

## Chapter 9

### <b>Two months later</b>

My little sister's eyes were two gorgeous sapphires. "So...?"

I raised a brow. "So?"

Even her frown did nothing to detract from her attractiveness. Ellie was looking especially ravishing for our date tonight.

My sister wore nothing fancy—just a simple midnight dress. Except her insane figure turned anything she wore into a lust-filled vision. The tight dress exposed her back, strangled her lean curves, and displayed those silky smooth thighs.

All I wanted to do right then was dine on her rather than the meal we were having.

"You didn't hear a thing I just said, did you?"

"Sorry." I shrugged. *I wasn't sorry.* "You look too distracting tonight."

Her frown deepened.

Leaning forward, I laid my hand on hers. "I want to fuck you. Right now."

That had her rolling her eyes. Ellie thought I was joking, so I proved my resolve, leaving her hand and dipping my fingers under the table, going under her dress, and—

"Dylan!" My sister took an urgent peek around us even though we were alone in the private room I had booked for the evening. "Don't!"

I ignored her protests, trailing my fingers up her silky thigh. God, her skin was so smooth, so soft, and I was certain she was wearing something extra sexy underneath to surprise me.

"Dylan," my sister whispered. "Dylan... we... promised our mothers."

*Shit.* Ellie was always right, and sometimes I hated that fact.

We had been extra cautious ever since the family meeting two months ago. No sex in school. No sex in public. We always used birth control, and we never skipped classes. Hell, I even returned to the football team just to please my mother.

Ellie and I had been two well behaved son and daughter, not causing any drama or trouble.

Everything was good. Except... it wasn't perfect.

I wished we had more time together. Even though we fuck daily, it wasn't enough.

I had to spend hours every day in a lecture hall, and then endure more hours in the field under the sun. It was torture, and I spent the long days drifting off to memories of my sister's sweet lips on mine, her teardrop breasts pressing up against my chest, my cock inside that divine pussy. I wished we could just lie in bed all day, every day.

And today was especially bad. I had woken up without Ellie curled up beside me.

My sister had an early morning photoshoot scheduled with my mother. It had to be early because they needed shots of her with the sunrise in the background.

So I was without sex for almost twenty-fours, and I was itching to get my sister back in bed.

Maybe I shouldn't complain. I had every man's dream. I had Ellie.

Sighing, I withdrew my hand and sank back into my chair, staring into those ocean blue eyes, wishing we could forgo all the rules and fuck until the world ended.

"We can..." My sister cleared her throat, her voice dipping down into a whisper. "We can do it once we get home. You'll have me all night. Like always."

I couldn't stop staring at Ellie in that tight black dress. "You just look so fuckable right now."

"Shh! Not too loud."

"Sorry, love." I chuckled, then took the stem of my wine glass. "What were you saying just now?"

Ellie twirled a blue strand around her fingers. My sister had cut her hair shorter. It now ended at shoulder length, and she had it cut in a stylish layered lob, giving her an aura of maturity and elegance.

“Grandpa and grandma,” my sister said. “Do you think they will like us?”

“Well...” I took another sip of wine. “They’ll like you and Heidi for sure.”

“Why not you?”

I shrugged. “Everybody likes you two and not me.”

“That’s not true.”

“Well, we’ll see. When will they arrive again?”

“Tomorrow afternoon.” Ellie pointed her dessert spoon at me before continuing to eat her Crème brûlée. “We’ll be seeing them for the first time. I-I’m actually so nervous.”

“Yeah, I can tell.” I eyed the iPad on the side, debating if I should call for the bill, bring my little sister home, and hear those exotic moans again.

Fuck, this wasn’t good—or healthy.

I was sexualizing Ellie to a point where it was borderline offensive. But it was almost impossible to see my precious little sister as that—my little sister—when all our time together over the last two months had been dedicated to being *inside* her.

