

## Chapter 16

I grit my teeth as I felt my little sister pressing up against me. Her warm hips grinding against mine. Her plump tits brushing against my arm.

A minute ago, Ellie had been distant and wanted me to leave her room. But as we were walking down the hallway to mine, she was clutching my arm and refusing to let go.

Luckily, she had dressed up because we passed Hella, the main maid who tended to Ellie and kept her room spotlessly clean. She sneaked a quick glance at us before looking away, and I had to wonder what was on her mind.

It was already an open secret that Ellie and I were together. It would be impossible to keep our relationship from the staff, especially when we shared a bed.

Ellie has not said a word since we left her room. I ushered her in mine before locking the door behind us.

“What?” Ellie whispered, her once soft, angelic voice nowhere to be heard. “Do you really have something to show me or is this another lie? Did you trick me here so you can fuck me in your bed?”

“I have something to show you.” As I went over to my bedside table, Ellie’s phone started ringing.

With a sniff, she took the phone out of her pajama pocket and answered it. From the way my sister was speaking, it was obvious who was calling.

Bending down, I moved the table aside and started digging my nails into the edges of the marble tiles, looking for the weak spot.

It had been a struggle to find a spot to hide the wooden box. My first instinct was to store it in my bank vault, but I wanted the pills to be close and available.

A perfect opportunity could arise and rushing all the way to the bank didn’t sound like a good time.

“Yeah.” Ellie sniffed. “Dylan’s back home.” A pause. “No, I’m actually with him right now.”

I finally found the spot and lifted the displaced tile, revealing the wooden box hidden underneath. It looked untouched, and I brought it out. There were runes carved around the box, and I took a moment to feel the engravings.

I heard Ellie padding towards me.

“Mummy wants to speak to you.”

Fuck.

“Umm...” I looked at Ellie, but she was eyeing the box I had in my hand.

I *really* didn't want to talk to Lucia. Even though she never raised her voice at me and gave me more love than my own mother ever did, I already knew what she wanted to say and I was not looking forward to it.

Sighing, I took the phone from my sister.

“Hello?”

“Dylan.” A chill ran through me as I heard my stepmother's smooth voice. I shouldn't even call her my stepmother anymore. She was my aunt, but she was also my stepmother. My family tree was so confusing.

I exhaled. “Yeah?”

“Be gentle with her,” Lucia told me. Even though her tone didn't change, I could tell she was being *very* serious. “Your sister is hurt, and she needs extra care. Be kind. Do you understand me?”

“Yes.” I glanced down at the wooden box in my hand. What I was doing wasn't kind. Ellie was going to find out the raw truth about our family, and there was no telling how she would react.

If she had another breakdown, the exile I had would feel like heaven.

“Good. I'll be back in the evening.”

*Click.*

As I handed Ellie her phone back, she nodded at the box.

“What’s that?”

I sighed. “Take a seat.”

Instead of our bed, my sister chose the other side of the room, sitting down on one of the sofas. I followed her and perched myself right opposite her.

“Dylan... what is that?”

“So...” I set the box down on the coffee table between us. “Your mother just made me promise not to aggravate you.” I rubbed my neck, not knowing how I had to approach this. Was there even a right way to do this? “So, please. Could you... could you now... like...” I looked at her, my mind blank. “... you know?”

Ellie sniffed, her eyes still red and tear-stained. “Break down for like the hundredth time?”

I shrugged. “Yeah.”

“You don’t have any say here, Dylan.” Her glare was pure death. “You lied to me. Again. Even if you hid the truth, I consider that lying. So just tell me what the hell’s in that box.”

I blew out what felt like the longest sigh of my life.

“So...” I poked the top of the box. “This... Dad left me this.”

“You already said that.”

“Yeah.” I continued rubbing my neck. “And I already told you my mother gave me this just recently, because she forgot to hand it to me for my eighteenth birthday.”

Ellie kept silent.

“Ellie... fuck.” I shook my head. “I really don’t know how to break this to you.”

“Just—” She went for the box and I let her take it. I watched as my sister fidgeted with the lock before she glanced back up at me.

“Where’s the...”

I handed her the keys.

Snatching it from my hands, she inserted the key, twisted. It opened with a loud ‘click’, and my sister didn’t even wait before flipping open the lid.

She saw the pills. Three pills sealed in plastic bags. Then her eyes flicked over to the lone pen drive.

“What?” Ellie was understandably confused. She looked at me. “Drugs?”

“No.” I motioned the box over, and she handed it back to me. “Listen. I already told you the truth about our family.”

