

Chapter 1

I tried covering my ears with my fingers, but my sisters' voices still leaked into my room.

Lucia sighed a drawn out exhale. I could hear it so clearly, as if my elder sister was next to me and not in the living room conversing with our younger sister.

"I don't know what's wrong with him," Lucia was saying. I could hear the frown in her voice, all silky smooth and rich. She was always hanging around people with extreme wealth and so she slowly morphed her tone to better suit her environment. "Do you think we should do something about it?"

"What could we even do?" My younger sister, Ava, replied. "He doesn't listen to us and he's locked himself in his room doing god knows what."

"Should we tell him?" My eldest sister sounded unsure.

"Nah," Ava replied.

I almost shouted back to inform them I could hear every word they were saying, but I held my tongue.

What was the point? They wouldn't care if I could hear them or not. They never listened to me. Hell, they listened to no one, not even Mom and Dad.

Our parents gave us way too much freedom, and I bet they regretted it. All three of us ended up at the extreme ends of the social spectrum.

I was on one end, with barely any friends and no social life. A loner.

A loser.

My sisters ended up on the other extreme, having way too many acquaintances. Sleep deprivation became a habit for them because of the amount of parties both women were invited to.

Lucia, the oldest out of the three of us, ended up finishing college two years late. She was never home, and as a result, her grades reflected her negligence. It didn't matter, though. Because of her high-powered connections, her grades were glazed over during job interviews, and she ended up with a sweet gig as a personal assistant to a CEO of a future Fortune 500.

All because she slept with the married man.

And judging by how late her office hours ran, and the 'special' gifts that were regularly sent to our condo all addressed to Lucia, with a cologne scented handwritten note attached to each of them, the affair was still strong.

I didn't know what happened to Ava. Once we had almost been inseparable. We had our own separate rooms back in the old place, but we would always share the bed, the toys, the sweets. Hell, we even bathed together.

That all came to an abrupt end when our parents set a barrier between us when I was five and she was four. No more sleeping together, and definitely no more shared baths.

The rift started then, but we grew even further apart as we got into high school, where Ava was showered with attention from the boys, almost in the exact way Lucia had. It still hurts me to this day. I missed my sister. She was now a shadow of her former sweet self. I didn't mind not being close to our eldest sister. She was six years my senior and so we shared little common interest.

But for Ava... she stopped confiding in me by the time she turned fifteen.

It was at its worst in college, where she drew the fancy of Kevin, the hot-headed quarterback and captain of the football team.

They became the power couple of the school. Rules didn't apply to my little sister, and teachers would give her grades slack.

I worry about her. She was going down the same path as our eldest sister. Parties and drugs were already being introduced to Ava, and sooner or later, she would become as detached from reality as Lucia was.

If she wasn't already.

I was in the final year of college and just turned nineteen. My sister was a grade below me.

There was a sort of hierarchy structure in school. The bottom of the pyramid contained the largest population and had multiple sub structures. I hung out with people scraping at the very bottom, the one choked full with nerds, geeks, and guys who had never touched a football in their lives.

Losers.

We all shared the same traits: frail, no sense of fashion, no fancy cars, and a shared interest in computers and books.

My friends would get bullied constantly. For them, it was a daily greeting of slanders, verbal abuses, and physical threats.

But I was in a weird position in the hierarchy. It felt like I was in my very own pyramid, away from the rest. I hung out with the losers, and everyone else saw me as a nerd. None of the people slightly above me, the ones who occasionally get party invites and occasionally played sports, wanted to hang out with me and no girls wanted to talk to me. Like my friends, I was fodder, but unlike them, the people at the top of the food chain left me alone.

I was free of bruises, black eyes, and my wallet stayed intact inside my pockets. Lucia had left a reputation in the college, and Ava was currently holding hers as queen. No one dared to pick on me, as pathetic as I looked.

My friends told me I should be grateful.

Should I be grateful, though?

I was living in the shadows of my sisters, and believe me, they weren't nice shadows to be huddled in. I knew once I was out in the real world, receiving constant 'Get Out of Jail Free Cards' would soon fizzle out.

"Should we knock?" The rich voice of my elder sister floated into my room, breaking me out of my daze.

"Nah," Ava replied dismissively, her tone bored. "I doubt he would answer."

I sighed, taking my fingers out of my ears and resumed what I was doing, hammering the pestle against the mortar harder than ever.

