

Chapter 18

Drinking and driving was one thing. But having one hand on the steering wheel, and the other one under your own sister's dress...

I tried my best to keep my eyes on the road. Not only I had to send us home in one piece, one scratch on the Bently and I was toast.

"Dylan..." Ellie gripped my wrist just as I slid a finger between her legs, grazing the outside of her laced underwear. "We have a meeting with our mothers, remember?"

Right. I had completely forgotten about that.

Ellie had just helped me drug our older sister, and the mere fact that I had turned the family's angel into an accomplice was too much for me to handle.

I wanted to drive us far away, park at a dark, secluded spot, and fuck the ever living shit out of my little sister.

It would be a reward for her. Ellie loved to get fucked hard, but I'd be lying if I said that I wanted to do it purely for her.

Ignoring her words, I slipped underneath her panties and swallowed a smile when my suspicions were confirmed.

Ellie wasn't just wet. She was *drenched*.

My sister wasn't actively trying to pull me away. When I found her clit and started making small circles, she gasped, closed her eyes, and tightened her grip around my hand.

"Please..." she whispered, the plea in her voice all too obvious. "Please don't."

Frowning, I brought my hand away.

"Mom would know if we fucked," my sister tried to explain. "We can do this later. After the meeting."

"I growled. "What you just did..."

“I only helped you because you wanted it.” Even though I wasn’t touching her anymore, her breaths were still audible. “You made me like this...” She exhaled. “You turned me into your slut. Your *slave*.”

She really wasn’t helping my lust. Fuck. I just wanted to hit the brakes and pull her into my lap.

My hand was back on her thighs, and I used a finger to draw slow patterns over her soft skin.

She gripped my wrist again. Ellie was nervous that I would just lose it and fuck her. We were both aware that when it came to lust, none of us could hold back.

A moment later, I found the perfect spot. There was a building at the side of the road, and I smoothed the Bentley to a stop behind it and killed the lights, plunging us into darkness.

“Dylan...”

I haven’t spoken a word so far, and I maintained my silence as I got out of the car and rounded over to her side to open the door.

Ellie stayed perfectly still in the darkness, only making a move when I grabbed her hand and pulled her out of the car.

Her breaths were ragged and audible. I left my sister and opened the trunk of the Bentley in the hopes of something useful.

My eyes were already adjusting to the darkness, and I found exactly what I wanted. A clean white beach towel.

When I returned to my sister, she watched on with confusion as I laid the towel down before I stepped closer and took her pretty chin.

I pulled her into me. She closed her eyes, tip-toed up, and angled her lips.

The kiss was slow, full of passion. I sucked on her bottom lip, whispering how much I loved her, how much I *wanted* her, the things I would do to her the second we got back to our room.

Despite my sister's initial resistance, she was kissing me back with need, whimpering as I sucked, moaning as I parted her lips open with my tongue.

I didn't know whether it was instinct, or she was as desperate to fuck as I was, but her hand found her way to my erection, and I almost lost it when she squeezed my cock through my dress pants.

"Please," my sister begged. "We can't..."

What the hell was wrong with women? She was telling me to stop, but her tongue was licking mine, her tits were pressed up against my front, and her hand was on my cock.

Does she want to fuck or not?

Ellie yelped when I grabbed her neck and squeezed ever so slightly. She broke the kiss, strings of saliva hanging between our lips as we locked eyes.

She was full on panting, her blue eyes wide, her lips slick with our mixed saliva.

"I'm not going to fuck you. But..." I applied more pressure around her neck, making her gasp. "I want you to get on your knees and suck me off good."

She nodded quickly. I didn't know what was wrong with me, but I felt *different*. More animalistic, more hungry for her.

"Yes..." Ellie whispered. "Yes, Sir."

I loved this side of Ellie. My little sister was the opposite of Heidi. Kind, innocent, *submissive*. She was my personal cheerleader, encouraging me when I felt down, aiding me when I needed someone at my side.

The perfect traits of a little sister.

And soon... a perfect wife.

She was still teasing me, playing with my cock, and I was throbbing in her grip. Wishing I could take back my word not to fuck her, I channeled my frustrations by roughing her up, kissing her again, still squeezing her neck and swallowing her whimpers.

When Ellie was a mess of gasps and moans, I broke the kiss abruptly and pushed her onto her knees. She already knew what to do. Her hands were already doing God's work.