“Daddy’s a drug dealer?”

I almost laughed. “No.”

“Then what is it, Dylan?” Ellie was growing frustrated. Her voice rose. “What the hell is all this?”

“I’ll explain everything. Just—” I motioned her to calm down. “Please.”

She nodded, then took a few moments to breathe deep breaths. In and out.

“Our family,” I continued when she wasn’t shaking anymore. “Our moms and our dad are siblings. You already know that.”

“The last one to know,” my sister added. “Am I the last one to know about this, too?”

“No.” I shook my head. “No one knows. Not even my mother.”

“Only you?”

“And Father, obviously.”

“So?” She bounced on her seat, agitated again. “Tell me! Stop delaying it. Spit it out!”

There was no way about this. I had to spit out the raw truth.

“The pills...” I looked away, not wanting to meet her eyes when she knew the truth. “These are love pills.”

Silence.

“... what?”

“These.” I sighed, pointing at the remaining three pills. “Dad made these, I think. I don’t know. But when mixed with... umm... stuff, and then swallowed, the person who took the pills will fall madly in love with the person who gave them. It was an accident—but...” I finally looked at Ellie. “That’s why you’re feeling this way about me.”

She fell back against the sofa. “What are you saying?”

“These are love pills, Ellie. And you unknowingly took one. It was an accident. I was giving it to someone else and—”

“Wait. Wait.” Ellie pointed at the box. “You’re seriously saying these are... like... love pills?”

I didn’t break eye contact. I wished I had her blue eyes. So bright and pure.

“Yes.”

“And... I... took one of them?”

“Yes. And that’s why you fell in love with me.”

“What...” She was still shaking her head. “You’re talking crazy, Dylan.”

“I know—I know. But you have to hear it from Father himself.” I took the pen drive. “In this drive, he explains everything.” Standing up, I gestured for her to follow. “Come.”

I led us to the computer and then inserted the drive.

“Sit.” I pulled back my chair for her to sit down. Standing beside her, I keyed in the passcode when it was prompted.

P-I-N-K

Another window popped up. A single file in the folder, named ‘To Dylan.’

Ellie was silent, her eyes fixated on the screen.

This was it. No turning back.

I moved the mouse, hovering the pointed over the video file. For some reason, my hands were steady.

I played the video.

Ellie gasped when our father appeared on the screen. And then...

Yeah, she was crying again. Fuck. I was dead.

And it was bad. Ellie was weeping uncontrollably as our father started talking. I thought of comforting her, but she made the first move. My sister wrapped herself around me tight and I felt her tears soaking through my shirt.

She was trembling so much, and I stroked her head, feeling her soft blonde hair. Ellie was the only one out of three out of us who took his passing badly. She locked herself inside her room and stopped coming to classes. But Lucia, although distraught, somehow convinced her to start attending school again, and it took several long months for Ellie to finally regain her cheerful, bright self.

I’d probably never see that side of my sister again. Ellie was destroyed beyond repair and there was nobody to blame but me.

Why did I do all of this? Why did I start using the pills?

Was it even worth it?

I tried to numb my mind to not have the looming questions unanswered. As the video played, I continued stroking my sister, focusing all my thoughts on her.

She smelled amazing, felt amazing. And I had just came inside her.

My father droned on in the background. I didn't want to listen to his words again, but I had no choice. He was apologizing to me. The first time I heard it, I was in disbelief. Looking back, I felt a huge sense of gratitude for him, and honestly, I could even forgive him.

But hearing him again, all I could feel was numbness.

He was explaining about the pills. And I could feel Ellie stiffen as she listened. She wasn't crying anymore. Just listening.

Father was explaining that our mothers was his sister. Ellie already knew that, so the news didn't get a reaction out of her. But when our father admitted he planned to use the pills on my sisters, Ellie let go of me, fully committed to the video.

Father was telling me to keep our bloodline pure. He was telling me to use the pills on Heidi and Ellie.

When he mentioned using the pills on my mother, Ellie gasped.

More explanation.

Then the final four words entered my ears once again.

*"I love you. Goodbye."*

As the video ended, I wanted to ask Ellie how she felt about it, but she bolted up from the chair and rushed towards the other side of the room.

"Ellie."

She ignored me, flipping open the wooden lid. She snatched the plastic bag and stared at the three pills inside.

"Three..." my sister whispered. "Only three..." She looked up at me, her eyes wide. The truth settled in. She gasped. "You used one on me."

"It was an—"

She pointed a trembling finger right at me. “You...”

