

## Chapter 12

So many people. *Fuck*

And I had to entertain them. Plaster a smile and talk about things I didn't care about.  
*Double fuck*

Where was Ellie?

I leaned forward against the railing overlooking our main living room, surveying the sea of bodies downstairs.

*Blue hair. Blue hair. Blue hair.*

Where was she?

Not only were there so many people, music was booming all around us, fizzling my focus. And there were those stupid gold colored balloons floating in the middle of the room, spelling out 'ONE MILLION.'

I tried to be patient, surveying every spot of the room...

There she was. In the corner, wine glass in hand, looking ravishing in that tight blue dress and talking to... a guy.

Of course.

She was in social mode, a bright smile on her face, nodding politely as the guy babbled on about something.

He wanted to fuck her. Even though I couldn't make out his face from upstairs, his body language made it obvious. He was slowly shuffling closer and closer to my sister, as if she wouldn't notice his gradual closeness.

I had to get there before he did.

Leaving my spot and hurrying downstairs didn't help things. As soon as I reached the bottom of the stairs, some girl stepped in front of me and flashed her pearly white teeth.

Fuck.

I tried to make it obvious that I wasn't interested in a conversation, but she started saying how nice my house was, and how lucky I was to have a sister like Heidi.

The last thing I wanted to talk about was my older sister. We had just—

I squeezed my eyes shut, trying to hold back the overwhelming guilt that had just resurfaced, making it hard to breathe.

*Keep me together, Dylan. Keep it together.*

"What's wrong?" the girl asked. "Are you okay?"

"Yeah, of course. I just..." I opened my eyes. "Will you excuse me?"

She forced a smile. "Of course."

"Thank you." I continued my way forward, but in front of me, people were dancing, so I had to detour my way around them.

I could see blue hair in sight. I inched my way forward, slowly but steadily closing distance.

Someone grabbed my shoulder.

"Hey, Dylan," a man's voice boomed over the music. "Nice place."

I knew that voice. I turned around to see Adrian, my football teammate, grinning at me. He was with his girlfriend, an attractive blonde that I recognized from being in the cheer squad. I'd forgotten her name, but she was good friends with Heidi.

She offered me a shy smile, and I smiled back.

"Why the rush?" Adrian asked, annoyingly patting me on the shoulder again. "Oh, congratulations, by the way. No one here is beating Heidi's achievement anytime soon."

Why was he congratulating me on Heidi's accomplishments?

But then I remembered what Heidi had said about our reputation being connected, which was confusing because Ellie wasn't included in it.

Our little sister was also popular in school—a side effect of being too pretty for her own good. But she wasn't as well known as me or Heidi, and I had to wonder why.

Ellie was definitely the most 'well-adjusted' out of the three of us. She was kind, loving, gentle, and she also had genuine friends who weren't with her because they had something to gain, which was pretty much the majority of Heidi's friend group.

Maybe that was because Ellie had Lucia while we had...

Let's just say my mother was not the best.

Though Heidi would beg to differ.

"You have a beautiful place," the blonde cheerleader said, bringing me back to the present. She was speaking so low I had to struggle to hear her over the music.

"And a beautiful mother," Adrian said, chuckling, earning an eye roll from his girlfriend. "I thought with all the editing they do nowadays, she would look different in real life, but..." He finished his sentence with a shake of his head and a long whistle.

"Uh huh." I blew out a breath. "Hey, have you seen my sister? Ellie?"

Obviously I knew exactly where she was but I just wanted an out of the conversation.

"Ellie?" Adrian frowned. "Uh..." They both looked around.

"She's right there," the blonde said, pointing a finger towards the corner of the room.

"Thank you." I smiled at both of them before taking my leave, squeezing past more bodies until I finally reached my sister.

"Hey." I stepped beside Ellie and gave her a quick peck on the temple. God, she smelled fantastic.

Ellie didn't answer me, probably still pissed from our argument, but the guy she was talking to offered me a nervous smile and extended his hand for a shake.

"I'm Thomas," he said. "You must be Dylan. Ellie's brother."

I took his hand and made sure to give him a hard squeeze, making his eyes go wide with surprise.

"Sure," I said, dropping my hand and then nodding to the side, a gesture for him to get the fuck away.

