

## Chapter 10

“Dylan...” my sister shuddered. “What... what are you doing?”

I ignored her protest and continued kissing down her neck.

She smelled especially good today, all light and sweet, like an angel. Hell, she was even wearing all white, trying to look fancy for our meet with our grandparents in about five minutes.

A white crop top that only covered her tits, a flowy white outer shirt she didn't button up, and long white pants that were looking to be an obstacle.

I was used to easy access, slipping under her mini-skirts or one of her skimpy dresses. But this time, I had to bring my hand under her waistband, urging a gasp from my sexy sister.

“We shouldn't,” Ellie closed her eyes, surrendering herself, knowing it was futile to stop me. “... we shouldn't. They... they will be arriving any second now.”

Dipping underneath her panties, I touched gold. “What if the first thing they see is us fucking against the wall? That would be a welcoming sight, wouldn't it?”

My sister giggled. She lifted her eyelids, displaying glazy pupils. “Maybe.”

“It would be.” I found her clit and offered slow strokes. She responded wonderfully, rolling her hips against my hand, seeking friction. “Maybe I would bend you over the coffee table for all to see.”

“Dylan...” She was breathing so heavily, I had to take a quick glance behind us. None of the staff should spot us from here, huddled in the far side of the foyer.

We had returned home after pet shopping. Ellie had taken a liking to the bigger breeds, mainly because my sister wanted someone big and fluffy to snuggle with.

“Dylan!” Her voice broke me out of my thoughts. “Stop, stop, stop! T-They are here!”

I withdrew my hand and rushed to the nearby washroom to soap up. After all, I expected some handshaking—or hugs. Hopefully, no hugs.

When I returned, Ellie was staring out the front window, practically glued to the glass. I stepped up beside her, glancing outside.

"Dylan, you're too close."

"You smell too good."

"I'm serious."

"Relax." I sighed. "We're siblings, remember? They won't suspect a thing if we're standing next to each other."

She blew out a breath, still keeping her eyes outside. The Royce had stopped out front, but the engine was still running and no one was getting out yet.

"I just don't want to screw this up," Ellie whispered. "They never talked to us just because Mommy and Daddy..." She shook her head. "If they find out about us..."

She looked at me, showing she was serious. "Today is an important day and I don't want to disappoint our mothers."

"I understand." I took her chin, stroking along her jawline. "Don't worry. I won't fuck this up."

We looked back outside. Nobody was getting out yet.

"You know..." I spoke out. "They're only staying for the weekend. Maybe we should return to our old rooms for a couple of days? Just to make sure?"

Ellie was silent for a while, just gazing outside. I wished I could read her thoughts. Ellie was by far the closest woman in my life, and it was still impossible to guess what she was thinking.

"No," she finally said. "I mean, if Mommy wants us to... then, yeah, okay. But..." She peered up at me. "No. I want you with me."

I smiled. "Okay."

"Okay."

Maybe we were still in our ‘honeymoon’ phase because my little sister was clingy as hell, and I loved that about her.

Elie gasped, alerting my attention back outside. The chauffeur was finally stepping out, and a couple of staff quickly came forward to open the doors.

My mother was the first to appear, clad in a backless striped jumpsuit that clung to her lean curves.

Fuck, she was hot. So fucking hot.

It should be weird to have these strings of thoughts about your own mother, but I had it so often, it would be weird if they stopped appearing.

She turned around and offered a hand to somebody. The next to appear was... my grandfather.

Surprisingly, he didn’t look like what I imagined him to be. I expected... I don’t know... an old man?

Yeah, his hair had probably grayed out, but he had dyed it black and impressively still had a full head of hair, trimmed short and clean. He stood strong and tall, and definitely didn’t need my mother’s assistance getting out of the car.

Lucia appeared on the other side, dressed similarly as Ellie except in a different color—pink crop top, lightweight beige coat, and flowing pink pants. She helped our grandmother out, who also clearly didn’t need any help.