As the word left her lips, I knew I was doomed. I tensed up for the huge blow out.

But then, the unexpected happened.

Ellie tried to sit down, and then her legs went wobbly. I couldn't catch her in time as she fell to the ground.

Fuck. Fuck!

“Hey—” I went down to my knees and picked her up. She was still conscious, and I didn't think she hit her head hard. At least I hoped not.

Carrying her, I set Ellie on the sofa and hurried to the other side of the room to retrieve a bottle of water.

By the time I was back to her, I knew she was going to be okay, and I gave a silent prayer of thanks. Ellie had her hand to her chest, and she was trying to control her breathing.

“Here.” I twisted the lid open and held it above her lips. “Drink.”

She craned her head up and opened her lips.

“You gave me the pill...” my sister whispered so softly. “... why?”

“It was an accident,” I whispered back. “It was meant for my Mother. You probably don't remember this... but on that day, you just finished tack practice. Mother left to pick you up and I used her absence to spike her water bottle in her study. You both returned much quicker than I expected, and then...”

“... I remember.” My sister closed her eyes. “The water didn't taste weird.”

“Father mentioned it was tasteless.”

“After that day... I... you...” My sister rubbed her temples, and I was actually impressed how well she was taking the news—baring her fall. “You wanted Mom.”

“Yes.”



"I fell in love with you. I..." She didn't open her eyes. "Now I know why you don't love me back."

"No." I tightened my grip around her, and that made her open her eyes. "I love you. Listen to me. I love you."

"You want Heidi. You want Mom. Not me."

"Ellie." I took her cheeks and pressed our foreheads together. "You have to believe me. I do love you."

Our lips were razor close. My sister didn't answer, but her body did. Her hands came to my face, and when she brought me closer, I let her complete our connection.

Her lips were dry, and her cheeks were wet. But she kissed the same as she always did, and I let myself go, drawing my hands down to her tits, squeezing them, deepening the kiss when she moaned.

"I love you," I heaved, tasting her in long, slow strokes. "I love you so much."

"I don't believe you." But she was still moaning as I squeezed her harder. "I—I don't."

"I do." Before I could control myself, I was climbing on top of her, forcing her to lie flat on the couch. I knew this was the wrong time to do this, but Ellie clearly wanted this, and I was never the one to say no to her.

With a growl, I pulled her pajama pants down, and then I was on her again, kissing her neck, hearing her moan, feeling her stiffen and gasp as I entered my darling sister for the second time that day.

Just thirty minutes ago, I had already stretched her out, so I could wonder how she was gripping me *that* tight.

She moaned my name out. A soft, choked cry filled with pleasure.

"Dylan."

“Ellie.” I bit her neck and started thrusting, giving in to our desires. She was writhing against me, pushing her hips up against mine, trying to get me deeper, as desperate for me as I was for her.

The kiss had been slow, but when it was time to fuck, I never gave my little sister mercy. I grunted, ramming my cock forward and back, my balls slapping against her ass cheeks, the sharp sound music to my ears.

Combined with Ellie’s little grunts, there was no way I could last much longer.

I came first, spurting into her, my heavy balls working on overtime. Then Ellie came with a shout. She clutched me tight, hands around my back, nails digging into my flesh as I filled her up once again.

A whole body shiver shot through me as I finished up, pouring the last rope of cum deep into Ellie. I felt her shiver too, and then I was heaving on top of her, feeling her hard nipples poking against my chest.

“If you love me...” Ellie panted, then tapped on my back, signaling me to get off. I pulled out and rolled over.

I helped her up to a sitting position. She sniffed and glanced down at her pussy, noting the mess I had made on her. I had filled her up to the brim, and whites were leaking down the sides of her thighs.

She took the plastic bag and retrieved a pill. “If you really love me...”

I knew what she was insinuating

She handed me a pill.

I looked at her. She looked at me back.

“Take the pill, Dylan.” I have never seen those blues that determined. “Prove that you love me.”

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A knock on the door startled us both.

There were only two people that knocked on my door like that. And it definitely wasn't Heidi because we weren't exactly on talking terms.

"Shit," I cursed. Looking back at Ellie, I helped her up to her feet. This time, her knees were steady. "Hide the box. The pills too. And wear your pants. Fix your hair."

*Knock. Knock.*

"Coming!" I called out, pulling up my pants and taking a quick glance at the mirror. I certainly didn't look my best, but it would do.

Striding towards the door, I looked back at Ellie once, let out a quick exhale, then opened the door.

