

Love pill

Chapter 2

Ava's morning routine ran like clockwork.

She would wake up around half-past six, take a warm shower, then come out of her room, dressed in her school uniform with her hair damp.

It would be around seven by then and I would always be in the dining room, eating my usual breakfast of thick cut beef sausages and creamy scrambled eggs. My younger sister would head to the fridge, with Instagram in one hand, and take out her overnight oats that she had made the night prior.

She would chop up a banana and sprinkle some mixed berries into her cold oats, all the while fixated on her phone, before taking her seat right opposite me. Usually, our eldest sister, Lucia, would sit there, but Ava liked to take that spot if she wasn't home.

We would never make conversation, the only sounds in the dining room coming from her phone speakers, and sometimes when she hummed a pop tune.

But on that day, the dining room was silent as we ate our meals. The insane idea that maybe the pill had magically worked and my little sister would love me again hovered at the surface of my thoughts.

There was no such thing as magic or a love pill, but I still held hope to relive the days of us hanging out like actual siblings. So I did the one thing we never did for years. I looked at my beautiful little sister across the dining table and opened my mouth.

"Ava."

Either she didn't hear me or she ignored me. Her eyes were still on her iPhone and she was absentmindedly scrolling through her explore page while she munched on her oats.

I wanted to give her the benefit of the doubt and assume she just didn't hear me, but I knew the truth. Still, I tried again.

"Ava."

This time, she reacted, but not in the way I wanted. My sister squeezed her eyes shut and heaved a heavy sigh, her slender shoulders dipping up, then down. When she opened her eyes, her blues were so vivid.

"What is it, Aaron?"

I fidgeted in my seat, casting my gaze back down and poking my cold eggs with a fork.

“Nothing... I just wanted to say hi? How’s it going?”

Ava shook her head and brought a hand up to massage her temples. “Really, Aaron? Is this how you talk to girls? Have you ever wondered about why you never had a girlfriend yet?”

“I just want to have a conversation, Ava.”

She went back to her phone. I took that dismissal painfully, feeling my heart sinking to my feet and my ridiculous hope for the love pill working to crumble entirely.

Ava was never going to love me again. I fear the last time I would see her would be when she moved out to her own place. I doubt she would ever call me, never mind meet me. And if I ever reached out to her, I knew for a fact that I would receive the same treatment as I did right then.

After a few brutal minutes of uneasy silence, Ava stood up, dumped her mason jar and utensils into the dishwasher, then went back to her room where she was no doubt going to put on her makeup and style up her hair.

As the widely accepted ‘prettiest girl’ in the school, Ava needed to look pristine and perfect every single day. There were a lot of girls that were envious of her place as queen and would snatch her spot up the instant it became vacant.

So, I could understand why she would spend half an hour inside her bathroom to style her hair up into flowing Hollywood waves and make sure her mascara, eyeliner, and whatever makeup girls put on, to be nothing less than to her utmost satisfaction.

After an eternity in her room, she would finally come out, go downstairs, and drive her BMW that our parents gifted her for her last year’s Christmas. She would drive to school, then waltz into class a whole thirty minutes late. Of course, the teacher wouldn’t dare to reprimand her and would mark my sister’s attendance as present and not a second late.

I remembered one substitute teacher didn’t know any better and wrote my sister up for her late attendance. His car got vandalized the next day and his house was pelted with eggs and toilet paper every night for the next month.

My sister wouldn’t say who did it. It could be her boyfriend, Kevin, who ordered his cronies to do the illegal acts, or it could be Ava herself who had a legion of thirsty men willing to do whatever she said.

Even the headmaster did his best to ignore my sister. Ava didn't follow school uniform policies, even though we attended a so called 'strict' Christian private school. She wore her blazer and her bow just right, but everything else sailed past the line. Her blouse always had the first two buttons undone, and her gray pleated skirt was altered to be three inches shorter than normal, ending way above her knees.

Only she and her friends in her circle could wear their uniforms like that. All the other girls who had emulated her style had been reprimanded and disciplined. So it was plainly obvious which girls in the school were in the elite club, headed by my sister, and which ones were not.

Such was the life of the queen.