I stared at our grandparents. They were in their early sixties—but they both carried themselves high and proud, and if I didn’t know better, I would guess they were both in their fifties, with little wrinkles and still fair skin.

Heidi was the one who hopped out last. She seemed attached to our grandmother, holding her hand and walking alongside her, chatting about something.

“Crap,” Ellie hushed out. “Okay, okay. They’re coming.”

“Relax, love,” I said, squeezing my sister’s hand and leading her to our rotating front door. “Just be cool.”

“Okay.” She tried to pull her hand out of my grasp and I let her. We stood beside each other and waited until they came in.

Our grandmother was the first to step inside the house. Her eyes lit up when she saw both of us.

“Oh my god,” she gasped and turned to Lucia. “Is that yours? Is that Ellie?”

Lucia smiled. “Yes.”

Of course, Ellie was recognized first.

“She’s so beautiful!” our grandmother gushed, stepping towards us, arms open. “Come here, sweetheart.”

They hugged.

“And Dylan!” She finally greeted me. “You’re so handsome!” She drank me in. “And tall!”

“Hi Grandma,” I smiled and embraced her.

“Dylan!” A man’s voice boomed.

I looked towards the source, seeing my grandfather striding towards me. No hugs this time. He wanted a handshake—and a firm one too. His hand felt rough. Calloused.

“Look at you,” he said, his tone deep and grave. “Big, strong, and handsome.”

I maintained my smile. “Thank you, grandpa.”

“Grandpa.” He tasted the word. “Now I feel old.”

“No,” I chuckled. “You look great.”

He nodded, then turned to Ellie. “You must be Ellie.” He spotted his oldest daughter and smiled. “She has your eyes, Lucy.”

“She does,” Lucia replied, gazing at her daughter with pride and joy.

Our grandmother touched her husband's arm. "You girls take so much after your mothers. Especially you, Heidi." She smiled at my older sister, who had suddenly appeared beside me. "I still can't believe it! Every time I look at you, it's like I've traveled back nineteen years!"

While Heidi beamed, I stole a look towards my grandfather. He hasn't really taken his eyes off me, and I was trying not to fidget under the heated scrutiny. He had the same intensity as my mother. No, even worse.

And speaking of the devil, my mother appeared through the front door.

"Has he been raised well?" my grandfather asked her, still maintaining his eyes on me.

"Well..." my mother pursed her lips. I have never seen her nervous before, and it was a sight to remember. "Dylan's currently enrolled in the same college as his sisters. It's the best one in the country."

"Is he participating in any sport?"

"He's in football as the QB."

"Hmm." He still wasn't breaking eye contact, but he gave the faintest nod of approval. Or maybe I was imagining things.

"Are his grades good?"

My mother glanced at me. "Manageable."

"Job?"

Why were they talking about me as if I wasn't there? And he was still looking at me. They both were.

"He's currently focusing on his studies and sports."

Finally—*finally*—he broke eye contact. "He isn't working under your company? Lucy's?"

"No, Daddy. He has to pave his own way."

*Daddy?*

Out of all the words I expected my mother to never say, 'Daddy' was among the top of the list. And.. it was probably the single sexiest thing I've heard.

*Daddy.*

"Good." He nodded again, clearly this time. "Very good."

*What the fuck? How was that... 'very good'?*

I felt the intensity of his gaze again. It was like a bunch of bricks on top of my shoulders. And it got even worse when my grandfather stepped forward and placed his hand on my shoulder.

"You've been raised well, young man," he said in that deep voice of his. "Listen to your mother. She means well."

"Um—yeah." Two intense pairs of blues were on me, and it was making me want to bolt. "Okay."

"No 'um's' young man." My grandfather said. "Speak clearly and confidently. Remember that." He refocused his attention back to his daughter. "A tour, Ava?"

"Of course." My mother breezed ahead. He followed after her, but not before giving me a final nod.

I stared after them even after they disappeared around the corner.

What the fuck?

"What the hell?" Ellie whispered beside me. I didn't even realize she had left her conversation and had scooted up close to me. "He's so intense. No wonder Mom's like that."