We were silent for a moment. It was just me gazing at Ellie enjoying her dessert, and I guessed my sister was used to my long gazes by then because she didn’t look bothered by the starved look I must have in my eyes, even though I had just eaten.

“Don’t you get tired of it?” I asked her suddenly.

She blinked. “Tired of what?”

“The rules. The hiding. Everything.”

We couldn’t dine in restaurants too close to the city. The French place we were at was on the outskirts, far away from familiar faces.

And we had to book a private room to not risk being recognized. What would people think if they saw us acting like a couple? Touching each other, holding intimate gazes?

It was exhausting, annoying, and just not what I had expected. I wanted to show everybody Ellie was *mine*. Guys were still hounding after her—in school, and basically whenever she went out of the house.

Ellie didn't answer immediately. Instead, she looked down at her plate, considering her answer.

"I..." She swept her hair aside. "I think it's better to exercise caution. I mean, are... are you not happy?"

"I am," I sighed. "But I just wish I could treat you like an actual girlfriend."

I shifted closer to my sister, pulling my chair with me.

"Dylan..." she warned.

But I didn't listen. Instead, my hands were back on her skin, on her smooth legs, trailing up... dipping back underneath her black dress.

"Dylan, just wait! You can do this when we get home."

"But doesn't it get boring?" I countered, staring into her eyes, inching close to her golden prize. "Fucking in our bed every night? Why don't we do it here? Add some spice?"

"No..." she breathed, but made no move to stop me. "We... we can't. You know we can't. Mommy—"

"Lucia wouldn't know," I said. "No one would."

I touched wetness. Ellie's eyes went wide.

"You..." I furrowed my brow. "You aren't wearing panties?"

"I wanted to surprise you," Ellie whispered, her cheeks flushing an adorable pink. "For tonight. But you're not supposed to know until we get home and—"

“You’re not wearing any panties.” I pulled back my hand and stared at all the wetness gathered at my fingertips—as if I needed evidence. “Holy shit.”

“Baby,” Ellie squeaked, knowing full well what she just did to me. “I’ll just call for the bill and then we can—”

I surged forward. Ellie gasped a protest, but her resistance fizzled into a groan as I plundered her sweet lips with a lick, tasting a slice of heaven.

“Baby…” My sister melted into me, her mouth slanting over mine. “Oh god… baby.”

“I’m going to fuck you right here. Right now.” I growled, deepening the kiss, stroking her tongue with lush slides of my own. My hand was back under her dress, and I wasn’t playing around anymore, going straight for her clit, flicking her nub quickly and without mercy.

I didn’t care how loud we were getting. We weren’t at the restaurant anymore. Ellie and I were in a void, created by our own depravity and lust.

“I’m going to pound my cock into that tight little pussy and you’re going to love it.”

I punctuated my words with a light squeeze on her neck.

“Yes!” my sister whimpered, her lips trembling against mine. “Fuck me. Fuck me now.”

I knew she would eventually come around to my way of thinking. She always did.

“Stand up.” I ended the kiss and stood up, bringing my sister up with me. She was already dripping and ready for my cock, so I brought my hand away from her pussy and used both hands to clutch her ass cheeks. “Wrap your legs around my hips.”

My sister knew what I wanted. She did a little jump, and I caught her easily, bringing us forward until her back found solid wall.

A server could come in and find us fucking. Did I care?

Not enough. Not when Ellie smelled this divine.

My sister had prepared herself well for our date tonight. A long warm bath in the tub with all those fancy bath salts she had stolen from our older sister. And combined with her sweet, fruity perfume... it was pure fucking torture the entire evening.

I quickly undid my belt, using the wall to support Ellie's weight, both of us panting hard.

"Baby..." Her sweet voice brought me back to her blues. God, I loved the color of her eyes. They were the same as her mother's. So light, so pretty, so innocent.

And I broke her innocence. Made her into my personal fuck toy.