Classes were a bore as usual. The lecturer would explain a concept and only the nerds would listen. They had to be careful, though. If you scored too highly on tests, you'd be forced to do the homework for many or you'd get a nasty beating.

The rest of the students in the theater hall were chattering among themselves. Many were on their phones, and I saw a couple of students in front of me playing an online game on their laptops.

I was seated in between two guys that I still didn't know their names yet. But I knew they hovered between the nerds and the more 'normal' people, as we like to call it. The ones who get invited to the wild parties once in a blue moon.

They knew not to talk to me too much, as that would mean being associated with the very bottom, but they also wanted to sit next to me because of my connection with my sister. They probably thought they could use me in some way to get close to Ava, but I had been silent with their consistent inquiries about my little sister.

The two guys have been especially pestering on that fateful day. Apparently, Ava had gotten into a public argument with her boyfriend, Kevin, and it was the talk of the day. It was still ten in the morning and I had to deal with their interrogations, as if I had all the answers.

I was just so done.

And it wasn't just them. Numerous guys were coming up to me to ask me the same questions too.

Aaron, did you hear what happened?

Hey Aaron, is your sister going to break up with Kevin?

How's your sister doing?

If she happens to break up with him, could I have her number?

When class was dismissed, people I didn't even know would trail behind me through the hallway, asking me the same damn questions. It felt like I was being pestered by the paparazzi.

By the time lunchtime came, I had a hoodie and a baseball cap on. I didn't like to spend my money, especially when I didn't see myself using my purchase from the school's sports shop for the foreseeable future, but after literally being asked the same ten questions a hundred times, I had enough.

The scuffed disguise worked. I walked into the school cafeteria relatively undisturbed, but groaned when I realized I had to walk through the VIP section to go to my favorite vendor, the one who cooked the mouth-watering Japanese curry.

There were a lot of people passing by, so I took my chances. Holding a breath, I put my head down and strode forward, walking as fast as my frail legs could take me.

But it seemed like my luck had run out because a deep voice spoke up and time stopped. Everyone around me stopped dead in their tracks to look at me, because not only had my name been called, the voice belonged to the one and only, Kevin Anderson, the captain of the football team and the second last person I wanted to see right then.

"Aaron," he said in that deep masculine voice of his. "Is that you?"

I exhaled my breath in a heave and turned towards him. He was sitting at the head of the VIP section, a large and black rectangular table where all the popular kids sat.

There were even bodyguards making sure no one would disturb their peace. They were just buff and tough guys that were paid with the fact that they were associating with the hottest girls in school.

Unfortunately for them, most were taken. Except for Vanessa.

I could see her. She was seated right beside my sister at the other end of the table. Both of them didn't bother to meet my eyes and were just chatting among themselves.

"Aaron," Kevin repeated, standing up and making his way towards me.

People moved out of his way and I could feel hundreds of pairs of eyes glued on me.

He finally made his way to me and clasped a firm, calloused hand on my right shoulder.

“Nice to finally meet you, Aaron,” he said in that deep voice of his, even though he never bothered to acknowledge me until today. “Come sit beside me.”

I didn’t stop him as he moved his powerful grip from my shoulder and towards my back, where he led me to the table full of people who were obsessed with themselves.

“Sit,” the jock commanded, sitting down at his spot and gesturing to his left.

There was already an empty spot for me. I held his gaze for a moment before going around him and sitting next to Liam, the richest guy in school. Apparently, his dad owned some kind of massive oil company.

The trust fund kid was looking at me. They all were. It was probably the first time an outsider was invited to have a seat at the table. Even my sister had stopped talking, focusing on her phone instead.

“Look at her,” Kevin said, almost making me jump. I hadn’t noticed he was leaning forward with his cheeks almost touching mine. His eyes were on my sister. “Beautiful, isn’t she?”

He paused, and I had no idea how to reply to that. It was as if he wanted me to agree if water was wet.

“Umm, I guess?”

He leaned back, crossing his muscled arms on his chest and sighed. “Help me, man. When your sister is pissed off, what do you do to make her cool with you?”

I looked at Ava. She still didn’t acknowledge me yet, scrolling through her Instagram feed with a thumb.

I shrugged. “I don’t know.”

And it was the truth. When we were young, all I needed to do was hug her and say I was sorry. But in recent years, she seemed permanently pissed off at me, and I have tried everything but only received cold shoulders in return.

