

## Chapter 8

Years ago, I'd have cringed at the thought of being with any of my sisters.

After all, incest was bad.

Right?

Exhaling, I sneaked a peek towards my left, my heart racing at the sight of gorgeous blue hair.

The reality still shocked me every time I thought about it. I was cuddled up with my precious little sister. In her bed.

What the fuck.

We were relaxing in her room with the air-conditioning on at full blast and k-pop music playing in the background from her various bluetooth speakers dotted around the room.

"Hey." The sweet voice of my sister had me refocusing back on those ocean blue eyes. She nodded at her phone. "What do you think of this?"

I squinted at her phone screen.

I half-hoped we could fuck again, despite the radiating soreness all over my body. My cock had never been this sensitive before.

When we returned home, we'd showered separately. Ellie had been covered with my cum and was acting embarrassed, so I guessed she wanted privacy, but we agreed to meet after.

After I showered and came to her room, Ellie was already lying on her bed browsing Instagram, disappointedly not naked. She had put on an oversized shirt and some panties, setting the tone of the afternoon.

"So?" Ellie pushed me.

"Hmm..."

For the past hour, my little sister had been showing me ‘girly stuff’. Every so often, she would break the silence, asking me for my opinion on something. Like if a certain dress she wanted to buy would look good on her, or the color she wanted her nails painted next.

This time it was an Instagram reel of some girl sitting in a saloon chair, showing off her new hair-style. An ash-blonde shoulder-length trim.

Was this what life would be like with Ellie? Just cuddled together in bed after sex, giving her opinions on girly stuff?

The thought had me chuckling.

“So... not good?”

“No—I mean.” I cleared my throat. “It would... it would look cute on you.”

She frowned, then laid back on her side, facing away from me. I pulled her back in, inhaling a fresh burst of her fruity shampoo.

“I don’t want to look cute,” my little sister grumbled.

“I mean, you would look hot in it too.”

“You said cute first!”

Chuckling once more, I flipped to my side and ran a finger over her thigh, tracing slow patterns. Her legs felt fucking amazing. All lean muscle and soft skin.

“You smell good,” I told her, making my way up, slipping my finger under her cotton panties.

“Dylan—” She stopped scrolling, her breaths audibly picking up, her shoulders stiffening. “I’m too sore.”

*She’s too sore?* Just a couple of hours ago, she had literally seduced me into sex inside her own mother’s parking lot.

Even after living with women for my entire life, I still didn't understand them one bit. One moment Ellie was seductive and playful, and the next, she was cold and aloof. Heidi was the same. Probably even worse with her constant mood swings.

But I shouldn't judge my little sister. After all, she had just found out about our family's most well-kept secret. That we weren't just half-brother and sister. That our family dynamic was more complicated than she could ever imagine it to be.

There was no telling how distraught she was feeling inside. I mean, fuck, a few hours ago, I came inside her while she was weeping tears.

What was wrong with me?

One thing was for sure: When I was with Ellie, I couldn't think straight.

"Shh." I moved quickly, getting on top of her, laying her flat on the bed. "Just relax."

She gasped, but didn't resist my advances, staring at me from below with wide blue eyes, a blush flushing its way up from her neck to her cheeks. I started for her clothes, bringing my hands under her shirt.

"Dylan..." she hushed out my name in a sexy breath.

I stayed silent, taking off her shirt, pausing at the gorgeous sight of her teardrops.

"Shh..." I breathed, dipping my head low and capturing her right nipple. It was already hard, but as I licked and sucked, it beaded up to an even harder peak.

"D-Dylan!" Ellie arched up off the mattress and gripped my waist tight, her nails feeling like tiny daggers. "Ah!"

Was I just this good at pleasuring a woman? I didn't exactly know what I was doing. I was letting lust take over, allowing my body to naturally react to a beautiful woman I was in love with.

I moved to her left tit, giving it the same attention, cheered on by her little shudders and soft moans. Then I drew my attention lower, kissing down her flexed abs.

Ellie's heavy pants filled up the room, urging me on to grip her cotton panties and tug, revealing pink, drenched perfection.

“Dylan...” My sister was about to continue her sentence, but I leaned forward and dragged my tongue up her pussy, tasting overwhelming sweetness.

“DYLAN!” Her deafening cry split the room in half. My sister tried to roll away, but I held her thighs, keeping her in place.

‘Please!’ she whimpered. “Please... Please...”

I chuckled. “You’re really sore, huh?”

“Y-Yeah...”

“Okay, okay.” I crawled back up, nailing our gazes together. Her body was not used to being abused to lengths like this, and I didn’t want to push my sister too much. “I’ll just marinate you now for tonight then.”

“M-Marinate?” she squeaked out, searching between my left and right eye.

“Yeah.” I brought one hand behind her head, slamming our mouths together.

How could one woman taste so damn good?

Her pussy. Her lips. Everything about my little sister was perfect. Tailored for me and my sick fantasies.

“We...” Ellie moaned into my mouth. “We have a family meeting tonight.”

“Yeah.” God, her tongue was unholy. So soft and warm.

