

## Chapter 13

I woke up to white ceilings, the faint smell of lavender, and the absence of a warm, weighted blanket. Nothing I was comfortable or familiar with.

Nothing familiar except for the delicious warmth cuddled up beside me. Closing my eyes, I shifted closer to my sister, pressing my nose against her neck, smelling sweetness.

She was still asleep. I could tell by the softness of her breath. Ellie never snored.

Finally, I opened my eyes and saw gorgeous golden locks covering the face of my sleeping beauty.

Blonde. My little sister had made the decision to go back to her natural roots. When she suggested the change, I just shrugged my shoulders and told her to do what made her happy.

Little did I know how little of a change made such a remarkable difference.

When her hair color matched the soft blues of her eyes, people never suspected we were related. We always received shock when we told anyone we were siblings.

They wouldn't believe it until we had to clarify we were from different mothers, and an 'Ahhh' moment would follow.

But now there was no doubt she was blood.

Yesterday, when we were working out in the hotel's gym, some random girl walked up to us and joked that we looked like siblings.

I think that she just wanted to get a quick laugh out of us, because we were working out in a way any couple would. But when we just stared at her in horror, she assumed her 'joke' had fallen flat.

Little did she know.

Was I happy about my sister's change?

Yes and no.

It was weird to have Ellie blonde again. I think everyone was so used to her beautiful blue hair, that after the change, she looked like a totally different person. Honestly, she kind of resembles Heidi now, and the last thing I needed was our older sister taking more real estate in my head.

But on the upside, sex had never been better. It felt like I was fucking a completely different person. I didn't know how or why.

She *looked* different so she somehow *felt* different.

It wasn't as if our sex life had been boring. I could never tire of fucking Ellie. Her little moans, her needy whimpers, her insane body...

Smiling, I slid my lips down, tasting the cold metal of the necklace I'd given her for her sixteenth birthday. She wasn't responding, so I started kissing her neck, and that had her leaking a sexy groan.

"Mmm...?" She turned to her side, facing me and rubbing her eyes. "Dylan?"

"Morning." I gave her my best smile, then moved my hands up her body, palming those amazing tits.

She returned the smile and leaned closer, offering me the first kiss of the day.

"Thank you for last night," Ellie whispered. Her voice was a little scratchy from just waking up, but it didn't matter.

Deepening the kiss, I skated my hands behind her, enjoying her ass the same way I enjoyed her tits.

We arrived in Singapore yesterday afternoon, and after checking into the hotel and unpacking, I brought Ellie to a dinner date at a fancy rooftop restaurant. The food was amazing, but the view of the city was even better.

When we had our fill of fresh oysters, delicious shrimps, tender crab and some drinks, we returned to the hotel where Ellie was more than eager to have dessert down her throat.

"No problem," I breathed. "You deserve everything, little sis. *Everything.*"

Ellie just moaned in response, too focused on my hands on her .

Over the past few weeks, I had been the best boyfriend I could be. Frequent dates, daily walk with Ellie and Coco, telling her how much I loved her at every opportunity.

In return, I had Ellie at her best. In fact, most of our sex these days had been initiated by her. It felt like the first week of our relationship again, and I guess this impromptu trip was our honeymoon.

But still... no matter how amazing I treated her. No matter how many times I told her I loved her to death, I still couldn't shake off the feeling of *that* night.

That damned party.

Every time Ellie gave me her 'I love you's', every time she smiled, it felt like a dagger to my heart.

Her happiness felt cheap. As if she didn't deserve to be that happy because of my betrayal.

The sound of ringing broke me out of my thoughts. We were still kissing, and Ellie pulled away to grab her phone.

"Mommy's calling," Ellie informed me, then took the call.

I sighed, then sat back on my elbow, enjoying the sight of my naked little sister.

"Mmm hmm." Ellie nodded, cradling her phone between her ear and shoulder. "Love it so far. Dylan took me to this really nice rooftop bar with yummy seafood. I forgot the name of the place but you should try it whenever you come here."

I just stayed quiet and listened. Honestly, it was endearing to see her chatting like that. She still had that bubbly glow around her, still had that innocent aura I had been scared to rip away after everything I had done.

