

## Chapter 15

Thirty-two days in hell and counting.

Mopping the floors, checking inventory, answering sales calls, lifting supplies. My grandparents had been working me hard, making me perform tasks my sisters would never do.

My grandparents were plastic manufacturers, owning dozens of factories and almost fifty retail spots all over the continent. They mainly manufacture containers and straws, but as it turns out, if you sell millions of those, anyone could build a fortune.

I didn't mind the tedious work. That wasn't where the suffering came from.

Every day, I would send messages to my stepmother—my only line to Ellie. And every day Lucia came back with nothing from her. No answers to my messages. Nothing. My little sister didn't want to talk to me.

My grandparents were still out by the time I returned home from another exhausting day out, smelling like shit. Factories usually smell horrible, but industrial plastic? That was something else.

My mother was right—I have never seen someone work as hard as them. They were in their sixties, yet I never saw them home until seven or eight in the evening.

They were humble too. Yeah, I was living in their three-stories, five-bedroom house, but they had no private chefs, no chauffeurs, no maids. The only staff around was a part-time gardener and one housekeeper—only because they didn't have time to maintain the house. Honestly, I had no idea how they both managed.

Taking my shirt off, I tossed it into the laundry basket and headed to the kitchen to make myself a meal. I was still a novice chef, but at the very least I could toss things into a pan and not go to bed starving.

Deciding on what to cook was the most difficult part. I opened the fridge and searched the cupboards, finally resorting to a simple pasta dish topped with store bought bolognese sauce. I took the plate upstairs with me, walking past the numerous portraits hanging on the walls.

My mothers appeared in almost all of them. My father only made an appearance in a few, and it was plainly obvious which ones were taken when he had discovered the pills and which ones were after the fact.

Before the pills, my father was scrawny, and he stood away from his sisters.

The changes after the pills made him unrecognizable. He was bigger, much more muscular, and posed more confidently. In one of the photos, my mother was wrapped around in his arms, smiling and planting a kiss on his cheek. At that time, my grandparents probably assumed it was a brother-sister kiss and it was only when Heidi was born was when they couldn't hide the truth any longer.

I stopped in my tracks and stared up at the image of my pink-haired mother, who looked nineteen at the time. The similarities to Heidi were chilling. Same eyes. Same nose. Same full lips. Same crazy hourglass figure.

Other women had to use cosmetic surgery to even have a chance at the modeling world—and yet there was my mother, born to be a top supermodel.

I stopped daydreaming and headed to my room, locking the door and setting the plate beside my face-down phone on the table. Grandfather prohibited the use of personal phones while on the job, so I only had access to mine when I came back.

I could already guess what would be on the phone screen if I flipped it over. Notifications from Instagram and TikTok. People sending me useless reels or handing me party invites. Aside from my family, no one knew I was out overseas. No one cared. If my mother wasn't a famous supermodel or if Heidi wasn't the most popular student in school, I wouldn't be receiving all these party invites.

Sometimes I despise the small bubble I live in. It was all fake friends, landfills of drugs and alcohol, and constant stream of meaningless sex. Heidi seemed to thrive in it, but Ellie and I strayed away.

Ellie.

Sighing, I took my first mouthful of pasta, then grabbed my phone. The screen lit up, confirming my suspicions. I scrolled through the notifications and kept scrolling down until the very last one almost had me choking on my food.

I shot out of my chair, my eyes fixated on the name on the screen. It was a text message from—

**Ellie: Call me.**

I didn't think. I tapped on her name.

The line rang once. Twice. Three times.

She answered.

*I'm sorry. I'm fucking sorry.*

*Please forgive me.*

I wanted to say the words. But when I tried to speak up, my tongue wouldn't let me. My lips were dry, my throat was tight, and I just froze up. But I could hear her. And I knew it was her because I had spent every morning waking up to those soft breaths.

I breathed too, stretching the tense silence between us.

I was scared she would drop the line at any moment, but half a minute had passed and she was still there.

"Ellie?" I finally managed her name out. I didn't like how I sounded—like a scared little boy.

I heard a soft gasp on her end. Then—

"D-Dylan?"

It felt incredible hearing my name from those lips again. But I didn't like how she sounded— all choked up, her voice nothing like her usual cheerful self.

"I... Ellie." I swallowed. Why the fuck couldn't I say anything?

She sniffed.

"I'm sorry." I finally managed the words out. "I'm so sorry."

A choked sob.

Silence.

"I'm sorry," I repeated.

"Are..." She sniffed. "Are you... hard?"

"What?"

"Your cock. Are you hard right now?"

"What are you talking about?"

"You always get hard when I cry." A sob. "So, are you?"

"No. Of course I'm not."

"No?"

"Ellie," I sighed. "Can we not talk about this?"

"But.. I want to talk about this."

I closed my eyes. Fuck.