"Yeah," I breathed. Now it was all starting to make sense. Why my mother was always so cold towards me. Why my father had suffered a rough upbringing... until he found the pills.

Maybe it wasn't my mother's fault after all. Could I really blame her if she was brought up under such strict rules and governed under such old-fashion philosophy?

"Ellie." Lucia's voice floated to us. "Come back, love."

My sister returned to the conversation. I felt awkward standing alone there, so I followed after my sister.

Heidi was spearheading the conversation, talking about herself, of course. She told our grandmother about the one million Instagram followers party she was about to host, and she begged our grandmother to stay for that.

Obviously our grandmother declined, congratulated Heidi on the achievement she was about to hit, and then the topic shifted to Lucia's cafe.

Lucia answered all the questions her mother had with her hands clasped in front of her. It was strange to see both my mothers acting so passive and demure.

Ellie suggested they head to the cafe after unpacking. They all agreed. Soon, Ellie and Lucia left with our grandmother upstairs to the guest bedroom, and it was just me and my sister.

Talk about awkwardness.

"Granddad likes you," my sister commented dryly, probably annoyed that she didn't take the top spot in our grandparents' book.

"Mmm."

She must have expected me to offer more, because when I didn't, she shrugged.

"I'm going to find Mommy."

She left me with that, walking forward, allowing me a premium view of her ass under those tight denim shorts.

Fuck. Me.

Looking at my sister like that, it felt like a betrayal to our other sister. So I ripped my gaze away, but I have already seen too much. *Felt* too much.

My lips tingled. I tasted strawberries.

*God cleanse my soul.*

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“Are you dating anyone, son?”

The mummers around the lounge seemed to vanish. Everything plunged into silence.

I looked to my mother for help, but her eyes were off somewhere else.

Mentally steadying myself, I faced my grandfather. “I’m sorry, what?”

He plucked another macaron from the tray. “I’m asking if there’s a woman.”

“I—” I almost looked at my mother again, but stopped myself, though I could feel Heidi’s blues boring the side of my head.

“No.” I forced a smile. “There isn’t.”

He nodded and sipped his espresso.

We were having high tea in *The Grand*, a hotel known to serve the best biscuits and cakes. It was just the four of us. Our grandmother, Lucia, and Ellie were at their cafe, having their own chat before we diverged back home for a family dinner.

It was odd we had split into groups. Did my grandparents play favorites too? It would explain it.

I shifted in my seat, glancing around. The snacks were delicious, but I barely had taken a bite. Going out with my mother wasn’t common, and it was always an experience. Ellie drew attention everywhere we went.

But my mother? And with my older sister with her?



Not only had all the guys given our direction double glances, the women were sneaking looks too.

It felt like half the conversations around the lounge were about us.

"Is it good, granddad?" Heidi gave him her warmest smile. "The biscuits are amazing here."

"It's good," he agreed. "Heidi, I hear you're taking after your mother pursuing modeling."

"I am!" Heidi said, glancing towards her one and only role model in life. "I hope to be as successful as Mommy one day."

"Your mother has done very well for herself." He placed a tender hand over my mother's. "I always knew she was special."

*Yeap. Definitely Daddy's favorite.*

My mother smiled back, running her thumb over the sides of his palm. "I had help."

Heidi leaned in. "What was Mommy like when she was younger? Any good stories?"

He chuckled and withdrew his hand. "She looked like you at your age. Just with pink hair."

"Anything else?"

"Well." He blew out a long exhale, trying to conjure up the past. "She was always sweet. The sweetest girl. Never got into trouble. Very dedicated to whatever she wanted to do."

"Come on, Daddy." My mother offered a small smile and brushed her pink waves to the side. For a split second, she appeared even younger. "I wasn't all that sweet."

"You were." He caught the look our mother was giving him and chuckled. "Well, mostly."

Heidi tilted her head. "What? What is it?"

Our mother answered for him. “Back then, I used to purchase all the latest Mercs as soon as they were announced. Then discard the previous models. Drove him mad.”