I thrust my hips up and forward, entering my little sister. The whole shattered as delicious warmth enveloped me, searing my whole body into a bundle of raw nerves.

"Ah!" Her jaw dropped in a silent gasp, mouth forming into a soft 'O'.

*I love it when she does that.*

*I love it when she does anything.*

"You're such a slut," I growled, hearing how grave my voice had grown in just under a minute. But that was what Ellie did to me. Turned me into a fucking animal with one purpose only. "Going out of the house without your panties on."

"It was meant to be a surprise!" Her voice was high-pitched, so feminine, a stark contrast to mine. Ellie and I were polar opposites, but that was what made us perfect. She was my yin to my yang.

"But you..." she groaned as I buried myself deeper inside her. "You... just can't seem to keep your hands off me, can you, big bro?"

"Never." I punctuated the word by dipping forward and conquering her lips, tasting everything my sister had to offer. She moaned with me, and I drove myself deeper into her warm hole, already feeling myself losing it as her walls throbbed around me, clamping tight.

"Big bro." She cupped my cheeks, tilting my mouth and deepening our kiss. "I hate you. I hate you so much right now."

“Hate me.” I started pummeling into her. In and out. In and out.

Ellie yelped, the sound mixing in perfectly with her moans, begging me to fuck her harder. Faster.

I obliged, pumping short and hard thrust, hitting upwards, towards the hard spot that never failed to make my little sister burst.

“Ah!” Ellie returned my maddening energy, digging her nails into my back and biting down hard against my bottom lip. “Ah! Ah! AH!”

Her pussy clamped shut around me. I lost all composure, roaring into my sister’s mouth, spurting the first load of the day into her tight hole.

Ellie took it in with little groans and desperate whimpers, and then she was gone too, her high-pitch little shrieks and clamping pussy milking away our pent up lust.

“Next time... little sis.” I peeled back from her lips, but a string of saliva kept us connected. “Wear panties.”

“You’re an animal,” Ellie complained, but she was holding back a smile. Tapping my arm, she continued. “Put me down.”

I set her down on the ground. We didn’t talk more. We knew we had to be quick. Ellie headed into the private washroom while I pulled my pants back up and buckled my belt, looking around the room for any obvious signs of our sins.

There were none, so when Ellie returned, I called for the bill. After paying, I led us out into the rainy evening and opened my umbrella, huddling my sister close to me.

We could have parked right in front of the restaurant, but to be extra careful, I’d requested to be parked out back, so it was a chilling walk in the dark.

“I meant what I said,” I whispered into her ear, then opened the passenger door to my car. “I hate the fact that we’re hiding. I wished we could be a normal couple.”

“Me too. But you know we can’t. There’s nothing normal about us. About our family.”

She was right. Again.

Heaving a sigh, I closed the door and rounded over to the driver's side.

If our family wasn't 'high profile,' we could afford to be less discreet. And the worst part about it all? It wasn't even our fault. Aside from people in school and our own friends, Ellie and I were pretty much unknown.

The issue lied within the rest of our family. Ava was the face of high-luxury fashion. A supermodel that already had numerous TV appearances.

And her prized daughter was following suit, already garnering deals for various smaller beauty companies. Hell, Heidi was closing in on a million followers on Instagram—way more if you round the numbers up from all her social media platforms.

And Lucia... she kept herself relatively low-key. Not many people knew she was the owner of '*Ground up*', the cafe/art gallery/interior design spot that was booming.

But my stepmother was still a familiar face within the elite society. She had connections to basically all the mega wealthy within our city.

Call me spoiled and ungrateful, but sometimes it was a massive headache to hold our family name.

Ducking inside my car and sliding the umbrella into the holder, I looked over to my sister and found her fingering the necklace I'd gifted her a couple of years ago. It was a white gold pendant in the form of a small key, and my sister had started wearing it right after she had taken the love pill.

"Ready to go?" I asked her.

