

Chapter 8

“Ava!” I hissed. “I need to go!”

I tried pushing my sister off me, but she stayed firm, crushing her breasts against my chest. Automatically, my body shut down, relaxing into her curves, drugged by how amazing her creamy skin felt.

Ava regarded me with her piercing blues. “Did you lock the door?”

“Yes.”

Wait. Had I? Shit.

“Then we’re safe,” my little sister said simply. “We—”

“Avaaaaaaaaaa!” More raps on the door. “Come out. I know you’re awake.”

“Lucy?” Ava spoke up, turning towards the door, her lush pink hair cascading down on my face, tickling my nose. God, she smelled incredible. “You’re back? I’m busy.”

“Busy enough not to greet your sister?”

Ava sighed. “I’ll hug you tomorrow. I’m busy now.”

Silence. Then, “Fine. Maybe our brother will be happier to see me.”

Shit.

“Ava.” I tightened my grip around my sister’s hips. “My door is open. She would—”

“Aaronnnnnnnnn.” Lucia’s voice carried around the apartment. “Your big sister has returned! Come out of your man cave and....”

Her voice trailed off, presumably because she had found my open door and an unlit room.

“Ava?” Lucia was back right outside Ava’s door. “Where is the nerd?”

My little sister focused her attention back on me. “Dunno.”

Knocks on her bedroom door. I had a sudden fear that Lucia might somehow lock pick the door. She would burst in, finding both of us naked and in the same bed, catching us in the act.

I wanted to hide in her closet or something, but with Ava’s weight pressed on top of me, her breasts sliding up and down my chest, and her eyes glittering staring down... moving was the last thing I wanted.

“You don’t know?” Even though I couldn’t see Lucia, I could hear her frown. “What do you mean you don’t know? He never goes out, and if he somehow did, you’d know. So if he isn’t at home and if he isn’t out, where is he?”

Ava rolled her eyes and clicked her tongue in annoyance. Shifting on top of me, she turned around, so that she was facing the door and my cock, while I was staring up at her rounded ass cheeks.

Another few raps on the door. “Ava, are you going to answer me?”

“I don’t know where he is, Lucy,” Ava said, her voice clipped. “Stop bothering me and leave me alone.”

There it was. The cold, emotionless side of Ava peeking through.

Silence on the other side. Half a minute passed in slow motion before we heard heels clicking outside, fading into the distance.

“Ava,” I croaked out, needing to say the words because my willpower was evaporating like droplets of water in a desert. Her pussy was so close to my face, a light floral scent emitting from her pink folds.

I could see the work I had done to her sex. Her pussy was leaking, swollen, and red. I almost forgot I was speaking until my sister reminded me.

“Hmm?” Her voice grew low and soft. Almost as if she was purring.

I spoke the rest of the words, but the conviction was long gone. “I—I should go.”

“Go?” I couldn’t see what my sister was doing, but I found out a second later when wetness touched my cock and my body jerked up.

“Fuck—Ava!” I closed my eyes, gritting my teeth as my sister ran her tongue along the sides of my cock, licking up and down. Left and right.

“You’re not going anywhere, big bro.”

“Ava…”

“Shh.” She sucked at the tip of my cock, running her tongue around in slow, lazy circles on my tip. “Lucy might hear us.”

Ava pressed her tongue flat, and I almost exploded my third load for the night right into her mouth. Holy fuck, she really knew how to work a cock, maximising my pleasure with tiny little flicks of her tongue and warm squeezes from her hands.

“Do I have to gag you, big bro? I have a pretty pink ball we could use.”

A pink ball gag? I have never thought about gagging my sister with one of those toys, but I could visualize it now. Ava with her hands tied, mouth gagged, blindfolded, and on her knees, begging me to fuck her.

Wouldn’t that be a dream come true?

I had already kissed her, ate her out, fucked her. The goalpost needed to be moved. If I ever got my little sister in that position, I don’t think there would be any sight in the universe that could top *that*.

