

Chapter 7

Why am I sore everywhere? Even my neck hurts.

I opened my eyes, staring up at the blank high ceiling, trying to stay as still as possible.

How the hell does my neck hurt?

Every time I moved, stretched, or even shifted in the slightest, a dull throb would radiate all over me. I have never been in this much pain, even after a rough football session.

What the hell happened?

I could smell this intoxicating sweetness all around me and then I felt movement to my side, followed by a feminine moan, making my heart drop.

Right. Fuck.

Turning my head, my breath quickened at the sight of blue hair fanned over the pillow that should have been empty.

Shit.

Ellie shifted again, then reached up, lazily sweeping her messy hair aside.

“Mmm.” She opened her eyes and saw me staring at her. For a brief moment, she seemed confused too, then the sinful memories of yesterday must have hit her because my sister squeezed her eyes shut and rubbed her temples.

“Oh god. I’m soooooo sore,” she moaned. My sister struggled to a sitting position, pulling our shared blanket up to cover her breasts. Not a good sign. “Did yesterday really happen?”

“You just answered your own question.”

She dropped her hand and glanced at me. “Do you have any regrets?”

Even with no makeup on and with messy hair, Ellie was undoubtedly one of the sexiest women I've ever laid my eyes on.

I shook my head, still getting used to the sight of a woman in bed with me. "No."

It was the truth. Or at least that was what I was convincing myself. What I was doing to Ellie was downright wrong, maybe even *cruel*, but what was done was done. No point in regrets.

Ellie nodded. I expected my sister to answer, but when she stayed silent, I prodded her for one.

"You?"

She sighed. "I... I don't know. I mean..." She shook her head. "How many times did we... you know?"

"Like..." I chuckled, because what the hell do I do? "Five? Six?"

"Oh god." She grabbed one of my pillows and buried herself in it, screaming into the cushion.

I waited her outburst out. It didn't take long, but it ended with Ellie hurling my pillow across the room. It hit my study table, knocking over the lava lamp.

"Sorry," Ellie mouthed.

I raised an eyebrow. "Was yesterday really that bad?"

"No," she admitted, her face completely pink. "It was amazing. But..."

I raised an eyebrow, silently urging her to continue.

"... you're my brother. Even if we only share the same father, we... you..." Ellie dropped her shoulders. "I can't believe I lost my virginity to you."

"Hey." I sat up and touched her cheek. The room was cool, but her skin was warm to the touch. "You okay?"

She nodded, looking out the window, towards the large maple tree that sat in the center of her mother's garden. "I think so."

"Don't cover them, Ellie." I slid my fingers down her collarbone, tugging on the blanket we were still sharing. "I've already seen everything."

She didn't put up any resistance as I unveiled her teardrops, revealing nipples that were already perked up to stiff peaks.

"Do you mean it?" my sister whispered, fingering her white gold key pendant I gifted her for her sixteenth birthday. "Yesterday. You said my breasts were perfect."

"I didn't lie to you about anything."

Except for half-truths. In our family, Ellie was the only one left unaware of our secret. She deserved to know.

But was this a good time? Just after we had woken up in bed? After I had abused her body to lengths no brother ever should?

"Have you..." My sister drew patterns over the blanket. "Have you seen Heidi's?"

I blinked. "Her tits?"

Her cheeks flushed pink. "Y-Yeah."

"No," I said. "But it doesn't matter. I like yours."

"But you haven't seen hers."

I didn't know why Ellie's insecurities were leaking out, but the least I could was soothe her—as a big brother should.

"Listen to me." I propped her chin up, leveling our gazes together. Blue on blue. "Heidi's a bully. Don't doubt yourself. You're beautiful."

"She told me I'm ugly," Ellie whispered in a breath so low, the only reason I could hear her was because everything else was silent. Not even the birds outside were singing. "I don't understand why she says these horrible things to me. I don't know what I ever did to her."

Anger flared within me. “She said that?”

“I mean—once.” My little sister sniffed. “We were having a big argument about something I forgot, and she...” Ellie trailed off into silence.

I knew Heidi could be harsh—our older sister was especially bad to other girls in school, but her saying that to Ellie was just...

Fuck, I was pissed.

First off—feelings and biases aside—my little sister was *objectively* attractive in every sense of the word. There was no timeline in history or alternate dimensions on Earth where having the face, skin, or figure like Ellie’s would be seen as nothing but the top of the top.

Second, my sisters shared many physical similarities. They may not look identical, especially when Ellie had dyed her hair blue, but if she kept her golden locks and they stood side-to-side, anyone could tell Heidi and Ellie were blood.

Even the mere idea of Ellie being anywhere near unattractive would be seen as a hilarity, and my little sister knew that, but I could see the hurt in her eyes.