Kevin didn’t seem to believe me. He narrowed his eyes.

“Come on, man. Give me something.”

The pressure was back on me again. Even though the cafeteria was bustling with noise, it felt like everyone's eyes were on me and holding their breaths for whatever I had to say next.

I shrugged again. "I really don't know, Kevin. If Ava is pissed, she tends to stay that way for a while. I guess give it a week or so?"

"A week?" He repeated my words as if I was telling him the world was ending. "No way, man. A week without talking to her is like..." He tried to come up with something smart but gave up. Instead, he leaned really fucking close and lowered his voice. "Look man. How about something expensive? Diamonds? Jades? Rubies? What type of precious stone does she like?"

I raised a brow. "You're going to buy her rubies?"

"Shh! Not too loud. This is supposed to be a surprise." Kevin jabbed a finger at the table. "You must know what she likes. I could give her a necklace with a really nice diamond pendant or a sapphire one. She likes pink, right?" He frowned suddenly. "But aren't pink diamonds extremely expensive?"

He looked at me for confirmation. I looked to the side, seeing if Ava could bail me out of this interrogation. She was still glued to her phone, twirling her pink hair around a finger while munching on her lunch.

But Vanessa was watching me, her expression unreadable.

"Umm..." I thought of something fast, but Kevin sighed and slapped a hand on my back, causing me to almost fall flat on my face.

"Nevermind, big man," he told me, gesturing to where he had found me with a jerk of his chin. "You can go."

The guards stepped towards me, but I was already up on shaky knees and walking as far away as possible.

The rest of the school day was worse than it had started. I had more paparazzi following me with annoying questions and countless people pestering in classrooms, this time about why the great Kevin Anderson wanted to talk to a lowlife like me.

I even had girls coming up to me with interests in their eyes, which was definitely not a common occurrence. But I knew they just wanted the latest gossip and had no interest in me other than extracting information. I kept my lips sealed because I saw no point in talking to vultures.

When three o'clock rolled around, I was thrilled that I could go home. I kept my hood up and made the track back to my Chevrolet. I had to be honest; I was one of the lucky ones. My parents were successful business people, which was absurd to even think about because all they sold were plastic containers and straws. I guessed demand for them was high because they had multiple stores across the globe and me and my sisters lived extremely comfortable lives.

None of the other nerds had a car like mine, and most of them didn't even have a vehicle at all. Although, my 2020 Chevrolet Impala was nothing compared to Ava's BMW, which was, of course, the latest and greatest model. Both my sisters lived the lush lifestyle and expected nothing less, even though they did damn all to deserve what they were given.

Although, the same can be said about me. At the ripe age of nineteen, I had yet to achieve something in life, but I was given a nice car and a luxury condo to live in. I guess I shouldn't complain about my sisters' spoiled attitudes if I was in the same subset as them.

I drove past the security, parked my vehicle in the private basement, and took the lift up. Just as I exited the elevator, my phone vibrated, which was odd because the only people that called me were mom and dad. They only called me once every two weeks, and we just had a conversation last Thursday.

If it wasn't them, who could it be?

I fished my phone from my pocket and frowned when I saw the caller ID.

What did my elder sister want? If she was calling me, it meant she definitely wanted something, and it wasn't just some friendly chatter.

I slid the green icon up and pressed the phone close to my ear.

"Hello?" I said.

There was loud background music on the line, and I guessed she was in some kind of club.

"Aaron!" the rich voice of my sister shouted back.

Yeap, she was definitely in a club. What time was it in Hong Kong, anyway?

"Aaron? Can you hear me?"

"Yeah," I said, unzipping my hoodie with one hand. Even though the hallway was air-conditioned, I was still burning in this thing.

"Where's Ava?"

Of course. She wanted to talk to Ava.

I shrugged, even though she couldn't see me. "I don't know."

"You're not with her?"

"No. I'm walking back home. She probably is back right now or she could still be in school. I don't know."

"Well, could you tell her to call me back?" She paused for a moment, and I assumed she was sipping her drink. "It's urgent."

I sighed and nodded. "Okay."

"Thanks, bro." A click and she was gone.