"Mmm hmm." Ellie glanced at me, smiling like an angel. "No, we just woke up." A pause. "Yeah, we're still at the hotel." Another pause. "Mmm hmm."

It went on for another minute before Ellie said her goodbyes.

“I love you so much too,” my sister said, then clicked off, tossing her phone to the side.

“Mommy gives you her love,” Ellie said, returning to me and filling me up with her warmness. “And she also said to take goooooood care of your precious little sister.” A sexy wink. “Or else.”

“Oh, I’m taking good care of my precious little sister alright,” I said, rolling to my back and bringing her with me so that she was on top.

Ellie yelped, then spilled out little giggles. She was already in action, grabbing my cock and pumping me up. When I moaned and closed my eyes, she slipped me into her without warning. We both sucked in air at the sudden entry, but soon I was in heaven as my sister rode me with such passion I just had to fill her up.

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I didn’t have plans for the day, but Ellie had some.

She wanted to go to an archery range, so we spent a few hours in the field, holding bows and shooting arrows.

It was our first time, but Ellie was a natural, hitting close to or on the red dot time after time, making me question if she really was a total beginner.

Me? I struggled to even land on the fucking target, but Ellie played the cheerleader, encouraging and cheering me on, and when I started to perform decently, I was rewarded with hugs and kisses.

That was one thing I noticed about our time in Singapore. Ellie wasn’t afraid to display affection. Here, nobody knew us, so we could actually act like a couple in public.

Holding her hand was nice, but the envious glares guys threw at me felt even better.

When we were finished, we headed back into the air-conditioned lounge. There was a private showering area, but Ellie was uneasy about showering in ‘public’ so I drove us back to the hotel with the car we rented for the holiday—a sleek and comfortable Audi.

That was a fun fact about Ellie. She was reserved about showing too much skin, something no one would ever suspect, judging by our family name, her modeling pictures, and all her attention grabbing dresses she wore during social events.

I think she dislikes the attention it brings her—a complete opposite of our other sister.

I stepped into our hotel bathroom, and yet again I could admire a naked Ellie. Aside from my necklace she always wore around her neck, her smooth skin was bare.

“Come join me, big bro,” my sister said, her voice going all low and seductive. I knew what was up. Every time Ellie called me those two words, she wanted to get fucked—and fucked good.

I stepped into the rainfall and held my sister. We looked at each other for a few moments before Ellie started the action, bringing her lips up to mine and kissing me in several places—lips, cheek, neck, chest. Everywhere.

But before things got really good, her phone rang, and I almost stormed out to hurl her phone against the wall.

Fuck! Who could it be?

“It’s Mommy,” my sister said, answering my thoughts.

“Again?” I sighed. “She never calls you this much.”

“When I’m on holiday, she does.” Ellie walked out of the glass stall to grab her ringing phone from the vanity top. “I’ll keep it short.”

She kept that promise, cutting the line not even a minute later.

“Do you want me to blow you?” my sister offered, stepping back inside. And as if it was the most normal thing to do to your own brother, she lowered herself to her knees and pumped my cock with one hand, her blue eyes up on mine, pupils filled with pure love.

There it was again. A freight train hitting my chest from the inside out.

Guilt.

“Big bro?”

“There’s only one thing I want, Ellie,” I said, trying to manage the negativity down. Her hand was doing wonders, so I returned the gesture. Gesturing her to stand up, I took her slim hips and backed her up into a corner. She sucked in a sharp inhale and I casually dipped my right hand, going straight for her pussy. “You.”

“So take me.” She gasped, surrendering. She groaned, shuddered, leaned back against the marble tiles as I stroked and rubbed her clit. “Take me, big bro. Take... take your sister.”

“My precious sister,” I corrected her, not stopping my assault. When she let out another throaty moan, I slipped two fingers inside her, exploring her properly.

“Remember...” Ellie worked to meet my thrusts, eagerly rolling her hips against my hand. “Remember when we were younger? We... we used to shower together.”

“I remember.” I smiled at the memory. “We were inseparable, huh?”

“I didn’t know back then. I should have known.”

She shuddered again. Gasped. She was close. Very close.

“About what?”