She had been raised in a family that upheld physical attractiveness as the most important value—even worse with the fact that the current head of the family was a supermodel and a founding partner of one of the country’s most renowned modeling agencies.

Since we were kids, our parents sent us to boutique beauty clinics and drilled us about the importance of being physically active.

Even our diet had been formulated for us—every fucking calorie was specifically and carefully calculated by dietitians.

Fast food and carbonated drinks were a delicacy we never tasted until we were in our late teens, and the education of skincare was more important than our school exams. Our mothers wouldn’t even let us out of the house until they were sure we had applied our sunscreens.

Beauty in our family was that regal, so mocking our physical appearance was a forbidden subject—one that Heidi knew to take advantage of when she wanted to hurt us.

“Sometimes I fucking hate her,” I admitted, rubbing my thumb up and down Ellie’s soft, warm cheeks. “You already know she’s saying that to hurt you. You’re beautiful and she’s just jealous.”

“Jealous? Of who? Me?” Ellie scoffed. “What do I have that she doesn’t? Everybody worships her. I mean—even you do.” My sister paused. “What... what happened during the dates, by the way? You seemed a little angry when I picked you up that night.”

I groaned. “I don’t want to think about it. She—fuck.” I looked at my little sister. *It was now or never.* “Ellie, there’s something I have to tell you. Something you have to know. About our family.”

My sister chuckled. “Don’t tell me—I’m adopted.”

Even though she said it in an obviously joking manner, there was a slight tremble when she said ‘adopted’. And with Ellie, I noticed *everything*.

Why did she feel like she was the outsider in the family? Her mother *loved* her, and my mother adored her. If anything, I should be the one making that joke, and the fact that Ellie was even semi serious about it had me feeling her pain.

“I want you to listen carefully.” I faced my sister, showing her I was serious.

“Look,” I sighed. What should I say? How do I even phrase it correctly? I was never good at these types of things.

“I know we haven’t been close lately, but I want to change that.” I reached forward, stroking her cheek, relishing how smooth her skin felt. “Last night was very important to me, and I’m sure it’s the same for you. It’s not tradition in our family to say this, but...” I swallowed, trying my absolute best to maintain eye contact and not look away.

Her eyes were different from Heidi’s. So much softer and lighter.

“I...” I exhaled. *Why is it so hard to say the three words now?*

Spit it out. *Tell her the truth.*

“You’re my sister. And I love you.”

A tear rolled down her right eye.

“Thank you for saying that,” she attempted a smile, but the movement broke the dam, causing more tears to streak down. “I love you too. I love you so much.”

Ellie came forward and I embraced her with a hug, holding her tight as she sobbed on my shoulder, making me realize my sister was way more fragile than I originally thought.

And I had abused her. Manipulated her into sex.

But my love for her was genuine. And judging by her tone when she declared the three words, hers was too. Despite the love pill. Despite everything.

Ellie’s voice cracked, breaking the silence. “I love her too.”

“Heidi?”

“Yeah. Even after everything she said.”

“I understand.”

I held her for a long, long time, content with our naked bodies pressed together, listening to her sobs until she finally stopped shaking.

“You...” My sister forced out a choked laugh. “You’re hard.”

“Really?” I mumbled, letting her go. Ellie sniffed, then swiped her damp cheeks with the back of her palm.

“Mmm hmm.” She nodded, eyeing my rock-hard erection, as if it was a completely normal thing for a sister to do. “Aren’t you sore, too?”

“Everywhere, my love. Fucking everywhere.”

That got her to spill out a small giggle, the bright sound sounding like pure honey to my ears.

"I don't know how I'm going to school later." Her giggles morphed into a cock throbbing groan as she shifted back, leaning on her elbows. "I don't think I can even walk. God, my friends might figure it out. They're smart like that. They would kill me if I don't confess who the guy is."

I chuckled, completely content with hearing my sister talk forever. But that was all she had to say, and we lapsed into silence, just gazing into each other's eyes.

Ellie's smile had returned, and that was the most important thing in the world. It was crazy how Ellie could dissolve my selfishness when practically no one else in the world could.

"So..." My sister tilted her head and brushed her hair down. "What did you want to tell me?"

My smile dropped. The resolve I had a minute ago vanished. *Maybe I shouldn't tell her.* "What time is it? Do we even have time?"

"We do. Now stop stalling. Tell me."

I sighed. *Here goes nothing.*

I told Ellie everything. Everything except for the love pills.

Ellie was silent throughout, her dazzling smile nowhere to be seen, her beautiful face impossible to read.

When I finished explaining, she asked if she could watch the tape our dad had left me, and I panicked a little, not thinking about that possibility.

I had to come up with a quick excuse that it was a very private message between us. Thankfully, Ellie accepted that half-assed reasoning, nodding slowly, deep in thought.