I chuckled. “I think pink would suit you better, little sister.”

“You talk too much.” Ava blew a cool exhale against my cock, thoroughly lubricated with her pussy juice and saliva. I jerked in her hands before spasming out more pre-cum. “I’m sure you know what a sixty-nine is, Aaron, so why don’t you shut up and get to licking?”

I had to be honest. I wasn’t a fan of eating pussy. But the reactions I forced out from Ava every time I touched her pussy made the experience worth it, especially, *especially*, when she was taking my cock deep down her throat where it belonged.

Ava sent me lightheaded with wet licks and warm suction, so I returned the favor. Starting slowly with my lips, I sucked around her glistening pussy folds, tasting a mixture of salt and sweetness.

My sister sighed softly, then rewarded me with wet little laps downwards, towards my balls where she sucked on my skin, imitating my suction around her pussy folds.

"I love your cock, big bro," she told me, her voice piercing through the sound of wet suction. "I have never given a cock this much attention before. I love how..." Ava went back to sucking for a couple of seconds and I groaned at how fucking good it felt. "...you stretch me open. How yummy your cum tastes. How reactive you are to me."

Smiling and gazing at how beautiful her pussy looked, I dragged my tongue between her folds and then circled her clit. Her flesh tingled at the contact, and I latched my lips around the swollen bud, eliciting a gasp from my sister, a delightful feminine sound I would never tire of hearing.

"Oh god," she mewled softly, her composure slipping. Her nails dug into my skin and her voice grew hard. "I hope you have enough in the tank to last the whole fucking night, big bro. Because you're not leaving this bed until I'm filled to the brim. Throat, stomach, womb. Everything. And don't think I'll be done with you there. I'm going to fuck your brains out in school tomorrow."

Ava straightened, turning around and offering a sexy wink. "You get to have the schoolgirl again."

"I can't believe we're doing this with Lucia outside," I whispered, flattening my tongue against her throbbing clit before pulling back and blowing, just like she did to me moments ago. Ava didn't make a sound but by the way her thighs shook and quaked around my head, she was *loving* it.

"Mm-hmm," she squeaked, and I gathered by her tone that she was trying to hold back an orgasm.

Was I really that good at eating pussy? Ava had always proclaimed how guys couldn't make her cum and that she was hard to please, but in my limited experience with her, everything I did to my sister always received positive feedback. Very positive feedback.

Was I just talented? Or... had the love pill amplified Ava's sexual experience with me? She said my cum was the best she had ever tasted and one lick up her pussy folds reduced my sister into a whimpering mess.

I hoped the answer was the former because I wouldn't like it if a pill was the cause of all my sister's pleasure instead of *me*. But could I really be picky? Not only had the pill saved my relationship with my beautiful sister, it went above and beyond, giving me the golden opportunity to lose my virginity to the love of my life.

"Aaron."

That whimper. God, I wanted to replay it over and over in my head. She sounded so meek and submissive. This was the version of Ava I had never seen but wished to have.

"Yes, little sis?"

"Your tongue." She gasped again when I blew on her spasming clit. "Put... put it inside me. *Please*."

Please?

Please?

Ava just... begged?

My sister had abandoned her delicious licking long ago. She was just panting breaths, growing wetter by the second while the world reeled around me, my mind not yet fully processing what just happened.

Ava... begging?

"Big broooooo." She shifted backwards, grinding her drenched pussy against my lips, squeezing my head in between her thighs. "Put it in. Come on. I'll suck you off real fucking good if you give me this." She groaned softly, grinding harder against my face, soaking me in her juices. "I'm so close, big bro. Don't you want to make me happy? Didn't you say you love me? Prove it."

I growled in response, holding her plump ass cheeks to keep her still. She was trembling and I could smell her sweetness all over me, amplifying the daze. I dipped my head in between her ass and pushed my tongue into her folds.

