

Chapter 11

“Dylan...” Ellie grabbed my wrist. “I think—I think she’s hungry. Why isn’t Triss feeding her?”

I shrugged, busy surveying the bustling cafeteria. It was midday, yet the sun was hidden beneath heavy clouds that threatened a downpour.

“She’ll be fine.”

“No.” Ellie clicked off the surveillance app on her phone and started dialing a number—presumably the pet sitter we’d hired to take care of Coco. “I’m calling her.”

I sighed and draped an arm over my sister. She smelled so fucking good—all sweet and savoury—and she was also in her sexy school uniform, an unfortunate event because I couldn’t do anything about it.

Coco. Ever since we got the puppy last week, Ellie had been hyper focused on our two-month-old golden retriever. She was cute. Very cute. But the little thing already hampered our sex life.

Back then, after I busted a load inside my little sister, she would insist on cuddling. But ever since Coco, Ellie would always hop out of bed to check up on our ‘daughter’, which was a fruitless task because she would always be nestled inside her pen, sleeping peacefully in the corner of our room.

It just ruins the mood.

Though it wasn’t a big deal. At least, that was what I told myself.

Coco needed care and she was fucking adorable. And she had seemed to have taken a liking for me—something I had not expected.

But the pup was much more attached to her mother, always yapping by her feet and following her around. Ellie never allowed Coco out of her sight unless my sister was forced to leave the house. Like right then, when we were at school, and Ellie was filled with anxiety over her new golden bundle of love.

At least I knew Ellie would make for an excellent mother. But then again, Coco was a girl—something Ellie had specifically requested for.

And that got me thinking. What if my sister had a son? Would she pay the same level of attention to him?

Or would she...

No. I was overthinking things.

I watched as a familiar group of girls walked over to our table and settled themselves to their seats.

“Hey, Dylan.” One of them gave me a bright smile.

“Hey, Love.” I offered a small smile back. I called her ‘Love’ because her name was literally that. She was one of Ellie’s besties—dark hair, green eyes, fair skin. Very pretty, but all of Ellie’s friends were.

And she had a crush on me. It was obvious—from all the flirty smiles and all the long looks. But if I acted on her signals, Ellie would murder both of us.

Not that I wanted to act on anything. My little sister was in another league of her own.

“How’s the pup?” Gina—another one of Ellie’s close friends—asked. She leaned in and peeked over Ellie’s shoulder. My sister had already finished the call and was squinting at the live feed again.

“I think she’s hungry,” Ellie muttered, only half-paying attention to everything else. “But... she just ate. So why is she whining?”

“She misses her Mommy,” Love said.

“She’s soooooo cute!” Gina gushed, giggling. “When can we meet her?”

“Umm...” Ellie was still transfixed to her phone screen. “Probably this weekend. During my sister’s party.”

"I can't wait!" Love exclaimed, smiling at me once more. "Dylan, could I get a tour? I heard your place is amazing."

That got Ellie's attention. She lifted her gaze from the screen to look at me.

"Maybe," I said, eyeing my sister. "We'll see."

"Speaking of your sister..." Another one of Ellie's besties, Georgia, piped up. Usually I was bad with names, but after spending all my spare time in school with Ellie, I became familiar with her friend group. "Her Majesty has arrived."

We all glanced at the cafeteria entrance, just in time to see a small crowd had entered. It was the 'popular' group—my teammates in the football team, the cheerleaders, the school swimmers, people that came from billionaire parents.

And leading the pack... Heidi.

God, my older sister was pure eye candy. Every inch of her screamed seduction. From her long legs to those perfect tits stretching over her school uniform. She inherited all our mother's best features and then added some of her own.

There were girls that were beautiful. There were girls that were *very* beautiful. And then there was Heidi. Her existence was just a straight up 'fuck you' to the rest of the world.

And with her arrival, it seemed like everyone in the cafeteria had stopped conversing just to look at her.

After all, the most popular girl was hosting a party for the very first time. And she was single. And her mother was this supermodel.

An invitation to our house was worth its weight in gold.