"Hey." I brushed my thumb across her cheek when she was quiet for an uncomfortable amount of time. "You okay?"

“And Heidi knows?” she finally spoke out, her tone controlled and not telling me much at all.

Was she in shock? Pissed off? Did she accept everything I told her? So far, my little sister was handling it much better than I’d imagined. She had been fragile a moment ago, but right then she seemed to be in the complete opposite—closed off and distant.

“Yeah,” I said. “My mother told her last year.”

“And you knew... when?”

“Not long ago. The day of father’s second anniversary.” I sighed, recalling the faithful day—and the incident in the gym. My sisters never got physical before, and I knew their relationship had been staggered ever since. “My mother called me into her study and gave me the recording.”

Ellie fell silent again. A few beats passed before my sister suddenly hopped off the bed, her tits bouncing in the most delightful way. It was impossible not to stare at her body—even when clothed, never mind completely nude.

“Can you drive me?” my sister asked.

Right. I drove my sister back yesterday. Her BMW was still in the school parking lot.

I was dying to know what was going on in her head. It must have been a rollercoaster of emotions.

She had just found out Heidi and I were dating. Then she lost her virginity to me, and then the biggest truth bomb had just exploded right in her face.

“Where?” I asked. “To school?”

“No, I want to see my mother.”

She said ‘mother’ a little too clipped, which was the total opposite of her soft, sweet character.

“Ellie,” I started. “It’s not her fault. She—“

“Either you have been lied to,” my sister cut in, which confirmed to me she was *pissed*. “Because I see it in your eyes that you truly believe what you just told me. So it’s either that, or....”

She swallowed. “Or my mother has been hiding all of this from me. And she tells me *everything*. So you can drive me there or I can head into the garage and do it myself.

I stared hard at her, finally noticing the pain and betrayal in those beautiful blue eyes. Her mind was set, and I knew there was no way to convince her otherwise.

Stubbornness was a trait that ran deep in our blood and I rather be there with her to ensure she wouldn’t do anything rash.

“Okay,” I conceded. “I’ll drive you. But go and get ready first.”

Ellie nodded, then turned away, bending down to retrieve her crumpled school uniform, forcing my attention to her plump, round ass.

I knew I had to stop sexualizing my own little sister, but my mind had other plans, drifting to memories of last night.

I recalled her little shudders when I squeezed her tits... her desperate whimpers when I kissed her... her addictive grunts whenever our hips connected.

Fuck.

Shaking my head, I headed into my walk-in closet to get her something to wear.

I didn’t want Ellie to stumble down the hallway towards her room butt naked, even if it was just a fifteen second walk away.

One of the maids could spot her. Or worse—Heidi.

I quickly picked out one of my T-shirts and walked out, handing the fresh clothing to my sister.

Ellie mumbled a thanks and hauled my shirt over her head. It was too big for her, ending at her upper thighs, but it covered all her important bits.

She didn’t look at me when she whispered out the words. “Be ready in ten.”

“Okay.” I leaned down and pecked the top of the head, giving my Ellie my love that way, because she was definitely not in the mood for a real kiss.

Not right then, anyway.

I couldn’t remember exactly when I developed a crush on Ellie.

I was always aware of how gorgeous my little sister was. It was obvious from the way she stood above almost every other girl in school and how countless guys hounded after her.

Everyone knew she was single, and from a glance, I guessed anyone could tell Ellie was sexually inexperienced—something that drove everyone’s lust for her into overdrive.

But I’d never thought about my little sister *sexually*. She was just that—my little sister. Somebody who lived with me, but who I seldom saw, seldom talked to. My focus was always on my mother—and especially my sexier older sister.

Fuck. My family was right. Thinking about it, I had been a terrible brother.

I must have finally noticed how sexually appealing my little sister was when we entered college together.

The first time I saw Ellie in her new school uniform... how that white blouse hugged all her toned curves... how that navy mini-pleated skirt showed off her creamy thighs...

The second she stepped out of her room displaying her body like *that* was the day I saw Ellie less of a little sister and more of a *real woman*.

And then she had to join the cheerleading squad, making her a distraction during the games. When I was still in the football team, it was torture on the field.

I stood outside Ellie’s room and sighed, shoving my hands deep into my school pants.

I couldn't believe I was in love with both of my sisters. But could you really blame me? Having just one sister who looked like Ellie or Heidi would make life complicated, but having both?

I could hear my little sister moving around her room. Was her door locked? I haven't tried the knob, and part of me wanted to peek in, get a glimpse of her changing, maybe if I was lucky, spot her naked again.

Or maybe... maybe I would catch her touching herself. She told me to be done in ten minutes, but it was already two minutes past, and she still wasn't out yet.