Her pussy throbbed around my tongue. Ava whimpered, thighs trembling around my shoulders. I kept going, rolling my tongue inside her, pulling every last bit of pleasure out of my squealing sister.

Ava must have dropped the whole 'tough girl' act because she shattered apart before I could even show her everything I learned. Her pussy walls convulsed, and she clamped down on my tongue and lips.

Ava reached for a pillow just in time. She screamed, burying herself into the cushion, muffling her shrieks. I didn't stop. I kept my onslaught in full force, driving myself into her, licking, sucking, lapping up the flood of sweet juices that came spurting out of my little sister.

"Aaron." I heard Ava whisper my name in between shrieks. She was sobbing now, saying my name over and over into the pillow as her thighs quaked and her pussy walls convulsed.

I withdrew from her sex when the sobbing ceased. Ava rolled off me and threw the pillow at me.

"What?" I mouthed.

Ava wiped the tears from her face and hopped off the bed, going on her hands and knees and patting the spot in front of her.

My pulse kicked up as I shifted towards her, dangling my legs off the edge and pointing my cock straight to her lips. We both knew what was coming, and I planned to savor every second as she sucked me off.

Still holding gazes, my sister drew her tongue out and ran it along the side of my length, one of her hands pumping my base, while the other kept my balls warm.

"Ava?"

"Hmm?"

“You’re so fucking sexy.”

I didn’t know why I had the urge to keep saying that. Maybe it was because I had been dying to admit my feelings for her for so many years, and now that I could say those words out loud without any consequences, it felt relishing. Freeing.

God, I was madly in love with her.

“I know, big bro.” Her voice was throaty, and with the way she was gazing up at me, her pink hair a sexy mess, that look in her eyes, I knew I wouldn’t last long inside her throat.

She placed the tip of her nose on my balls and inhaled deeply, the sight causing me to lose grip on reality for a split second. “I know.”

Ava and her ego. Name a more iconic duo.

“Shit,” I hissed out, gathering the bedsheet in my palms when my sister dipped down, enveloping my cock in one fell swoop.

“Mhm.” Ava hollowed her cheeks and bobbed her head up and down, pumping me at the base, looking up at me with those beautiful blue eyes.

“Oh my god.” I squeezed my eyes shut, trying to fight the impending orgasm for as long as possible. Her tongue was doing wonders to my length, licking up and down, tickling my tip, and I groaned low as her lips—so fucking soft and smooth—pressed across my foreskin.

When I thought pleasure had reached its maximum, Ava dipped down even lower, and my cock went straight down her throat.

I went so fucking deep straight away. Everything happened so fast, yet my sister didn’t even gag once. Ava hummed, as if telling she was enjoying it, and I moaned in delight, my hands finding the back of her head, gathering pink hair.

I ravaged my sister’s throat, moving my hips in and out, controlling the rhythm with my hands, and Ava allowed herself to be my fuck toy. Being lodged deep inside her throat almost felt as excruciating good as her pussy. I moaned, melting into the raw sensations, getting lost into the void of pleasure.

For the first time in her life, my sister was relinquishing control. I had never seen this submissive side of her, and just a quick glimpse at it caused a spark to ignite inside me, forcing my last remaining willpower to evaporate completely.

I exploded, trying my absolute hardest not to roar with my release as jets of cum shot down her throat. My sister swallowed everything, expertly working my cock with her tongue and lips. I groaned, thighs contracting, sucked to the point of near discomfort.

I was tired, nearing exhaustion, but as I withdrew from her throat and stared at my sister smiling up at me, licking globs of cum from her pink lips, making sure every last bit of semen wasn't wasted, all I could think of was fucking her again and again until I dropped dead.

Was this how it felt like to take drugs? Because that was what Ava was—an addictive, breathing drug that happened to be my own sister.

"Your pussy," I gasped as Ava stood up and sat beside me. I had never felt as desperate as I was then. "I want... I want your pussy, Ava."

"So quick?" She tilted her head. "Don't you need a break?"