She let go of the necklace and leaned back into the leather seat, sighing. "I still feel you inside me."

"I'm not done with you yet. Wait till we get home."

"Mmm." Her sexy little smirk illuminated the gloom. "What do you have planned for me, big bro?"

"You'll see."

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“Someone’s in the living room,” Ellie whispered, huddling close to me as we bypassed the security and walked through our massive rotating front door. “I hope it’s not Mom.”

“It’s okay,” I whispered back. She was so close to me—so fucking close.

We heard footsteps approaching us, but it wasn’t my mother.

“You’re back.” Lucia gave us a warm smile, then opened her arms as Ellie stepped forward to embrace her mother. “How was dinner, love?”

“Great,” Ellie replied, tip-toeing up to offer her mother a peck on the cheek. “I’m so full.”

“Did you manage to try the sea urchin? It’s very good there.”

I let them talk, heading upstairs.

A month ago, our mothers made us share a room. They didn’t like how we kept going to and from each other’s rooms and preferred us in one spot. That way, if they wanted to find either of us—mostly Ellie—they didn’t need to go knocking on doors.

Well, that, and Heidi had complained about Ellie being too... loud.

Even months later, I still couldn’t believe my new reality. Our mothers knew we were fucking, and they didn’t mind.

I had everything an eighteen-year-old man wanted. Perfect health, a full life ahead of me, and most importantly, a hot girlfriend who truly loved me.

As I opened the door to our room, and slumped onto our king-sized bed that smelled of Ellie and sin, I pondered on the thought that kept popping up.

*Why wasn’t I fully satisfied? Why did I want... more?*

I could have Heidi too.

We haven't talked much over the last couple of months. She was still pissed I had chosen Ellie over her. It was probably the first rejection of her life, and her ego couldn't accept it.

But the issue was... I didn't choose Ellie over her. Things just happened, and if I could have my way, I would have both my sisters—receive the best of both worlds.

And I still could. The love pills would not only repair our broken relationship, but strengthened it like it had with Ellie.

Why was I hesitating? I could plan a way for Heidi to take a pill. And yet...

Sighing, I flipped to my side and looked over to Ellie's bedside table, at the picture frame placed there. It was a photo of us taken a month ago. My little sister was kissing my cheek, and I was smiling at the lens, looking like the happiest man alive.

*Ellie.* She was why I hadn't gone forward with my plans with Heidi.

If I managed to have her too, Ellie definitely wouldn't accept it.

I would hurt my little sister, and I never ever wanted to see her shed tears again.

But should I keep holding myself back forever because of one woman?

Maybe. *Isn't that what love is?* To sacrifice everything for your loved one?

I could hear the soft 'tap' 'tap' of Ellie's footsteps outside the door.

I sat up as Ellie entered. My sister smiled at me before shutting the door, locking it with an audible 'click'.

"Sorry," my sister said, walking over to me and touching my arm. Her hand was so warm, perfect for the chilly evening. "Mommy was going on and on forever."

Reaching up, I took her chin. "Get naked."

"Okay." She pulled away then started peeling off her black dress, all in front of me while I watched from our bed.

That was the thing I loved most about Ellie. In our room, I was king. Whenever I tell her to do something, she does it.

Her dress slipped off, exposing smooth, healthy skin, and a body many women would die for.

She let me watch her in silence, standing there with those perfect tits out. And I did just that, trailing a slow path up and down her perfect figure, saying nothing with my mouth, but I'd bet my eyes told a whole different story.

I could have stared at her all night, but I preferred some action. So after dragging my eyes down her body one last time, I spoke out.

"The new toys. Fetch them."

She was off to our walk-in closet, and I used the break to unbutton my shirt and toss it to the side, laying down half-naked. I could have had my cock out, to show Ellie just how turned on I was, but having clothing on was a small power move that fueled our power dynamic.

I didn't know what it was, but having control over my little sister was probably the greatest feeling on Earth, only second to being inside her pussy.