Fuck. This was bad. Losing our virginities to each other had been a horrible idea. I was obsessed with Ellie to an unhealthy level, but after last night, all I could think of was reenacting our greatest sin, being squeezed by that ungodly tight pussy...

The door opened just as I was seriously considering taking a peek, revealing my little sister fully clothed in her school uniform, giving me flashbacks of yesterday afternoon. She had been in her uniform too, on her knees, deep throating my cock and—

Stop!

"You know..." Ellie stepped out and adjusted her pleated mini-skirt. "You should really stop staring at me like that."

I peeled my eyes away. "Sorry."

"You really have a thing for uniforms, don't you?" I could feel her eyes on me, but when I looked back at her, she quickly glanced away. "I don't get it."

I thought twice about touching her, but if we didn't hurry, we might be late for classes. So inhaling the fresh burst of perfume she had just put on, I wrapped my hand around the curve of her lower back and led my little sister downstairs.

"Why didn't you tell me?" Ellie's voice was like that of an angel. High-pitched, sweet, melodic. Even after I had ruined her, she still radiated innocence.

I stopped halfway down the steps.

“When you received the video of Daddy,” Ellie continued. “Why didn’t you tell me immediately? True or not, don’t you think I deserved to know?”

“I—”

Shit, she had a good point.

What should I say?

“Ellie, sweetie,” a feminine voice drifted from downstairs, making my blood still. “Is that you?”

“Yes, Mom.” Ellie moved forward, leaving my hold. “What is it?”

If anyone knew the complicated dynamic of our family, they would raise an eyebrow or two at the mention of ‘Mom.’ After all, Ava wasn’t Ellie’s mother, but my sisters received enough love from their ‘step-mothers’ to be granted the term ‘Mom’.

But now my Ellie knew—or at least suspected—Ava wasn’t just her step-mother. It was no accident why my sisters were specimens of beauty. They had the best of all worlds, inheriting both their mothers’ beauty.

My mother’s voice drifted towards us. Her tone was soft, as it always was when talking to the girls. “Come here.”

“Okay!” Ellie called back, her knees wobbling as she took one step at a time. She wasn’t exaggerating when she mentioned she was sore.

I watched my little sister hobble down the spiral staircase.

I’d brought us to the side staircase to avoid an encounter with my mother, but it looked like she was still home and conveniently inside the kitchen.

By the time I gathered enough confidence to face my mother, I followed after my sister, walking through the butler’s pantry and entering the dry kitchen. The staff were already hard at work, bustling around, and one of the maids handed my mother a glass jar of overnight oats topped with a rainbow of fruits.

My mother and my sister were in mid-conversation, which was fine if it wasn’t for the subject of the talk.

“Have you been practicing too hard?” my mother asked, nodding towards Ellie’s thighs, which my sister was unconsciously rubbing.

“No—I mean, y-yes.” My sister’s cheeks grew visibly pink. She dropped her hands and took a panicked glance towards me, alerting my mother to my presence.

“Dylan,” my mother greeted me, her voice growing hard. She glanced back at Ellie, and spoke, her tone back to all sweet and loving. It was actually infuriating to witness the obvious difference in treatment we both received from her.

“Are you two having breakfast together?” My mother took Ellie’s chin and stroked it with her thumb, just like I had last night. “We have a healthy oatmeal bowl prepared for you. Topped with bananas, apples, and berries. Or do you want some scrambled eggs and smoked salmon? It might help with the soreness.”

“No, thank you,” my sister squeaked. “D-Dylan is driving me to Mommy’s. We… we’re having breakfast there.”

“Is he?” My mother glanced back at me. “Drive carefully.”

I sighed. “Yes, Mother.”

“Don’t stress yourself out too much, okay?” my mother addressed my sister. When Ellie nodded, my mother leaned down and pecked Ellie’s cheeks before freezing in place.

What? What was it?

My mother sniffed once, twice, then pulled back. She glared at me for a brief moment, steel in her eyes, before glancing back at Ellie, offering my sister a tight smile. “Give your mother my love.”

Ellie nodded once more. My mother dropped her hand and my sister rushed out of the kitchen, almost bumping into one of the staff who was holding a small stack of plates. She had been too panicky to notice my mother’s subtle reaction, but I saw everything.

I was about to follow Ellie, but my mother beckoned me forward, and my heart sank.

Does she know?

It should be obvious. Ellie's sudden soreness, our unusual closeness, my scent on her. My mother might be beauty personified, but Heidi wasn't cunning for no reason. She had inherited that trait from our mother.

I stood in front of the woman I both desperately love and secretly despised, wishing I could receive a sampling of affection she had just displayed towards Ellie.

My mother had the capability of being extremely loving. She proved that with our father, Lucia, Heidi, Ellie.