My mother must have just finished a photoshoot. She was showing off more skin than usual—it was just strings and expensive silk covering her tits. Her back was completely exposed and looking at her was pure agony.

I had to try my very best to look at her eyes, and not wander anywhere below eye level. Her perfume was divine, and there was no doubt in my mind the photos she had shot would soon appear on a billboard or on a magazine cover.

I hated the fact that I was utterly in love with her. Mother never paid any attention to me, which fueled my craving for her attention even more. Maybe Ellie was right. I might love my sister more, but the desire to fuck my mother surpassed every other craving I had.

"Mother," I greeted her, only opening the door a crack. I had to hide Ellie, and most important—hide my still rock hard cock.

"Where's your sister?"

Of course. She didn't even bother to greet me. It was always someone else first.

I was about to speak, but Ellie came right behind me, peeking over my shoulder.

"I'm here."

Mother glanced over my shoulder, and I could immediately tell she knew what had just happened between us. My mother might look beautiful, but it was obvious who Heidi inherited her cunningness from.

Mother closed her eyes, sighed. When she reopened her eyes, it was directed towards me.

“Let me in, Dylan.”

I felt Ellie squeeze my elbow, but I had no choice but to obey. Ushering Ellie back, I swung the door wide open, letting my mother step in.

The first thing she looked towards was the state of the bed. Since we didn’t fuck on the bed, it was made, not a wrinkle to be seen. For a moment, I thought we might get away with it, but then her gaze fell to the sofa—and the signs of sin all around it.

Well... at least the pills were hidden away.

Ellie noticed what Mother was looking for, too. She tensed up as I did, but when Mother drew her attention back to us, there was just softness behind those eyes. She stepped forward and stroked Ellie’s cheek.

“My love, did Dylan do anything wrong?” Mother spoke out, her voice nothing but gentle. “Why are your eyes red?” Mother drew her thumb down Ellie’s wet cheek.

I prepared for the worst, but Ellie just forced a smile. “I’m just happy Dylan is back.”

Ellie was defending me. Did that mean she wasn’t as angry as I thought?

“You understand why I had to send him away?”

Ellie nodded. “I do.”

“Have you forgiven him?”

“No.” Ellie resisted a look at me. “Never.”

“But you’re happy he’s back?”

“I still love him.”

Mother nodded understandingly. "Your mother will be home soon. We're having a family dinner once she returns."

I started to nod, but I was completely caught off guard when Ellie spoke up.

"Actually, Mom. Dylan is taking me out tonight." Ellie finally glanced at me. "We haven't seen each other in forever, and I want to talk to him."

That was true. We needed more time to talk, but Mother clearly wasn't happy with that. She was silent for a moment, staring between Ellie and me before she finally opened those full lips. "Okay, but I'm sending Reed with you."

Reed was Mom's head of security. We didn't need security, but when we went to places like London, then Heidi or Ellie always had to be accompanied by two or three armed guards.

Mentioning his name on a simple date between us meant she didn't trust me alone with my sister. And that hurt.

"There's no need for that, Mom." Ellie let go of me to clutch Mother's hand. "We're just going to go for a quick dinner to catch up."

That seemed to work. My mother was always soft on the girls and gave in to their wishes most of the time.

"I know what you're worried about," Ellie continued. "Nothing would happen. I won't run off and get myself hurt. I'll keep close to Dylan. I promise."

When my mother looked at me and her expression grew hard, I knew we had her.

"Take care of your sister." Her words could cut steel. "Is that clear?"

I nodded, and then she turned around and left the room. It felt like I could breathe again, the tension in the air evaporating as soon as she left.

I closed the door. I still couldn't believe she had talked back to Mother. She had never done that before.

"Are we actually going out?" I asked.

“Yes. You’re taking me on a date.” Ellie went back to the table, and I only noticed her trembling hand as she tried to pick up the pill. “Daddy mentioned I need to mix my cum with it, right?”

“Ellie—”

She glared at me. “You told me you will take the pill too. Are you actually telling the truth?”

I sighed. “Of course I am.”

“I just have to mix my cum in? Then you swallow?”

I looked away. I didn’t like this. What would happen if I actually took the pill? And worst of all, if I did, it meant I only had two left. I couldn’t make my whole family love me if I only had two pills.

I sighed again. “Yes.”

“You don’t look happy. So you’re okay with me drugging me, but I can’t do the same to you?”

“I’m sorry.” I pinched my forehead. “It’s just... nothing. I love you, and if I have to take the pill to prove it to you, then so be it.”