“Our mothers know. About us.”

“Yeah.” I drew back, but not before sucking on her lips once more, drawing out every single bit of her sweetness. “But they can’t do anything about it.”

“Do... do you think Mommy and Daddy fell in love around our age too?”

“Probably. I know my Mother did. She had Heidi when she was only nineteen, remember?”

“Yeah.” Her breaths tickled my lips. “Is this just the way it’s meant to be? Will we be like Mommy and Daddy?”

She phrased it like it was a bad thing. Like she was devastated about the idea of being together with me.

“Maybe.” I eyed her blues. “Do you want kids, Ellie?”

Where the fuck was I going with this?

“Yeah.” She gulped. “But not soon. I’m too young.” A pause. “Why are you asking?”

“It’s obvious why.”

Silence. It was just her K-pop songs droning on in the background.

I thought about reclaiming her lips, but Ellie parted them open first.

“What are we, Dylan?”

I understood what she was implying. I was asking myself the same thing.

*What are we?* Should we put a label on ourselves?

We weren’t half-siblings. And we have definitely sailed past the normal sibling line, partaking in sins no brother and sister ever should.

Should I consider Ellie to be my girlfriend? My first serious one?

I exhaled. “I don’t know, little sis.”

“This sounds so wrong.” She closed her eyes and bit down on her lower lip to smother a moan, clearly enjoying being called my little sister. “So wrong.”

“My little sister,” I breathed, moving away from her lips, returning my attention to her teardrops, sucking on them, making her spill out the held back moan. “*Mine.*”

“Yours,” she whimpered, arching into me. “Always yours...”

“You’re so fucking beautiful,” I whispered, diving my hands down and palming her ass cheeks. They must have been sore too, because she cried out when I squeezed them. “My beautiful little sister.”

“Big bro...” she whimpered. “It—it hurts... please.”

“You’re so delicate.” Rolling away, I sat up and took a glance around us. I liked how my sister styled her room. It was clean and organized. Cute too—with plush toys decorated on shelves and on top of her sofas.

She seemed to have a fondness for animals because I spotted several dogs, cats, and giraffes. If I remembered correctly, when we were younger, Ellie kept pestering her mother for a dog, but our father wasn’t fond of pets, so we never got one.

I felt Ellie’s hands wrapping around me from behind. She was breathing hard, scorching my neck.

“You smell good too,” she whispered, sucking on a spot on my neck. “About tonight... what are you going to tell our Mothers?”

I shut my eyes, enjoying my sister’s soft lips. “Obviously they would be worried and protective of you. You’re their most precious princess.”

“That’s Heidi.” She ran her tongue along a vein on my neck, making a chill run through me. “I don’t get pampered like her.”

“You could if you wanted to.” I said, opening my eyes. “But honestly, it’s mainly my mother I need to convince. She thinks I’m a disappointment.”

“You aren’t.” Ellie offered me a sweet peck on the side of my neck. “I’ll tell her that.”

“Thank you, love.” I turned around and met her lips, devouring her in a slow, drugging kiss.

It felt amazing to have someone on my side for once. Ellie taking the love pill by accident was a blessing, after all. I had the woman of my dreams in my arms, giving me more love than everyone else in my entire life—combined.

“Let’s cuddle for real this time,” I said, taking us to the mattress, not breaking the kiss, pulling her close, groaning as I felt her full, womanly breasts pressing against me.

I was true to my word. I didn't fuck her, just kissed her and explored her body, utterly content in the moment until sleep took me.

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"Dylan... Dylan..."

"Mhm?" I opened my eyes, greeted by the sight of light blues staring down at me.

An angel. I had died in my sleep. Rightfully killed for my sins.

"Wakey, wakey, sleepyhead."

"What time is it?" I muttered.

"Six," my sister replied. "We need to head down for dinner."

"Head down?" I frowned. "We're having family dinner?"

"Yeah."

Dinner as a family was a rare occurrence after our father's passing. Our mothers stopped attending dinner, so eventually we stopped heading downstairs too.

"Fuck," I muttered, getting up and stretching. "God, I'm still sore as fuck."

My sister shook her head. "You have such a dirty mouth."

I looked straight at her. "Yeah, I do."

Damn it, I was cheesy as hell. But I had my sister blushing, glancing away to hide her smile.

We headed downstairs. Ellie trailed behind me, looking extremely nervous, palming the spot on her neck where I'd left marks with my lips. We stepped into the dining area, greeted by the unfamiliar sight of occupied chairs and plates on the table. It was salad and steak for dinner.

The head of the table—our father’s chair—was empty. My mother was seated to the left with Lucia directly opposite her. Heidi was beside our Mother, giving me a death glare.

“Look at the lovebirds,” Heidi said. “Finally they decided to—”

“Heidi,” my mother snapped. “Not now.”

My older sister fell into silence, but that didn’t stop her from giving me the evil eye. I wanted to be mad at her too, but it felt like forever since I last saw her, and fuck me, she was pure eye candy—even dressed in her satin nightwear.

Her golden hair was down, and she had no make-up on, allowing her natural beauty to shine.