Ellie returned less than a minute later, carrying the new toys we had bought.

"You and your toys," my sister grumbled, laying the few items down in front of me. "I prefer it plain and simple." She nodded at the obvious erection through my pants. "That inside me. Done."

Ellie always acted like she wasn't the biggest fan of toys. She was extremely picky when we shopped online for them, so instead of the vast array of fun equipment I'd envisioned, we only had a handful of choices.

I didn't always get what I wanted, and I was fine with that. After all, some of the items were going *into* her body, so she had the final say.

Honestly, I was still in disbelief I get to fuck her. I was only attracted to girls with extreme beauty, and Ellie was one of the very few candidates on my short list.

“What’s the fun in that?” I said, taking one on the toys, a rope, and gesturing for my sister to join me in bed.

“I guess I enjoy the simple things,” she replied, crawling to me, then turning away to offer me her wrists. “I’m a simple woman.”

“You’re anything but simple, my love.”

God, the view of her back was almost as phenomenal as her front. It was all toned muscles and amazing lean curves.

Two months ago, I had been a novice with knots, but right then, as I secured my sister’s wrists together, a sailor would have been proud of my quick work.

“Too tight?” I asked my sister.

“No.” She shook her head. “It’s fine.”

“If you don’t want to do this, Ellie, then we don’t need to.”

“No.” Her voice dipped down, and I could hear the desperate tinge layering beneath her sexy tone. It was the clearest indication that she was ready to be fucked—and fucked good. “I want what you want.”

*I want what you want*

Exhaling, I turned my sister back around so we were facing each other. After two months of being intimate with Ellie, I learned so many little things about her I’d never have known otherwise.

We made love differently. My way was maybe a little too dated—‘barbaric’, as Heidi had termed it. I get off by having total dominance over my woman. I loved it when I had my girl constantly teetering on the edge and begging me to finish her off. I loved it rough and hard, but only after she had earned the brutal pounding.

Ellie was similar only in that regard. She was always begging me to go harder, but not too hard, or her body would be aching for the next few days. So I had to balance between being rough and straight up brutal.

But the stark difference between us was that my little sister preferred the uncomplicated way.

Get her ready with foreplay, kiss her, then bend her over doggy and thrust in and out until I finish inside. Cuddle after. Rinse and repeat.

Simple. Vanilla.

Boring.

Sometimes I'd indulge in her fantasies. Have uncomplicated sex for a few nights, and if I really wanted to make her happy, maybe for a full week. But most of the time, we did things my way.

It wasn't as if Ellie didn't particularly like my way of love making. After all, in my show, there was plenty of kissing, lots of cuddling, and most importantly—fucking.

Though there were some hard no's for Ellie. No gags, no painful hitting. Anal was something we haven't really spoken about—her pussy was all I could think of—but my sister was open to the idea. Degradation was good, but there were limits. No treating her like a human sex doll.

Basically, all I needed to do was love her, and she would almost do anything I wanted. Fulfill my every sick fantasy.

And so far, Ellie has made me... happy. The past couple of months have definitely been the happiest I've ever been in my entire life.

Happy but not yet content. And that frustrated me. Why wasn't I satisfied with one gorgeous woman in my bed? Why do I need two? More?

Maybe it was my father's fault. He passed his greed onto me. For him, one wasn't enough, either.

I gazed into my sister's ocean blue eyes. At the softness in them. At all the love she held for me.

And suddenly, I felt guilty.

“Ellie.” I pulled her into me. “My love, what would make you a very happy girl tonight?”

Our lips were almost touching, but neither of us made the move to complete the connection. Not yet.

She smiled, then wiggled her hands, testing the tightness of her bonds. “Didn’t you say you’ve already got something planned for me? Let’s go with that.”

“I was thinking about a change of plans. We should do something you really, really want.”

My sister pulled back a bit to get a better look at me. She stared into my eyes for sometime before speaking.