"Are you still there?" she asked.

"Yeah."

I heard movement on the line. A few seconds later, my phone buzzed.

"Look what I sent you."

Frowning, I set her on speaker and opened the image.

"Ellie." I swallowed. "What is this?"

"You should know. You abused it. Many, many times."

It felt wrong looking at her pussy. It was *definitely* hers. I didn't know when she had snapped the picture, but she was *wet* and her pussy lips were stretched out with two fingers.

I swallowed. "Why are you sending me this?"

"Are you not turned on by me anymore? Would you rather see Heidi's?"

"Ellie—fuck. No. No, of course not."

"So do I still turn you on?"

I pinched my forehead and chose my words carefully. I didn't know where Ellie was going with this, but it was clear my sister was not thinking straight.

"I... I'd rather... see you."

"So you're not hard?"

"Ellie—"

Her reply had me recoiling back. "Answer the fucking question."

Ellie never swore. It was just further proof she was not herself.

"I mean—" I shook my head. "Yes. Yes, I'm hard right now."

"When? When did you first get hard?"

"When I first heard your voice."

"Same." She breathed into the line and my cock throbbed. "As soon as I heard you, I got soooo wet. All I could think right now is your cock entering me. It's been so long, hasn't it?"

I bit my lips. "Yeah."

"Do you miss it?"

I knew what she was talking about, but I wanted to change the subject and talk about something genuine.

This wasn't the Ellie I grew up with. Her voice was cold and hard, reminding me of my mother.

"Miss... what?"

"Fucking me. Shoving your cock down my throat." Her voice wavered. "Making me gag and scream. Bending me over—"

"Ellie—"

"Shut up. Shut the fuck up."

"I'm sorry for what I did. I'm sorry."

"Fuck you. Fuck—" She burst out crying, and I fully expected her to kill the call. But she didn't, and I had to sit there and listen to her sobs, wishing I was there, wishing I could hold the love of my life.

"If you're really sorry. If—" She took a moment to compose herself. But even when she returned, her voice was a choked up mess. "If you are sorry. Then... then do me this favor."

"I'll do anything."

"Make me cum. Talk dirty with me until I cum."

I sighed. "Could we do this on FaceTime?"

"No."

"I want to see you."

"No."

Fuck. At least I tried.

I sighed. "Okay."

She continued sobbing, and it took a long while for Ellie to compose herself.

“Mom...” My sister sighed. “Mom says you can come home soon. In a couple of weeks.”

I perked up. “She did?”

“Mmm hmm.” My sister hummed, her tone instantly switching up. “Once you come home.” A pause. I could hear her breaths again. Soft, heavy exhales. “What is the first thing you will do to me?”

I sighed. If she wanted to have sex talk, fine. It was the least I could do for her.

“I’d take you to the bathroom,” I said.

“You’ll fuck me in that spot again?” A giggle. But it wasn’t the sweet, innocent giggle I was used to. This one was choked up and pitiful. “On the bench? I love it when you fuck me there.”

We had a dark granite bench in our shower stall, and there was a long period where I’d spend the majority of our time bending Ellie over the granite and pounding away at her. She would squeal so loud even the shower couldn’t dull her out.

“I know.”

Her breaths became heavier. Sighing, I relented too, sliding my pants and masturbating with my sister.

“Would you fuck me naked?” my sister asked. “Or would you rather dress me up again? Get my school uniform nice and wet.” She gasped. “You... you will tell me how much of a good girl I am.”

“Definitely in your uniform. You look so fucking sexy in it.”

“Shall I wear it now?” A pause. Heavy breaths. “Tell... tell me to wear it now.”

My throat was so tight, I had to swallow saliva a couple of times. “Go and wear your uniform.”

“Be right back.” I heard her drop her phone, but I didn’t stop stroking myself. I hated myself for being so turned on because she was crying, but I couldn’t help it. She sounded so choked up yet breathless at the same time.

Ellie returned a minute later.

“I sent you a pic.”

My phone buzzed. Using my free hand, I opened the image, greeted by a mirror selfie with Ellie in her school uniform. But it wasn’t the selfie I’d like to have because she didn’t show her face. I could only glimpse her neck and a tiny part of her chin.

“Do you like it?”

“Yes.” I sounded so hoarse.

“How close are you?”

“Close.”

“I miss your cum. I miss feeling so full of you. I miss hearing your moans when you fuck me. I miss the way you touch me.” She sucked in a breath. “I miss... fuck...”

“Ellie.”

“B-big bro?”

“You remember the spot where we used to fuck in school? Before our Mothers banned us?”

She was panting. “You were... you were so rough.”

“I had to cover your mouth. You were moaning too loud.”

“I miss fucking in public, too.” A pant. “Wait. Wait.” My phone buzzed again.