"What's that sound?" Lucia asked. I could hear the frown in her voice.

"Just ignore it," Ava said. "You know Aaron. He's weird as hell."

"But what the hell is he doing, though?" Another feminine voice piped up. A voice that made my skin heat up and goosebumps to appear all over my arms.

Shit.

I abandoned what I was doing and shot to my feet, walking towards the door and slowly turning the knob.

I was just planning to crack open the door an inch to take a peep outside without anyone noticing. But my little sister must have been watching the door because she let out one of her long sighs before speaking up.

“Oh, brother,” she muttered. “Here he comes.”

Fuck. Since the little brat had already noticed me, I swung the door open and stepped outside.

My eyes quickly found their way towards my crush.

Great. Vanessa is here, and my little sister is shit talking me. Just my day.

“Hey, Aaron,” Vanessa said. It wasn’t a warm greeting like I had wished, as if a girl was talking to her crush. Her words came out monotonous and forced.

I couldn’t look into her eyes or the outfit she wore that showed more skin than it covered. The cheerleader uniform that the school had come out with had received numerous complaints, but so far, no efforts have been made to modify it.

I had a suspicion the school kept the skimpy uniform because it made the football team more popular. And my suspicions were strengthened after multiple girls got rejected after they tried out for the cheerleading team. Only the hot ones got in. The seats in the audience were always filled so people could watch the halftime show.

And, of course, not only had Ava got accepted into the cheerleading squad. She got invited to be the captain.

“Hey,” I replied, trying to look anywhere else but at the two girls in their skimpy cheerleader uniforms. That was when I realized there was one woman missing.

“Where’s Lucia?” I asked my younger sister.

Ava flipped her pink hair and turned around. “Airport.”

“Air—what?”

I really didn’t want to freak out, especially with Vanessa there, but I couldn’t help it. Why was our eldest sister going to the airport?

Ava went to the kitchen island and grabbed an apple from the fruit basket.

“Ava...” I said. “Can you please tell me why Lucia is going to the airport?”

She shrugged.

Ugh. My sister had become such a bitch.

She took a bite of the apple and motioned to her best friend that she was ready to go.

“Cya,” Vanessa called out to me as she followed my sister out the front door.

“B-bye,” I said, raising my hand quickly and waving at her.

I dug my face into my hands after the front door closed. I could be such a klutz in front of my crush.

Sighing, I dug my phone out of my pocket and shot a text to Lucia.

Me: Why are you going to the airport?

I was about to put my phone back when it vibrated. My older sister had sent an image of the interior of what looked to be a private plane. They were plush sofas everywhere, and the aisle looked like it was made from golden marble.

Although the interior was large for a plane, it was mostly empty. There were only a few suits scattered on the different sofas, busy with their phones or laptops. I zoomed into the photo to see if I could spot Mr Leo, her boss. I saw him on the front cover of last month’s Time magazine, so his features were still fresh in my mind. He wasn’t in the photo.

My phone vibrated again, and I tapped on my notification that popped up on the top of my screen.

Lucia: Long flight to Hong Kong. Preparing for take-off in a moment. Business to attend to there. Had no time to tell you, sorry!

Of course, I wasn’t informed. My sisters barely talk to me these days.

Heaving out another long sigh, I walked back towards my room and locked the door behind me, even though no one would be home for the next couple of hours.

I wanted to make sure no one would know what I was experimenting with. If my sister found out I was making a love potion, they would for sure never talk to me again. Hell, I would be booted out of the place for being such a weirdo.

I admit what I was doing now was strange, even by my standards.

When I saw the ad on Google promising me I could have any girl in my dreams, my first thought was that scammers these days have gotten more ridiculous. But out of curiosity, I clicked on the link and it directed me to the dark web, which was odd since I heard one couldn’t access those places easily.

But what surprised me the most was that it wasn't a sales pitch. I didn't have to take out my credit card for the sketchy site. Instead of me giving money away, they were offering to send *me* something.

From the explanation on the landing page, the person who made the page was dying from cancer. He only had just over twenty days to live and so he decided to share his 'secret pill' that was so powerful, he claimed anyone who took it would become your love slave.

It sounded like something from a Harry Potter film. Initially, I was chuckling while reading the website, thinking that there was no well in hell anyone would believe this. But as I read on, I was shown bizarre images.