“Is everything okay, baby?” she asked. “What’s wrong?”

Of course she knew something was up. Ellie knew me better than most.

“No... I just...” I moved my hands up her body, cupping her cheeks. “I just want to make you happy.”

“I’m happy.” She paused. “Aren’t you?”

“I am.”

“... but?”

“I mean... I just...”

I trailed off into silence.

“Is it because of what happened in the restaurant?” She was still staring at me, and I was trying my best not to look away. “I enjoyed it, baby. There’s no need to feel bad about it.”

I nodded. It was better to pretend that was the reason for my sudden change of mood. “Okay.”

“But if you realllllllyyyyy want to make your sister happy tonight...” She leaned in to peck my lips quickly, just enough to give me a tasting, then pulled back, giggling like a schoolgirl, making me wish I’d told her to put on her uniform instead. “Maybe kiss me good for like... half an hour?”

I smiled back, urging my mouth back to hers, claiming those sweet lips that deserved to be worshiped. “Sure.”

And that was exactly what we did. We started off with slow, drugging kisses. Then I took off my pants, bent my sexy little sister over, and pounded into her tight pussy until I couldn’t anymore, cheered on by her crazy moanings and frantic whimpers.

I came inside her once, then we took a break, talked about life and our future until I was ready for another round. We made out some more, then Ellie gave me a truly superb blowjob, getting me at the edge of an orgasm before we quickly switched positions.

I had her on her back, legs spread wide open, her eyes wide as I entered my sister for the third time that night, pouring what was left into her pussy.

My sister was genuinely happy. Her joy was infectious, and it seeped into me, filling me up with an excess of energy, baring me from being tired. So I pushed her against our bathroom walls and fucked her some more, ending the night with our room filled with sounds of joy.

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The weekend had started.

It meant I could afford more time with my little sister. My mother always had Ellie busy on the weekends for whatever models had to do, but at least my mother was aware enough to allow us the much needed time together during the afternoon and evenings.

But this week was going to be different.

Our grandparents were coming, and we had never seen them before. Didn’t even know what they looked like.

“Are you nervous?” Ellie whispered.

We were under our covers, still naked. Both of us couldn’t muster up the energy to hop out of bed after an energy draining night.

“A little,” I admitted. “But I mean, we survived without them for eighteen years. If they don’t take a liking to us, does it really matter?”

“So negative,” my sister tutted. “They are family. And family is everything.”

I grunted.

Our mothers have drilled that mantra into us ever since we were young, and Ellie had eaten it up.

Both my sisters did. Probably because they at least had a parental figure in their lives. Ellie had told me that even though Heidi wasn’t really talking to her, our older sister still assisted Ellie in her modeling career whenever she was asked to.

*Family is everything*

I didn’t know whether to laugh or cry.

To fill up the silence, my sister found my cock, stroking me.

I was already hard, having woken up with a raging boner for the past two months. I closed my eyes, not holding back my groans as her warm hand squeezed me, her thumb sliding over my tip.

The next thing I felt were her lips.

I’d never have imagined Ellie had a sex drive that rivaled mine. She was always so innocent, the family’s little angel. My sister was always the one reminding me to not fuck in public—especially in school where I wasn’t shy about my advances.

But that was from the fear of being caught and having to suffer our mothers’ wraths. When we were in our bed, things were different. My little sister would turn from being the sweetest angel to a sex fiend.



“Ellie,” I groaned when she got up to straddle me, keeping the blanket over us, covering our sins. And before I could say more, she guided my cock into her pussy, and I saw stars as the familiar sensations of warm walls clamping around my cock overwhelmed me.

She rode me like a pro, swaying her hips back and forth instead of up and down like people in porn did, allowing my cock to penetrate her deeper, feel her better, burn us up brighter.

I came in under a minute. An embarrassing time, but with Ellie? I would consider it an accomplishment if I lasted over thirty seconds.