Everyone but me.

My mother took my chin in between two fingers, and I steeled a breath as her thumb slid across my jaw.

"Take care of your sister," she said, her voice nothing more than an icy whisper, a stark contrast to her warm thumb stroking my jaw. "Do you understand me?"

I could only nod. God, her hands were so soft.

"There will be a family meeting tonight," my mother said, my skin tingling from all the spots she had touched, my head spinning from her intoxicating scent. "Seven p.m. After dinner." She let go of me. "Now, go."

I left the kitchen. My sister was waiting for me at our front door, something which I still couldn't get used to. Not only was it *enormous*, it was a revolving door, something that cost my mother a small fortune to have installed.

Wealthy people and their fascination for huge, fancy front doors. Go figure.

As we walked towards my car, I assumed Ellie would be more distant after what I told her back in my room, and especially after being questioned in the kitchen, but she walked close to my side, our shoulders occasionally bumping.

"I'm sorry," my sister whispered.

I unlocked my car and ducked in. "For what?"

“I don’t know why she’s so tough on you.” My sister closed the door and adjusted the seat, reclining back a little, relaxing into the seat and unintentionally pushing her little breasts out. “I guess since you’re the eldest son and all... she expects a lot from you.”

I shrugged. “It’s whatever.”

It wasn’t ‘whatever’, and my sister knew that. She stared at me for a while, but decided not to push it, looking out the window as I drove through our driveway.

My sister tapped on the window. “The bushes need trimming. Mommy’s going to give the gardeners a hard time for slacking.”

She seemed sad at the mention of her mother, so I spoke up.

“You good?”

“I don’t know.” I heard her shifting in her seat, but I tried my best to keep my eyes on the road. With her leaning backwards, and her tits pushed out like that in that tight uniform, it took all of my willpower to not be a creep. “I really don’t know.”

She blew out a long exhale. “I keep thinking about what you said. It can’t be true. There’s no way.”

“It’s true, Ellie,” I told my sister. “Our father and mothers, they are—”

“I’ll ask Mommy about it.” She crossed her arms, her voice clipped. “Then I’ll know for sure.”

The silence was uncomfortable. I wanted to turn up the radio to reduce the awkwardness, but I knew I had to confront my sister about last night. We only breached the surface this morning, and I still didn’t know how she really felt about it. About us.

But another glance towards my blue-haired sister made it clear she wasn’t in the mood for a conversation, so we drove and drove until I smoothed to a stop at the back of the cafe.

Lucia’s cafe started off as a small, comfortable spot in the heart of the city. The coffee was superb and the vast selection of cakes tasted even better.

At first, the main appeal for the place was that everything was for sale—the furniture, the art, statues, the fancy coffee machine, even the utensils. As the cafe grew in popularity, Lucia expanded it, buying off more of the building and adding more unique art pieces to the place that people could admire, or purchase.

There was even an enormous cupid statue at the entrance, a room dedicated to art lovers, and even an entire floor for seating VIP guests.

It was no wonder Ellie loved the place.

As soon as I killed the engine, Ellie got out and strode towards the front entrance, breezing past the hostess whose initial greeting fizzled out from her lips. I followed after my sister, shooting the girl a sympathetic smile.

It wasn't difficult to spot my stepmother. Like her sister, Lucia was dressed head to toe in designer clothing. But unlike her sister who loved expensive dresses that showed lots of skin, Lucia had a vast array of styles, and today it was a custom navy Louis Vuitton suit.

My stepmother was conversing with one of the patrons admiring a large oil painting. But she must have heard Ellie because she turned towards my sister, and a loving smile lit up her beautiful features.

Lucia quickly excused herself and stepped towards Ellie, greeting her daughter with a kiss on the cheek.

They talked for a bit. I could hear bits and pieces of the conversation. Ellie was talking louder and louder, and I heard my name being mentioned.

Lucia glanced at me before hushing out some words to her daughter, who was having none of it, and after a couple seconds of Lucia trying to calm her down, Ellie stomped away, heading upstairs.

Lucia sighed. I expected blame or anger in her blue eyes, since it was pretty much my fault for telling Ellie the truth, but I only saw hurt in those blue voids.

"When did you find out?" Lucia asked me, rubbing her neck.

Before I could answer, she shook her head. "Never mind. Come and help me calm her down."

It was the least I could do. I followed Lucia upstairs, stepping inside a private booth and finding my little sister already seated, arms crossed.

"It's true, isn't it?" Ellie directed the question at her mother. "You and Daddy are brothers and sisters."

"Yes, love." Lucia sat down beside her daughter and took her hand, squeezing. "It's true."

"And Ava?" Ellie's voice wavered. "She's..."

"She's my sister."