Seconds later, I was exposed to the chilly night air. Ellie was looking up at me with those eager blue eyes, waiting for permission.

I nodded.

A second later, warmth enveloped me. I sighed, taking in the moment. It was pitch black, and my own sister was giving me a blowjob in the middle of nowhere.

I couldn't help but shudder as her tongue glided along my length, lubricating me quickly, and then she was licking me and bobbing back and forth, pushing me deeper and deeper into her.

As pleasure washed over me, I grit my teeth and held my sister's head. Like a good little girl, she allowed me to dictate the pace, and soon I had my entire cock down her throat.

Ellie started gagging and coughing. Even though we had been fucking for a while now, blowjobs weren't a regular thing.

I preferred straight up sex.

But despite her inexperience, Ellie was eager to please. I started to pull back, but she shook her head, telling me she was okay. So I resumed my assault, pushing my hips back and forth, face fucking the love of my life.

"Shit!" I growled, already about to lose it. I tapped her cheeks, signaling to my sister what was about to come.

Ellie nodded, still sucking, still gagging, ready to swallow her brother's load.

I obliged. With a roar into the night sky, I let loose.

She gagged, gasped, coughed, but most importantly, she was swallowing *everything*.

I had no idea how she managed. For someone as small as Ellie, I had no idea how she was managing my size, but my sister remained calm as she did whatever she could to make me as happy as possible.

When I was done, I was on shaky knees, but I still helped my sister up to her feet. Cum and drool were all over her face, ruining her perfect makeup.

Taking my tuxedo handkerchief, I wiped the mess I had made. I was still horny as fuck. When it came to Ellie, one orgasm wasn't enough, but for the time being, this was enough to hold myself back.

When she was clean, I pocketed the handkerchief and gave her a kiss on the cheek.

"Thank you, my love."

She sniffed and looked away. "I still hate you."

Pulling my pants up and taking her hand, I led her back to the Bently. "You won't after this."

Ellie stayed silent as I pushed her up against the car, and without warning, I pushed her skirt up and slid my hand underneath her panties. It was the first time I had seen them, and Ellie was right. Like her expensive dress, her underwear was angel themed too.

I was making love with an angel.

"Dylan!" Her eyes shot up wide when I went straight for her clit.

But her body betrayed her. She rolled her hips against my hand, wanting to get me exactly where she wanted me.

"Shh..." I leaned forward and started nibbling on her ear, taking my time with my sister. "Just relax. Relax."

She did so, and I felt the tension in her evaporating as she gave herself to me. I made my way down, whispering how happy she made me, how much I loved her.

"You're a good girl, Ellie," I told her, kissing her neck. "You're a good little sister."

“I am.” She nodded, and I took the cue to slide two fingers inside her dripping cunt, making her squeal and hold me tighter. “I—I am!”

“You’re the best.” I was full on panting, loving how Ellie was reacting to my touches. She was shuddering and flinching every so often, and then I slid my ring finger in and stretched her apart.

“Ah—” She moaned into my shoulder. “Big... big bro.”

“Shh...” I started fucking her hard, thrusting back and forth, getting Ellie exactly where I needed her to be.

“Please...” I didn’t know what she was begging me for. She sank her teeth against my shoulder and started moaning. “Mhmm!”

I brought her over the edge, finger fucking my sister against our own mother’s car.

Ellie shuddered violently, and then her muffled screams lit up the air.

“That’s it, my love,” I whispered. “That’s it. Cum for me. You’re a good girl.”

Her orgasm lasted much longer than mine. Ellie moaned and shrieked. Shuddered and whimpered. When she was done, my hands were soaked, and her legs were slick with everything good.

Did Mother have a spare towel? I didn’t want to use the towel that had been laid on the ground to clean Ellie up. So I left my heaving beauty against the car while I searched for another one.

Luckily, there were a couple more to spare, and I made sure my sister was clean. I had been rough with the blowjob, but right then, I was gentle, making sure to thank and kiss her while I wiped her up.

Ellie reopened her eyes, and our blues met. “Mom would still know. Nothing gets past her. Remember when you used to sneak out of—”

“Yeah.” I didn’t like to reminisce about those times. “But we didn’t fuck. She won’t be too pissed.”

“She will!”

“She already knows we’re fucking. What—”

“We made a promise to her not to do anything in public!” I could tell Ellie was starting to panic, so I had to calm her down. “What if—”

“Hey.” Making sure she was looking at me, I took my chin and ran my thumb down her soft cheek. “It’ll be okay. Don’t worry.”