To Ellie, I must be coming off as a possessive boyfriend, but to the rest of the world, my act could be played off as the possessive big brother.

He must have understood, because he nodded so fast, his hair might fall off. Then we watched him scamper off, hopefully never to be seen again.

Ellie stared straight ahead. "What do you want?"

"Come," I sighed, placing a hand over her exposed lower back and leading my sister away from the crowd.

I caught sight of Heidi eyeing us from the other side of the room. Even through the dense crowd, it was hard *not* to spot her, although I couldn't make out her expression.

I maneuvered us towards the west wing of our home, the only ground area that was restricted from the guest because our mothers lived there. I could feel how tense my sister was with how tight her back felt and how clipped she was breathing.

We entered into one of the empty guest bedrooms and I locked the door behind us.

"What?" my sister snapped, pulling away from me and turning around with her arms crossed. "Are you going to force me away from every man that talks to me tonight? Because you'll get tired of it real quick."

"Look." I dug my hands deep into my pocket. I really didn't want to look at her. The guilt and shame felt like bricks on top of my shoulder. But I knew if I wanted a serious talk, I had to look into those blues.

I waited a couple of breaths until I found the courage to glance up. And what I saw just made me feel worse.

There she was. So fucking beautiful. So fucking pure. And I had betrayed her. No amount of saying sorry would undo what was done.

I was the worst brother alive. The worst human in existence. I made Ellie fall in love with me. Then I betrayed her. What has she done to deserve this treatment from me?

Ellie must have seen the change in my expression because she dropped her arms and took a small step forward.

“Dylan?” She took another step. Fuck, she was so close now. She touched my arm and the dam almost broke. “Are you okay?”

“I’m sorry,” I croaked out. I could feel pressure building behind my eyes, but men don’t cry, so I held everything back. “I’m so fucking sorry.”

Ellie didn’t say anything for a while. She peered up to my eyes, searching, and when the pressure got too much, and I was about to spill out my worst sin, my sister spoke out.

“Is this about just now?” She pursed her lips. Pink lips I was desperate to devour, but unworthy to do so, especially when strawberries still tingled on mine. “It’s okay. I’m just angry, but it’s okay.”

“I just...” Blowing out a breath, I raised a hand and cupped her chin. “I don’t deserve you. You’re right. I’m selfish, stubborn, and—”

“No.” She bit down on her lower lip, unknowingly causing me agony from how extra sexy it made her look. “I mean—yes. Yes, you are. But I know you can do better.”

“I’m so fucking sorry,” I whispered the words like it was a mantra. “I’m really sorry. I fucked up. I really fucked up.”

“Hey,” my sister whispered back, pressing forward so that I could feel all those lean curves and all that soft skin hidden beneath a flimsy blue dress. “It’s okay, baby. It’s really okay.”

“No, you don’t understand.” I started to say more but her wide eyes stopped me. “I—”

“Yeah?”

I couldn't say it. Admitting I cheated on her was a death sentence. Death to our relationship, death to her emotional stability. Ellie was already fragile as it was. No need to break her even further.

But holding it all back inside seemed even worse. I wasn't as mentally strong as I thought.

"I..." I kept staring into her eyes, not able to tear mine away even if I wanted to.

"I'm sorry, Ellie," I finally managed out. "I'm truly, truly sorry for everything. I fucked up and you deserve so much more."

"It's okay, baby. Really." I looked down when she took my hand in hers.

Her thumb slid over the back of my hand, offering me a comfort I never received from anyone else.

She started pulling me towards the bed. "Come. I know exactly what would cheer you up."

"I don't think we should..." I started to say, but I didn't resist her, allowing her to lead me into bed.

"Why?" She said it so softly, the word breezed along my lips.

"I mean... we just had an argument over this."

"And you're sorry about it." She leaned in to press our lips together.

I groaned when she started sucking softly, offering me the first real sample of her on that night.

"I can see you feel really bad about hurting me," my sister continued, deepening the kiss. "Treat me as your lover, Dylan. Not your toy. That's all I ask, and you can have whatever you want."

"I'm sorry, my love."

"It's okay." Her breaths tickled my lips. "It's okay."

I could still feel the heavy guilt bubbling in me, weighing me down, contracting the lightheadedness Ellie was giving me.

Fuck. I could almost taste both Heidi and Ellie in the one kiss. I should stop this. Tell her the truth.