All the images had something in common. There was an elderly guy who looked in his sixties in all of them. And he was always surrounded by the most sexiest fucking woman I have ever seen. Supermodels were kissing him, full on the lips, sucking his cock, and there were even short clips showing the old man hammering away at the hotties as if he didn't have a care in the world.

The women in the photos were different each time. I counted at least thirty different supermodels who looked completely entranced by the balding man.

I had assumed it was an extremely wealthy guy who paid off all these beautiful women to have sex with him. But as I read on, he wasn't pitching me anything. He promised me I could have the same thing, but it was only limited to the first five people that entered their shipping addresses so he could send them the 'special ingredients' to make the love pill.

The red alerts in my head were ringing when I read that. I had to send him my personal details on a sketchy website? And he was using the good old 'limited slots' physiological trick to portray the fear of missing out.

I was a hundred percent confident that it was a scam after reading that. I should have laughed at the obvious attempt, clicked off the website, and erased all memory about its existence.

But thoughts of how I was a loser surfaced before I could click the 'x'. I had never even kissed a girl, never mind getting into bed with one. Hell, the only female attention I received was from my sisters, who thought I was a weirdo and wanted nothing to do with me. If I didn't change something drastic, then the fate of being forever alone would soon become a reality.

I knew it, my sisters knew it, and everyone knew it.

So, like a complete fool, I entered my details and hit 'send'. Ten minutes later, the page went down, and I feared the worst. Someone had my private information and knew

where I lived. I wanted to warn my sisters to always keep the door locked at all times since their friends coming over was a common occurrence, but how could I explain myself?

That I had stupidly given someone where we lived because I was a lonely hermit? I couldn't say that. I had to just trust the security downstairs, and I kept a baseball bat under my bed just for emergencies.

Not that I could hurt anyone with my frail frame, anyway.

One week later, the package arrived. It was unlabeled and plain, with nothing else inside aside from a tiny glass jar with weird herbs inside and a piece of paper with instructions written. The herbs smelled like a Chinese medicine store, and I almost threw up when I first stuck my nose into the jar.

I should have discarded the contents right away, but I was still desperate for female attention, even more so when the package had arrived at our doorstep. Vanessa had paid no attention to me, despite my best efforts. She would greet me when she was in the condo, but as soon as it was inside school grounds, there was no way she would even give me the slightest bit of attention.

No girls would. And with a woman of her stature? She was the best friend of the queen of the school. If she would give me too much attention, people would assume stuff and her reputation would be ruined. Hell, Ava never even once looked at me at school.

So, I had to try something.

The instructions were written in plain black ink and were frustratingly cursive. I had to strain my eyes and think hard to understand it.

Apparently, I had to mash the ingredients together using a pestle and mortar. If I used anything else, I would 'ruin' the concoction. Begrudgingly, I bought the tools online.

Another crucial detail was that once I had mashed the herbs into fine powder, it had to be swallowed, and couldn't be dissolved in water. The instructions advised me to put the ingredients into a pill.

The biggest problem was getting Vanessa to take the pill. I had no idea how I was supposed to convince my crush to swallow the pill, but that was an issue I would think of when it came down to it. For now, I still had to mash all the ingredients together.

Heaving my tenth long exhale of the day, I lowered myself, crossed my legs, and continued mashing the herbs inside the mortar. The herbs were all dark colors, with a mix of purple, black, and there was even a deep red one.

My right arm was already sore from the constant grinding motion that I had been doing for the better part of an hour, but I was almost done. The herbs were now fine grain at this point and all I could think of was if I was really going to do this.

The herbs could have been extremely poisonous for all I know. If I even could convince Vanessa to take the pill, she could very well drop dead within seconds.

Would I take the risk?

My mind drifted to Vanessa. Her shoulder-length blonde hair that was styled in that sexy French twist. Her curvy body that had been perfected from years in the gym with my sister.

My sister...

Ava.

I had to be honest. Comparing them side-by-side, I was confident everyone would choose my sister. There was a reason Kevin had his eyes on Ava instead of Vanessa. My sister had the more symmetrical facial features, the richer hair, the milkier skin, the curvier body, and the longer legs.

But of course, I couldn't lust after my own sister. That would be weird.

A forbidden fantasy.

But I have to admit. Seeing both my sister and Vanessa in their skimpy cheerleading uniform... if Ava wasn't my sister and I could have my way with only one of them, it wouldn't even be a contest. I would do so many things to Av—

Okay, Aaron, you need to stop these disgusting thoughts right now.

