...”

“Please!” Her eyelids fluttered closed for a second before she locked on my eyes, raw hunger in them. “Please...”

“Don’t worry, Ellie.” I told her, sucking on her right tit, skating one hand down her wet skirt, dipping under. “I’ll touch you there. Then, after that, I’m going to fuck you. Do you understand?”

“Yes!” She gasped as I trailed my fingers between her legs, inching my way to her drenched sex. “Yes!”

“You have to be quiet, though.”

“I will...” She heaved a breath. “... try.”

“I’ll make sure you do.” I hovered my fingers an inch away, feeling the raw heat of her pussy. Soon, I’ll be inside her properly.

I couldn’t wait.

Leaving her tits, I moved my focus to her lips, ready to devour my little sister. “Are you ready, little sis?”

She whimpered in response.

I took that as a ‘yes.’ Steeling myself mentally and physically, I connected with my little sister, dipping my fingers into her and claiming her lips.

Ellie gasped when I entered her, then moaned when I kissed her. I swallowed her whimpers, parting her lips with a stroke of my tongue, hissing out her name as I gathered her incredible wetness with my fingertips.

Just knowing she was *this* soaked for me was fucking empowering. I have made women wet before, but Ellie was in a whole different league.

She was practically bursting with arousal, and the fact that I was in bed with her after knowing she had rejected countless men just spoke volumes of the trust she had for me.

Trust I never earned.

“Dylan!” Ellie bit my lips as I thrust two fingers in and out, my thumb toying with her clit.

I didn’t know if I was some wizard with my hands or what, because Ellie was *loving* it, screaming me out, shuddering every couple of seconds, slamming her hips against my hand.

Her lips were equally aggressive, a stark contrast to the slow, passionate kiss we had last night—or just minutes ago.

“Ellie,” I moaned, needing oxygen from how little space she was giving me. Heidi was all skill, but Ellie was pure lust.

“Mmm.” Ellie shot her tongue forward, tangling with mine. But it was only for a second before she left our frantic licking to explore every inch of my mouth.

It was difficult to multitask—kissing and fingering her. When we were deep in our kiss, I’d stop moving my fingers. Ellie would whimper and complain, desperately rubbing her burning pussy against my hand, seeking friction.

I'd oblige, focusing my efforts back south. She would squeal and bite down on my lips, and then I'd completely forget about where my hand was.

Rinse and repeat.

Making love was so much harder than I thought.

When I was with another woman, all I cared about was my own pleasure.

When I was with Ellie, my selfishness seemed to vanish, replaced by a gnawing desire to make my little sister as happy as possible.

I was going to have my way with her in due time. But right then, all I wanted was to hear her squeal and watch her squirm.

She chomped down on my bottom lip, and the pain had me gasping away from our heavy make-out session.

"Big... bro."

I had never seen Ellie like this. Her eyes were on mine, but they were unfocused, dull, and her face was completely flushed pink.

"Yeah?" I continued ravaging her little pussy, thrusting my two fingers in and out. She was still tight, but her pulsing inner walls were finally getting used to the intrusion. "What... is it?"

"I'm going to..." She threw her head back and moaned, the soft, erotic sound telling everything I needed to know. "I'm... holy shit..."

"It's okay." I flicked her clit with my thumb and she shrieked. "Cum. Cum for me, Ellie."

"Ah..." Her eyelids fluttered. Her nose scrunched up adorably. "Dylan..." A gasp. A shudder. "DYLAN!"

Her pussy clamped down onto my fingers and moans started tearing out of my sister's throat, forcing me to clamp my free hand over her mouth.

“That’s it, love,” I whispered, trying to spread my two fingers apart, but she was squeezing me so fucking hard, it was impossible. “Shh... that’s it.”

“Mhmm!” Her muffled moans leaked out, and tears started streaking down her flushed cheeks. “MHMMMM!”

Fuck. Ellie was... pouring. Not only was my hand soaked, my entire wrist was being squirted at. Her navy school skirt collected the blunt of the load, growing darker and damper.

“MHMMMM!”

“Shh...” I told her, not being able to contain my smile as I watched Ellie squirm uncontrollably.

Her orgasm last night lasted a full minute, but this one was going on and on forever, and my fingers were getting tired from how fast I was thrusting in and out. But Ellie was still going strong, showing no signs of slowing down, still weeping, still screaming, still slamming her hips against my hand.

Finally, after an eternity, Ellie’s eyes rolled to the back of her and her eyelids fluttered closed.

I withdrew my hands. One was wet with her saliva, and the other was drenched in her arousal.

“My love.” I pecked the side of her neck. She was shivering, but her skin was scorching. “How was it?”

She opened her eyes and shot me a faint smile. “Mmm.”

I smiled. “I love you, Ellie.”

The shake in her voice was clear. “I love you too.”