“Come and sit down, love.” Lucia spoke up, patting the seat beside her.

Ellie nodded and left my side to join her mother, her hand still hiding her neck marks.

I wanted to sit with her, but my spot had always been beside Heidi and my mother was looking at me expectantly, so I circled over to my older sister and sank into my seat.

Fuck, I swore my older sister smelled even better, especially after dipping herself in one of her fancy baths, doused in all those expensive bath salts she used.

“So.... sweetie, what were you saying?” My mother directed the question at her daughter.

“Oh, nothing,” Heidi mumbled, looking down at her food. She cleared her throat and took a sip of water. “Just... Gideon Welsh invited me to the soft opening of his new restaurant. He mentioned you know his father?”

Our mother nodded. “We often bump into each other during social events. Good family.”

Opposite us, Lucia and Ellie were making hushed conversation. Lucia was being extra loving, squeezing Ellie’s hand and giving her daughter lots of kisses. Ellie was still refusing to bring her hand down from her neck, and it took Lucia some time to convince her.



Eventually she dropped her hand, and to give Lucia credit, she didn't make a big deal out of it, or put any attention to it at all, continuing to talk to her daughter.

"Ellie." My mother glanced towards the youngest member of our family.

Ellie almost covered her neck again, but stopped herself. "Y-Yes, Mom?"

"Are you free next weekend? Heidi has a photoshoot scheduled, and I'd love it if you'd joined us."

Heidi rolled her eyes and grumbled.

"Umm..." Ellie kept glancing towards our sister, like she was looking for Heidi's approval, but our older sister was refusing to make eye contact, taking deep sips of water. "I—I don't know."

My mother smiled. "It's about time for you to dip your toes into modeling. You have the features, the figure, everything. I see a bright future for you."

Lucia squeezed Ellie's hand. "Try it, love. If you don't like it, then it's okay. No pressure."

"There won't be a lot of people watching you," my mother assured Ellie. "It would just be a small shoot, to get you accustomed to it. Just us, a private photographer, and a couple of make-up artists. I'll teach you how to look amazing on camera, okay?"

"O-Okay."

"You'll do amazing." My mother nodded at one of the maids, signaling she wanted dessert served.

The conversation went on. I sat in silence, just listening and enjoying the food. I had grown accustomed to never being part of dinner talk, but today was different.

Lucia asked me if I wanted to attend an opera with her, and my mother even mentioned my name a couple of times—which was almost unheard of, making me almost choke on my steak.

Since this was the first proper family dinner we had in over two years, there was a lot to talk about.

Ellie agreed to try out modeling. Heidi was further ahead in that journey.

Apparently our older sister had already been offered contracts for various small to medium-sized fashion and beauty companies, and our mother was advising her on her options.

A big art lover was eager to purchase a couple of big pieces from Lucia's cafe. My stepmother also mentioned the recent state of the garden. She had fired the gardeners, and contracted a new company to tend to our estate.

But we never mentioned the elephant in the room. At least not yet. It felt like our usual family dinner, just like years ago.

I watched as my little sister grew more comfortable talking. Instead of being quiet like I was, she started opening up topics and channels to conversations. But as an hour drew by, and as the plates were being cleared up, I knew it was only a matter of time before we moved on to the more serious matters.

"Sandra," my mother addressed the head maid. "Close the doors. I want privacy."

"Yes, Ma'am."

I made eye contact with Ellie and saw her already looking at me, biting down on her lower lip and fidgeting in her seat.

"Right," my mother began, just as the doors closed. Even Heidi seemed uncomfortable, staring down at her nails, looking meek and passive.

"Lucia and I want to apologize," my mother began. "All of you should have known our family's secret from the beginning, but..." My mother glanced towards Lucia and sigh. "Your father and us... we decided it was best for all of you to have as normal of a childhood as possible. That's why we kept it a secret."

My mother reached out to touch Ellie. "Don't blame your mother. She just wants the best for you." She squeezed Ellie's hand. "Okay, sweetie?"

"Okay." Ellie sniffed, her blue eyes welling up with tears.

“Okay.” My mother nodded. “Heidi, sweetheart, could we have some time alone with Ellie and Dylan? I’ll talk to you later.”

“Yeah, okay.” My older sister leaned forward and pecked our mother’s cheek before getting up and kissing Lucia too. She left the room, closing the door behind her.

I kept my eyes on my little sister, not daring to bring them towards the icy blues to my left. Ellie had her gaze set down, twiddling her thumbs, both of us knowing full well what was going to happen.

“Dylan,” my mother’s voice had me tearing my gaze away from Ellie, even before her next words. “Look at me.”

I couldn’t make out my mother’s expression. Was she angry? Disappointed? Resigned? Her full lips were set to a thin line, her vivid blues on mine.

Then she spoke.

“Are you and Ellie sleeping together?”

“I—”

Fuck, what should I say? Obviously I couldn’t lie because she already knew we were fucking. The evidence was all over Ellie’s neck.

But saying ‘yes’ felt... wrong.

Ellie tried to save me. “Mom, we—”

“I’m speaking to your brother.”