"No." I shook my head, staring down at her swollen folds. "I want it now."

The smirk she gave me could have melted bones.

"That's more like it," she said, leaning in and whispering the filth into my ears. When I shuddered, she grabbed my hand and moved towards the head of the bed. "Come. Let's fuck."

I was on top again. Ava spread herself face up and pulled me into her arms. I groaned, relaxing into her breasts, enjoying how our bodies molded perfectly together, her ample curves and delicious angles feeling heavenly as I sank into them.

"Put it in," Ava heaved, her eyes bright and alive, as if we had just started our lovemaking session. "Quick. Aaron. I can't wait."

I groaned in reply, lifting myself up and grabbing my cock, lining up to her engorged pink flesh. Ava was so wet, I kept slipping through her folds and it took a few attempts to slide inside. When I finally pushed through, her warmth greeted me, and I hissed as a

bolt of pleasure tore through me. I watched Ava stiffened, her eyelids closing and her eyes rolling back until whites showed.

“Oh my god,” she whimpered like a little girl, her lips trembling. “Oh my fucking god.”

“Ava,” I moaned. “I fucking love you.”

“Shh, baby.” She opened her eyes and looked at me, her gaze the softest I had ever seen them. “Not too loud. Lucy might hear us.”

I dipped down and kissed her, tasting myself, but I didn’t mind because her vanilla overpowered the saltiness. I was an animal, brutal with my hips, thrusting in and out of her without thought or technique. I buried myself to the hilt over and over and over, groaning every time she throbbed or flexed around me.

Ava was biting my lips again, bringing me agonizing pain and delirious pleasure, her shrieks plentiful and leaping out every time I slammed down. I had never seen her this expressive, her emotions raw and on display. Being with her like this drove the barbaric side of me out.

“Harder, Aaron.” My sister bit down on a scream. “Please. Harder.”

“Fuck.” I willed all my energy, focusing it into brutal drives, every word that came out of my throat punctuated with a savage thrust. “Fuck. Fuck. Fuck.”

Her pussy spasmed but Ava held on to her orgasm, sparring aggressive with my tongue, licking all around my mouth, swallowing up my cock as I buried so fucking deep. But it wasn’t enough. I wanted to go harder. Go deeper.

Unfortunately, I was pushing my body to its absolute limits, and from the way my heart was pounding against my chest, I wouldn’t be surprised if it gave out any second.

I would take her offer to train with her in the gym. Gaining more muscles would be nice, but my main priority was to fuck Ava harder and last longer inside her—more so for my benefit than for her’s.

Sweat dripped out of me, mixing in with my little sister’s salt. Ava was delicious in every fucking way. It wasn’t just her lips. I separated our connection, kissing my way down to her neck as I offered another hard thrust, licking her sweat as she arched into me, crying out my name, pure sin spilling from those lips I was utterly hooked on.

This time, my orgasm had teeth and claws, ripping me apart as I came.

I twisted and bit down on her lean shoulders, needing some kind of outlet for the pleasure that was bordering on pain. Ava clamped down on my cock so fucking hard, I had to squeeze my eyes shut and then tried my hardest not to pass out from the sheer pleasure barraging through my body as my sister convulsed from her own release, clamping a hand over her mouth to shut her own screams out.

All energy was sapped out of me and I slumped on top of Ava's sweat slick body. We laid in each other's arms, the only noise breaking the quiet were our heavy breaths and the sound of suction as we kissed every so often, melding our lips together every time we regained some of our wits back, breaking apart when we needed to gasp for oxygen.

It could have been minutes or it could have been hours. Somewhere along the night, Ava tapped me on the side and I withdrew from her pussy and rolled off her, grimacing at how uncomfortable it was to *not* be inside her, my cock already aching, missing her tight, warm tunnel.

I watched my sister hop off the bed. If she was sore from all the fucking, she didn't show it as she headed towards her ensuite. Seconds later, I heard the tap being turned on and the steady flow of water gushing out. She must be filling up her bathtub.