"Why? Why didn't you tell me? Why am I the last to know?"

"I'm sorry, love. I just thought..." Lucia blew out a breath. "You're right, I should have told you. I'm sorry."

"Is this why..." A tear spilled down from Ellie's blue eyes. The motherly reaction was immediate. Lucia hugged Ellie close, and my sister began sobbing, cuddled up in her mother's arms.

"Why what, love?"

"Is this why I have these feelings for Dylan?"

"Oh, my love." Lucia cuddled Ellie closer. "You must have been confused about your feelings. I know how it feels. When I first developed feelings for your father..." She paused, then kissed the top of her head. "I know how it feels. I'm so sorry. You must have been through a lot."

I couldn't stop looking at my sister, at her tear-streaked face, at her quivering lips. I felt like total shit. Every time she sobbed, it was a dagger to my heart.

The last thing I wanted was to have Ellie in this state. I didn't think through the full consequences when I spiked my mother's drink.

Ellie had been a normal girl. It must have been horrible to one day wake up and find out you had these sudden intense feelings towards your own brother.

Ellie pulled back from Lucia's arms and stood up.

"I want to go," my sister whispered.

Her mother got to her feet too, concern filling her eyes that were identical to Ellie's. Gorgeous ocean blues. "Have you eaten?"

"No." My sister sniffed, then walked away.

"Ellie—" Lucia called after her, but my little sister didn't look back, sputtering sobs.

Fuck, I hated myself.

"I should have told her," Lucia muttered. "Did Heidi tell you?"

"Dad left me a video recording. He explained everything there." I sighed. "I'm sorry. I shouldn't have..."

"No, she deserves to know." Lucia straightened up and smoothed down her fancy blue suit. "Make sure she eats breakfast, okay? I'll talk to her tonight."

"Yeah, okay." I got up and was about to leave when Lucia stopped me.

"Dylan."

"Yeah?" I turned back towards her, glimpsing all the worry on her beautiful face. Lucia was in her mid-forties, but she didn't look her age at all.

There was not a spot of wrinkle on her perfect complexion, and like all the other women in my family, Lucia kept her figure in top condition, lean and toned, displaying curves no woman her age should have.

My stepmother stared at me for a while, creating multiple thoughts in my head.

Does she know Ellie and I were fucking? Ellie had admitted her feelings for me right in front of her. She had to know. My sister smelled of me.

Lucia finally spoke out, her smooth voice rolling over me. "Take care of her. She's my everything."

“I will,” I said, not breaking eye contact to let her know I was serious.

Because I was.

Ellie might be Lucia’s everything.

But she was mine too.

When I came outside, I found my sister leaning against my car, her usual blue eyes all puffy and red. We locked gazes and she quickly turned away, as if she was embarrassed at how much of a pitiful sight she was.

The last thing I wanted was for Ellie to shield herself from me. I was her big brother.

I rounded over to her, giving her a quick peck on the temple to tell Ellie exactly that—that I loved her and she didn’t need to hide from me. A huge whiff of her fruity shampoo entered my nostrils, forcing me to hold back a groan.

Fuck.

Ellie didn’t respond. She just stood there, sniffing sobs.

Unlocking my car, I ducked inside and grabbed a box of tissues.

Ellie didn’t accept the tissues when I handed it to her. Instead, she clutched my arm and peered up at me through tear-stained eyes.

I could stare at her forever. Ellie was everything I wanted my dream woman to be. Why have I never noticed how stunning she was until recently?

Ellie’s eyes rove down to my lips, and as another tear rolled down her flushed cheek, she tip-toed up.

I dropped the tissue box, completely forgetting we were in public and accepted her soft lips, plundering her sweetness with a lick.

Ellie pressed forward, deepening the kiss, and I groaned as I felt her hard nipples against my chest, even through our layers of clothing. I sparred with her tongue, wrapping my arm to her backside, dipping my fingers under her pleated skirt and crudely squeezing her ass cheeks without a care in the world.

I couldn't figure out which felt better. Her lips, her tits, or her ass.

"God." I rasp out the word as Ellie withdrew her tongue to focus on my lips, sucking with a fervor I'd never have expected from an innocent girl.

Her mouth was so fucking sweet, so fucking carefree and careless, slanting around mine as though she didn't care about rhythm, only to taste me and have me taste her.

I sucked in a breath when Ellie suddenly pulled away. I assumed she finally found sense in the absurdity of what we were doing, and that she wanted to stop, but the next thing I knew, her hungry fingers were on my school shirt, prying away the buttons.

"Ellie," I gasped. "This is not the place—"

"I don't care."

"Ellie..." But I did nothing to stop my sister. She was already on the third button, and I afforded a quick look around. Thankfully, we were alone in the parking lot. *At least for now.* We weren't exactly in the most abandoned spot. Lucia's cafe was always lively, especially in the early morning.