"Of course she wanted to talk to her," I muttered to no one, fishing my keys out as I stopped at our front door.

Lucia and Ava weren't super close, but they still confided in each other from time to time. They had their own separate lives, but they both loved partying and they both enjoyed the good things in life.

They had similar interests, unlike me, who spent my time watching movies on my computer or binging videos on YouTube, along with other 'nerdy' stuff as my sisters like to term them.

"Ava?" I called out as I entered the apartment.

I didn't know why I bothered calling for her. I knew she wouldn't reply if she was even inside.

Still, I tried again.

"Av—"

A sound from her room stopped me short.

Was that... was that a grunt?

I walked through the living room and neared her room, pressing an ear to the door.

I heard it again.

"Uh!"

It was definitely my little sister, and she was definitely making a sound that was a mixture between a moan and a grunt.

A thought hit me.

Was she having sex in there?

I doubted it. Although she brought a lot of guys back to our place, she never once allowed anyone to enter her room. Even Kevin wasn't permitted to step foot inside.

I was about to leave her to whatever she was doing when another grunt leaked out from inside, followed by a crash of something breaking.

I paused right outside her door, but no more sound came from within.

"Ava?" I whispered. "Are you okay?"

No reply.

I knocked softly and waited for a few seconds.

Nothing.

"I'm coming in," I said, louder than before, but my words croaked out in a hoarse whisper.

Shaking my head, I placed my hand on the doorknob and turned slowly. Surprisingly, it wasn't locked. I swung the door open a crack.

I peeked inside, but it was pitch black.

I opened my mouth. "Av—"

"Ah!"

She sounded like she was in pain and the thought of something breaking just moments ago flashed into my mind. The very idea of my little sister being injured caused me to swing the door wide open and stormed inside.

But I wish I hadn't. Because what I saw would be forever ingrained in my mind, burnt there for eternity.

Even though the lights weren't on and her window shades were closed, I could see her silhouette clearly in her bed. She was still in her school uniform, but none of the buttons of her blouse were buttoned up and she had her right hand jammed under her pleated mini skirt.

I would have apologized and ran out of her room if it wasn't for what was on her other hand.

Ava was clutching a shirt in her hand, holding it close to her nose. And even in the dark room, I knew it was my shirt because it had the image of Pacman printed on the back.

The realization hit me like a truck.

My little sister was masturbating while sniffing my shirt.

"Ava," I said. "What are you—"

She shot out from bed and shoved me back.

"Get out!" she screamed. There was no doubt the fury in her voice.

I tumbled backwards and then I realized the lamp on her bed stand was on the ground, pieces of glass shards around it.

"Wait," I tried to say as she gave me another shove. This time, she put her full body into the push. "Ava, no! Are you okay?"

But I was already forced out of her room, and the door was slammed into my face.

I stood outside for what seemed like hours, wondering what the hell had happened. Was my sister really masturbating while sniffing my shirt?

Was that even my shirt in the first place? Now I was really starting to doubt what I saw.

I headed back to my room, feeling more confused than ever. The only thing I could think of was that the love pill had worked and my little sister was now masturbating to me in mind.

It was an absurd thought, but what else could have happened? If that was indeed my shirt, then there was no other explanation.

I was about to plop down on my bed and mull it over some more when my room door flew open and Ava stepped in. She was still in her school uniform.

And her blouse was still unbuttoned.

"You didn't see shit inside," she told me as if it was a matter of fact.

“Look, Ava,” I said, raising my hands in surrender and trying my hardest not to stare at her pink laced bra. “I’m sorry. I didn’t—”

She closed the distance between us, her pink hair swaying behind her. Jabbing a finger to my chest, she locked gazes with mine and punctuated each word with hard jabs.

“You. Didn’t. See. Shit.”

I nodded, my palms still raised. “Yeah, okay. I didn’t see anything. I’m sorry, okay?”

“If you tell anyone what you saw...”

“I won’t, okay? Trust me.”

“Trust you?” She searched my eyes with her piercing blues.

I held her gaze steadily, showing my sister that I was telling the truth. No one would believe me, anyway. It was my word against hers. And even if people trusted my words, everyone would call me a sick creep for spying on my sister without even bothering to listen to the context.

“What do you want?” my sister finally said after studying me for half a minute.