I should *really* stop this.

But I wasn't the righteous man I envisioned myself to be. Ellie was right. I was exactly like our older sister. Stubborn, selfish, egocentric. A textbook narcissist. But how could I know any better when I grew up with parents that prioritize outward appearance and status above all else?

Yeah, I blamed my parents. But I *could* do better than them. Do what my dad never did.

But—

"Big bro?" My sister groaned, kissing her way down, sucking a spot on my neck with those lips of hers.

Fuck.

Fuck it.

"Ellie..." I groaned against her lips. My greedy hands were already all over her body, undressing her, depriving my sister of her innocence. "I want you."

"How badly, big bro?" The top part of her dress slipped off easily, revealing tits I had no right to even look at, let alone touch. "Tell me how badly you want me. Show me."

I palmed her tits and squeezed *hard*, telling her exactly how much I craved for her. It drew a little whimper out of her, but we haven't stopped kissing, our lips still joined, tongues still intertwined, bodies still together.

Ellie must have been as desperate for me as I was for her, because out of nowhere, she straddled my lap and shoved me backwards. I tried to gasp for air as I hit the mattress, but she refused to sever our connection, pinning my bottom lip with her teeth, growling into me as she grinded our hips together.

Finally, she pulled back, drawing strings of saliva between our swollen lips. We didn't exchange words. The lust filled looks we exchanged were enough.

Ellie had become quite a talent in undressing me. Only seconds went by and my pants were already pulled down with my rock hard cock already in her warm grip. She offered me slow loving strokes, watching me closely as I reacted to her touches.

"Just lie there and watch me fuck you," Ellie whispered, her once perfectly styled hair now not so perfect anymore, with rogue strands of blue splayed down her face. She lifted herself up a little so she could discard her panties, tossing it off the bed where it was no longer needed.

"Oh?" I raised a brow. "You're going to fuck me?"

"Yes." She bit down on her lower lip, then curved her hips down to mine, joining our bodies as one.

My sister moaned, eyelids fluttering, lips ajar. I watched with heavy lidded eyelids as she calmed down, then leaned forward so she could whisper more words into my ear.

"Let me take care of you tonight, okay, big bro?"

I could only nod. "Okay."

The show began.

Ellie started by riding me, expertly bringing her hips back and forth, allowing my cock to bury deep into her. All of a sudden, Heidi's challenge of lasting a minute seemed like a joke, because I had to squeeze my eyes shut and strain my entire being just to not explode right then and there.

"Ellie," I heaved, gripping her hips tight.

My sister moaned, then she sped up quickly, riding me as hard as she could, and I was a little worried she might sprain my cock or something. Holy fuck. Tonight, she was like a woman possessed, probably still pissed off and just fucking her anger out.

"Ellie."



“Y-Yeah?”

“Nevermind. Don’t stop.” I watch as beads of sweat drip off her neck, rolling off the beautiful curve of her tits. The sapphires hanging on her ears were threatening to fall off with how hard we were fucking.

We really shouldn’t be doing this, especially when hundreds of people were just outside. If any of the party goers knew about us, our family reputation would be ruined.

Just imagine the horror. Brothers and sisters fucking.

Half-brothers and sisters to the public, but we knew the truth. We didn’t only share half-blood, but more. Way more.

“Big bro?” Ellie’s soft feminine voice brought me back to our ongoing sin. Oh fuck, my cock was going to explode. I wasn’t going to last another second.

I swallowed saliva. “Yeah?”

“Cum inside me already.” She whimpered. “I know you want to.”

I didn’t need any more invitations. With a groan, I poured into my little sister, and then she was a goner too, moans leaping out of her throat, her pussy squeezing me for more, fizzling out the concept of time.

It was just me and her. Her blues and mine.

I wished I could encapsulate this moment forever. Be stuck in an infinite time loop where I could fill her pussy for all of eternity.

But all good things come to an end. With a throaty groan, I reopened my eyes, staring up at the ceiling, content and spent. My sister giggled, then cupped my cheeks, leaning down so our lips were barely grazing.

“Feel better?” she asked.

“Much better. Thank you.”

“Last time, you helped me this way when I felt down, remember?” She gave me a lopsided shrug. “I’m just returning the favor.”