Minutes later, the flow of water stopped. I heard a splash as Ava submerged herself in the tub. If she wanted to take a bath, then I was content to wait in her bed, surrounded by everything that smelled so deliciously of her. Hugging her pillow close to me, I closed my eyes and inhaled her perfume residue. My cock was just starting to deflate (finally!) but as I imagined what we would do when she returned to bed, it was back to full length, throbbing.

I heard my sister splashing about for another minute before her sigh leaked out from the bathroom. Another loud splash and then I opened my eyes just in time to see my naked sister stepping out of her bathroom, dripping wet.

She gave me a frown and a 'what the fuck' gesture, spreading her arms wide before slapping them back to her sides.

"What?" I mouthed.

She rolled her eyes and disappeared into the bathroom. This time, I got out of bed and followed her in. Heat and steam greeted me as I entered. I closed the door, watching my sister submerged comfortably on one side of the tub, the sight of her naked body hidden beneath bubbles.

Ava tsked. "You really have a thick head, don't you, big bro? You're supposed to join me, you dumbo." She shook her head and thread her fingers through her damp pink hair. "Big cock, small brain."

"You could have just told me. How am I supposed to read your mind?"

Ava splashed water at me. "Just join me so I can fuck you."

For the next several hours, my sister showed me just how much I could push my limits. We fucked everywhere. In her tub, against the glass walls of her shower stall, back in her bed again, and I think we even did the deed on the floor of her walk-in closet.

I couldn't remember all the details, because despite her promise that we were going to fuck until the early hours of the morning, we eventually had to stop due to exhaustion. I didn't know how long I slept since there was no telling how many hours we have had almost nonstop sex.

I woke up because of my phone alarm, alerting me that it was half-past six in the morning, and that I had to get my ass moving if I wanted to be on time for classes.

God, I was fucking sore. Everywhere. My back, my neck, my abs, my legs, and especially my cock. It felt so raw and I was so damn sensitive, groaning as I struggled to get up, blinking my eyes and rubbing circles on my temples, hoping the headache would fade if I did that.

It didn't, so I looked for my ringing phone, eventually spotting the damned thing peeking out from my clothes that was spewed on the ground.

Getting out of bed was a full body workout. Fuck, I was even more sore than I realized, grimacing as I hobbled towards the phone and picked it up.

"You want to tell Lucy you are in my room or something, big bro?" The sweet, feminine voice of Ava drifted through the air, causing my cock to jerk up and making me groan at how fucking sore it was. I turned around and sucked in a breath at the sight of

my beautiful sister, already all dressed up in her school uniform. A fresh pair—her white blouse was not torn up.

She lifted a brow and nodded towards my ringing phone. “Are you going to turn that thing off?”

I murmured an apology, swiping a finger at my screen, silencing the alarm.

Ava looked ravishing, her makeup on point and her hair all styled up in lush Hollywood waves. She showed no signs of sleep deprivation, her blue eyes sparkling, her porcelain skin radiating, unlike me who probably looked like a zombie, dead on my feet.

Oh my God. The realization dawned on me as I gazed at my lovely sister. We had fucked. Nonstop. For the majority of the night. We did everything, except I didn’t fuck her in the ass, the last remaining hole I was desperate to bury myself into before I could confidently say I had thoroughly fucked the sexiest eighteen-year-old on planet Earth.

Holy shit, we had sex. I still couldn’t wrap my head around that fact.

I wasn’t a virgin anymore. And I didn’t have the high that I felt last night with me to cloud the sins we had performed for hours upon hours until we couldn’t continue any longer.

How did I feel?

Well, let’s just say even though I was standing there sore, sleep deprived, and feeling like I was under a massive hangover even though I didn’t know what a hangover felt like... the only thing holding me back from grabbing Ava and fucking her against the wall—just like last night—was the glare she was giving me.