I didn't know how Heidi managed to convince our mother about the party. Given our complicated family dynamic, we valued privacy above all else. But Heidi must have woven her magic because somehow our mother gave her the green light.

Though there were a few conditions. The party could only be hosted for one evening. Guests were only allowed on the ground floor and strictly no sleepovers.

I despised parties, but since I was her brother, taking part in hosting the event was mandatory. Fuck. That meant talking to people I didn't care about and having to plaster a fake smile for hours on end.

I rather spend my Sundays fucking Ellie.

"Dylan..." Ellie nudged me.

"Hmm?" I still had my eyes on my other sister. She was walking to her table, and a man stood up to greet her. Usually I could roughly recognize a face, especially someone that Heidi bothered to talk to, but he was alien.

"Could you..." My little sister sniffed. "Could you maybe drive home to check up on Coco? She's still crying."

"She'll be fine, Ellie."

Heidi seemed to know the man because she smiled at him. He leaned forward as if to kiss her, but my sister turned her head, only allowing him a simple peck on the cheek. He seemed dissatisfied with that, but sat back down after Heidi sat first.

"Hey." I frowned, nodding at the guy. "Who's that?"

Love answered me. "You don't know? He's the new guy that just transferred. The prince."

"The... what?"

"Oh, you really didn't know." Love fished out her phone from her handbag and typed something out before handing her iPhone to me.

I began reading while she explained.

"He's some prince from South East Asia. An oil country called Brunei. Apparently he's seventh in line to the throne."

What the fuck?

I looked at them again. He was clearly interested in Heidi.

Of course he was.

He never took his eyes off her and even attempted to wrap an arm around her shoulder. But as soon as he made contact, Heidi said something, and he dropped his arm with a frown.

He was handsome. Tanned. Tall. Well-built. Most likely a billionaire himself, and clearly not used to rejection.

“Dylannnnnn.” Ellie bumped shoulders with me.

“Huh?” I peeled my eyes away. “I told you, Ellie. She’ll be alright. Relax.” I almost ended with ‘love’, but held my tongue. Her friends just saw me as a loving brother, but calling her ‘love’ in public? That wasn’t her name and would surely raise some eyebrows.

“Just go and check. For me? Please?”

I sighed. “If Mother finds out I’m skipping classes...”

But she was giving me *those eyes* and I knew I was fucked.

“*Please?*”

Fuck.

I stood up. “Fine.”

“Thank you.” Ellie sneaked a peek at her friends to make sure they weren’t watching before giving me a quick air kiss.

I couldn’t wait for class to end so I could taste those lips, then continue depriving her innocence back home. We had been intimate for over two months, yet I was still as addicted to that pussy as the day when I first knew what true pleasure was.

She was always so tight. So warm. And those little whimpers she always made when I fuck her hard and good?

As I headed out the cafeteria I sent Ellie a quick text.

Me: I expect the best blowjob tonight.

My phone buzzed.

Ellie: Anything you desire, big bro <3

I could feel my cock hardening just re-reading the message. It was so wrong. So fucking wrong.

I passed Heidi's table and couldn't resist a glance. The prince was still talking to her, but as I looked on, my older sister glanced up and our gaze connected.

Those vivid blue eyes. They were identical to our mother's. Jesus, even their figures were similar, although Heidi was slightly slimmer.

I stopped in my tracks as our eyes locked and held. It was no secret in our family that I fancied Heidi, although nobody really knew just how much I craved for her. Ellie had succeeded in keeping my mind off the golden prize, but every now and again...

No. I couldn't have these thoughts.

Yes, I lusted over my own sister. Everyone that had a cock did. It was normal to have feelings for a woman like her—no matter the blood relation—but having these thoughts was nothing more than a betrayal towards Ellie. My younger sister had given me happiness and was the best girlfriend I could ask for.

What more could I want?

I could...

I *could* have them both.

The pills were just sitting locked up in my vault, waiting for me to—

No!

The last thing I wanted was to see my beloved little sister get hurt again. Ellie was too precious, way too good for someone like me. I shouldn't push my luck.

Heidi looked away first, and the thoughts vanished.

That was the power my sister had over me. Just a single glance and all the temptation in the world just came rushing back.