“Remind me to feel down more often.”

That had her stumbling into another burst of giggles, and then we were making out again, kissing until we had to return to the chaos outside.

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Four in the morning.

Jesus, the house was a mess. Empty beer cans, crinkled up plastic cups, broken wine glasses, and a bunch of other stuff littered the floor. I spotted a couple of wallets, pairs of socks... Hell, there were even random car keys lying about the place, making me wonder how everyone managed to get home.

The staff we hired for the party were cleaning up the mess, sweeping, mopping, and collecting the litter.

Aside from the cleaning crew, I was alone on the ground floor, standing outside, beside our pool that was also littered with beer cans.

Music was still booming, but one of the staff must have finally turned off the speakers because the noise suddenly cut out, lapsing everything into a dead silence. Digging my hands in my pocket, I strode forward and took a big gulp of early morning air.

I wasn't tired. Not really.

To be honest, I kind of wanted to sit down with Ellie by the pool and watch the sun rise. But both my sisters were somewhere in the house, having a meeting with our mothers. As soon as the last guest left the premises, my mother had gone downstairs, clicked her fingers, and told Ellie and Heidi to follow after her.

Of course I wasn't invited, but I was used to it. I actually liked being alone.

“What are you staring at?”

I turned to the sound of the voice I knew all too well. I had no idea how she had sneaked up on me, especially with those high heels she was still wearing. Heidi looked more tired than I was, with puffy eyes and a resigned frown.

“Nothing,” I muttered, glancing back into the distance. “Where’s Ellie?”

“Still inside.”

“Why are you here then?”

The last person I wanted to see was my older sister. I mean, I swore I could feel her amazing fingers wrapped around my cock...

Heidi was like a living, breathing sin. And I had sinned.

“During the beginning of the party,” my sister began. “I saw you leading Ellie towards the guest’s rooms. What were you doing?”

I sighed and took a quick peek around in case one of the staff might be eavesdropping. But we were alone in the dim darkness.

Should I lie?

What was the point, anyway? If I lied, Heidi would know. And judging by her eyes, she already guessed what we did.

So I did the best option and shrugged.

My older sister crossed her arms under her breasts and shook her head. “You’re disgusting, you know that?”

“Am I, though?” I nodded back at the house. “Father had both his sisters.”

“You think you’re Daddy?” Heidi scoffed. I didn’t need to look at Heidi to know she was rolling her eyes. “You’re not Daddy.”

I stayed silent, not wanting to argue.

“Does Ellie know? About...” Heidi shook her head. “No, if she knew about us, we wouldn’t be here right now.”

“That was a mistake.” I sighed. “We shouldn’t have done that.”

“No. We shouldn’t have.”

What followed was an uneasy silence, only broken by dull ‘clinks’ and ‘clanks’ from the distance as the staff cleaned up the house.

I shuffled my feet.

“We’re not going to do that ever again,” my sister said. “Ellie can never know.”

“You think I don’t know that?” I snapped and glared at her.

I didn’t mean to sound so angry, but I was pissed I surrendered to stupid simple pleasures. I wanted to pour all the blame on Heidi.

If she just never offered something so dumb...

If she wasn’t so fucking hot...

Heidi met my gaze, not backing off. But there wasn’t any harsh intensity in her eyes, just regret and guilt, the same as mine, making me return to my senses. Heaving a heavy sigh, I kicked a pebble into our pool, watching it skip.

“Ellie...” Heidi broke the silence, her voice dipping so low that if I didn’t take a glance and saw her lips moving, I would be certain I was imagining things, especially when she shook her head and uttered her next words. “She’s too good for us. For both of us.”

I turned to my sister. “I didn’t know you think so highly of her.”

She narrowed her eyes. “I love her, you idiot.”

“Then maybe you should be more forward with that love.”

Heidi snorted. “That’s soooooooo rich coming from you.”

Just then, I spotted Ellie in the distance, standing in front of our main door. She couldn’t hear us, but she was eyeing us, not sure what to make of the scene.

“I’m heading to bed.” I left Heidi and started towards my other sister, going up the stairs to our porch and greeting her with a kiss on the forehead.

She still smelled like an angel, despite the lingering scent of cigars and alcohol.

Ellie squeezed herself close, pressing all those amazing curves against my body. I couldn't help the unconscious groan that escaped me. God, she knew exactly how to press all the right buttons.