We looked at each other, silent for a moment. Ellie’s handling of the truth impressed me. She didn’t show Mother how distraught she was. But I could tell from her tear-stained eyes, her quivering lips, and from how her defeated body language was, Ellie was forever a changed woman.

“I’m going to wash up,” my sister finally said. “I’m keeping the pill. Then we head out.”

“Sure.” I glanced at the infamous bathroom. Other than our bed, the granite bench in the stall, and the bathtub were the other places where we spent the majority of our time together at home. I wanted to shower with her, but I knew I shouldn’t bring up the topic. “I’ll wait outside.”

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I knew it was going to be a long night as my sister stepped out of her room with her high heels, her makeup on, and her hair teased up to the max.

Ellie must have noticed the look I gave my mother, because she had dressed up in a similar fashion. Silver-colored silk and thin silver strings held her tits up. The dress was so tight, it made her curves seem even crazier and made her ass look much bigger.

I frowned. "Are we going to someplace special or something?"

Ellie had mentioned she knew exactly where to go, but she kept the location a secret.

My sister pursed her lips. The lipstick had her lips looking more kissable than ever before.

"Yeap."

I gave my sister another nervous once-over. "Ellie, you do know we can't fuck in public, right?"

"Yes." She tilted her head to place her earrings on. "And?"

I shook my head. "You can't go out with that. There's no way I can control myself. We haven't seen each other in over a month and the first night out together, you choose to wear that? Get something simpler."

Ellie pretended to ignore me, pinning her other ear with diamonds. But had that small smile on her face, so I knew she was just teasing me.

I hate teases. The last thing I wanted was for her to act like our older sister.

"Ellie," I sighed. "Wear something else."

"I want to wear this." She gave me a slow spin.

I grit my teeth. "Don't test me."

"Too bad." She pulled her handbag up to her shoulder and then walked out, our shoulders bumping as she passed me.

I closed my eyes. “Ellie—”

But she was already out in the hallway, and I could hear her as she went down the stairs.

Yeah. Wherever we were going, there was no chance she would be leaving while walking properly.

If there was going to be an audience, so be it. They can watch as I tear off that slutty dress and drive home the fact that Ellie was *mine*.

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The fact that every guy we passed wanted Ellie had me nervous.

To make sure we wouldn’t bump into anyone we knew, I had driven us an hour away to the outskirts of the city. Ellie had given me directions to park and now we were on foot, and have been walking for a few minutes now.

I had my hands wrapped around her lower back, feeling up her curves, and we were walking side-by-side towards... somewhere. Every man was giving Ellie hungry stares and even though she had put on a long overcoat to hide the slutty dress up, my little sister was still a walking sex symbol.

My sister leaned into me. “I saw how you were looking at Mom. You’re in love with her, aren’t you?”

I didn’t know how to reply to that, so I didn’t.

“Are you just sick, Dylan? Why do you have to...” She sighed. “Why is Daddy like that too?”

“Sorry if I ruined your image of him.”

“Do you just want Mom? Or do you want... all of us?”

I stared straight ahead. “The latter, I guess.”

“But why?”



"I don't know."

"Is this all about what Daddy mentioned? The 'keep our bloodline pure' bullcrap?"

"No." I finally glanced at her. "Honestly... I don't really know how to explain it."

"I think you owe me an explanation." She stopped, so I had to stop too. "No more secrets, Dylan. Tell me now, is there anything else you're hiding from me?"

"No." I made sure to hold eye contact. "You know everything, Ellie."

She looked at me, glancing between my left and right eye. I was telling the truth, so there was no deception to be shown. Ellie finally continued walking forward.

"Why us?" my sister asked. "You had girlfriends. Were you never interested in them?"

"I guess I had them just to convince myself that I wasn't in love with Mother." Shaking my head, I continued. "It didn't work."

"So it was Mom first? Then who?"

"Heidi, of course. She looks like Mother and she's younger."

Ellie was talking about all of this as if this wasn't the weirdest conversation to be having with your own brother.

A good sign, I guess?

"And... what about me?"

"I mean..." I shrugged. "I always thought you were attractive. I'm not blind."

"But...?"

"When you first kissed me, I guess I saw you differently after that."

"And Mommy?" Ellie shook her head. "This is soooo weird, and I don't know why it feels like it isn't. I should feel disgusted with you, but I'm not. You ruined my life, Dylan."

“Yeah. I’m sor—”

“Don’t.” She gripped me tighter. “Don’t even start.”

“Yeah.”