“What do you mean what do I want?”

“To keep your mouth shut.”

“I told you, Ava. I won’t tell—”

I gasped when my sister took a step forward and cupped my cock through my school pants.

I looked at her with wide eyes, but she just stared at me back coolly before backing me towards my bed until I was forced to sit on it.

Ava must have known I was going to blurt something out because she placed a finger on my lips while her other hand went for my belt buckle.

“Shh,” my sister said, her voice growing low and all so sexy.

She seemed to know what she was doing, unbuckling my belt quickly with skilful fingers, then sliding it from me all in just a few seconds. She tossed the garment away, then went for the button on my pants.

Part of me wanted to stop her, but I was already breathing hard and fast, and I'd bet my pupils were blown wide with lust.

No women had ever been this close to my cock, and somehow it felt even more erotic that the first one was my little sister.

And in all honesty, I'd prefer it to be her than anybody else.

With flowing pink hair, perfectly symmetrical facial features, lush and thick brows, and the most beautiful blue eyes that framed everything together so nicely, she could already be considered the hottest girl in school. But what cemented her title was that body of hers that screamed of sex.

She had the most crazy curves, perfected from years in the gym and even more years of crazy dieting. Her arms were toned with lean muscles and her stomach was flat with visible abs when under the right light.

And that wasn't even getting to her lower body yet, which held the greatest bubble butt on planet Earth and smooth thighs to go along with it.

Even though Ava was my sister, I lusted for her more than any other girls I have ever set my eyes upon.

Even Vanessa.

And I didn't care if she was doing some kind of trick or a blackmail tactic. If my cock touched her flesh, taking the risk and letting her do whatever she planned to do with me would be worth it.

"You're already so hard," my sister whispered as she pulled down my pants and rubbed the pad of the thumb against my underwear.

I couldn't reply, only utter moans and heavy breaths as her fingers traced the outline of my cock through the thin fabric.

I saw the tiniest of smirks crack the straightness of her lips as my sister leaned back and enjoyed how she was making me feel.

"Ava..." Her name came tumbling from my lips.

There was a sexy glint in her eyes.

"Hmm?"

I wanted to tell her to stop. That what we were doing was so wrong. That I was sorry that she had taken the pill. That she wasn't in her right mind.

But all that came out were more moans.

"Shh," she told me, batting her eyelashes at me so fucking sexily. "Not too loud."

I wanted to ask her why couldn't I be as loud as I wanted since we were the only ones at home, but she moved her hands to the side of my hips, hooked her fingers under my underwear and then slipped it down my legs, freeing my cock from its tight confines.

I was harder than I've ever been and my cock was throbbing so hard and so fast, it was as if I was having an orgasm already. But I was really damn close.

"What the fuck?" Ava said, her eyes going wide as she stared at my erection. She flitted her blue eyes between me and my cock. Then, as if time had slowed down, and the world had gone black and white, she raised her right hand and held my cock in a light grip. "Holy shit. You're so big, Aaron!"

My name sounded like sin coming from her mouth, causing speech to leave me. I couldn't talk. I just shot out more moans.

I couldn't believe it. For the first time, my cock felt the touch of a woman.

My own sister.

I inhaled sharply, locking gazes with my sister as her grip on my cock tightened and she squeezed me strategically. Her thumb slid slowly over the pulsing of my cockhead, running over my slit and wiping a bunch of pre-cum that had pooled over my tip.

That was it. I couldn't hold it back any longer.

I felt my toes curling and my back bowing as waves of pleasure racked my body to no end. I roared out my orgasm, not caring how loud or wild I sounded.

Ava didn't release the grip of my cock as it pulsed and throbbed, spurting a burst of cum right into her face. She gasped at the sudden ejaculation and immediately angled it to the side, where cum shot through the air of my room.

"FUCKKKKK!" I screamed, throwing my head towards the ceiling as bolts of ecstasy tore through me, burning my insides. I rode through it for what felt like an eternity, my hips thrashing wildly until I could finally feel the last waves of pleasure ebbing through me and colors started seeping back into the world.

Beads of sweat had formed on my forehead, and I wiped it off with the back of my hand while I tried my best to catch my breath. My heart was still beating like a jackhammer in my chest and my head was throbbing as wildly as my heart.