Ellie stared at me for a long, long time. When she finally broke eye contact, she looked to the side. “I hate you.”

“You still hate me?”

“Mmm hmm.” Her gorgeous blues returned. “You drugged me. Forced me to love you. I’m just your slave now.”

“You’re not my slave.” She tried to look away again, so I held her chin tighter and forced her to look at me. “You’re my sister.”

“Yes, but I’m also your slave.”

I shook my head. “What are you talking about?”

“I can’t love any other man.” She sniffed. “It’s only you now. You have all the power. If you ever break up with me, I’m fucked, and you know it.”

“I’ll never break up with you.”

“Maybe not. But you can punish me.” Ellie wrapped her arms around my waist. “I need sex, Dylan. It’s almost painful if I go too long without you. You don’t understand how the pill changed me. All I think about is you. All I dream about is you.”

I stayed silent, letting her continue.

“Remember... our mothers used to not treat Daddy well. But now we know why they married and had us. He used the pill on them. Mommy and Mom did whatever Daddy told them to. Have you ever seen Mom say no to Daddy before?”

I didn't need to answer that. We both knew she did whatever our father told her to do.

"You know how's she's like. Stubborn, controlling." Ellie tiptoed up to offer my cheek a kiss. "But she's a totally different person around Daddy."

"The pill made her like that," my sister continued. "I don't mind being under you. As long as you take care of our children and treat me well, I really don't care. I'll let you lead. But don't pretend you don't have the advantage here."

I sighed, letting her word sink in. Ellie was right.

"I don't see it like that," I said. "I'm as addicted to you as you are to me. If you keep sex from me, it would be a huge blow to me, too."

"But you have Heidi now," Ellie told me. "And I know you will get Heidi under control, just like Daddy did to Mom. Honestly, Dylan, she's looking for someone that's worthy of her love. She wants someone that can properly lead her. She wants someone who will always be there for her through thick and thin. If you set yourself as that person she can always rely on, she will do whatever you want."

I looked at her. "She told you that?"

"No. But it's obvious to me. She doesn't show it, but she's desperate for a man. It's just that her expectations are ridiculous, so that's why she's still single. Nobody is ever good enough for her."

I thought about it. Heidi might have the cunningness, but Ellie was all smarts. If my little sister said something, she was usually right about it, especially when it came to Heidi.

"I..." I wanted to kiss her again. Her lips were like a drug. Every time I kissed her, it was like an instant dopamine hit that never got old. "I'll never do anything like that to you, Ellie. You're my sister. I love you, and I owe so much to you."

"You do," Ellie agreed. "But don't pretend you like this power over me. You like it when I give myself to you. You like it when I call you 'Sir'." She paused, and we stared at each other in the darkness.

My little sister made sure I was still looking when she parted those sweet lips once again.

“I bet you’d love it if I called you ‘Master’.”

Fuck.

Ellie didn’t miss a thing. She saw how I reacted to the word, confirming her suspicions.

“You like that, don’t you?” My sister said. “You love this power...” She swallowed. “It’s obvious I like being the bottom, so our dynamic blends well.”

I couldn’t lie. I *love* what I was hearing.

“I’ll do anything you want,” my sister said. “I’ll always follow your lead. I’ll be the perfect wife. I’m even willing to share a bed with you and...” She grimaced, clearly not liking what she just thought about. “... and Heidi. As long as you keep our future children loved and safe. Agreed?”

How could I say no?

But I did take a second to review her words before nodding slowly.

“Agreed.”

We sealed the deal in the best way possible.

With a long passionate kiss that had me loving her even more.

“Dylan is not ready to be a father.”

I wanted to yell at my mother. Tell her she wasn’t even a good parent, so who does she think she is to say something as absurd as that?

But I kept my emotions in check. And Ellie was as sharp as ever. She noticed my clenched fists, and my sister placed her hand over mine to give me a comforting squeeze.

Seriously. How could my mother even say that?

I was sitting beside Ellie, while our mothers were sitting on the opposite side of the long table.

I didn't look at the person right in front of me. But I could feel her icy blues lasering my head.

The meeting seemed so formal, but it was always like that when it involved my mother.

When the silence dragged on, and everyone expected me to speak up, I finally caved in and glanced at her.