My sister stumbled into silence. All eyes were on me and time seemed to cease to almost a standstill.

“I—” I tried to glance at Ellie, but my mother clicked her tongue, snapping my gaze back into place. Fuck.

Dropping my shoulders, I looked down. “Yeah, we are.”

Lucia spoke out. “Are you using protection?”

“Yeah—I mean.” I scratched my head, my sins of the morning still fresh. “Most of the time.”

“Most of the time?” I could hear the frown in my mother’s voice. Fuck, I hated this. I knew she was disappointed in me, but hearing the let down in her tone? It made things a hundred times worse. I rather receive the usual cold shoulder.

“It’s not his fault,” Ellie spoke out. ‘I made him do it! Dylan tried—he tried to say stop me, but... but...”

My mother raised a brow.

She didn’t need to mention the hilarity of the sentence. I couldn’t stop Ellie?

“No,” I sighed. “I could have stopped it anytime. It’s my fault.”

My mother didn’t say anything, just looked at me, but I could almost imagine the unspoken words.

*“You’re such a disappointment, Dylan.”*

*“I don’t even know you anymore.”*

*“Pack your things. Don’t ever return to the family.”*

Seconds ticked by. She still didn’t say a word.

Lucia was the first to speak up. She heaved a long, heavy exhale, then took her daughter’s hand.

“Tell me at least you took Plan B.” Lucia looked hard in Ellie’s eyes. “You both can’t be that irresponsible.”

“We did, Mommy,” Ellie whispered. “I mean, Dylan... we usually use a condom, but things... things just happened, and we were caught up in the moment. Don’t blame him. Please.”

“We have to bring you to your doctor,” Lucia said. “Get you checked up and—”

"I took the pill!" Ellie almost shouted. "I did! I'm fine, I promise! We even bought birth control too!"

"Okay, okay." Lucia hugged Ellie close. "I believe you."

My mother finally reacted. She tapped a long, manicured nail on the table. "Ellie, the school has informed us you haven't been attending classes recently. Your car is seen in the parking area, yet you aren't in class."

"Yeah," Ellie said. "I... I was going to drive it back tomorrow."

"And all the missed classes?" My mother shook her head, probably the first time I saw her visibly disappointed in her 'youngest daughter.' "This isn't you, Ellie."

"I'm sorry," my sister whispered. "I won't skip them ever again. I promise."

My mother glanced between us. "Should we separate you two? Clearly Dylan is a bad influence on you."

"No!" Ellie shouted. She looked at her mother. "Please! Please don't let her!"

Lucia sighed. "Ava, we both know that would just make things worse."

My mother tapped the table, focusing her attention back to me. "What do you think we should do, Dylan? Tell me."

Before I could reply, she interrupted me, anger clear in her voice.

"I told you to take care of your sister. You—" My mother closed her eyes, recomposing herself.

"I'm really sorry, Mother.... Lucia." I couldn't make eye contact with anyone, feeling like utter garbage. After all, this was all my fault. My mother was right. I was a terrible influence on Ellie.

"What should we do with you?" my mother repeated, her voice back firm and controlled.

I stayed silent. How the hell do I answer that?

My mother must have known that too, because after a few beats, she nodded at Lucia.

“Let’s go, love,” Lucia stood up, taking Ellie in her hand. “Let’s talk in your room.”

They left, leaving me with just my mother.

I wasn’t the type to get nervous and fidget. But, fuck me, I couldn’t keep still, twiddling my thumbs, rubbing my neck, scratching my head. My mother just watched me... her eyes two blue flames.

Five seconds passed. Ten seconds. Thirty. A minute had gone by, and I didn’t know what to do but sit there and suffer.

She finally broke the tension. “Do you think I’m a bad mother?”

“I...” I looked at her. “I—”

“Answer me.”

I didn’t answer her.

She sighed, looked away for a bit, before refocusing on me. “The reason I give your sisters so much love is because they’re girls. I believe boys are to be raised differently than girls.”

I still didn’t know what to say. My mother continued.

“You might disagree with my ways, and I admit, maybe I should have given you more attention. That was your father’s role, but he...” My mother squeezed her eyes shut and her hands went to her pink collar wrapped around her neck.

Her words sank into my skin. We have never had a conversation like this before. Hell, the words we exchanged tonight might collectively be more than everything we shared for the past eighteen years.

We were silent for a while. When she finally opened those blues, a full minute had passed.

“Your father never wanted children,” my mother said, her voice dipping low.

“But Lucia and I...” She sighed, shaking her head. “I’ve given you my love in my own way. I always made sure you were well fed, I always made sure you were healthy. I made sure you have the best education available, and I even went ahead and set up a trust fund to secure your future. But you still...” She sighed again. “Looking back, I really should have taken a more active role in your younger years.”

She really should have. My sisters grew up without a father, but they each had two mothers. I didn’t have that luxury.

“I...” I swallowed. “I just want to make you proud, Mother.”

“You want to make me proud?” She looked like she wanted to retort something but held her tongue, not speaking for a moment.