Heaving a sigh, I exited the lunch building.

“How’s everything, Triss?” I asked, walking into Coco’s play room. “Is Coco good?”

The pet sitter did a little gasp and turned towards me, clearly not expecting anyone to just barge in.

“Oh... yes. Yes, Sir.” She cleared her throat. “She was crying a little, but I managed to calm her down and now she’s asleep.”

“Hmm.” I dug my hands into my pocket and stepped towards the outside of her pen, looking down at my sleeping pup.

“Is everything fine?” Triss asked.

“Yeah,” I sighed. “Ellie was just worried.” Nodding towards the pet cam at the corner of the room, I continued. “She saw Coco crying.”

Triss smiled. “She misses her Mommy.”

“Yeah.” I unlocked the pen and stepped inside, bending down to carry Coco. She was so light, but I knew golden retrievers grew big quick, especially with the overpriced diet Ellie was feeding her. She ate better than I did. “Mind if I bring her upstairs for a bit?”

“Of course. Of course.”

The pup was still asleep in my arms, but as I walked upstairs and kicked open my room door, she moved a little, then started peeling open her eyelids.

My phone buzzed in my pocket. I laid in our bed and set Coco down beside me. Fuck, I could smell Ellie. A light, sweet scene that had me rock hard in an instant.

“Don’t you dare piss on the bed,” I warned Coco before fishing out my phone.

Ellie: Where are you taking her? Is my baby okay?

Shaking my head, I texted a reply.

Me: She's fine. Just brought her up. She misses you.

I opened the camera app and took a quick snap of Coco, looking absolutely adorable laying on our blanket and staring directly at the lens with a tilted head. I sent the photo to my sister, and she replied a second later with numerous heart emojis and a short text.

Ellie: Tell her I miss her too.

"Your mom misses you," I said, feeling a little dumb talking to a dog. I set Coco on my lap, and she crawled towards my face and started licking away.

"Isn't it nice?" I asked my pup. "To have a mother to love you so much?"

All I received was more licks so I lifted her up, dangling her on two feet over my face. It was actually so nice to hold her. Her fur was so soft and she smelled incredible. The groomer sprayed her with this amazing bubblegum scent.

"You know, Coco." I said. "I don't know if I can be a good dad. I don't know if I can ever be a good dad."

She stared back at me with lazy eyes.

"Maybe..." I sighed. "Maybe the poison drips through?"

Coco yawned.

Why am I talking to myself?

"I love her," I continued, dipping my voice so low as if telling a secret, which I was. "I love your mother, but I also love..." Closing my eyes, I thought of blonde hair and intense blue eyes. "Fuck me. I'm so fucked."

She yawned again.

“Okay, fine.” I got out of bed and carried her back downstairs.

Nodding at Tess, I set Coco back in her playpen, where she promptly fell asleep in the middle of her bed.

“She’s so adorable,” Tess commented, gazing down at the sleeping pup.

“Yeah,” I grunted. “We’ll be back again in a few hours. If my mother happens to return before we do, I trust you’ll keep me returning early a secret?”

She did the zipped lips gesture.

“Good.”

With a last look at Coco, I headed out.

As soon as class ended, I found Ellie and drove us back home where she spent a whole thirty minutes cuddling with Coco.

It kind of sucked waiting in the sidelines for my sister to finally finish saying her countless ‘I miss you’s’ before I had enough.

“Hand me Coco for a bit,” I told her.

“Daddy wants to see you.” Ellie nuzzled their foreheads together before handing the golden retriever over.

I gave our puppy a quick kiss on the cheek before getting off the bed and setting her back to her pen.

“What are you doing?” Ellie asked.

I had already waited half a day for this moment, and I would go insane waiting a second more. We were in bed, Ellie was still in her school uniform, and she smelled like temptation.

Returning to my sister, I stretched beside her and ran a palm over her ass, signaling exactly what I wanted.

“Dylan...” Ellie warned.

I frowned. *Not this again.* “What?”

“Give her back. I wasn’t done with her.”

“Ellie,” I sighed. It had been increasingly difficult to get my sister in the mood ever since Coco. “I have been waiting all day for this.”