Long, healthy pink hair, enthralling blue eyes. Everything about her seemed as if it was crafted to perfection. There was not a flaw in her exterior, but I knew just how horrible my mother could be. She was so much worse than Heidi.

My stepmother broke the silence. Leaning forward and placing her elbows on the table, Lucia regarded her daughter.

"My love," Lucia said. "Do you really think now is a good time to be having a child?"

Ellie sunk back into her seat. She let go of my hand and started twiddling with her thumbs.

"I do want to start a family." She was speaking so softly, I wondered if our mothers could even hear her. "Like... right now."

"And what makes you want that?" Lucia was speaking gently, her tone full of love and understanding. "You were so focused on your schoolwork and sports. Why the sudden change of heart?"

"Umm..." Ellie gave me a quick glance before she looked away. "I guess being with Dylan... kind of makes me... think about my future."

"You're eighteen, love," Lucia said. "You're so young."

“But...” My sister trailed off, but she kept giving my mother quick looks, and it was obvious what she wanted to point out.

Mother had Heidi when she was eighteen too. They had started a family when they were young too.

“Ellie, sweetie,” Mother finally spoke out. “You have to understand. When I had Heidi, when I had Dylan, it was...” She sighed. “... not easy. Your grandparents abandoned us. We had to fend for yourselves from such a young age. I had to build my company while doing my best to take care of all of you. I didn’t get much sleep, or any time to myself.”

“But we’re stable now!” Ellie’s raised voice caught everyone off guard. “We have money. I’d still have you and Mommy. What’s so bad about me starting young when everything’s good now? I know it will be hard, but I’m ready!”

“And your brother?” Mother jerked her chin in my direction. “Is he ready?”

Once again, everyone directed their attention towards me. Ellie was holding my hand under the table, squeezing harder this time, silently pleading with me to somehow convince Mother.

I didn’t know what to say. When it came to speaking with Mother, I was a completely different person. It felt like all my confidence was sapped away. I felt like a kid in front of her.

But I tried. I spoke out as confidently as I could.

“Mother,” I started. “I know you don’t think I’m capable of raising a child. But I can learn. You say I’m not ready, but—”

“I say you’re not ready,” my Mother interrupted, her sharp words freezing everybody. “Because you’ve not proved anything. Have you been going out to maintain connections with your peers? Build new ones? In our space, Dylan, networking is everything. What have you been building? Why don’t you make a startup, fail, then come back to me? At least then, you could tell me what you’ve learned. What have you been doing all these years?”

My mother continued. She must feel really strongly about this and was letting all her emotions out because I have never seen her speaking this much.

“If you can’t even give yourself responsibilities, how am I expecting you to take care of my grandchildren? Do you expect me to take care of them? Do you expect Ellie? You’re a man. You’re supposed to lead and you’re supposed to take all the worst stressors off your sister so she can focus on the more important things.”

Yeah. She was actually lecturing me on how to be a good parent. It was pure insanity.

“I won’t allow this,” Mother continued. “I—”

Lucia intervened. My stepmother placed a hand over her sister’s, and Mother stopped. Both of them exchanged looks I couldn’t understand.

Mother was always soft on her sister. Even though Lucia was the older sibling, it was obvious she followed her younger sister’s lead. But throughout my life, I have never seen Mother raise her voice or even so much as argue with Lucia, and I didn’t really know much about the sisterhood they both shared.

Lucia took over. “Sweetie, how many kids do you want to have?”

“I...” Ellie brought a hand up and she almost made the mistake of biting her nails due to her nerves, but then she realized both our mothers were still there. Quickly placing her hand back on her lap, my sister continued. “Maybe...”

Lucia urged her daughter on. “... yes?”

“I don’t know.”

Lucia knew her daughter too well. “You can say it, love. We won’t judge.”

I was interested in what my sister was going to say, too. *How many did she want?*

“Maybe...” Ellie gulped before saying the figure. “... three?”

Three? Damn.

The first person I looked to was my Mother. I was curious to see her reaction, but she didn’t remain tight lipped.

“Three is good,” Lucia said with a small smile. “Sweetie, I now know how strongly you feel about this, and we understand you. We do.” She glanced at my mother before continuing,

“As a woman, having a child is the most precious feeling in the world. I’d love to share that joy with you. But what Ava means is that you both need to be more prepared first. Get more life experience, see more of the world, talk to more people. We think it’s wiser if you wait just a little longer, maybe a year or two, before you actually settle down.” Lucia gave her daughter another comforting smile. “Do you understand, my love?”