I love you too That was the first time any of my family members said those words. I wouldn’t include my dad, since it came from a video player.

Ellie sighed happily. “Can... can we keep going? Or are we...?”

I popped out the last few buttons from her blouse. “Baby, we are just getting started. That was a warmup to get you in the mood.”

She exhaled again. “Nice.”

I sat my sister up against the headrest so I could take off her blazer and blouse, leaving her necklace bare.

Her damp mini-skirt was the last barrier of clothing, but that came off sooner after, leaving us both naked and ready.

I stared at my sister, drawing a slow trail down her body. Heidi might have leaner curves and bigger boobs, but Ellie’s body was still a far, far fantasy for most girls.

She had a flawless hourglass figure, insanely lean curves, a toned stomach, that round bubble butt, long slender legs... pure erotic perfection.

I already knew perfection existed. My mother proved that to me when I first opened my eyes in her arms, and Heidi took after her.

But right then and there, with Ellie naked in front of me, with her cute ponytail dangling behind her, with submission in her light blue eyes... no other woman was as beautiful as her.

I sucked in a breath. I was going to claim her. All of her.

Taking my sister’s chin, I whispered my next words. “You’re not on the pill, right?”

She shook her head. “No.”

I sighed. “Then I’ll have to use protection.”

“A condom?” She raised a brow. “Can—can I undo my hair first?”

“Of course. And yes...” I shifted away from her and leaned towards my bedside table, opening the bottom drawer and taking out a pack of sealed latex. “We can’t risk you getting pregnant. Our mothers would kill us.”

Ellie nodded in agreement, tossing her hair band away and using her fingers to fluff down her beautiful blue waves.

I opened the seal and tore out the plastic, feeling Ellie's gaze on me and the unanswered question that must be hovering in her mind.

"I have a box just in case," I told her. "I was telling you the truth. I'm still a virgin."

"You..." My sister used a finger to draw patterns over my blanket, her gaze cast down, her cheeks returning to its adorable pink. "You're pretty good for a virgin."

I handed my sister the condom. "Do you want to put it on me?"

"Okay."

As Ellie scooted closer to me, I gripped my cock so she could have an easier time rolling down the latex.

"I wish I could feel you for real," I said. "I'll buy some birth control later or tomorrow, okay?"

She nodded.

I smiled, bringing my head up her curves, pausing at her tits. "Nervous?"

"Very."

"Are you sure you want to do this?"

I had no idea why I asked her that. If my sister backed out, I wouldn't even be sure how I'd handle it. I wasn't leaving this room a virgin.

Thankfully, she looked at me and nodded.

"Yes," she breathed. "I—I always wanted to know what it feels like, but..." She finished preparing the condom and leaned back on her palms, bringing her gaze to my upright cock.

"... you never found the right person to give yourself to?" I finished the thought for her.

"Yeah."

I stroked her cheek. "I'm going to take care of you, okay? I'm going to make sure you'll love it."

She smiled. "What if I get addicted? What if, after this, all I want to do every day, all day is to..." She burst out in giggles. "... fuck?"

"Then I'll be more than happy to oblige."

"Really?" More giggles. "I could be a freak, big bro. You might not be able to handle my stamina."

What the hell? A week ago, I'd never believed my sister could say something like this. Had Ellie been playing the role of an innocent little angel this entire time?

No. I corrupted her. I made her into *this*.

"I will," I said in the most confident tone I could manage. Grabbing her legs, I pulled her into me, making her gasp as she went flat against the mattress. A second later, I was on top of my wide-eyed sister.

Her breaths scorched my neck. "Dylan..."

"Spread your legs, love."

My sister spread her legs so wide, her thighs trembled.

"I'm so nervous," she squeaked.

"Shh, it's okay," I reassured my trembling sister. "I'll take it slow."

Leaning backwards and blowing out a breath to steel my own nerves, I grabbed my cock and dipped my hips forward and down, aiming at her soaked entrance, hissing when I felt her delicious heat, even through the latex.

"Oh my god," my sister whispered in a voice so low and airy, I had to strain to hear her. "It's happening. It's..." She trailed off, her breaths picking up, her gorgeous blue eyes locked onto mine.

“It’s okay.” I gave her a comforting smile, parting a lock of blue hair away from her eyes. “I’ll go slow. Are you ready?”

She nodded quickly, heaving breaths.

“Okay.” I didn’t want to break eye contact with her. I never wanted to look away from those ocean blues, but this was my first time with a woman, and I didn’t know how to actually... aim.

Looking down, I guided my cock closer to her pussy hole. I touched her entrance and Ellie gasped loudly, drawing my attention back to her eyes.

I smiled. “Ready?”

“Y-yeah.”

I flexed my hips forward and felt her, forever severing our connection of just brother and sister, and ascending us to something more.

“D-Dylan!”