“Yes...” Ellie dipped down to kiss me. “Fill me up, big bro. It feels so good...”

“Careful, little sis,” I heaved. “I might tie you up and not let you out if you keep waking me up like this.”

“You’re so kinky,” Ellie smiled. I was still inside her, where I belonged. “Ropes, handcuffs, remote vibrators, flogs, uniforms...” she giggled, shaking her head. “It’s weird.”

“Of course it is. You don’t watch porn.”

Ellie had admitted she only watched it a couple of times out of curiosity and found it not to her liking. She was so fucking pure, and I was slowly corrupting her.

“Speaking of which,” I continued. “Wear your cheer uniform again. I want you to do a little cheer routine, then I’ll fuck you good.”

“Mmm.” She blinked up at me, the edges of her lips twitching. “Okay. Anything you want, big bro.”

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When we finally headed downstairs, we were already late. Our mothers had already finished breakfast, and were deep in conversation with Heidi, who was sipping on her cappuccino.

We exchanged good mornings, and I sat down, immediately being served pancakes. Beside me, Ellie received a jar of overnight oats topped with a rainbow of fruits, and we waited for our coffees to be brewed.

"This afternoon," my mother started, eyeing all three of us. "Your grandparents will be arriving. They will be staying in the guest rooms upstairs over the weekend. I want all of you to be on your best behaviors. Am I understood?"

I took a small jar of maple syrup and poured it over my pancakes. "Yes, Mother."

"Of course, Mommy," Heidi almost sang-song.

Ellie nodded seriously. "Yes, Mom."

Lucia spoke out. "You are all aware why we've been estranged from them for so long. They didn't approve of..." My step-mother glanced at her sister. "... our relationship, but after what happened with your..." She paused, sniffed, then recollected herself. "Your father... they wanted to reconcile. It took some time, but we're finally ready."

"And one last thing," my mother continued, looking over at me and Ellie. "Even though your grandparents have finally accepted us, they might still be sensitive about the topic. So I don't want your relationship with your brother to be known to them. Understood?"

"Yes, Mom," Ellie said. "I understand."

My mother nodded, then refocused her blues back on me. "Dylan?"

"Yes, Mother."

"Good." My mother finished her coffee, then stood up. "Lucy and I'll pick them up. I expect all of you to be home by two."

Heidi stood up with our mother. "Can I go too? I can help with the baggage and stuff."

I sneaked a glance at Ellie, almost breaking into a grin when I saw she was resisting an eye roll too. Our older sister was allergic to hard labor, but whenever she was around our mother, she was such a suck-up.

“Of course, sweetie,” my mother said. “Thank you.”

*Thank you.* I wished I could hear those precious two words from her.

Was I still pissed off at my mother even after the talk we had? *Definitely.*

But at least she approved of my relationship with Ellie. That meant something. It felt like an indirect blessing from her, and that tiny bit of acceptance was enough. Maybe enough to forgive her over her negligence.

Maybe.

Ellie touched my elbow, bringing me back to reality.

“Let’s go,” she whispered. “You promised to accompany me shopping, remember?”

“Right.” I stood up with my little sister, and waited as she gave our mothers a sweet peck on the cheeks.

By shopping, she meant ‘pet shopping’. My sister always wanted a dog, and with our father no more, she could finally have her way.

Did I want a puppy? I mean, I was open to the idea.

I could finally have the unconditional love I always craved, and Ellie could have the child she always wanted, but wasn’t ready for.

It was a win-win.

“Husky.”

I looked over at her. “Huh?”

God, her eyes were more gorgeous under the morning sun. “How about a husky?”

I frowned. “Aren’t they noisy and like... shed everywhere?”

“Shih Tzu?”

Chuckling, I took my sister's hand, leading her to the car. "Let's go there first and see what you love most."

She smiled at me, and I felt my knees wobbling.

"Okay."