“That’s all you think about all day?” Ellie made a face. “Just to get inside me? That’s all you focus on?”

“Let’s not get into it.” I looked at my beautiful sister and she sighed.

“Yeah. Let’s not.”

I leaned in. “I love you.”

She started closing her eyes, parting her lips. “And I love you too.”

I groaned as sweetness overwhelmed my tastebuds. Ellie had to forgive me if I skipped a few steps, slipping off my pants and thrusting my hips under her school skirt.

“Ah!” my sister gasped, then bit my lower lip as I drove into her. “D-Dylan!”

“Christ.” I pulled away from her lips to look into her blues before pumping away. Short, hard thrust that had beautiful whimpers greeting my ears. “You’re so tight, little sis.”

We intertwined fingers. Her pussy pulsed around me, forcing me deeper, squeezing and squeezing...

Whimpers sounded from the corner of the room.

Coco wanted attention, but she had to learn Mommy was all *mine*.

-Three days later-

I dragged a slow trail down my sister's slim profile.

She smiled. "What?"

"Nothing."

She was dressed from head to toe in blue, matching her hair. Sapphires gleamed from her ears, wrists, and neck. Even her high heels were sparkling blue.

Usually, my sister strayed away from the bling, but tonight was an exception. Parties like this were always an ego competition, and since Ellie was representing our family, she had to play the part.

"Do you like my dress?" She set Coco down and did a little twirl for me.

I stayed silent, just eyeing her from our bed. Sometimes, I forget how lucky I was to have *that* as my girlfriend.

"Stay here, Coco," my sister said, finally stepping out of the pen. Whenever Ellie talked to her, she always changed her tone to all high-pitched and extra girly. "Mommy and Daddy will be back, okay?"

Coco yapped once as if she understood. She was wagging her tail so fast, it was a blur.

But I wasn't looking at Coco. Not when my sister looked like *that*.

She was so hot. And I was so fucking horny.

"Love," I said. "Come here for a moment."

"What is it?" she asked, her heels clicking as she came towards me, then perched herself at the edge of the bed.

"Come here."

She leaned in and I wasted no time, taking her chin and claiming her soft lips. She was wearing a particular type of lipstick tonight. Very fruity.

“Mmm,” my sister groaned, relaxing into the kiss, clutching my cheeks and sparring with my tongue. But it wasn’t the passionate kiss I intended because Ellie peeled away soon after. “Let’s go.”

“How about you take off your heels and go on all fours for me?”

“Dylan!” She slapped my arm and tried to pull me off the bed. “Come on. Stop playing. Let’s go.”

When I didn’t budge, she sighed.

“You can’t be serious. We just had sex!”

“That was hours ago.” Fuck, I was actually so hard, it was a little uncomfortable. “You should be very familiar with my sex drive by now, little sis.”

“Dylan...” Ellie eyed me. “Later, okay? Guests are already arriving and we need to be out there greeting them.”

“Hey.” I brought a hand up and wrapped my palm around her neck, squeezing lightly. Ellie gasped a little, her breaths growing audible. “There will be a lot of men down there looking at you. They will be talking to you, but it’s all empty words because all of them just have one thing on their minds.”

“So you want to stake your claim?” My sister asked. “Fuck me and leave your mark dripping down my legs for all to see?”

“Something like that.”

Ellie shook her head. “Sometimes you’re weird.” She grabbed my wrist and peeled my hand away from her neck. “You can do whatever you want with me after the party.”

This was odd. Usually Ellie would submit pretty easily, especially when I was feeling her up, so why was she putting up resistance?

Maybe I should push, get her in the mood.

Her skirt had an enormous leg slit, revealing almost everything, so it was a simple enough task to glide my other hand along her inner thigh, inching towards gold.

“Dylan!” Ellie snapped, slapping my hand away. “Stop!”

Okay, fuck. This was bad. Ellie never got mad, so I knew I had fucked up badly.

“Sorry,” I muttered, staring at my sister as she stood up. Coco started yapping in her pen.