Clicking the attachment open, I was greeted by another faceless picture of Ellie. But it was the perfect picture because my sister did me the service of lifting her navy mini-skirt up, showing me just *soaked* she was. Her pussy lips were glistening and wetness was leaking down to her knee-high white stocks.



I sped up my strokes, and a second later, I was cumming. I knew it would take forever to clean everything up, but I didn't care. I gasped and moaned as I kept my eyes on the picture of my sister, and then I heard Ellie moaning too, no doubt ruining her school uniform.

We lapsed into a long silence. I could only hear those breathless pants that were keeping me hard, and it took a while for me to gather up the resolve to pick the phone back up.

"I miss you," I told my sister.

*\*Click.\**

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Twelve days later, my exile ended.

Ever since our first phone call, I kept in contact with Ellie. I'd come home from work, call her and then we would exchange filth until one of us came first. Sometimes it would be Ellie, and sometimes hearing her beg for me to return home and fuck her hard would immediately send me over the edge.

I tried having normal conversations with her, but my sister always shut me down. She made it clear she was calling me for one reason and one reason only, and she blocked out any other leeway.

So when the chauffeur picked me up at the airport, I was restless in the car, not knowing what was going to happen the moment I arrived home.

Nobody would be home except Ellie. At this time in the afternoon, Lucia would still be in her cafe, and my mother and my older sister would be at the modeling firm. Ellie had mentioned she took a break from modeling.

Obviously, that rash decision was my fault.

There was no sign of Ellie waiting for me outside the front door. As the chauffeur unloaded my luggages, I headed inside, all my senses perked up, listening for signs of my little sister. But other than the maids, the house was silent, and I sighed my disappointment as I headed upstairs to our room.

Ours. Was it still ours?

The answer came to me the moment I stepped inside. The room smelled different and my sister's belongings weren't in their usual places. Her makeup table was gone, her violin stand had disappeared, and most importantly, the puppy's pen was nowhere to be seen.

God dammit.

Dropping my luggage, I didn't even think before my feet took me out of the room, heading straight for the place I dreaded the most.

Coco sensed me first. I could hear barks from inside the room. The puppy sounded different. Louder. More mature. I wondered how big she had grown since I last saw her.

I reached Ellie's room, raised my hand to knock. Stopped.

Was it really right to come knocking? Should I wait in my room? Was this too forward? Was—

"Come in."

I stilled. Ellie sounded like she was right behind the door.

Drawing a deep breath, I grabbed the doorknob. Turned. Pushed through.

Ellie was indeed right beside the door, leaning against the wall, and we both froze the moment our eyes locked.

She looked the same. Fuck. She was so fucking beautiful. So—

No. No, there was something different about her. *Something* wasn't right. Her ocean blues didn't have the same glow that they once did, and she wasn't wearing her usual innocent smile whenever she saw me.

Of course she wasn't. Why had I expected the old Ellie?

I didn't know the extent of the damage I had done to her, but I would find out soon enough.

Ellie was tense, her body locked up, her arms crossed, shoulders stiff. My first instinct was to reach out and hold her, but her eyes warned me to stay in place—even if we were just a foot apart.

I sucked in a breath when my sister leaned forward. I thought she was going to kiss me, but she just shut the door and clicked it locked.

“Ellie—”

When she raised her hand, I already knew what was coming. Flashbacks of Heidi slapping me all came rushing back. The pain, the anger. But when Ellie made contact with my cheek, I could only feel pain in one place. And it wasn't my face.

I expected Ellie to be furious, and I understood why she did that. I hung my head and when she came forward again, I closed my eyes, accepting the next blow. But I couldn't predict Ellie. Instead of hitting me again, she pushed me against the door, grabbed my cheeks, and slammed her sweet lips against mine.

My body reacted before I could think. Muscle memory had me holding her body. Lust had me turning my sister around, switching our positions, and slamming her against the door. And desire had me kissing her back, moaning my pleasure as I tasted my little sister once again.

Ellie might have changed, but the way she kissed was the same. She still whimpered when I squeezed her neck. She still moaned the same way as I sparred with her tongue and licked every corner of her mouth.

Neither of us are showing mercy, weeks of pent up sexual tension and the constant phone sex had left both of us unhinged.

I missed this. I fucking missed this.

“Fuck me.” Ellie gasped, her tone filled with desperation, her nails digging into my left cheek, the same place where she had slapped.

Her words spurred me into action. I didn't even realize Ellie was wearing her school uniform until I was tearing into her clothes. Buttons snapped, fabric ripped, and Ellie shrieked as I stripped her blouse off and swept my hands under her hips, carrying her forward, towards her waiting bed.

I slammed her down and my sister gasped.

“Hurry—Dylan.” She started to take her pleated miniskirt off, but I kept her hands pinned above her, and before she could say another word, I was on top of her, kissing her neck, squeezing her ass, telling her how much I missed her.