I didn't even realize I was still grinding the ingredients inside the stone bowl while my mind was in dreamland. The herbs were already grounded into powder so fine, a slight breeze could squander all my hard work away.

But I couldn't celebrate that the hard work was all done. I felt strange, almost as if...

I looked down, and a groan escaped me. All of my blood had headed down south.

Maybe my sisters were right. Maybe I was a weirdo that deserved no love in my life.

Lusting after my own sisters was just so wrong. But could you blame a man for following his instincts? Both of my sisters were *objectively* extremely attractive, so obviously my hormones would react.

Oh well, it might just be a fortunate circumstance that I was hard as a rock. Because there was one more ingredient I had to mix in with the strange herbs.

My own semen. Exactly three drops of it for every pill I made.

I had been dreading this last step, but right then, while thoughts of Ava swiveled in my mind, I decided that there was no better time to head into the bathroom with lube and my phone in one hand, and a collecting flask in the other.

I tried to push thoughts of my younger sister out. But the attempts were fruitless. After ten minutes of trying and failing miserably, I decided to change tactics. I opened Instagram, where I headed to Vanessa's profile and picked the most appealing picture of her.

She was in a bright red bikini posing on the beach, but there was one major issue. My sister was also in the picture wearing an even sexier bikini.

In fact, every single post she had in her profile was posed with Ava. Every. Fucking. One.

As I sat on the toilet seat, pumping my cock, I used all my willpower to look at the blonde and not the familiar face of the pink head.

I tried. I really did. But as I groaned out my release, my seed spilling into the flask, my eyes were not on the blonde. And the name that uttered out of my lips didn't start with a 'V'.

I had almost everything set. The weird herb concoction; the flask filled with my semen. Now all I needed was a pill capsule.

Somehow, the task had completely left my mind. I had forgotten to buy some online and the nearest pharmacy store was miles away. Did pharmacies even sell empty capsules? I had no idea.

As I pondered on what to do, an idea hit me.

Ava had a lot of pills. Her daily supplementation consisted of so many tablets, she could open up her own pharmacy.

I knew she kept all her supplements in the kitchen cabinet, so I went out with my tools and searched the cabinet until I found her stash. There were countless bottles full of labeling. Vitamin D, B, C, zinc, collagen, fish oils, and a bunch of other labels that looked like gibberish to me.

I needed a large enough capsule to fit about five hundred milligrams of the herb concoction along with three drops of my semen.

The instructions told me that the semen needed to be fresh, at most a day old before consumption, or it wouldn't work. Should I even prepare a pill now? Weighing out the powder into a scale revealed that I have only received enough herbs to make two pills. I guessed it was nice to have a backup pill in case something happened.

Or I could have two love slaves.

There was no way I could devise a plan for Vanessa to take the pill in school. She wanted nothing to do with me inside school grounds. So, I had to find a way to trick her into taking the pill right then, since she would be coming back to our place after cheerleading practice.

Honestly, I had no idea how I was going to achieve that. I was never good at preparation and executing this whole crazy plan was revealing all my flaws.

What was I even doing? This was insane. The whole concept of a love pill was preposterous, anyway. Only a desperate moron would attempt this, and that was exactly what I was.

So I continued with this whole facade. I chose the Vitamin B container and took the capsule apart before emptying the vitamin content into the sink. Using a spoon, I dug out half of what was in the mortar and carefully funneled the fine powder into one half of the shell, carefully not to drop even a single grain.

Accomplishing that, I picked out the other half and very carefully tipped out three drops of thick white fluid from the flask, my hands shaking so badly, it was a wonder how I was so precise.

I sealed the two separate shells back together, and it was now a full pill again.

A love pill.

My love pill.

I had the barebones of a plan in my mind. I was going to leave the lone pill on top of the container and leave them both on the kitchen island.

When my sister and Vanessa came back, which shouldn't be long now, I was going to come out of my room and mention how amazing Vitamin B was for the human body. I would offer the pill to Vanessa, then take one for myself from inside the container and swallow it.

Even thinking it out aloud, I realized how pathetic the plan was. But, hey, if she refused, which she probably was going to do, I can tell myself I had at least made an attempt. I would then throw everything into the trash and forget the experience. I would go back to my empty life and continue being a loser.

The plan was terrible and there was a ninety-nine percent certainty that I would get shut down, but I had to attempt something.