Ellie looked down at her lap, clearly not happy with what her mother had just said. “I guess so.”

The meeting was dismissed. Lucia and Ellie left together, but I had to stay back for a dreaded 1 on 1 talk with the only person in the world that intimidated me.

I didn’t understand how or why I allowed my mother to have such a hold over me. I was aware I was dying for her validation and for her love, and that I couldn’t be truly free if I placed so much power into that.

But... I just couldn’t let go.

I feared, hated, adored, admired, and loved her more than anyone else in the world. Nothing would change that.

“Come.” Mother stood up and motioned for me to follow her.

I did so, following at a respectable distance as she headed to her study.

Even then, I couldn’t stop myself but just... admire. She wasn’t wearing anything fancy, just clad in a pink silk robe. But the way she was walking... how I felt as I caught wind of her scent...

I was madly in love with her. More than I loved Ellie. Maybe more than I loved myself.

“Close the door,” Mother told me as I entered the study after her.

I did so, and I noticed her pink water bottle on her table, making me wish I had an extra pill at hand. I would love it if I could dose both Heidi and Mother on the same night.

Mother perched herself at the edge of her desk, then with a finger, motioned me to her.

“Come here.”

Multiple thoughts came up. The way she was sitting. The way she was looking at me...

Were we going to... fuck? I would do anything to fuck her.

Everything felt like it was in slow motion as I stepped towards her. I made no attempts to hide how ragged my breaths were or how fucking horny I was.

I was hard as a rock, and if my mother noticed it, she didn't do anything to make me aware that she knew.

I reached her, and then she was holding my chin. She brushed my cheek with her thumb, making me shudder. She must have felt that. There was no way she wouldn't notice the effect she was having on me.

“Dylan.” My name left her lips the same as it always does. Sharp. With intensity. But right then, it felt different.

What was going on?

“Yes, Mother?” I breathed.

“Do you want to be a father? Do you really want to make me a grandmother so soon?”

“I...” Swallowing saliva didn't help my speech. It felt so difficult to speak with my throat so tight and the air suddenly so heavy. “I... don't know.”

“You're just doing what Ellie tells you to do? She wants children, so you want children too?”

I blinked. "I don't know."

Suddenly she jerked my chin forward, and then for a moment I felt like what Ellie felt every time I did that to her. I gasped, and my body grew weak.

Holy shit.

"Listen to me, my son." Our lips weren't that close, but we weren't that far away, either.

What would happen if I made a move? How would Mother react if I leaned in and kissed her?

I wanted to do it. Being this close to her felt so fucking good. Pins and needles were everywhere, and she smelled so... so *fucking* good.

"You're the man in the relationship," my mother said. "What you say goes. I want you to tell your sister to wait a couple more years. Do you understand?"

Even though I didn't want to do that, all I could do was nod. I was so close to her. She was touching me, feeling my cheeks up. Even without makeup, she looked divine.

I wanted to fuck her. I wanted to fuck Mother so fucking badly.

"Good." Mother just studied me, her hand still on my face, not letting me go. "This is what's going to happen. You're going to join the company so I can keep a closer eye on you. I know you're already eighteen, but I see now that to be the man I want you to be, I have to take a more active role in your life."

I liked what I was hearing. Spending more time with her? A dream came true.

"I'll be teaching you what I know. How to be a man. How to treat a woman the right way. How to do business. How to network with people. Within a couple of years, you'll be ready to start a family. Do you understand, Dylan?"

I could only nod so much with her hand on me. "Yes, Mother."

"I take this matter seriously. You're the only man in this family, and I want my grandchildren to be raised the right way. Maybe I didn't raise you right, but I'll be taking action now. You might be an adult already, but..." She finally let go of me, and I couldn't

help but let out a small gasp at the sudden loss of her warmth. "I'm still your Mother, so I expect full obedience from my children."

She blinked, and I could only notice just how beautiful her eyes were. The color of her iris was just intense and mesmerizing.

"Have I made myself clear?"

It was so hard to breathe. My voice was so hoarse.

"Yes, Mother."

She hummed, her way of saying she was pleased with my reply. Mother started to stand up, and I instinctively backed away a step so she could plant her feet on the ground.

"You have not been getting along well with Heidi," my Mother said. "I understand why. What you both did was wrong, and I hope you learn your lesson."