Coco barked from the corner of the room, but I didn’t even bother to even notice the puppy. My body was throbbing with need. All I wanted to do was tear through my sister, all the guilt and pain within me evaporating in an instant.

Ellie wasn’t wearing a bra. Her tits were out, her ruined school blouse tattered on the floor behind us. Fucking her in just her school skirt seemed like the best option, so I lifted her skirt up, growling when I saw her pink, glistening pussy. I had my jeans and boxers tossed away, and before I could think, I pushed my hips forward and down, guiding myself into heaven.

“Yes...” Ellie arched her back as I entered her, crushing her round tits against my chest. Her lips parted, and her eyes fluttered close, showing whites.

“I miss this,” I grunted, gripping her hips tight and easing my way deeper into her. She felt tighter than ever before, her walls immediately clamping around the head of my cock, welcoming me back. “I miss you.”

“I...” She re-opened her eyes, showing hazy blues. “I hate you.”

“I don’t care.” I came forward and lightly bit her neck. That drove her insane. Ellie yelped, jerked her body up. With a moan, she pushed herself harder against me, forcing my cock deeper into her. “I love you.”

“I hate you.” We were already in a rhythm, our hips slamming together. Music to my ears. “I hate you. I hate you. I hate you.”

Her words goaded me to fuck her harder and faster. I slammed my cock in and out of her with everything I had, watching as her tits bounce from the force, hearing the bed creak under the pressure, relishing the high-pitch scream that came into my ears.

Ellie shuddered, moaned once. Twice. Shuddered. Tensed up. Threw her head back and screamed.

I was with her. As her body spasmed and as I felt her pussy squeezing me impossibly tight, I grunted my release, pouring into her pussy. The pressure was so overwhelming, I would be screaming with her too if I wasn't on her neck, biting, using Ellie as a crux from the pain and pleasure.

I was unloading too much into her, but I didn't stop, fucking her on and on until time stilled.

We ended the fuck dripping in sweat, our skin hot and slicked together, our chests heaving for air. She smelled even better, and I laid perfectly still, content in the moment, feeling so much lighter.

This was pure ecstasy. Holy fuck, I have never ever felt better. For months, I was in this constant numb haze, but the fog had finally been lifted, and I couldn't help but breathe a sigh of relief Sex with my sister were honestly the best moments in my life.

But the silence was short-lived when I heard her sobbing again.

"I'm sorry," I whispered, holding her close, still rock hard inside her, but Ellie slapped my hand away.

"Get off," she sobbed. "Please."

I pulled out of her and rolled away. Ellie curled up into a ball and covered herself with the blanket. It was only then I realized she still wasn't wearing the necklace I gave her for her sixteenth birthday, and the realization had my heart sinking.

"Go." She weeped the word out. "I don't want you here anymore."

Was my life going to be like this moving forward? I felt used, but I deserved to be used. With a nod, I turned around, picked my clothes back up, and I was about to head out when I stopped.

If this was going to be my life, so be it. But I ruined Ellie. Destroyed her innocence and robbed her of a proper love life.

If there was anybody else who should know about the pills, it was her. I owed her that. The truth of our family.

The full truth.

Telling her about the pills was terrifying. I didn't know how she would react. And maybe it was the guilt or maybe it was the high I was still riding from finally fucking her again, but I started turning back around, speaking up.

"I—"

"I don't want to hear it." She grabbed a pillow and launched it at me. "Go!"

Her weapon bounced off my chest. "No, you need to—"

Another pillow came forward.

"GO!"

"Ellie—"

"Do you want Mom to hear about this?" Even through her tear soaked eyes, there was no mistaking the anger in those blues. "I'll call her right now if you don't leave."

"Stop." I dodged another pillow. "You need to hear this."

"Hear what?!"

"The truth." That got her attention. She stopped her assaults and I continued. "You already know the truth about our parents. But I'm still keeping something from you. From everyone. No one knows, even our mothers."

"What are you saying?" A tear leaked down her right eye. "Are you saying there're more lies? You lied to me again?"

"No. I mean—" Fuck. "Listen. There is a good reason I didn't want to say this. And I didn't know about this until Father told me."

"What?" She shook her head, looking genuinely confused now. "What are you talking about?"

I tried my best to explain it to her. I felt like a moron, standing there with my hard cock still out, but I was adamant Ellie needed to know the truth. "Father left a box for

me. I was supposed to receive it on my birthday, but Mother forgot. She only gave it to me a few months back.”

“Daddy left you... something?” Ellie wiped her tears away. “What was inside the box?” She looked down and sniffed, her anger turning to sorrow. “Why didn’t he leave anything for me?”

“He... you’ll see. ” I put my pants back on and gestured for my sister to follow. “He left a video. I think... I think you should watch it.”