“Now look what you did,” my sister complained, walking to the corner of the room and unlocking the gate. She entered the pen and started shushing the pup.

“You know, Dylan...” Ellie finally managed to calm her down. “I really don’t appreciate you treating me like a walking vagina. It’s... it’s not nice.”

“I’m sorry, Ellie,” I sighed.

Was this our first real argument?

I mean, we had argued before as siblings, of course, but as couples?

And I was in the wrong. I knew that. Ellie deserved so much better than to be treated to be a living, breathing fleshlight for my personal use.

But it was impossible to control my urges around her. She was like Heidi—living breathing temptation. Could you really blame me for submitting to my primal urges?

Ellie was staring at me with her arms crossed, expecting me to continue. This was so fucking uncomfortable. I only felt like this in front of my mother.

“Listen,” I started. “I’m sorry. I love you, and I don’t see you as that. I’m sorry, but I also...”

I sighed. Should I say it? I was in the wrong, and I was on the pure defensive, but I had to let out my frustrations too. “I have my needs too, Ellie. You know this. And recently you have been...” I trailed off.

“I’m trying, Dylan,” Ellie whispered. “I’m trying to make you as happy as possible. I always give you all of me.”

She pointed a finger at Coco. “Maybe try and think about what I want too? I’m not some robot that is always available to put your dick inside of. I have responsibilities now. *You* have responsibilities now. Maybe stop being so selfish for once in your life?”

I stayed silent, not knowing how I should respond to that. Ellie was right. But I also felt like my point was not getting across.

“You need to stop treating me like this.” My sister stepped out of the pen and deepened her voice, imitating me. “Ellie, on all fours. Ellie, bend over. Ellie, spread your legs. On your knees, Ellie.” She shook her head. “Do you want a slave or a girlfriend? We have good sex, yes. But there’s a time and place for all that. You can’t just...”

She shrugged.

Silence prickled the air, only broken by Coco’s little whimpers. The pup was clawing the fence, staring at Ellie, clearly craving for her attention.

I shrugged too. “I don’t know what to say or what to do.”

“You can be a good son tonight and do your part downstairs.” Coco was still trying to draw attention so Ellie waved in her direction. “And you can be a good Dad for once and give a shit about her. You complain about Mom and Daddy being horrible all the time.” She turned away. “So be different.”

“Ellie—” I tried to say but she strode towards the door and was gone before I could get more words in.

“Fuck!” I threw the curse out, and that made Coco cry even louder. I looked down, pointing daggers at her as if it was all her fault. “What is it? What do you want?”

She whimpered.

“Fuck,” I breathed, then stepped into the pen. I waved a treat at her, but she wasn’t interested so I sat down on her bed and she followed after me, sniffing me for a bit before settling down beside my thigh.

It felt good—to feel the warmth of something cuddling against me. Ellie should have provided me with that, but...

Fuck.

Months ago, I was presented with a choice. Kind of.

Heidi offered to be with me, and I could have easily taken that route, but I chose Ellie instead. I assumed my little sister would cause less drama, and I had been right for the first couple of months.

What happened? Ellie used to oblige to my every request, but now...

Yeah, my sister was right. I should be treating her better. I should be a better brother. A better boyfriend.

And our whole relationship had been my doing. Even though it had been an accident and I meant to have my mother instead, Ellie was now my responsibility.

Looking at both Ava and Lucia, the love pill's effects would last a lifetime.

I probably even fucked my sister's love life forever. I have never seen both my mothers give another man even a snippet of interest. They were both obsessed with my father even after he was gone—and believe me, both my mothers had unlimited choices in men—so it was safe to assume the pill had changed their brain chemistry and wired them to only be interested in one man and one man only.

I had fucked Ellie literally and figuratively. My actions had consequences and after a short honeymoon, I was finally dealing with the dirt.

Damn it.

Knock! Knock! Knock!

I immediately knew who it was. Only one person knocked like that.

“Go away,” I called out. Coco backed me up, jumping to her feet and started yapping at the door, making me chuckle.

Good girl.

The door swung open and Heidi burst in, all glammed up, but surprisingly her midnight dress wasn't showing as much as I expected. Her tits were completely covered up and the leg slit only showed little of her thighs. Too little.