Her eyes flickered to my boner before she looked to the side and nodded towards her opened bathroom door. “Go do your boy thing and get cleaned up. Do it quickly. When you’re done, I’ll head out first to make sure Lucy’s still asleep. I’ll tell you if the coast is clear. Is that understood?”

Ava was back to her old self. Where was the submissive little sister I glimpsed from last night?

“Yes, my queen,” I muttered, walking past her but not being able to resist a whiff of her hair as I breezed past. I turned around, my eyes devouring the view in front of me. “Give me ten minutes.”

She winked, and her lips twitched. “I’ll touch myself while I wait.”

Ava was true to her word. When I stepped out of her bathroom, she was perched on the edge of her bed, one hand jammed under her gray pleated skirt.

I wondered why I had even bothered wrapping a towel around my hips as I made my way towards my sister, feeling more refreshed after a nice steamy shower beneath pink lights

Ava withdrew her hand, using a finger to smear her juices on her lips as if it were lipstick. She looked up at me and puckered her lips. I didn’t hesitate to kiss her, tasting overwhelming sweetness.

I even braved the effort to journey up her smooth legs, slipping underneath her uniform, but Ava denied my efforts, giggling and slapping my hand away just as I found soaked panties.

“If I let you do that, we’d be here for hours.” She stood up and walked towards the door. “I need to eat. Replenish my energies after....” She glanced down at her feet before flicking her gaze back up to me, a smirk accompanying the look. “... last night. Aren’t you sore? Usually virgins would be sore, especially after what I did to you.”

My cock throbbed. I swallowed my groan.

“Just a little bit,” I lied.

“Mhmm.” She held her gaze for a few more seconds before gripping the doorknob. “Stay here. Let me make sure Lucy’s still asleep.”

With that, she was gone, appearing only a minute later, looking absolutely fuckable in her school uniform. After last night, it was impossible to look at Ava and not think about burying myself into her tight pussy and rubbing up against all her flexible curves.

“She’s asleep,” my little sister confirmed. “Come out, get changed, and have breakfast.”

“You’re cooking?” I raised a brow. Was my lack of sleep causing me to hear things? “For me?”

She snorted, somehow making the annoying gesture sound adorable. “You wish. Cook for yourself. I’m not your maid.”

She disappeared out the door, leaving me with nothing but her scent, a towel wrapped around my hips, and a massive tent underneath it all because all I could think about was my little sister wearing a maid’s uniform.

School was... weird.

People kept giving me double or triple glances and I swore I was being gossiped about. I saw groups huddled together inside classes looking at me, and I spotted more while walking between lecture halls. They would talk in hushed tones, only to quiet down when I neared them.

I didn’t see Ava for hours. She was blue ticking my texts, and I kept hoping to catch sight of her, to no avail. My sister was constantly on my mind and I couldn’t concentrate in class, my head a whirl, replaying the hazy events of last night over and over. I was constantly hard for Ava, yet my sister wasn’t even near me.

Pathetic.

When it was finally time for lunch break, I almost sprinted towards the cafeteria. Maybe she would be sitting at the VIP table and we could sneak off and fuck like she had promised me last night. Ava made a lot of promises when we were fucking.

I shouldn’t even be thinking of sex with how sore my body and cock were, but the more I went on my day without my sister, the more I realize how utterly hooked I was for her. I kept licking my lips, hoping for a residue of vanilla, even sniffing my skin, wishing that her scent had stayed on me for longer.

I was an addict looking for a fix only my little sister could give me.

Was this the reason every single one of Ava's exes shattered apart when she broke it off? I completely understood it now. Ava knew exactly how to work a cock to maximize pleasure and she had the grippiest fucking pussy ever. It was no surprise I hadn't seen Kevin in a week, and I heard rumors he took a break from the football team.

I was determined to not allow my sister to break my heart. She had already done that so many times already, and I swore it would never happen again.

I didn't even notice the person walking towards me until I bumped into her.