We walked in silence for a bit.

“So?” Ellie pushed. “Mommy?”

“I mean...” I didn’t know what to say. I was so uncomfortable with the conversation. “She’s... very attractive. Again, I’m not blind.”

“But...?”

“I guess, I still see her as my stepmom? I don’t think of her like...” I shrugged. “That.”

“You better not. I swear, if you—” Ellie narrowed her beautiful blue eyes at me. “Do not do anything with Mommy. It’s already sick as it is.”

I glance at her. “So you’re not going to tell her?”

Ellie sniffed, then stopped us at the main entrance of a large building. I guess this was the spot. “I don’t know. I should, but I don’t know.”

I looked at the place we were in. We were standing in front of some kind of flower boutique, and I couldn’t figure out what my sister wanted. Did she want roses?

“Not there.” Ellie tugged on my arm and nodded past the building. “We’re going to the place two blocks to the right. Let’s enter from the back.”

Frowning, I took a couple of steps back to get a better look.

Ellie was bringing me to—

No.

I looked at her. “This isn’t a good idea.”

“Why not?” She pulled me forward, and with a sigh, I let her lead me to the back of the boutique before we made a hard right into an alleyway.

I didn’t like this place. It was on the outskirts of the city. It was dark and dirty, and even though Ellie had covered her body up, she still stuck out like a sore thumb. Maybe bringing security would have been the wiser decision.

If someone jumped us, I was confident I could take him on. I was a big guy and that was probably the only reason why we didn’t run into trouble yet, even though all the men were blatantly eyeing Ellie up and down.

I silently thanked myself for continuing my fighting lessons during my exile in Europe. Not only was I still boxing, I had several one-on-one mma coaching and I even spent many lessons sparring other fighters. It had been a welcome distraction and it forced me to stop thinking about Ellie.

But my mother's words to me were the primary reason why I forced myself through the additional hardship.

I had promised to defend my sisters, and I knew I had to be capable if the need ever arises.

But if there were more than two people? Three? What if it was a group? I tightened my grip around the pocket knife hidden in my pants.

“What are we doing?” I muttered.

“Having a good time.”

“I thought we’re going to dinner.”

“We are.” Ellie hummed a tune. “They have room service.”

I looked at my little sister carefully. I had my confirmation that Ellie definitely wasn’t taking the truth well. Because if she was, she wouldn’t be leading me towards a love hotel.

But my sister looked perfect. Her makeup was flawless, her lips were perfectly pink, and even though she wasn’t smiling, Ellie didn’t look distraught. She must have gotten better at keeping her emotions in check.

Or maybe she was still in shock.

“Stop.” I brought us to a halt.

She frowned. “What?”

“I know you’re not okay.” I sighed and ran my gaze down her gorgeous features. “You don’t need to pretend everything’s okay.”

“Since when was I pretending?” She glared at me, her frown doing nothing to downplay her beauty. “You just told me you drugged me. I’m in love with you because of some stupid pill. What do you want me to do?”

“Talk about it.” I cleared my throat. “Let’s talk about it.”

“Talk about what? Unless you still have something to hide, there’s nothing else to say.” Ellie turned and kicked a pebble. It landed against a dirty stone wall. “Do you expect me to break down again? Honestly, Dylan, I’m so sick of crying. It achieves nothing. I accept that my brother is a selfish, sick asshole. And I accept that my sister is the most selfish asshole in the universe.”

“I’m sorry.”

She whirled around. “Stop saying that!”

“Hey.” I stepped forward, but she slapped my arm away when I reached out to her.

“Don’t touch me!” Ellie took a staggered step back, all her emotions finally spewing out. “You ruined my life! I tried, Dylan! I tried to stop thinking about you. And you know what? I can’t! I—” Tears pricked from her blue eyes. “I can’t stop loving you. All the other guys—I... I can’t even have crushes anymore. Everything in my mind is you, you, you!”

Ellie stormed forward, and I thought I was about to get slapped again, but she just stabbed a finger at my chest. “Unless there’s a cure, I can’t do anything about this. So, take the pill, don’t cheat on me anymore, and then let’s...” She swallowed. “Let’s try to forget about it. Let’s raise a family. A proper family.”

I didn’t know how to react, so I took a quick glance around. Thankfully, we were alone in the alleyway and I relaxed a little.

Honestly, Ellie was being logical and mature. She wasn't acting purely based on emotions. She knew she couldn't do anything about her forced feelings about me, so she just accepted her destiny.