It was reverse psychology. The less she showed, the more people craved to see—especially when all her curves were on full fucking display. God, her insane figure was something to die for.

I frowned at her. “What?”

“What?” She mirrored my frown. “Are you trying to ruin my party? Why are you still here? You should be downstairs, greeting the guest. Ellie’s already down, so why aren’t you?”

The plan was to stall until my hard-on went away, but with Heidi looking like *that*, I was a lost cause. At this rate, I had to rub one out before I could show myself, and even then I doubted it would do anything.

“Did something happen?” Heidi stepped closer and Coco began yapping louder, so I scooped her up and tried to calm her down. “Is that why Ellie looks so pissed?”

“Leave it, Heidi.” I glared at her, trying to look angry and not horny.

Heidi just stared at me back, so I turned my attention towards my puppy, and after more petting and soft words, she calmed down, licking my hand.

“That’s a nice suit,” Heidi commented. “Shame about the boner.”

Fuck. I had been trying to hide it with crossed legs, but I guess it was too obvious.

“Is that from me because you’re a sick fuck getting a hard on every time you look at me?” Heidi asked. “Or is that from our precious sister not pleasing you well?”

I kept my eyes down and my mouth shut, but somehow Heidi gained mind reading abilities.

“It’s from our little sister, isn’t it?” She chuckled. “I’m not surprised. She probably has a sex drive of an eunuch and probably just lay there while you fuck her.”

She was enjoying this. It was obvious from the leer in her eyes and the twitch on her lips.

I tried to ignore her, playing with Coco, but Heidi didn’t know when to stop.

“Dylan.”

“What?” I sighed.

“Am I right? Does Ellie just lay there while you do all the work?”

“This is inappropriate,” I said, and regretted the words as soon as they left my mouth.

Heidi burst out laughing. What was I thinking? Inappropriate? I was fucking our little sister. At that point, nothing would cross the line.

“I’ll be out soon,” I muttered, still petting Coco. She was still wary of Heidi, eyeing her even as she flopped to her side, asking me for belly rubs. “I just want to play with Coco for a bit.”

Heidi saw through my words.

“You mean you are just waiting for your pp to go down because you don’t want to embarrass yourself?”

I grunted.

I thought the conversation would end there, but Heidi was still standing outside the pen, the heat of her gaze scorching the side of my face alive.

“I can help,” she finally said.

I looked up. “What?”

“I said I can help.” She nodded at my tent. “Stand up and come here.”

“Heidi—no.”

“No?” She raised a brow, and I almost groaned at how sexy she looked. “Really, Dylan?”

I stayed silent.

“Stand up,” my sister repeated, slower this time. “Come here, and I’ll relieve that problem of yours. Then you can go downstairs and do your job.”

“Heidi...” I warned, but I probably didn’t even sound convincing myself. Ellie had ditched me knowing I was sexually frustrated, and our older, more attractive sister was offering me relief.

Any man would have jumped at the opportunity, but...

I was in a committed relationship with Ellie. I couldn’t cheat on her. I shouldn’t—

“Dylan?”

God. My name sounded like pure sin coming out from those red painted lips.

I shouldn’t. I shouldn’t.

My legs moved.

No, stop! Dylan—stop!

Coco whimpered below me, as if telling me not to do it. Not to hurt Ellie.

But I couldn’t. My feet had a life of its own as I staggered out of the pen and closed the gate behind me.

“That’s right.” Heidi stepped towards me, and then we were just inches apart. “You men are so simple minded. You think with your cock instead of your brain.”

Her gloats almost broke me out of her spell, but then her hand came to my pants, and I almost choked on saliva as her palm enclosed around my cock, her thumb rubbing me through my dress pants.

“Fuck,” I gritted my teeth. “Heidi—“

All she did was touch me, and it wasn’t even skin-on-skin contact. My cock throbbed, yearning for more.

“You’re going to break bad on our sister, Dylan, hmm?” Her lips were touching my ear, and I closed my eyes, surrendering myself to the pleasure of it all when she started nibbling. “Is that it? You can’t even control yourself around me?”