Our grandfather sighed. “I just had to put in extra hours to support her... habit.”

“But she deserved it, right?” my sister said. “Mommy must have worked very hard for them.”

“I was spoiled, sweetheart,” our mother explained. “Your grandparents came from very humble beginnings and worked long days to give us a privileged life. I didn’t understand it then, but I do now.”

“Oh.” My sister blinked, then sat back in her seat, not mentioning she was basically doing the same thing, overspending our mother’s money on everything and anything her eyes fancied.

Though who was I to say anything? Both my sisters were already generating income. Then again, that income source was practically gifted to them on a golden platter.

At least I was self aware enough to realize I was spoiled, too. I have my cars, my watches, a mansion to live in. I had everything except for my mother’s love.

My grandfather returned his attention to me. *Fuck.*

“Do you have any plans, son?” he asked. “You’re going to graduate in a few years. What then?”

This time, I couldn’t resist the urge to look at my mother.

“Don’t look at your mother.”

I cleared my throat, staring into more intense, deeper blues than the ones I was used to. “I guess... I’ll look for a job.”

“You should already have something going. Or at least started building connections. Have you done that?”

I almost looked to my left again.

“Listen.” My grandfather sighed. “For your semester break, why don’t you come over to Europe? I’ll show you around. Give you something to do.”

My mother cut in. “Dylan is staying here.”

“He’s eighteen, Ava.” He didn’t take his eyes off me. “He can make his own decisions.”

“He’s staying here,” my mother repeated with a whip to her voice. “With his mothers and sisters.”

He paused, turning to his daughter. His expression didn’t change, but there was a slight shift in his eyes. I was familiar with that sharp tone from my mother, but it was clear her father wasn’t.

They were having a stare down of some sort, and neither was backing off. Fuck, it was intense, but finally my mother looked away first, glancing off into the distance.

“He’s around feminine energy all the time,” our grandfather said. “That will make him soft. It’s making him soft. You’ve done an excellent job with the girls, and you’ve raised him properly, but to thrive as a man, he needs a different environment.”

I still hadn’t really touched my food. Heidi helped herself to a slice of cake, but only after a go ahead nod from our mother.

“Are you done eating?” I asked our grandfather, motioning to his empty plate, trying to break the silence and start something.

“Yes, son. I am.” He looked at me again, but there wasn’t the usual intensity in his eyes. He paused for a second. Two seconds. Five seconds felt like an eternity.

Finally, “You have your mother’s eyes, but you have his...”

“Daddy,” my mother spoke out, her voice unusually hoarse. “Don’t.”

He sighed, but respected her wishes, finishing up his espresso.

“I’m going to the ladies,” my mother announced, standing up, but I noticed something slightly off about her. She was sniffing, and she wasn’t standing as proudly

as she always did. Heidi must have caught it too because as our mother walked away, she left her handbag behind and followed after her.

“It’s painful,” my grandfather spoke out. “To not only lose one son, but both your daughters, too. I’d hoped she would try to deal with the pain, but she never even wanted to try.”

I considered my words. “Father was her everything, so it’s understandable.”

He nodded. “They were inseparable. Always together. Couldn’t even pry them apart if you tried.”

“What was he like?” I asked. “When he was young?”

“He used to be skinny. Quiet. Always kept to himself. Always in his room. But your mother brought life into him. Had him thinking about the future and had him working hard.”

“So if they were a good thing, why did you stop speaking to her after finding out about them?”

He gave me a small smile. “I apologize for not being around when I should have been.”

That was all he said, but I knew it wouldn’t be any better if he was around. My mother and father might have been *physically* there, but in my eyes, they were ghosts.

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“Are you okay?”

I blew out a slow exhale. “Yeah.”

Ellie kissed her way up, pecking my abs, my chest, sucking on my neck lightly before her innocent eyes met mine. “Are you really okay?”

I sighed, curling my arms around her hips, getting a feel of her insane curves—and an even better ass. “I just—is this why my mother is like that? Because of our grandfather?”