Ellie was still fuming, her breaths hard and fast, her chest rising and falling. But her gaze had slowly but surely slid down to my lips.

She leaned in.

"Ellie..." I didn't want to make out in a random alleyway, so I brought my lips to her first, kissing her forehead. "I'll try to be better."

"You won't." I could feel every word on my neck. "Stop giving me false promises. Just accept who you are. You're selfish. You're cruel. All you really want is to satisfy yourself. I can see through you, Dylan."

"I can change." I tried to say. "I'm still young."

"No." She leaned against me, and I had to bite a moan back as she used a knee and grinded against my erection. "You won't. The pill might force you to be loyal, but you'll never change otherwise. You and Heidi are the same as Mom. Even if you hate me saying that. You're more alike to your mother than you realize. Maybe you would be different if Mommy had you. But I'm all alone here."

She was right. Fuck, she was right.

"All I can hope for now..." Ellie whispered. "Is for you to take the pill. You'll love me as I love you, and then we can raise our children better. They'll be loved, cherished, and healthy. Don't be like Daddy. Be better than him."

"I'll..." I swallowed. "I'll do my best."

"You better." She hugged me tighter. "I don't want this cycle to continue, Dylan. Let's throw the other pills away. Let our kids have their own free will to choose their partners. We can stop this madness."

"You'll do that, right?" Ellie loosened her grip to look up at me. "You'll take the pill. You'll love me fully. You'll raise our children the proper way."

"I will." I nodded. Having Ellie as my wife was basically confirming me with a safe, secure life.

Ellie was the least narcissistic one out of all of us. Far from it. Our children would have an amazing mother, and I would have a stunningly gorgeous woman as my wife. My own sister.

It would be the dream life for basically every guy.

But...

No.

What the fuck? Why do I keep getting these insanely selfish thoughts?

When I pictured my perfect life, Ellie wasn't the only woman in the equation.

Stop. *I need to stop.*

"So?" my sister piped up, her voice hopeful, her blue eyes darting between my left and my right. "What do you say to our future?"

"I..." I gulped, then nodded. "I think it's perfect."

She looked at me, as if from far away, then the blow came.

I closed my eyes, my cheek reeling from the pain. The first time Ellie had slapped me, she didn't put much force behind it, but this blow had mean intentions.

If it was anybody else, I wouldn't stand for it. But I had two weaknesses. And one of them was standing in front of me. I sighed, then opened my eyes.

"Don't you dare lie." Her eyes misted over. "Don't you fucking dare lie to me."

"I..." Apologizing seemed like it would be an insult to Ellie. So I did the best thing and kept silent.

"You won't be satisfied with me." She choked back a sob. "With only me. You want all of us."

I stayed silent.

“Say it.” Ellie was trembling so much, I had to hold her tight. “At least owe me the truth.”

“Yes.” I choked the word out. “I know you won’t believe me, but I love you. I love you with all my heart. But...” I gulped. “I just don’t know why... but... Ellie, I don’t know why I am like this.”

I knew the next few seconds were probably the most crucial moments that would ever happen in our relationship.

Ellie looked at me. She couldn’t look away. I couldn’t look away. She blinked once. A sob spilled out from her lips. And then she came forward, and I felt her arms around me.

“It’s okay,” she mumbled. “I’m okay with that.”

“Ellie, I—

“No,” she interrupted me. “You don’t need to say anything. I see now. I see it’s useless to try and change what you are. If we follow through with the plan, I see that you won’t be happy. The pill might force attraction, but trust me when I say it can’t force happiness.”

“Ellie—”

“Stop.” She fumbled around, and I saw she was going for her handbag. I felt movement and then she passed me something. The pill. Ellie just handed me the pill back.

I stared at her.

“Use it as you wish.” She buried herself in me. “I don’t care. If I can’t be happy, then at least I can give you your happiness. Do whatever you want with me. I don’t care anymore.”

I have never, ever felt like the biggest dick in the world. With or without the pill, Ellie truly loved me, and here I was, not being able to reciprocate even an inkling of it back.

"I'm not lying when I say this," I told her. "I'll spend as much time as I can with you. I'll do whatever I can to see your smile. I'll—"

"Right now, all I want is kids. Mommy's so happy whenever she sees me. I think that's the only hope I have for a decent life." She sniffed. "Give me kids, Dylan. Sons or daughters, I don't care. Just give me them and I'll raise them myself if I have to."

"You won't have to." I stroked her, felt her shiver. "I know how it feels to not have a father figure. I'd never want someone else to experience what I experienced."