"Ellie—no." I didn't know how I finally managed the willpower to grab her wrist and looked her straight in the eyes. "Stop."

Her eyes burned into mine. "Do you love me?"

"What?"

She leaned closer until our lips were inches apart and I could feel her every word on my lips. "Do. You. Love. Me?"

Was Ellie playing a game? We just exchanged 'I love you's' an hour ago.

"Of course I love you," I said.

“Show me.” She nibbled on my lower lip, groaning softly. “Just like last night.”

“I can’t fuck you here, Ellie. Someone would see us.”

“I don’t care.” She completed our connection, kissing me with a fervor that instantly dissolved my newfound resolution.

“Aren’t you sore?” I asked in between kisses, a final attempt to make her stop. But I didn’t want her to stop. Her lips were a gift from heaven, and she smelled like an angel.

“I. Don’t. Care.”

“Fuck,” I heaved against her lips, tasting her lust and desire for me. “Okay.... okay. In the car.”

Why was my willpower so weak? One second I was telling her no, and as soon as she pushed through my resistance, all I could think about was sinking into that tight pussy.

I wasn’t strong willed. Not with Ellie.

What would Lucia think if she knew we were fucking outside her cafe?

Surely she would understand, but she wouldn’t find out. My windows were tinted, so we would have some privacy.

Well, as long as Ellie kept it down.

And didn’t I make a promise to both Ava and Lucia that I would take care of Ellie? Wasn’t this taking care of her? I was making my little sister happy.

I sighed as our tongues tangled together. Ellie was getting so much better at kissing, offering little flicks and warm swipes.

I knew why Ellie was desperate for me. Right then, she craved intimacy. She wanted me to numb her pain away, and if I refused, she would surely use other methods to cope with her pain.

Alcohol, drugs... maybe she would even fuck another man.

No.

No, that couldn't happen.

I broke the kiss, but Ellie wasn't finished, dipping her lips low, sucking on a spot on my neck.

"Come." I led my eager sister to the backseat of my car.

As soon as I shut the car door, Ellie straddled me, and my hands automatically curved down to her navy pleated skirt, squeezing her ass through the soft, pleated material.

"Make love to me," my sister breathed, leaning forward, pressing our nose together, mingling our breaths as one. "Do me just like you did last night. Just as hard. Just..." Ellie closed her eyes and moaned softly. "Just fuck me."

I was going to have sex with an emotional mess of a sister.

Did I care?

Yeah. I was taking advantage of her, and I felt like shit. She was crying, for fuck's sakes.

Did I care enough?

No.

Fuck, I just remembered. Through the insanity of this all, a single sane thought hit me.

"Ellie, I don't have a condom."

"I don't care."

"Ellie—" But my sister wasn't listening. She kissed me again, harder this time, her moans filling me up with heady energy as I kissed her back, groaning at how fucking good she tasted, and when her tongue came forward, greedily stroking against mine, I lost it.

“Dylan!” my sister gasped, when I slid my fingers under her skirt.

She lifted herself so I could pull down her panties, whimpering out my name as our tongues tussled, our teeth clashed, our moans colliding.

As soon as her panties came down to her ankles, my sister grinded her exposed cunt against my pants, drenching my school uniform with her arousal.

Fuck. Fuck!

“Take it off,” my sister panted, breaking the kiss so she could stare at me through tear-stained eyes. “Please.”

Were we really going to do this? What if Ellie got pregnant?

Fuck it. Her pussy was way too good to say no. If I made Ava and Lucia a grandparent, it didn’t matter. *Not now.*

Leaning forward, I kissed the sweet heat of her neck while I undid my belt. My sister was with me, lifting herself once again, allowing me to wrench my pants down. And being the helpful little sister that she was, Ellie helped remove my boxers, sliding it down my thighs, gasping when she saw my upright cock.

I was sensitive, throbbing all over, but as Ellie’s little moans filled up the car, my soreness seemed to fizzle away, replaced by a desperate, gnawing need to sink inside her freshly fucked cunt.

“I love you.” Ellie shuddered as I bruised her neck with my lips, sucking hard. “I love you so fucking much.”

“I love you too,” I told her, giving her my love. All of it.

I gripped her ass, alternating between light kneads and hard squeezes, rewarded by Ellie’s crazy moanings. She positioned her leaking pussy over my upright cock.

I couldn’t even see her sex. Her school skirt was blocking the sinful sight. But I could *feel* her heat, and I could definitely feel her arousal dripping onto me, lubricating me naturally.

I stopped kissing her neck, pulled back, just in time to see my sister mouth a final 'I love you' before slamming down onto me.

Holy.

Fuck.