"I think so." Ellie's blues studied mine. "He's scary. Mom's scary. It makes sense."

"I think Father mentioned that our grandparents ignored him, too. And that our mothers received the premium treatment."

"I'm sorry," my sister whispered. I could feel her every breath. Our lips were only inches apart, and after a quiet, delightful family dinner, I was about to receive my much awaited dessert. "I know how difficult it is for you."

"It's not your fault." I palmed her ass cheeks, groaning at how soft her skin felt. Ellie whimpered in response, leaning in closer to complete our connection, but I blocked her attempt, touching my nose against hers.

"You're not going to kiss me, big bro?" Ellie pushed up, straddling herself on my lap.

"Not yet." I left her ass, going for her most prized asset.

"Ah..." Ellie fluttered her eyelids just as I dipped my fingers inside her sex, exploring her dripping wetness. She rolled her hips against my hand, expertly riding my fingers as I got her ready for my cock.

"I'm feeling frustrated, little sis," I said, but my words were only met with moans. "I'm going to fuck you hard tonight. I hope you're ready."

"I am... I am..." my sister whimpered. She tilted her head and tried another attempt for a kiss, but I denied her again.

"Dylannnnnnnnnn!"

I chuckled, pulling out of her heat. God, she was *dripping*. "I got you ready. Now get me."

She knew what to do. Ellie rolled off me and went in between my legs, hunger in her pretty blue eyes.

"Your tits first," I instructed, wrapping a hand around her neck and squeezing lightly. She leaned into my hold, her lips parting in a silent moan. "Get me nice and hard, then get me close with your lips and throat."

"Yes, big bro," she breathed. "Yes, *Sir*."

The next five minutes were the highlight of the evening. I was already rock hard, but the feel of her perfect teardrops wrapping around my cock, squeezing me, sliding up and down. I was trapped in euphoria, prisoner to the pleasure wrecking through my body with no end in sight.

Gritting my teeth, I attempted to pin the rush of ecstasy down, but I knew it was a lost cause when Ellie brought my cock to her lips. And when she pecked me in all the right places, licked all around, slid me down her fucking throat...

Oh god.

She didn't even gag once. And when she pulled me out and asked me if I was ready, I couldn't deny her the truth.

I wanted to make her scream tonight. Fuck my frustrations out. And even though Ellie was loud, our grandparents would never hear her. But if they happen to cross the wing we were residing in...

I couldn't take that chance. The thought might be hot, but gagging Ellie was even better.

Tilting her pretty chin up, I peered down into those ocean blues.

"Where are your panties?"

"Umm..." She blinked. "On the floor."

"Fetch them."

"Okay."

"Good girl," I said as she handed me her underwear. My sister had abandoned boring cotton panties in favor of silk or lace. "Now head to your closet and wear your school uniform."

My sister pursed her lips. It had been a while since I have fucked her in it, but tonight was the perfect night to bring out all my aces. I had so much emotions boiling in me, I knew it would take a lot of work to get it—all of it—out.

Ellie finally nodded, then silently padded to her walk-in closet.

“Ellie.”

She turned around.

“No blazer. Tie your hair back. No socks and shoes. Button up your blouse.”

I wanted her looking as innocent as possible. With her new hairstyle and wanting a pet to mother, I knew it was only a matter of time before her angelic youth left her.

“Yes, Sir.”

She started to turn around again.

“And Ellie?”

“Yeah?”

“I love you.”

Her dazzling smile could melt hearts. “I love you too.”

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I exhaled a breath when my sister stepped out.

Seeing her dressed like that in school... Bring near her, knowing I couldn't do anything. It was the ultimate test on my willpower.

If I could have my way... if there were no rules... the things I would do to her.

It was annoying to ward off the horde of dorks whenever one would come up to us and stammer in front of her, trying to fish for her number... or for the bolder ones—secure a date.

None of them would ever approach Heidi. Everybody was scared of her. But Ellie? With her perceived innocence and more approachable demeanor? I guess some thought they might chance the lottery with Ellie.