“That...” She drew a inhale. “That you’re my one and only love.”

I should feel joy about her confession, but there it was again. The brick in my chest.

I wasn’t her true love. I drugged her. Made her love me. Cheated on her.

“I love you, Dylan,” Ellie whimpered. “I love you so fucking much.”

I sped up, ravaging her pussy. She broke apart with a shrill cry, knees collapsing. I had to hold her as she bit down on my shoulder to prevent the whole hotel from hearing our sin.

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We were supposed to head out to visit an aquarium. From the images on Google and the experiences people posted online, Ellie was excited for a romantic tour 'underwater.' But we had been... occupied.

"Dylan..." my sister breathed, sweat rolling down her beautiful back. "Oh god..."

We were in bed. Well, not exactly.

I *had* Ellie perched at the edge of the bed, laying face up and gasping every time I pounded into her pussy.

"You. Are. Mine." I growled, slamming in and out of her, hearing her moan and watching her blonde hair sway from every thrust.

"Dylan..."

"Say it," I growled and bent forward so our faces were only inches apart. "Say it, little sis."

"I..." She squeezed her eyes shut as I plowed forward again. "... am yours..." she moaned. "Yours..."

I haven't played this role in weeks. I have been nice to Ellie for too long.

Leaning back, I slowed down my assault so I could focus on bringing a hand to her clit, fingering and fucking her at the same time.

"Who do you belong to?" I asked, enjoying the way she squealed and writhe below me.

"Y-You."

"And who am I?"

"My..." At a sharp plunge forward, her eyelids flew open, and she gasped loud. "My big brother!"

"And as your big brother." Another plunge forward. Back. Forward. Sweat dripped off me. "I have a say in what my little sister does." I paused to breathe. "Right?"

“Yes,” she squeaked.

“I dictate your life. I choose what you eat. What you wear.”

“Yes...” She let out a cry. “Dylan! I—”

Quickly, I slowed down. I was razor close too.

“Oh my god,” Ellie gasped, eyelids fluttering.

It was fun to play this role again. Dominating Ellie was probably the hottest experience in my life.

“Good.” I stopped rubbing her clit and began fucking her *real* slow. Leisurely dragging my cock in and out along her drenched walls.

“Dylannnnnnnn,” Ellie whined. “Let me cum.”

“Shhh...” I hushed her. “I want to last as long as possible.”

“You do what you like, but let me cum!”

“Shhh...” I repeated, going up close and personal to her again. I sucked on her lower lip, savouring Ellie’s unique sweetness. “I want you to wear something extra sexy tonight. In your suitcase... I saw some special pieces.”

“You want to show me off?” Ellie retaliated by biting me back. Hard.

Fuck, that stung.

I responded by giving her a couple of hard thrusts, then slowing back down again, making her cry out in frustration.

That was her way of resisting me. To show me she wasn’t so ‘easy’. To show me she wasn’t my slave.

We had a fight about this before, but I had learned from my mistake. I knew how to push her to do what I want, but not push her boundaries and make her unhappy.



“Yes,” I whispered, taking those lip bites she was still giving me. “You’re going to catch every eye when we go out tonight. We’ll have a nice dinner after. Then we’re going to have a picnic.”

“Pic...nic? Tonight?”

“Yeah. I know a park. We’re going to spend some time there. Just the two of us in the middle of the night.”

Her eyes lit up. She knew what I meant.

“Come.” I slid out of her and patted a spot on the bed. “Go on all fours, my love.”

“Okay.”

I put one of the pillows below her so I would have a better angle and we quickly got into position. I was back inside her, fucking her nice and slow.

Surprisingly, Elle was enjoying the slow sex. Her moans were longer. Deeper. Sexier.

“You miss fucking me in public?” she asked me.

“Yes. And you do too.”

“I do,” my sister whimpered. “I miss it.”

“I’m going to make you scream in the park.”

“Don’t!” Ellie giggled. “I know you’re joking, but don’t!”

“Am I though?” I challenged her, speeding my thrusts.

“D-Dylan!”

“I’m not going to cum.” I told her. “You will. I’ll save myself for tonight’s picnic and go fucking insane on you.”