“I’m not opposed to your relationship with Ellie,” she paused, considering her words. “Neither is Lucia. We know how your sister feels, and we know love is complicated. We actually prefer this outcome, because it means she would keep our name and stay in this family forever. But...”

My mother drank a sip of water before continuing. “But if she is to be your woman, you need to become the man I always wanted you to be. She’s your little sister, and she’ll always follow your lead. Do you understand what I’m saying?”

“Yes, Mother.”

“Good. Now go.”

I stood up, my legs full of pins and needles, my knees feeling like jelly.

Honestly, the conversation wasn’t even bad at all. Certainly nowhere near the horrible outcome I had been envisioning.

My mother accepted our relationship. Got herself opening a little, even admitted that she could be a better parent, which was way more than I could ever hope for.

This wasn’t bad at all.

As I walked upstairs, I heard footsteps stepping down at the same time.

It was Heidi.

I paused, but my older sister didn't even stop in her tracks.

I thought of saying something, but she pretended I wasn't even there, breezing past me, giving me a delicious whiff of her strawberry scent.

She was going to have a conversation with our mother, and I had no idea what they were going to discuss. Part of me wanted to eavesdrop, but I didn't have the confidence to not get caught. My mother had unusually sharp hearing, something I quickly learned as a kid whenever I sneaked out after my curfew.

But I missed Heidi. It felt like ages since we talked, and despite trying to act like I couldn't care that we weren't on the best of terms, I did care. I loved Heidi, and I missed her.

Sighing, I made the trek to my room. I shut the door and picked up my phone I had left on my bed.

*Ellie.*

I was dying to feel her naked body pressed up against mine once again. All those lean curves and soft skin against me... fuck.

And my body wasn't as sore as this morning. Since our mothers knew we were fucking and didn't disallow it, maybe I could visit her?

Lucia was probably still talking with her, so I had to wait, at least for a little bit.

I plopped down onto my bed, and my phone buzzed at the same time.

Ellie had sent me a text.

*Ellie: Tell me when you're finished with Mom.*

My fingers danced on the screen.

*Me: Just finished. Hbu?*



I kept my eyes on the screen, waiting for her reply. When thirty seconds passed, and I still hadn't received a text, I shrugged, thinking she was occupied with her mother, but a knock on my door had me dropping my phone.

Ellie.

I knew it was her. I couldn't tell how. I just knew.

I almost sprinted to my door, and before I knew it, Ellie was standing in front of me. She had changed clothes, now in a satin pajama that was similar to Heidi's. And when she shifted on her feet, I caught a glimpse of red lace beneath.

"Hey," she greeted me, her voice barely a whisper.

"Hey."

Her gaze searched mine. Then her eyes dropped to my lips.

Was she...?

I didn't think before I took her chin and kissed her, parting her lips with a stroke of my tongue, going straight to the action.

She had just brushed her teeth too. I could taste minty mouthwash, groaning as sweetness and mintiness overwhelmed my tastebuds.

"Fucking hell, Ellie," I heaved, breaking from the kiss, but my sister was still sucking on my bottom lip, and I kicked the door shut before anyone could spot us. "I take it the meeting with your mother went well?"

"Mmm..." She started kissing down, planting pecks along my neck. "I thought Mommy would disagree with our... you know, but she's just upset we didn't use protection and that I've been skipping school." My little sister took a step back and peered up at me, her ocean blue eyes glimmering. "So..."

"So?"

"If we start being more responsible, use protection, stay in school, don't cause trouble for our mothers..." My sexy little sister took a step forward, pressing herself

against me just the way I *loved*. Tip-toeing up, she whispered into my ear. “Fuck me, big bro.”

Her words flicked a switch in me. Grabbing Ellie, I took us to bed and pushed her flat against the headrest. She gasped in surprise, but I was already on her, prying my shirt off, my lips sealed against hers, kissing her hard until it felt like her mouth was a part of mine.

Ellie gasped for breath, her body growing weak against me, surrendering to the pleasure of it all. “Dylan... oh god. Don’t stop—don’t.”

There was need in her voice. Primal, urgent need. I groaned in response, moving down, wanting to taste everything Ellie had to offer.

Heat spread through me wild and unchecked. I gasped with her, my lips on her neck, my hands on her soft satin pajama, almost ripping it apart as I blindly fumbled for the buttons, desperate to see her bare.

I peeled off the buttons, and Ellie shrugged her pajama top off, tossing it away. I greedily reached for her breasts, pausing when I felt lace.

Leaning backwards, my suspicions were confirmed. From what I have known her, Ellie had always worn dull cotton or normal sports bras, an injustice to how amazing her tits actually were.

But tonight, sexy red lace covered her teardrops, almost translucent-like, baring everything except for her nipples.

“Fuck...” I rasped the word out, almost in a trance as I gawked at her chest.

Ellie had a figure of every man’s fantasy. Hourglass shaped and filled with feminine curves—something normal men could only experience through looking at Instagram.

Having pristine genetics, combined with over a decade of working out had transformed my little sister into an object of pure lust.