Flowers, chocolate, and expensive gifts were a common occurrence. People still assumed she was single because spending all her time with me in school didn't send out any alarm bells.

After all, I was 'just' her big brother.

I relaxed into our heap of pillows, drinking my sister in. Her tight white blouse highlighted all her curves so well, and that navy mini-skirt showed too much of her legs. Finished with a red bow tie—it completed the image of pure innocence.

Fuck.

"You have that look again," my sister commented, picking up her phone from her table and turning on the music. It was K-pop as usual, and I watched her as she got on our bed and crawled towards me. This time, I didn't stop our lips from connecting.

I humored her, tasting her sweetness. "What look?"

"Like you want to fuck me until I can't walk." She giggled, a sound that had me growing even harder. "Remember our first time?"

"How could I forget?" I went straight to action, sliding under her pleated school skirt and finding her clit.

Ellie gasped, her lips shuddering as I made tight circles.

"Don't cum," I reminded my whimpering sister. "Until I'm inside you."

"I... I'm trying." Her voice was strained, but I kept my assault on her, keeping her on edge. "Dylan—"

"Shh..." I could get lost in her blues. "Open your mouth."

She obeyed, and I scooped up her panties, pausing my assault to gag her.

"You okay, love?"

She nodded, looking fucking ravishing, all gagged up in that tight uniform.



“Lay on your back. Slowly. That’s it.”

As soon as her back touched the mattress, I propped her feet on top of my shoulders and waited until she got comfortable.

With this position, with her legs spread out in front of me and angled up to my face, all I needed to do was glance down and be rewarded by the sight of her drenched sex, all pink and ready for the taking.

“You’re always so wet for me.” I teased her some more, my thumb returning to her swollen clit, playfully flicking the nub.

The reaction was immediate. Her hips jerked upwards and a muffled shriek lit up the room.

She was begging me to just fuck her already, and lucky for Ellie, I was done playing.

Withdrawing my fingers, I secured a grip around her waist, then pressed my hips forward, her school skirt covering our sins as I surrendered to our desires and entered my little sister.

Ellie sighed softly, eyelids fluttering as I sank deeper into her, welcomed by her warm walls, squeezing me hard, forcing me to grit my teeth and match her unusual silence.

“Ellie.” I pushed forward, feeling her quivering around my cock. “You’re so fucking beautiful.”

“Mhm mhm...”

“Fuck,” I heaved, my heart battering against my chest, dulling out the other sounds.

The music faded into the background, replaced by sounds of my sister. She was moaning softly, almost whimpering, and as I entered her fully, I was rewarded by a more meaningful groan.

“Sex,” I grunted out, dipping down and kissing her neck. “... feels so fucking good with you.”

Ellie whimpered, then started moving her hips back and forth, creating friction between us, stating her intentions.

“So impatient,” I tutted. “Before we really begin, my love, I require a view...”

I started unbuttoning her school shirt. One by one, her buttons came free. She wasn't wearing a bra, and I smiled as her teardrops came into view once again. Somehow, they looked more stunning under her uniform. It felt as if I wasn't supposed to look at them, all hidden away under her school shirt.

“I'm going to fuck you now,” I told my little sister. “I'm going to fuck you hard. And I don't want you to cum until I tell you to. Do you understand?”

She nodded.

“Say you understand.”

“Mh mhmmm.”

“Good girl.” I leaned down and kissed her right cheek, wanting to keep giving her gestures of affection. Keep her feeling loved. “I'm going to reward you, little sis. After I fill you up, we're going to take a nice, long bath in our big tub.”

I whispered the rest of the words into her ear. “I'm going to fuck you again there, kiss you hard, keep you cumming over and over until you can't anymore. Do you understand, my lovely schoolgirl?”

Her pussy squeezed me tight—so ungodly tight—and for a second, I almost lost it.

“Okay.” I chuckled. “Game's over.”

Straightening myself, I gripped her hips, and before my sister could prepare herself, I drew my cock back, and started hammering away.