Ellie couldn't take all of me in one swoop. She was still inexperienced, and her pussy was so fucking tight.

"Shit!" I gritted my teeth just as my sister shrieked, her pussy walls clamping around my sore cock, making me see stars.

And her moans.... fuck me... *her moans*.

So this was how Ellie *actually* felt like. So much warmer than I'd imagined, so much tighter than I'd envisioned, so much more sinful than anything I'd ever done.

Comparing this to last night... I was never ever going to touch a condom again.

"Dylan..." Ellie banded her arms around my neck, her lips quivering, wet from our mixed saliva.

"Y-Yeah?"

"You... you're so big." My sister parted her lips in a soft 'O', staring down at me with those gorgeous blues, her pupils unfocused. And when she dipped her hips forward and down, swallowing more of my cock, gasped, then repeated the process, finally taking *all* of me, she doomed us both to the pleasure of it all. "Oh my god."

"Ellie," I rasped, my body automatically reacting to hers, my hips pumping back and forth as Ellie bounced on my cock. I wanted to tell her to slow down, to let us savor the purity of the moment together, but when I opened my mouth again, only moans spilled out, and then my sister's lips were back on mine.

I could tell she was close. Her moans were growing louder and her shudders were building up to a peak.

Fuck, I really, *really* wanted to have an hour-long, passion-filled fuck. Just us exploring each other's bodies and making slow love, but Ellie had other plans, and could I really complain about fucking a girl like Ellie?

Young. Freshly eighteen. At the peak physical shape of her life.

And not to mention... very fertile.

"I love you," Ellie whimpered, sucking hard on my bottom lip. "I... I—"

She didn't get the chance to finish her sentence. My sister shuddered violently before letting out a shriek. Her walls clamped down around me, spasming wildly, forcing me to lose it completely as waves of pleasure shattered me apart.

For a split second, my whole body went rigid, and then I was roaring out my pleasure, spurting out my seed, filling my little sister up completely.

We didn't speak. Our language was just moans, whimpers, lips biting, tongue tangling, everything and anything.

An eternity passed until my sister slumped down onto me.

"Oh my god," Ellie breathed, her lips completely ruined, her school uniform in an even worse state. I was still inside her, hard and throbbing, sizzling out the final ropes of what must be one of the longest orgasms of my life. "Oh my god. Oh my god. Oh my god."

"What the fuck," I heaved, my body tingling with pins and needles, especially my thighs. My sister had been sitting on me for god knows how long, and when Ellie finally stood up, pulling me out of her, cum dripped down from her pussy, streaming down her thighs, towards her knee-high socks.

"I can't..." Ellie blew out a breath. "I can't feel my legs."

"I..." I didn't know what to say. I pulled my boxers up, covering what was left of my dignity.

I just fucked Ellie without protection. In my car. Behind her mother's cafe.

Could I stoop any lower?

“Ellie...” I finally managed my sister’s name out. She was slumped beside me, her legs spread wide open, panties down to her ankles, skirt pulled up. With the angle I had on her, I could see her pussy, pink and swollen, still leaking out my seed.

Just how much cum did she take?

“Y-yeah?”

“Come here.”

I helped her tidy up. My sister pulled her panties back up and smoothed down her uniform, but she couldn’t hide away the marks of sins on her body.

I must have kissed her neck too hard, because there were deep love marks on the sides of her neck, and that wasn’t even mentioning her damp skirt and the mess I made down south.

“We need to go to a pharmacy,” I told my sister. “Get you a Plan B.”

She just nodded. “Yeah, okay.”

“Hey.” I brought a finger to her cheek, tenderly stroking. “You good?”

“I feel...” She sniffed. “I feel better. Thank you.”

Telling her ‘no problem’ just seemed wrong. Not only had I manipulated my little sister, I was encouraging this behavior of using sex as a crutch. Would Ellie start being a sex addict? Would she start using her sexuality to lure me into sex every time she was sad?

I hope not. The last thing the world needed was another Heidi.

“The pharmacy’s nearby.” I said. “Then I’m going to order some takeaway, and then we’re going home to get cleaned up.” Ellie was just looking at me with those soft, blue eyes, and I sighed. “We’re going to be very late for classes, but it should be fine.”

“Can... can we just skip school again?”

Fuck. Ellie was always a straight A student. In under a week, I had stolen Ellie's virginity, pushed her into becoming an emotional mess, and now she wanted to be a rebel? Like Heidi and I?

This wasn't good.

"I just..." Ellie gripped my wrist as I continued stroking her. "I just want to be alone. Actually..." She looked at me. "I want you there with me. Could—could you skip school too? Cuddle up in bed with me? Like last night?"

I knew I was doomed the moment she spoke up again.

"Please?"

How could I ever say no to that?