“Do you like it, big bro?” She giggled, then bit down on her lower lip, an unconscious habit of hers that elevated how fucking sexy she was. “I bought it just for you.”

She knew I liked it. It was obvious from the way I was looking at her, but if Ellie wanted her ego stroked, I was more than happy to oblige.

"I love it," I told her, running my gaze down her abs, down to her pajama bottoms. "Did you buy the full set?"

"See for yourself."

"Mmm." I tugged her pajama pants down. "Have you taken the pill?"

"Yeah." Her voice was already husky and low, a clear sign she was ready for me. But if that wasn't enough indication, the sight of drenched red lace panties told me everything I needed to know.

God, she was so wet for me. So fucking ready.

"Fuck me," Ellie breathed, her breasts heaving up and down. "Fuck your little sister."

"I'm not going to go super hard, okay, baby?" I told her, getting rid of the rest of my clothes, leaving me bare to the chilly air-conditioned air. "You're still sore, right?"

"Yeah, but it's a bit better than this morning."

"Okay." I shifted backwards, taking my sister with me. "Turn around and get on all fours, little sis."

Ellie giggled, following her orders and giving me access to her bubble ass.

"Bend down more," I instructed, pressing my palm against her upper back. "There you go, love. Good girl."

Her pussy was so pink, positioned perfectly, angled up right in my face. I could fuck her right then and there. Ellie was already thoroughly lubricated, ready to take the pounding she was about to receive, but with my little sister, someone who I genuinely loved with all my heart, I wanted to take my sweet time making love to her.

God, Ellie was perfect for me. The total opposite of Heidi. Extremely feminine, amazingly submissive, impressively beautiful.

Taking the lead and giving her orders already brought out her submissive side, but I could still take things up a notch.

I wanted to take her to a place where she would do anything for me. *Anything.*

"You're so wet," I murmured, sliding my thumb between her legs and grazing her clit. She was still sensitive, gasping when I flicked her spasming nub. "Is this all for me, baby?"

"Yes..." she squealed, whimpering louder when I palmed her left ass cheek and leaned forward so I could have another taste of those divine lips. "It's all... for you."

Our lips met. My sister started off aggressive, kissing me with a passion no sister should ever feel for her own brother. It was sinful, unholy, it was... *everything right*. She was kissing me as if we had been madly in love for years.

I matched her fervor for a moment, tasting my little goddess before I slowed down. Ellie whimpered in protest but she followed the pace I had set, moaning as our tongue intertwined.

I ended our connection with a little lip bite, and that seemed to drive Ellie up against a wall.

"Please," she whispered. "Fuck me now. I... I'm ready."

"Are you?" I teased her.

I got what I wanted. A needy whimper and trembling lips.

"Yes!" she whined, folding her bottom lip in between her teeth again, right on the spot I had just bitten. "Yes, I am!"

"I need to get you ready just a bit more." I used my free hand to unzip her bra. It dropped to the mattress, and I swiped it away. Finally we were both naked. "Just a bit."

"Stop teasingggggg," my sister whined, her voice going high-pitched. It was endearing to see the spoiled brat coming out of her. Even though Heidi was treated better, both my sisters were princesses in the family.

Anything and everything they ever wanted, they had.

I held back my laugh. "Ask nicely and I might."

"I did! I—" She gasped in surprise when I moved backwards, my thumb returning to her clit, rubbing tight circles, alternating between fast and slow. "Oh my god! D-Dylan!"

"Ask nicely, little sis."

"Please! Please, please... plea—" Her voice grew hurried. "Dylan—DYLAN!"

I didn't stop. Instead, I increased my pace. Within seconds, I had Ellie shrieking, her pussy tightening up.

Her hips rolled against my hand, her desperate moans and girly shrieks lightning up the room, fucking music to my ears.

Ellie took a long time to settle down, and when she finally did, she was slumped on her side, strands of her beautiful blue hair covering her face, but I noticed her half-closed eyes shooting daggers at me.

"You..." she heaved, trying to catch her breath. "You're so evil!"

"Come." I chuckled, sitting down and facing her, patting the spot in front of me. "Crawl to me."

I expected her to be a little brat and outright refuse, but Ellie wordlessly struggled up to all fours, then began crawling forward. I spread my legs apart and took her chin when she reached me.

The sight of my little sister on all fours, staring up at me like I was her God... it almost broke me. I wanted to fuck her. I wanted to fuck her so fucking badly, and I didn't even know why I was torturing us both by holding back.

But something inside of me told me that if I took my time with Ellie, the rewards would outweigh being brash.

I stroked her chin, and my sister closed her eyes, moaning softly, leaning into my touch.

“Hey,” I whispered, giving her a kiss on the forehead, inhaling her sweet scent. “Open your eyes.”

She did, peeling open those eyelids, and I swore the blues in her irises were brighter than before.

“Suck me off, little sis. Do that and I’ll fuck you real good.”

I didn’t need a blowjob. I was already hard—uncomfortably hard—and as time went on, I was realizing more and more than I was on some sort of power trip.