Soft blue eyes peered up at me. "You okay?"

"Yeah." I could feel our other sister's eyes on my back, and I was uncomfortable with that fact. I didn't want to think about Heidi, so taking Ellie's hand, I led her inside, heading upstairs.

Ellie gasped as soon as we stepped into our room. She let go of me and rushed towards the pen, much to Coco's delight. Excited yaps and pawing at the gate filled up the room.

"I miss you!" my sister squealed, opening the gate and embracing our pup. Ellie giggled when she was greeted with a tsunami of licks. "I miss you so much!"

Seeing my little sister so happy just made me feel worse. It wasn't like I wasn't glad she was joyful. It was just... I fucked up and she should know. She should know about what I did, and then she should throw hurls of insults at me. Call me the worst brother alive. Whatever. I didn't care.

But hopefully, after all the anger had been said and done, she would forgive me.

Yeah, I didn't deserve any empathy, but I couldn't lose Ellie. Not again.

And as guilty and shitty as I felt, I still couldn't get my mind off Heidi. I still wanted her. I wanted both my sisters.

How the fuck can I achieve that? How the fuck did Father achieve that?

He used the pills on both his sisters. Surely trying to reach that mountain of a goal had some impossible obstacles in the way. Or maybe our mothers were just fine with sharing?

I knew for a fact Ellie would never allow it. Heidi too.

How the fuck was I going to have both of them?

The love pill made Ellie fall in love with me. But it didn't seem to change her personality.

And why was I pushing my luck? I had one of the hottest girls in school, and yet I had to have more.

Sighing, I entered the pen and sat down beside my sister. She handed me Coco, and I gave the pup a quick peck on the cheek.

"We should clean up," Ellie suggested, laying back on her elbows. "Take a nice long bath, get to bed, and then..."

I raised a brow. "Then?"

She giggled, confirming my suspicions, making me stay rock hard.

"You're not tired?" I asked. I knew Ellie too well to know when she was exhausted and was trying to hide that fact.

She glanced away. "A little."

"You should get some rest," I offered, staring into her heavy-lidded eyes. "You already rode me enough tonight."

"You sure?" She twirled a strand of her hair around her finger. "I don't mind."

A chance to get inside Ellie? Who wouldn't snatch the chance? But guilt had me more understanding towards my little sister. She made it clear I was treating her like a sex object, and then stupid me had to betray her trust right after our argument.

I had to be a better brother to her. A better boyfriend. A lover she actually deserved.

"Yeah." I nodded. "Hey, why don't we do something fun tomorrow? Let's go take Coco for a walk around the garden. Get her used to being outside. Then maybe go for a nice lunch date after?"

I knew I was overcompensating. Walking the dog with her? Going for an impromptu date? That wasn't me at all. Sure, I spent the majority of my time with Ellie, but I was

mostly on my phone, only half-listening to her. And when we were at home, all of our 'us time' had been dedicated to bending her over and making her sing moans.

Ellie tilted her head, eyes studying mine. She stayed like that for quite a while, just looking at me like I had gone insane.

"Are you tipsy?" she finally said.

I was about to reply, but she touched my arm.

"No, I'm sorry." She tossed me a bright smile, then shifted closer to me. "That would be lovely. Thank you, baby."

"Yeah." I set the dog down to kiss Ellie on the lips.

"I'll go prep the bath." She mumbled, drawing back and squeezing my bicep. When I nodded, my sister stood up, and exited the pen, heading towards the bathroom.

And yet again, I had to stare after her and that ass, looking so magnificent in that tight dress. Over the months, I had spent countless nights fondling those supple, tight cheeks, and knowing my sister's body so well, I was adamant those were by far her best asset. Even better than her tits.

And... I was sexualizing her again. I needed to stop.

Maybe I was crazy to reject sex from her. I was a sex addict, plain and simple. How could I not be when the girl I was fucking was Ellie?

She disappeared inside, and my thoughts immediately wavered back to blonde hair and intense blue eyes.

Heidi was a mistake. I needed to be better for Ellie, so I made a silent promise.

For Ellie, I would be the best boyfriend ever.

I looked down at Coco and I swore her cute little eyes held the same question I was asking myself.

*How long would that last?*