I felt her nod. Sighing, I pocketed the pill.

"Good. If you can't be a husband, then be a father."

She lapsed into silence.

"What is it?" I asked.

"I..." She swallowed. "We didn't use a condom this afternoon. And I'm not on the pill."

I recalled Mother coming into the room and seeing the evidence of our misdeeds. "Mother would kill us if she knows."

"I know. I'm sorry."

"Ellie, you're the last person who should apologize."

"I don't want to get an option two. I changed my mind about children. I want to be a mother *now*." She wept, and I felt every tear that came out of her eyes. "And I know I'm being selfish to not have told you I wasn't on the pill. So, I'm giving you the option now. We can go to a pharmacy and—"

"No." I took her hand in mine. "I'm fine with it."

"Are you sure?" She finally looked up. "We're still so young and—"

"Ellie." I squeezed her hand. I breathed her in. "After everything I did to you, I don't deserve permission. Not from you. If you want to be a mother soon, then I'll do what I can to be a father." I paused. "At least a better father than *him*."



“Thank you.”

Fuck. Ellie was too pure for this world.

“How many...” I gulped. I couldn’t believe I was actually discussing this. With my own sister. In a random fucking alleyway. “How many do you want?”

“Three.”

My eyes widened. “All... girls?”

“I’m happy with anything. But I’d like at least one boy.”

“Have you... told your mother?”

“Not yet. I’ll have to. Soon.”

“Do you think she would allow it? I mean—we’re still in college.”

She nodded and wiped a tear away. “I think Mommy would be happy. She probably wants me to finish college first, but... she would be fine with it. But, Mom...”

I thought about my mother. “She adores you. She won’t get too angry.”

We were actually talking about... whatever the hell this was.

“Maybe. But I don’t want to disappoint her. Ever. So I’ll have to get her permission. I think... I think I can convince her.”

“I know you’re obviously going for Heidi next,” my sister continued. “I don’t want you to, but...” She closed her eyes, hating what she was saying. “Heidi would also want children early. I want a good relationship between our kids. I want to have them interact like true siblings. I don’t want a repeat of the relationship I have with her. I don’t hate her, Dylan. I can never hate my own sister. But you know how she is. You know how she would raise her children. Do better.”

Ellie was actually indirectly giving me permission to go for Heidi. Even though that meant that Ellie was truly and utterly broken, I still felt a sense of happiness that I had the green light.

“Okay,” I said.

“And about our mothers... there’s still two pills left.” She opened her eyes and stared hard at me. “Is there no way I can convince you to leave them alone? They already suffered enough.”

I swallowed. “I have to make Mother love me. I want it so bad.”

Ellie’s lips quivered. “Please don’t give them the pills.”

“I can’t lie to you anymore. I’ll never lie to you again.” Gripping the side of her shoulders, I spat the truth out. “I have to have Mother. At the very least, Mother.”

“If you have Mom, you’ll go for Mommy too. I know you too well.”

“Why am I like this, Ellie? Why the fuck—”

“Stop.” She closed her eyes. “Stop trying to question yourself. You are you. Accept it, like I accepted you.”

I sighed.

Her warmth was so comforting. “Give them half the dose. Is that possible? Because the full dose is just...” She swallowed. “Half is enough for them. Don’t make them suffer anymore. I know you don’t think they deserve anything, but they treated me with nothing but love, so please do it for me.”

I nodded. “Okay.”

“And for the love of god, please don’t get them pregnant.” She squeezed me tighter. *“Please.”*

I closed my eyes. “Yeah, okay.”

“Look at me.”

I looked at her.

“Say it. Swear to me. Say you won’t get any of them pregnant.”

“I won’t get our mothers pregnant.”

What a crazy thing to say.

Ellie took a moment to make sure I was completely serious.

I was. Making my own mother pregnant sounded unbearably hot, but our family was already so damaged. I understood that we could turn things around and have a second chance for a healthy—or at least a healthier—family dynamic, if I start over with just my sisters.

At least I hope so. I didn’t want to break my oath. Not with Ellie.

“No more pills after this,” Ellie told me. “We have our kids. We raise them. We love them. We give them their freedom to live their lives. Also, promise me you won’t try to find out how to make these pills. No more pills, Dylan. Let’s stop this madness.”

I made sure I held strong eye contact.

“No more pills,” I repeated.

Yet again, she made sure I wasn’t deceiving her. Ellie studied me carefully before she was satisfied.

She sighed, sobbed, then started walking forwards, pulling me along—towards the love hotel.

“Now come fuck me.”