After all, I’ve never been in control of my life. I have never received this much overwhelming love throughout my lonely eighteen years. And finally, for the first time, a member of my family was throwing so much love, I didn’t know how to process it correctly.

I felt bad for Ellie. She never asked for any of this. She was supposed to fall in love the normal way, and now she was under the illusion that her newfound attraction towards me was natural because our parents had the same dynamic.

In reality, our father implemented the love onto our mothers, and I was just following in his footsteps. Unfortunately for Ellie, she didn’t have a choice in any of this, but regretting my poor decisions was becoming increasingly tougher, especially as I watched my beautiful sister pulling her hair back and dipping her lips low, ready to give me the blowjob of a lifetime.

“That’s it, love.” I shuddered as she fixed her soft lips around the tip of my cock, sucking the pre-cum that came oozing out.

“Salty,” my little sister commented, pulling back from my cock and swallowing down the first load she was receiving tonight.

Ellie didn’t have me waiting long. She returned to me, wrapping her pretty lips around my tip, keeping her blue eyes on mine, taking me to a place of pleasure that only someone like Ellie had the map to.

I instantly noticed a marked improvement in my sister’s technique. When she had given me head for the first time, she was awkward and unsure. But tonight, she was playful with her tongue, coiling it around my head, offering playful licks and leaving me in agony.

“Fuck, Ellie,” I cursed. She was sucking again, gathering up every single spill of pre-cum that came jetting out, leaving nothing to waste. “You’re amazing.”

She didn’t stop sucking.

“I want to feel your throat,” I growled, grabbing a fistful of her soft blue hair, my intentions of being gentle slowly fizzling away.

Was I really a terrible brother?

I was, wasn’t I?

If I truly love my sister, I’d put her well-being above my own selfishness. But yet here I was, using my gorgeous little sister as an instrument of my own personal pleasure.

“I’ll try my best,” she whispered, then pressed forward, swallowing my shaft deeper down into her warm, wet hole, her cheeks hollowing as she accepted more and more of my cock.

*God.* I could see God.

It seemed like my sister had a direct line to all my pleasure points. Every time I was inside any of her holes, the world around me would melt away, leaving nothing behind except for the sight of blue hair and blue eyes.

“Holy fuck,” I rasped, staring hard at my little sister, noticing every single micro expression she was making. I was halfway inside her and she was already struggling with my girth. A beat later, she started making choking noises, but she never broke eye contact.

Ellie kept going, even through the tears welling up in her eyes, even through the drool seeping down the edges of her lips.

Holy fuck. I was going to—

“Okay, okay.” I let go of her hair, and my sister immediately jerked back, spluttering coughs.

“That was amazing,” I told my sister. “You’re getting so much better.”

There was no way I was going to spill all my pent up lust I had built up just pouring down Ellie's throat. Everything in me was going into her body the proper way.

"Are you going to fuck me now?" Her voice had changed from girly and feminine to low and scratchy, but that didn't detract from her sexiness. At that point, nothing would.

"Get on all fours again, love."

She didn't hide her glee, hurrying to her stance, still sputtering out light coughs. But my patience had run out, and I had my hands on her, helping her into position, head down, ass up, all her toned curves on full display.

"Go..." Ellie pressed her forehead against the mattress, her voice muffled. "Go slow."

"I will, love." I moved behind her, kneading her plump cheeks lightly, getting her ready for what was about to come.

"I trust you." She writhed back against me, grinding her fucking pussy against my cock, burning me up.

I almost fucking lost it.

"Don't do that," I growled, snatching her wrists and pinning them behind her back, causing her to arch her ass even higher and a squeal to launch out from those lips. "Or I'll go fucking insane. Do you understand?"

"Yes!" A whimper. "I'm sorry, big bro."

A pause, and I could see her debating if she should say the next words. I tightened my grip around her wrist and she squealed.

"I'm sorry, Sir!"

"Keep your hands behind your back."

"Yes, Sir."



Letting her wrists go, I slid my fingers down the smooth curve of her lower back, feeling her shiver, making a slow path down to her ass before spreading her cheeks apart. "Do you like being dominated, little sis?"

"I... think so." She was having trouble forming words, puffing loud exhales, clearly as turned on as I was. As wet too. "It... it makes me feel safe. I love it."

Did she have Daddy issues? Was that it?

Thinking back, Ellie was the only one out of the three of us who consistently tried to form a connection with our father. She always tried to talk to him, always tried to be with him. And she had been the most upset about his passing, shedding tears while Heidi and I remained impassive.

"I'm going to take good care of you, baby," I told my sister, getting on my knees and positioning my cock right outside Ellie's pretty pink entrance. I could feel the heat from her swollen pussy, inviting me into sin.

"Yes..." Ellie moaned, knowing I was done playing games. "Dylan, I—OH!"

I sank into her mid-sentence, wanting to keep Ellie on edge, never knowing what I was going to do next. It worked because she almost came, her pussy walls clamping shut, squeezing my cock so tight, I couldn't press forward without force.

"Oh..." Ellie whimpered, then cried out. "Ah! Dy... Dylan... oh god."