“Don’t!” She half-laughed, half-moaned. “Seriously!”

Ellie started moving her hips back and forth, matching my rhythm. "Cum inside me, baby."

It actually took *all* off me not to explode. She was squeezing her pussy so tight and ramming herself against me, desperate for my cum.

But I won in the end when Ellie jerked suddenly, then screamed out my name. But I still kept going, riding through her orgasm with her.

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"Don't go too hard tonight," she whispered into my ear as we walked forward, looking at the countless fishes that had all sorts of wild colors.

There was even a shark, and it swam right above us, making Ellie squeal in fear.

We continued through the tunnel.

"How can I not when you're dressed like this?" I whispered back, giving my sister a quick squeeze on her ass. Hopefully no one saw that.

Or maybe they should.

"Dylan!" She squeezed herself closer, even though we were glued together already. She nestled in my arms, her chin on my shoulder. "I'm serious."

"Love." Stopping us, I told her the truth. "I'm not going to do anything you don't want. I promise. Tonight, we do what you want."

She searched my eyes for a few moments before nodding and we continued along.

"How are you going to fuck me, though?" Ellie whispered, then raised a hand to cover her girlish giggles.

She knew how wrong it was to be talking like this in public. But we were far from home, and so she could afford to let loose a little.

"You're going to ride me on a bench."

She arched an eyebrow. "Oh?"

“Yeah. Reverse cowgirl. So I could taste those lips.”

“Oh god.” She looked around urgently, then burst out another set of cute giggles. “This is so wrong.”

“No.” I stopped us in a dark spot and cornered my sister up against the wall. “You’re my sister. We’re family and we’re close. There’s nothing wrong with what we’re doing.”

Ellie bit down on her bottom lip and sneaked a peek behind me. There were people, but I didn’t care.

She didn’t even stop me when I took her chin and brought my lips to hers, parting them with a stroke of my tongue.

I was really loving this adventurous side of Ellie. We should go on more holidays.

“Be a good sister,” I hushed out the words, pulling back. “Stay close to me, stay happy, look beautiful, and I’ll make you cum a dozen times later.”

She bit down on her lips again. This time, she didn’t even bother to look around. Her gaze was nailed to mine. Honestly, if I stripped her down and fuck her right then, she wouldn’t even object.

“Promise?” she asked.

“Promise.”

“I think...” We finally broke eye contact. She flicked her blues down south, then went back to my lips. “Maybe... we should skip dinner?”

“Remember what I said.” Grabbing her hand, I started for the exit. “We do anything you want.”

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“Give me your panties.”

“No!”

“Hand them over, Ellie.”

She stayed silent for a moment.

“No one will see, right?”

“No.”

I wasn't lying. The park was well lit, but it was empty, and we were in the deepest corner, hidden behind trees and bushes where light didn't reach us.

I couldn't see her well, but I could tell she was moving, and soon, I felt lace on my hand.

“Good girl.” I crumpled her underwear and shoved them into my pocket. “You're such a good sister tonight, Ellie.”

She slapped my arm. “Stop reminding me I'm your sister! It's makes me feel all tingly and wrong inside.”

“You're my sister, though.”

“Half-sister.”

“No.” I found her neck and squeezed. She gasped. “Not just half.”

“Big bro...” She grabbed my wrist. “Do you want to...”

“To...?”

At that point, what could she possibly say? There was no ‘do you want to?’. We already sailed past all boundaries.

“Mommy and Daddy...” I could feel her every word on my lips. “Are we... are we going down that route too?”

Oh.

“Do you mean getting married?” I asked. “Growing a family together?”

“Yeah.”

I wished I could see her then. I wanted to look into those blues.

“I mean...” she continued. “We already have a family and I love my family. But...”

A long pause.

“Maybe we could... grow it?”

My head was spinning. Fuck, I really wished I could see her. “I thought you didn’t want kids yet?”

“Not yet. But...” She inhaled. “Maybe in my twenties. Mid twenties, maybe? I don’t know. Mommy had me in her late twenties, but I don’t want to wait that long.”

Fuck. Fuck.