"I did."

"I want you both to amend your relationship. Brother and sister should always be close. Settle your differences and forgive each other."

"Yes, but..." I rubbed the back of my neck. "I forgive her. I want to fix things with Heidi, but she's making it..." Should I say it? Mother always took Heidi's side, so blaming things on my older sister might backfire.

But it was the truth. I wanted to be close to Heidi. She was the one that fucked everything up.

I finished my sentence. "... difficult."

Mother sighed, and I watched as her breasts raised and fell. "I will talk to her. She will make an effort to amend things."

If anyone else said that, I'd heavily doubt it, but just like me, Heidi never disobeyed Mother.

I had to look away when she regarded me with a look. Maintaining eye contact with Mother felt like the most impossible task in the world.

“You want to make a family?” Mother said. “Prove to me that you can maintain relationships. Start with your older sister.”

Mom turned away, and I guessed I was dismissed, but I just stood there.

“Is there more you want to say?”

I cleared my throat. “Y-Yeah... Honestly, I’m happy I can be spending more time with you and learning from you. I—I just want to make you proud, Mother. Like... like Heidi does.”

Turning back around, she sat on her desk once again and signaled for me to come close. When I did, her hand was back on my face.

This time, she was slowly stroking my right cheek with her knuckles. Ellie could hold my cock and she still couldn’t make me feel as good as I was feeling right then.

I have never received this much tenderness from my Mother. It was fucking addictive to have her touching me like this. Her fingers felt so soft and smooth.

I leaned into her touch.

“Your sister has her flaws,” my Mother told me, her voice low. Almost in a purr. “But she is a good girl, and she does what she’s told. I expect you to do the same.”

“I never disobeyed you before.”

“Not directly. But you make choices that go against my wishes. Like starting a family now when you’re not ready. You need to build your foundation first before you can do that.”

Mother pulled me in closer, and I swore she was going in the kiss. My heart rate skyrocketed up, and I froze on the spot, but Mother just planted a soft kiss on my cheek.

“You’re my son,” Mother whispered, and I shuddered. “I’ll never abandon you, but you have to start thinking like a man. As a woman, I can’t teach you how, but I can

guide you. So listen to me, and don't ever go against my wishes. Do that, and I'll be proud of you."

"Of course." Holy shit, I was breathless. She definitely had to know how she was making me feel. It was *impossible* not to know. "Yes... Yes, Mother."

The way she was touching me. Maybe it was just all in my mind, but it felt so fucking sexual.

Maybe I was wrong. Mother was always so intense, and maybe I was just misinterpreting everything. Maybe this was just a mother-son moment.

She had always been physical with my sisters, so maybe I just wasn't used to being this close to her, not used to how her touches feel like.

"Go." She nodded towards the door. "Return to your sister. We'll speak tomorrow."

I left my Mother, more sexually frustrated than I have ever felt before.

Ellie received the brunt of my wrath. As soon as I stepped into our room, Ellie couldn't even finish a sentence before I was on her, kissing her hard, stripping her pajamas and slamming my cock into her without foreplay.

I fucked my sister as hard as I could. For hours on end. And I was still not satisfied. All I could smell was my Mother. All I could feel was her fingers touching my cheek. All I could think of was that I should have made a move. I should have bent Mother over her desk and given her grandchildren that way.

Fuck.

At least Ellie loved it. She could feel I was bringing a whole different energy, and I must have made my little sister come at least fifteen times already.

I might even have gone overboard, because by three in the morning, I was still hammering away into her tight pussy hole. By then, Ellie was a sweat filled, heaving mess, and she could only let out little moans and grunts, no energy left to spare as I continued ravaging her sensitive pussy.

When I was finally satisfied, I carried her back to bed and laid her down. She snuggled up to me and fell asleep on my chest with her arms around me.

I knew my little sister was right all along.

I was too selfish.

Ellie wasn't enough to satisfy me.

Maybe even Heidi couldn't make me feel whole.

All I know is I wouldn't rest until I could be with Mother. Show her exactly how much I love her.

Ellie knew I was attracted to her, but that wasn't her story.

I didn't just want to fuck Mother. I wanted to *own* her just like Father did.

Make her scream for me. Have children with her. Prove to her I can father our children the right way.

Mother.

She was my end goal.

I had just dosed Heidi, and I knew that very soon, I would slip a pill into Mother's pink water bottle, and make her mine once and for all.