Just on cue, as I was about to take my tools and head back to my room, I heard my sister returning, walking in the hallway outside. I knew it was Ava due to her footstep pattern. She walked slowly, with a one and a half-second interval between steps, and she pressed her heels on the ground with little pressure.

Lucia was the opposite. She walked quickly, as if she was in a rush all the time.

I retrieved my mortar and flask and head back inside my room just as Ava was fumbling with the front door lock. I couldn't hear Vanessa, but I was sure she was behind my sister, eyes on her phone and browsing Instagram. They both probably were.

I could feel my breathing pick up and my heart racing as I paced up and down my room, waiting for the girls outside to settle down. In a minute, I would head outside and offer the pill to Vanessa.

But even before the minute was up, someone banged on my door. It was Ava. Who else would it be?

"What?" I said, opening the door and being greeted by damp pink hair tied to a stylish high ponytail. Ava was still in her cheerleading uniform and I could smell her faint sweat scent combined with an amazing deodorant—all sweet and smooth.

I loved her new hair color. She was the only woman in school with pink hair. It was against the school rules, but no authority dared to discipline her.

Ava loved the color pink; her room was evidence of that. It was like a princess in wonderland inside there.

Although pink was her favorite color, the real reason she dyed her hair so bright was to attract attention. My sister knew she was the prettiest girl in school and she wanted everybody to know.

Ava scowled at me. "Don't mess with my stuff."

She turned away before I could reply, almost slamming the door in my face as she did so.

I pushed open my door and walked outside. Vanessa was nowhere in sight. “Wait, what do you mean?”

“My stuff. My vitamins. Could you, like, not touch them?”

My head snapped to the kitchen island. The spiked pill and the vitamin B container were gone.

I said the first thing that came to mind.

“Where’s Vanessa?”

My sister ignored me, her fingers dancing on her phone screen.

“Ava...”

She squeezed her eyes shut and sighed, as if dealing with me was a massive chore. “I don’t know, Aaron. Probably home. How the hell should I know?”

“She isn’t here? She didn’t follow you back?”

“No.”

“Okay, but where is the pill I left on the island? Did—”

“Like I said, don’t fucking touch my stuff.”

“No—” I clicked my tongue in annoyance and pointed towards the empty island. “The pill. Where is it?”

My little sister opened her eyes, and I stared at her piercing blues. She really was beautiful, probably even prettier than Lucia.

“Yeah, I ate it. So what?”

“You—” I shook my head. “You... you ate it?”

“Of course, Aaron. It’s part of my daily supplements. And it’s mine. Buy your own.”

She turned away, but I started towards her and touched her shoulder.

“Don’t touch me!” Ava snapped with more venom than I have ever heard from her. If I had doubted her feelings towards me, it was certain now. My younger sister hated me.

What have I ever done to deserve this treatment? She used to be so sweet and innocent.

“Ava...” I started. I could feel the tears welling in the back of my eyes, and I tried my best to resist blinking. There was no way I would cry in front of my sister. She would just laugh at me.

“What?” She glared at me and crossed her arms below her uniform top, jutting her little breasts forward.

“I...” Should I tell her I had spiked the pill? Not only had she swallowed unknown substances, but she had consumed my fucking semen. It was bizarre to think that the first woman to swallow my seed was my own little sister.

It was a little disappointing. I had envisioned by the time my semen had touched a female, I wouldn't be a virgin anymore. But I also felt weird... the knowledge that my seed was inside Ava's curvy body was strangely arousing.

“Are you suddenly mute or what? What is it?”

I sighed. “Nevermind. I'm sorry.”

My sister turned around and headed towards her room, but not before leaving a snide comment.

“Weirdo.”

I went back towards my room, and the tears started falling then. I couldn't help it. I felt so pathetic and unloved. Nobody liked me. Mom and Dad never said it, but I could see the disappointments in their eyes from the few times a year I saw them.

Life sucks.

I didn't believe in God or the supernatural, but I looked through my room window and towards the sky.

I prayed then. I hoped I would be happy soon, but most of all, I wanted to feel loved again. Even though I hated my younger sister with everything inside me right then, I still loved her. I would do anything for Ava, but after that interaction, I was certain she wouldn't even get a cup of coffee for me.

I would do anything to see her bright smiles again. Her delightful laughs used to be music to my ears.

So I prayed.

I prayed with all my heart that the love pill would work.

Because, God help me, I needed my sweet little sister back.