*Are we really talking about plans to start a family? After... after what I did? No.*

Ellie noticed my silence. “I mean, we don’t need to rush things. We could just make a promise now to... you know... to start a life together in the future.”

I didn’t know what to say.

“I...” Ellie was having difficulty speaking straight. “I... bought something for you.”

I frowned. “What?”

“Yeah. It’s in my purse. Could you grab it for me, baby?”

Confused, I reached into the darkness and felt her bag. Silently, I handed it over.

She fumbled around for a good twenty seconds before she suddenly stopped moving.

“I know this is weird, and maybe not romantic at all with the darkness and all that. Personally, the fact that we can’t see makes it more intimate, so...”

“Ellie, what is this?”

“Umm...” She cleared her throat. I saw her shifting again, but I didn’t know exactly what she was doing until she spoke out. “You gave me this necklace a couple of years ago. I guess... I want to return the favor.”

I looked down to where her other hand should be at, staring into the void. I could roughly make out the shape of a small box.

Shit.

“You... you got me a necklace, too?”

“Yeah.” She cleared her throat again. “You don’t have to wear it. But I’d love it if you do. Maybe... maybe see it like a ‘promise ring’ thing? I wear yours, you wear mine.”

“Ellie...”

“I love you.”

I felt cold metal on my palm. Yeah, it was definitely a necklace.

“I love you so much it hurts,” she whispered, voice cracking. “I—I want to be together with you for the rest of my life.”

Shit.

“D-Dylan?” Her beautiful voice broke in the darkness. “Say something.”

“I...”

“Do you not feel the same way?” She was crying. Fuck, she was crying. “Do... do—”

“No.” I shook my head then grabbed both her wrist. “I want to be with you, too. Forever.”

“Then... then why are you...?”

“I can’t accept this, Ellie. This gift. I don’t deserve it.”

“What’re you talking about? You of all people deserve—”

“No,” I cut her off. “No, I don’t.”

There it was again. Overwhelming heaviness against my chest, neck, shoulders. It was so bad I had to hunch over, gasping for breath.

“Dylan? Are you okay?”

“Yeah.” I squeezed her hand. “Yeah.”

“Why?” She sniffed. “Why are you saying you don’t deserve this?”

“I...” I blinked, looking down at her hands and her gift I was still clutching with her. “I can’t.”

“But why, Dylan? Tell me.”

Another wave of silence. A million thoughts ran through my mind, and I didn’t know where to start.

Ellie was close again. She pushed forward, our hands still joined, her lips close to mine.

“Tell me, my love. You can tell me anything.”

She deserved the fucking truth.

“Re...” I took a deep breath. Gulped. *Here goes nothing.* “Remember the night Heidi hosted her party?”

A gasp. She dropped her hand from mine. I heard the necklace hitting the ground.

She knew where I was going with this. She fucking knew.

Just not with who.

“I...” I sighed. “Heidi...”

“Heidi?” Even though I couldn’t see her, I could hear she was losing it. Her voice cracked. “You and Heidi?”

“We didn’t... you know.” I sighed again. “After our argument... you know.. I—I was still... you know, whatever. After you left, Heidi came in demanding why I wasn’t downstairs. She—”

Ellie said nothing. Just weeped.

“She...” I sighed. “She saw me... and she offered... to... she offered a solution.”

“Why?” Ellie stood up, then took a step back into the light. I could her face then. A weeping mess, eyes puffy, lips trembling badly.

“Why? Tell me why?”

My heart. It was fucking in a million pieces. No, I shouldn’t have sympathy for myself.

“It was a mistake. A bad mistake—”

“Dylan!” Her voice was growing louder. “Why?!”

“You already know...” I gulped. “I have... feelings towards Heidi too. You’re my sisters. I love you both and—”

“Don’t talk about love!” she screamed. “Don’t fucking talk about love!”

“Ellie—” I started for her.

“Don’t!” She shoved me and I let her. I stumbled back, feeling crushed.

“Please—” I begged her. “Let me explain. Please, just—”

She ran. I didn’t know exactly what happened, but before I knew it, she was bolting away.

Fuck! FUCK!

My first instinct was to run after her, but the necklace—

She bought it for me. It was a symbol of our past, present, our fucking future.