I groaned.

“Come.” She took my hand and started leading me to bed.

Fuck. This was bad. This was *our* bed. Ellie’s and mine.

What was I doing? What the fuck was I doing?

Before I knew it, I was laid flat on my back, Heidi on top of me, her fingers unzipping my pants.

I didn’t stop her. I couldn’t.

She giggled when she pulled my boxers down, revealing my cock, upright like a steel rod. The last time I was *this* hard was the first time I had sex with Ellie.

“Heidi,” I whispered.

“Hmm?” Her palm closed around my length, and I swore I almost burst right then and there, but I managed to hold it all in—just barely.

“Fuck...” I gasped. “Holy shit.”

She clearly knew what she was doing. She started pumping me very slowly, her thumb sliding across my pulsing tip.

“You’re so big, Dylan. What the fuck.” She shook her head in disbelief. “Ellie can take this? No way. Are you guys pretending to fuck? Are you both still virgins?”

She laughed at her own joke.

“She can,” I heaved, all my thoughts jumbled and incoherent. Thinking was impossible. “We... we managed.”

“You know...” She gave me a light squeeze then giggled when I gasped.

Ellie could never do this to me. When I was around Heidi, my resolve seemed to dissolve into nothingness.

“What?” I closed my eyes. It was just too much sensation. Ellie’s scent, Heidi’s sent, her touches and little squeezes.

“I haven’t touched cock in so long, little bro. To be honest, I’m probably back to being a virgin.” She giggled again. A high-pitched sweet sound that could trick anyone to believe Heidi was an angel. She was anything but. “Do you believe me?”

“I don’t know. I don’t know anymore.”

“It’s true,” she whispered, dipping down so I could feel her every word on my lips. “I touch myself... so... so... many times every day. I’m so fucking horny, but everyone is a bore and no one deserves me.”

She paused, blinking at me. “You’re not a bore, are you, Dylan?”

I didn’t answer her. Not because I didn’t want to. I couldn’t. I reopened my eyes, sputtering out groans. She wasn’t even touching me yet. Not properly. Heidi was just giving me soft strokes and even lighter squeezes.

It wasn’t a proper handjob, yet my body was going haywire.

What would it be like if we actually fucked?

Heidi must have seen something in my eyes because she smiled. “Do you want to fuck me?”

I just breathed.

“I’m not sure if I can fit you, little bro.” She leaned back to give my cock a slow once-over. “And remember all those months ago? I gave you a chance to bed me and you said no? Remember that?”

She released my cock and words sprung out of me.

“Heidi—no!” I must have looked like a crazy person with how wide my eyes were. “Don’t!”

“I’m going to leave.” She waved at me. “Good luck.”

“Heidi—please!”

She coiled a finger around a golden lock and twirled her hair. “Say please one more time, and I might consider it.”

Coco was yapping in her pen, the only constant reminder that this was wrong. And it wasn’t the ‘feel-good wrong’ that shot through me every time I pushed into Ellie.

This was just... straight up wrong and bad.

Ellie.

Heidi started to turn away and leave the bed.

No!

Fuck my dignity. Fuck everything. I *needed* to cum. And there was no way—no fucking way—I could get myself off after feeling Heidi’s touches. My body would never forgive me.

“Please.”

When she stopped and stayed silent, just smirking at me, I continued.

“You want me downstairs, right? If you leave, I’m not going down.”

She chuckled and shook her head.

“Oh, Dylan.” She was back, her breasts pushing against my chest, her lips an inch away from mine.

I didn’t think. I just went for a tasting.

Our lips met and fireworks flew. God, she tasted exactly how I remembered. Strawberries. But before I could really dig in, Heidi broke our connection.

“One handjob,” she whispered, her bright red lips glistening with our mixed saliva. “One. After that, you go downstairs and help me host. Deal?”

In the moment, that deal sounded like the best fucking offer I have ever heard in my life.

“Yeah.” I hushed out the word, my lips tingling with everything good because for some reason the worst things in life always tasted the best. “Yeah, okay.”

My sister winked. “Try and last a minute.”