“Fuck.” I grunted, slamming into her pussy, cheered on by her surprised yelps and muffled gasps.

In the beginning, Ellie had been fragile, unable to handle me if I went hard. But over the months, her body adapted to mine, and now she could take even the hardest of thrust—as long as I didn't overdo it by fucking her for hours on end.

The last time we did an all-nighter, she had to take a week off track practice.

It was partly her fault. My little sister was just too irresistible, especially when I was inside her, especially when her lips were on mine and her pussy was squeezing me just right.

How could anyone ever stop?

I groaned, speeding up, relishing every bit of pleasure that came shooting through me fast and hard.

“My. Little. Sister,” I rasped, punctuating each word with a savage thrust, going balls deep inside her, then pulling out and repeating the brutal cycle. “My. Dirty. Little. Sister.”

“MHM! MHMMM!”

Ellie was razor close. She was squirming, shuddering, her voice breaking. And I knew I could only push my sister too much. If Ellie was going to cum, no amount of telling her to hold back was going to stop the waterworks.

So I had myself racing to the edge too, brutalizing her pretty pink pussy, sending hard thrusts after hard thrusts, hearing her squeals until I felt my composure slipping.

“Now—fuck!” I tried to look at her blues, but they were squeezed shut, sweat dripping down her perfect skin. “Ellie—!”

She took in the torrent I bursted into her tight pussy hole, squeezing and pulsing around me, absorbing every drop, her hips perfectly in sync with mine.

I came forward and unbound my sister, tossing her wet panties away to reclaim her sweet lips.

I never was a big kisser until I tasted Ellie. The way her lips met mine, the warm bliss of her tongue... fuck... I could almost taste her raw hunger for me.

As the last jets ebbed out, Ellie was still cumming, making sounds that only appeared in my dreams once upon a time. I kissed her until she was done, then kissed her some more.

“Do I get...” Ellie blew a strand of hair from her sweat slicked forehead as I pulled out of her. “Do I get my bath now?”

“You’ll get anything you want.” I began undressing her, starting with the band of her ponytail. Her hair came free, cascading down to her shoulders, a tumble of beautiful blue waves, messy from all the sex, but the roguish look accentuated her sexiness.

Her blouse came off her next, and I spent a few moments sucking on her nipples, all perked up for me.

“You’re so addicted,” Ellie giggled, watching me.

“How could I not be?” I kissed my way to her lips, hearing her inhale sharply. “When my own sister look like this?”

“So my beauty is the only thing that attracts you?”

“No.” I groaned as our tongues went to war. “You’re sweet, kind, loving. Submissive.”

“Just your type?”

“Just my type.”

We took our time, exchanging slow, passion filled kisses until I had to pry away from those lips.

“I have half a mind to fuck you again just in that mini-skirt.”

She patted down her skirt. “I never understood how the school board approved of this. You boys dress all formal and nice, and we just show skin.”

“I wonder why.” I discarded the plan, pulling down the last article of clothing, and then we were back to the start—both of us dressed in just the skin we were born with.

“Come.” I took her hand. “Let’s shower and clean up while we prep the tub.”

“Can we turn off the lights and have candles?”

When I lifted an eyebrow, she explained.

“I bought some candles. I thought it would be romantic.”

“Sure.” I swept her hair aside, tucking soft strands behind her ear, getting another good look at my sister.

It was comical how much sexier Ellie was compared to my exes. Sure, they might be conventionally attractive, and they might be the end goal for most men. But most men haven’t met my sisters.

Both Ellie and Heidi were in a league of their own. Not many girls were born to be future supermodels.

We had a pleasant rest of the evening. During the ‘quick’ shower we had together, Ellie gave me another superb blowjob, never breaking eye contact. Then we switched off the lights and cuddled on one side of the tub, watching the candles float around us.

Ellie fell asleep on my shoulder, and I gave her time to rest up, but she had to forgive me if I eventually woke her up to dry off, then carried her back to bed to make her sing moans until she couldn’t anymore.