I scrambled to the ground and thank fuck, I immediately felt metal. I felt her purse too, and then, with mud and dirt on my hands, I was after her.

I was fast, but Ellie did track in our school. She was the best.

As I sprinted towards her, I saw her kick off her high heels. I wasn't making any distance. I was losing her.

Fuck!

"Ellie!" I screamed. "Ellie!"

She didn't stop.

She made a hard left, running out of the park—towards the main road.

No! NO!

I dropped everything. The purse, the necklace. Mustering up everything I had, I dashed towards her.

"Ellie!" I shouted. "Ellie—wait!"

It was close to midnight, but there were still cars, honks, blares, and bright lights. I didn't know what happened. I just saw a speck of her in the distance, still running, forcing cars to a sudden halt. The whole road was alive with honks.

I ran after her, not a care for my life as people screamed out of their car windows. Miraculously, the worst didn't happen. Ellie made it to the sidewalk first, and then I was next, ten seconds behind.

Faster! Faster!

Ellie made another hard left, disappearing from sight, and then—screams.

No.

I made the same left and saw Ellie flat on the ground. A man was also on the pavement, groaning and nursing his right shoulder.

“Ellie!” I scrambled to my sister, kneeling down, checking for any signs of injury. Her elbows were bruised, but not that badly, and then I turned her around, and saw more cuts on her knees and wrists.

“Get away!” Ellie screamed, her make-up ruined with all the tears dripping down. She tried to get up to her feet, but I held her down.

The man she bumped into was beside us a few seconds later, not sure what to make of the situation.

“It’s okay, it’s okay.” I told him, out of breath. “She’s my sister.”

“I’m not! I’M NOT! GET... GET THE FUCK OFF ME!”

The man made a decision right then and there.

He shoved me away, and the force of it made me snapped. I shove him back, much harder, and then he was flat on the ground again.

“Ellie—please.” I refocused my attention back to my weeping sister. “Please calm down.”

She cried and cried, still struggling, still in pain.

The man was in the corner of my eyes again, and I instantly knew from the way he was approaching, he had bad intentions. I couldn’t control my sister and fight him off at the same time, so I made the smart decision and let her go, rushing up to my feet to face him.

He wasn’t big, and certainly not strong as I was, but he had determination in his eyes. He threw the first punch, and I saw it coming, ducking to the side. I didn’t punch him back—I didn’t want to, but I gave him a hard shove again, tumbling him back to stone. With a heave, I turned back to Ellie.

Thankfully, she was still there. My sister just sat there, back against the brick wall, her dress a mess, her skin bruised and cut in several places. And I still had her panties. Her modesty was exposed, but she didn’t seem to care in the slightest.

“Please.” I held up a hand to the man. He was back up, ready for another round. “She’s my sister. I’m going to get her to the hospital, so fuck off. You don’t want this.”

The man stared at me, my sister, back to me, back to my sister. The last shove must have made him more clear minded because he wasn’t advancing anymore, just wearily looking between us, unsure and confused.

“She’s my sister,” I repeated. “I’m going to get her to the hospital.” I flicked my chin to the side. “Go. Now.”

“M-Miss?” he croaked out. “Are you okay?”

Ellie didn’t reply. She wasn’t really crying anymore. Just had her head down, utterly defeated.

“Miss?”

I heaved a sigh, then strode towards my sister, going on one knee.

“Ellie,” I started. “I’m sorry. I’m so fucking sorry. But you’re injured and my priority is to get you to the hospital. Please, let me. Please.”

No reply.

Slowly, I took her arm.

Okay. At least she wasn’t resisting.

I helped her up. She wasn’t making any effort at all to stand, so I had to carry her weight, but it was fine. Not even giving the guy a final look, I slowly made our way back to the park. We walked and walked, crossed the road where we had caused a scene, walked even further until we reached our car.

I opened the door and sat her in the passenger seat before going around and taking a seat myself. I could retrieve her heels, her purse, the necklace, but that wasn’t important. I still had my phone in my pocket so I quickly ran a search for the nearest hospital.

With a last look at my sister, her hair a mess and down, her shoulders slumped, dress ruined, I took off, concluding the living nightmare.