I felt high and light, almost dizzy.

Was this how it felt to be on drugs?

I snapped my head down when I heard giggling.

“Holy shit, Aaron,” my sister said, now full-on laughing. “I.. I hadn’t even touched you yet and...” She gestured to the mess I made in my room.

There was a small pool of thick white liquid all over my flooring, cupboard, desk... just everywhere. Even my floor-to-ceiling mirror had a smudge at the very top of it. It was crazy to think I had shot my load that high.

“I mean...” my sister was still laughing as if she had just heard the funniest joke in the world, hiccupping cutely at the end. “What the fuck? Seriously, is this really the first time a girl has ever touched you?”

I looked at her. I didn’t know how she could be this laid back with cum seeping down her face. Her pink hair had my semen on it too and I would imagine it would take a while to wash all of it off.

I didn’t want to admit the truth, so I just looked at her.

“I guess this is your first time,” she said, shaking her head in disappointment while still smiling. The movement caused semen to fly everywhere. “You have a lot to learn, big bro.”

She rose from her knees and looked down at me, sitting on my bed and probably looking dumbstruck. Her smile morphed into a sexy smirk.

“Listen, I’ll make a deal with you. In exchange for keeping your mouth shut—”

“Ava,” I finally managed some words out. “I told you, I won’t—”

A finger came down on my lips again, shutting me up.

“Shh.” My sister kept her warm finger there while she resumed talking. She even tried to nudge the tip of her finger through the seam of my lips, but I didn’t let her. “Like I was saying, if you don’t say a word of what you saw just now, I’ll teach you how to be a proper man.”

The glint in her blue eyes was back. "I'll teach you everything there is about the joys in the bedroom and the wonders of the female body." A pause. She let her finger fall back to her side. "It would be our little dirty secret. What do you say?"

She tilted her head to the side, waiting for my answer. She really was a vision looking like that, with all my cum running down her face and leaking down her pink hair.

What could I do but just nod?

"Good." She beamed, smiling at me.

I swore the amount of times she smiled at me within the past ten minutes was more than the total amount over five years, which was an extremely depressing thought.

She stretched, raising both her hands above her head and hyper-extending her lower back, groaning low as she did so. Then she grew serious. Her eyes narrowed, and she leaned into me so close our noses were almost touching.

"Remember," she warned, the breathiness in her voice gone. "Whatever you saw and whatever happened here will remain between us. No telling your dorky friends in school, and especially, no telling Lucia." She gripped my shoulders with both hands and leaned even closer. "Do we have an understanding?"

I nodded. "Uhmhum"

"Good."

She tilted her head to the side and did what I fantasized her to do for years and years.

She kissed me.

But it was just a quick, light press on the lips. And if anyone saw it, they could argue it was just a brother sister peck and nothing else.

Ava loved sweets, particularly vanilla flavored ones, so it was no surprise when I could taste a hint of vanilla on her lips.

"Remember," my sister said as she pulled back and walked towards the door before turning to address me again. I afford the moment to take in the erotic sight of her being covered in my cum while wearing her school uniform with her pink bra out.

I would definitely never see her in her school uniform the same way again.

She finished her words as quickly as she left, shutting the door behind her.

“Tell no one,” I repeated her words slowly, running my tongue over my lips that had just been kissed for the first time in nineteen years.

If we could continue this forbidden fantasy, then I would definitely keep my lips sealed. But even if that incentive was out of the equation, I would never rat on my sister.

When we were young, whenever Ava would do something wrong like accidentally break our mom’s vase or the one time she lost our dog while walking him because she was too busy flirting with a guy that happened to be walking his dog too, I never admitted to Mom and Dad that Ava was the one who did it.

Luckily, Rex quickly found his way back home on his own.

I loved my sister like any good brother would. But, I had to admit, with my cock still hard as a rock even after the best orgasm of my life, and with my lips still tingling from that kiss, even though it was just a light touch of lips... I had to admit that maybe I loved her differently than a brother would to his little sister.

Because no brother would have wet dreams starring his own sister, and there was definitely no brother that pumped his cock while scrolling through his sister’s Instagram profile in the shower.

Today revealed my true feelings for her.

I didn’t love my sister.

I was *in love* with her.