“Fuck,” I spat out, gritting my teeth, clenching my jaw as heat enveloped me, wrapping around the tip of my cock.

I knew she had been tight, but I thought I had already stretched her out with my fingers.

I was wrong. *So wrong.*

Her pussy lips yielded for me, but the moment I sank another inch forward, she gripped me tight, crushing me and making me see stars.

“Fuck!” I gasp, having no idea how I managed to not burst right there and then. I was so fucking close, and I had to heave breaths to bring down my impending orgasm that went from a simmer to teetering at the edge in mere seconds.

“Dylan—Dylan!” My sister parted her lips in a big, silent ‘O’, a cry tearing out from her throat. ‘Oh—oh my... Oh my god! OH MY GOD!’

“Am I...” Breathing was hard, talking was even worse. “Am I hurting you?”

She nodded furiously, rasping out words. "Yeah—but it's not so bad... It's... You're so big!"

"I'm sorry," I panted, sinking another inch inside my little sister. I clamped my eyes shut, forcing down the roar clawing at my throat. "*Ellie.*"

"*Dylan.*"

"Ellie." It was such a tight fucking fit inside her that even the tiniest of movement from either of us threatened to send me spilling into her. I pried open my eyes and glanced down, realizing that I wasn't even that deep inside her. Only my cockhead was being clenched by her inner walls.

Ellie still had to take in a *whole* lot of inches.

Fuck. I wished I wasn't wearing a condom. I wished I could feel her for real. This single moment was a million times better than all my masturbation sessions combined.

I'd never touch myself again. Not when Ellie's pussy felt this good. Not when Ellie could offer me a lifetime of insurmountable pleasure.

I focused back on my sister. She was biting her lower lips, both her eyes misted over with fresh tears.

"Are... are you okay?" I asked her.

"Dylan," she whimpered in response, not answering my question at all.

"I'm going to try and push deeper, okay?" I said, looking between her left and right eye. A tear rolled down her cheeks and that compelled me to go back on all fours, hovering my lips over hers, molding our breaths together. "Okay, Ellie?"

She looked at me for a few seconds, her lips parting, but no words came out. Just barely audible whimpers and moans.

It seemed like she was trying to say something, but couldn't. She nodded instead.

"Okay," I exhaled, nodding too. "Okay."

Her pussy walls pulsed around me, and yet again, I was half a second away from breaking completely.

No way was I going to make it. I was going to blow my load before I was balls deep inside her like I wanted to be.

No way.

I tried anyway. Hissing, I pressed forward and my vision went blurry.

Ellie yelped a little too loud. Fuck it, I didn't care anymore.

If my mother happened to pass by and hear us... fuck it. Any punishment was worth it. Being inside Ellie was just too fucking good of an experience to divert my attention away to anything else but her and her only.

I went another inch deeper. Ellie shrieked, clamping her pussy shut, halting my advance.

"You're so... big!"

"Slowly," I said, not recognizing my voice at all. It was even deeper than my morning voice, and I inhaled deeply, taking in Ellie's sweet perfume. "Relax... fucking relax, Ellie. I—I can't go in."

Amazingly, she did. Ellie released the pressure, and I sank down another couple of inches.

"Oh god, Dylan." More tears streamed down from her eyes. "The pain... It—it feels so fucking good now. I love it."

"I love you," I replied, dipping down and claiming her lips.

My little sister retaliated by shooting her tongue forward, going straight for a lust-filled French kiss. I swallowed her moans, sucking on her soft, warm tongue, relishing every single moment of being with her, being inside her.

This was the greatest moment of my life, and I was glad I was sharing it with the one person that mattered the most to me.

On a moan, Ellie started *moving* her hips, bringing hers forward and back, forward and back, getting used to my girth, intensifying the pleasure of it all until we were finally one, my cock fully inside her, both of us prisoners to the pleasure.

No way I could hold back anymore. *No fucking way.*

“Ellie,” I growled against her lips. “I’m so close, I—”

I couldn’t finish my sentence. My sister’s lips were back on mine, her tongue stroking, her little moans breaking me apart.

Fuck it.

Fuck.

It.

Drawing my hips back, I let loose.

“AH!” Ellie’s cry split the room in half, motivating me to continue my maddening assault, driving myself in and out of my little sister with abandon, fucking her as hard as I possibly could. “AH! AH! AH!”

I loved that she was so expressive. Every time we connected, it was Christmas.

Thrust “AH!”

Thrust “AHH!”

Thrust “AH!”

I welcomed her moans, swallowing them up, praying that time would stop so I could bathe in this feeling forever.

Pleasure in its purest form.

On the fifth thrust, Ellie shrieked, crushing my cock in the most pleasurable way possible. Ellie broke into a mess of tears and moans, her body writhing, her lips biting me, her nails digging into my skin, adding pain to the insanity of it all.