"Relax." A rough groan escaped me as I tried to get comfortable inside her. It was such a fucking tight fit, even the tiniest of movement from either of us sent storms of pleasure shooting through me. "Ellie... you're so fucking tight."

"You're so big!" she whined as if it was a bad thing, but she gulped down a couple of breaths, then exhaled, allowing me to push forward another couple of inches.

I'd had just fucked Ellie this morning, so why was entering her again felt like the single greatest pleasurable moment in my entire life?

I moaned with my sister as her heat engulfed me, cupped her bubble ass as the world around us melted away. I directed every fiber of my being into the woman on all fours in front of me, giving me what I needed to die a happy man.

“That’s right, love.” I drew a hand back and delivered a smack onto her ass. I didn’t even hit her hard, but Ellie reacted as if I had landed a hard blow, gasping loudly and wobbling forward.

“Yes...” she moaned. “Dylan... yesssss...”

*She likes it? Fuck me, Ellie really was the girl molded for my every fantasy.*

I had been searching for love, and all his time, it had been right under my nose.

“You like that, baby girl?” I wasn’t inside her fully, but I started flexing my hips back and forth, and Ellie’s reactions were beautiful. She shrieked, then wiggled her ass against me, rapidly edging us closer and closer to ultimatum.

“Yes, Sir,” she whimpered.

The view of my sister from my angle was mesmerizing. There was a sheen of sweat across her back, and I could see her muscles flexing and tensing whenever I drove myself forward.

I smacked the same cheek again, the movement causing me to slip deeper inside her.

“Dylan!” She tried to look behind her. “I’m almost there! Almost!”

“Okay, okay.” From the strained tone in her voice, there was no way I could have prolonged the moment, even if I wanted to. I was also at razor’s edge, only held back by sheer determination.

Sliding my hands over to her wrists she had dutifully kept behind her back, I pulled her arms towards me and started pumping thrusts forward, slow and gentle at first, like I’d promised my sister.

As she got accustomed to the pounding, I sped up my rhythm. I knew she was okay with how hard I was going because she was meeting my hips with the same maddening fervor, filling up my room with the sounds of our love. The slapping of flesh against flesh, the moans, the gasps, the shrieks, the memorable rhythm of hard cock repeatedly entering wet pussy. We just fucked and fucked until the purity of the moment overwhelmed us both.

Amazingly, I came first. I roared with my release, pulling her hands harder, shooting ropes after ropes of cum into my sister's fertile body. Then Ellie came with a shriek, her warm inner walls pulsing around me in the most delicious way, milking me for more and more until I was sure there was nothing left, and yet, I was still cumming.

"Oh, fuck!" I clamped my eyes shut, staring into the darkness because keeping them open had me lightheaded. Ellie was still moaning as she took in the last jets of cum, and then it was all over. I let go of her wrist, pulled out of her, then came crashing to the mattress beside my sister, staring up at the ceiling, hearing the pounding in my chest.

Holy. Fuck.

"Mmm..." Ellie laid beside me, her lips grazing my shoulders. "That was..."

"That was fucking amazing." I completed the sentence for her, turning to my side so I could look into her blue eyes. "How is it possible that your pussy feels better every single time?"

She burst into a fit of giggles. "You too! It's so much harder to take you every time!" Another giggle. "Pun intended."

"Come here." I shuffled closer to her and wrapped my arms around her sweat-slick body. Ellie smelled like heaven, and I wanted this angel as close to me as possible. We cuddled for a moment before I planted a kiss on top of her head. "I love you."

"I love you more." She started giving my neck light teeth bites, unknowingly causing me agony. I was still hard, and she wasn't helping one bit. "Mmm... you smell so, so good."

Our mingling breaths filled up the silence.

"So..." Ellie started to say something more, but stopped herself.

"So?"

"So..." Another pause. "What... what are we now? Since, you know, our mothers are okay with us."

"Should I call you my girlfriend?"

“Oh god.” Ellie buried herself into me. “That sounds sooooo wrong!”

I chuckled. A relationship with Ellie. Who the fuck would have known? A single pill had changed my life forever.

I still had three more love pills. But do I want more love? Do I need more?

Or was Ellie enough?

“Boyfriend,” my sister mused aloud, breaking my thoughts with her giggles.

“We have to keep it a secret. We can’t tell anyone”

“Duh!” Ellie looked at me then burst into little giggles again.

“What?” I frowned

“Why does sex feel so good? I kinda want... kinda want to do it again.”

Jesus.

“I told you sex would be amazing.”

Ellie let go of me, sitting up and staring down at my cock. “You’re still hard. Is that normal?”

“No.”

She took my cock in hand, stroking it softly. “Do... do you want another blowjob?”

I raised a brow. Obviously I wasn’t going to say no to that, but I’ve never seen a girl so enthusiastic about going down on her knees to please her man. Everyone was selfish these days.

“Do you like giving head?” I asked.

“Yeah.” She nodded. “It makes me feel good. Do... do you want another one? If you don’t—”

I sat up too and leaned back, resting on my elbows. “Get down and suck me off.”

Her blue eyes twinkled when she winked at me. "Yes, Sir."