And then it was over for me too.

I broke away from her lips, bursting out ropes of cum, screaming out my sister's name, telling her how fucking good she felt, wishing I could feel her for real.

Ellie's body deserved to be filled with my seed, but I was wasting everything.

Fuck the risk. If Ellie got pregnant, so be it. She was eighteen and at the peak physical shape of her life. If we started a family together, she'd be a great mother, unlike my own.

"Fuck!" I roared out, pumping my hips in and out, foregoing my promise of going slow, fucking my little sister without anything held back.

"Dylan!" she shrieked, meeting my hips with erotic sways of her own, squeezing and squeezing me.

As the final jets of cum sizzled out, I actually got light-headed from the sheer amount of fluid I had lost.

But Ellie was still going, milking me. I gasped and shuddered, closing my eyes and opening my ears, relishing the sounds she made.

But all good things came to an end.

Ellie finished with a low moan of my name, followed by a whimper. I silenced her by dipping back down, molding our lips together, showing my little sister how much I loved her, thanking her for an experience I'd never ever forget.

Ellie answered back with low moans, running her hands up and down my back. The kiss was light and sweet, both of us completely spent, dripping with sweat, heaving breaths.

We mutually ended the kiss, and I rolled off her, exhaling and removing the condom. Getting out of the bed and standing up on shaky knees, I tossed the used rubber to the trash before limping to my mini-fridge and retrieving two plastic water bottles.

"Thank you," my sister mouthed as she accepted the bottle that I already twisted open for her.

She wiped her damp blue hair away from her face and drank deep.

I was dehydrated, so I finished the bottle in a couple of mouthfuls, tossing the empty bottle to the trash too. It missed, bouncing off the edge and rolling across my floor.

Ellie smirked at my miss. We made eye contact, but it was only for a second before she rolled to her side and turned towards my window.

It was still bright out, but I didn't have the greatest view. The scenery was mostly blocked by a large maple tree in Lucia's garden, but it was decent enough.

Silence. But it didn't feel awkward. At least, I didn't feel any tension or any awkwardness.

"So?" I broke the quiet, running a finger along my sister's thigh, feeling up her creamy skin. She didn't pull away or react to my touch. A good sign. "Was that how you imagined sex to be?"

She glanced back at me. "Was it good?"

I told her the truth. "It was the best experience in my life. And I'm glad I shared it with you."

She blushed, quickly looking down before glancing back towards the window. "Me too. I—I guess I'm in shock. I'm still taking it all in." My sister shook her head. "I mean, did... did this really happen? Or am I dreaming? Is this a dream?"

"Yes," I said in my most serious tone. "This is all a dream. I'm just a figment of your imagination."

That got a giggle out of her.

Silence again. I grabbed my pillow and laid down flat, staring at my ceiling and processing what just happened.

Sex was everything I had imagined.

No, it's better. Much, much better.

God, I was still rock hard and throbbing, my entire body drenched with Ellie's sweet scent, my lips tingling with her addictive taste.

I was so ready for round two.

Beside me, Ellie shifted and my thoughts drifted to her. I was no longer a virgin. I had stolen Ellie's innocence, ripped it away from her when I could have stayed the course and left my little sister alone.

I had forever ruined her.

Maybe it was the after sex glaze, but as I readied myself for the wave of guilt that was bound to hit me like it always did whenever I acknowledged myself manipulating my little sister... it never came.

I sat up when I felt my sister shift again. She stared at me, and I tried my best to read her expression. Was she still in shock? Did she have regrets?

But then her lips twitched, and she glanced back down, brushing her hair to the side.

She was happy. Or at least satisfied. That soft smile said it all.

"So..." My sister poked my blanket. "What now?"

"Now..." I got on all fours and crawled to her, claiming her lips and taking in her addictive sweetness. "We go to the bathroom and clean up."

"Mmm..." Her lips sucked hard on mine. "Mm..."

Fuck, her moans had me clutching her cheeks, kissing her harder, feeling her lips move as my sister tried to speak.

"When was the last time we showered together?"

"Too long." I broke the kiss, knowing we would be at it for the entire afternoon if I didn't impose some self restraint. Taking her hand in mine, I pulled her out of bed. "Come."

Ellie almost fell forward when she got to her feet.

“Crap,” she giggled, gripping my arm to steady herself. “Oh my god. Wow.”

I smiled. “Sorry, I think I went too hard.”

“No, I like it.” *Giggle*. “Can we... can we do it again?”

“Like... in the shower?”

“Yeah.”

I stared at her.

What have I done?

“Can we?” she asked again, squeezing my arm, biting down on her lips, somehow looking even more fuckable every time I looked at her.

When I kept staring, she continued. “I mean if you don’t—”

“No.” I started for the bathroom, pulling my eager sister along, my mind made up, my sin complete. “Come.”