"Woah!" The girl stumbled off to the side and lost her balance. I grabbed her hand just in time before she fell, murmuring apologies as I stared up at green eyes and shoulder-length blonde hair curled up in a familiar French twist.

Vanessa.

She looked up at me, the anger in her emeralds disappearing as she recognised me, switching gazes between my left and right eye.

"Aaron?" We were still holding hands, and she wasn't letting go. "Wow, look at you. I almost didn't recognize you."

"Really?" I had no idea what to say or handle any type of small talk. "Umm... Vanessa, have you seen my sister?"

"Ava?" She sniffed. "Nope."

She didn't offer more. And she was still holding my hand.

"You know...." She rubbed slow circles over the back of my hand. "I heard the gossip about you and I can now confirm that they are true."

"Gossip?" I frowned. "What gossip?"

I was never talked about, so her revelation caught me by surprise.

She batted her lashes, her painted lips curling into a smile. "That you have changed. That your family's pristine genetics finally caught up to you and you became..." She ran her tongue along her bottom lips. "...hot."

“Uhh...”

What the hell do I even say to that?

Vanessa finally let me go, but she trailed her fingers along my arm. “Have you ever had a girlfriend, Aaron?”

“Girlfriend?” I blinked. I thought of Ava. “Umm... I... I don’t—”

“Do you ever feel lonely in your bed?” She exhaled deeply, gazing at me. “Mine’s pretty cozy.”

I couldn’t believe I was being hit on. It was a surreal experience and multiple replies gathered in my mind. All of them cringeworthy.

Had Vanessa accidentally taken the love pill? That was the only logical conclusion in my head. I just remembered I had an extra pill sitting somewhere in one of my drawers back in my room. But there was no way Vanessa could have taken it because she hadn’t come to our condo recently, unless she had somehow broken in.

I started to reply, but I caught a whiff of delicious sweetness, freezing my tongue in place. Ava came up beside me, eyeing Vanessa, who was now squeezing my biceps.

“Did I give you permission to touch my brother?” Her tone was like a hot knife through butter, and I caught several groups of people halting their conversations to look at us.

Vanessa flinched, but she didn’t drop her hand. Her smile slipped as she met my sister’s gaze. “Aaron’s single, isn’t he?”

Ava crossed her arms under her breasts, jutting them out. “So?”

“Ava, do I need your approval to date your brother, too? You’re not the queen of everything. Not everyone belongs to you.”

“Vanessa,” my sister dropped her voice, making every word clear. “Let. Him. Go.”

They did a staring contest for a few seconds, but finally Vanessa looked to the side and dropped her grip on my arm.

“Whatever,” she muttered, turning on her heels and storming off. A small crowd had formed around us and they parted to let her through.

Ava seemed to pay no mind to the attention she had drawn. Taking my hand, she led me through the mummering crowd, exiting the main building of the school and heading straight towards the technology building. I knew where she was taking me and every step had my heart thumping harder and faster.

My sister stayed silent, bringing me to the third floor and through long, dark corridors, finally stopping in front of the door named ‘Lab thirteen.’ She fished out a key from her purse and unlocked the abandoned lab, ushering me in with a death glare.

“Ava,” I sputtered out as I entered the lab. My sister stepped in and closed the door shut behind us, the lock clicking in place. “Look, Vanessa bumped into me and—”

“Sit.”

I stared at the lone chair she was pointing towards.

“What?”

“Sit.”

Her voice whipped through the air.

“Ava.” I shook my head, raising my hand to defuse the situation. “Can we not—”

“Aaron,” she cut in. “I’m going to say this one last time.” She paused to allow her words to sink in. “Sit.”

I sighed loudly, throwing my hands up and shrugging. “Whatever.”

I walked towards the chair and sat down, feeling annoyed that I was letting my little sister push me around like this.

It should be the other way around. I was the big brother.

Ava strode towards me and I jerked against the chair when she sat down too, straddling me, our lips inches away.

I gripped her ass automatically, squeezing her cheeks through her uniform skirt, sighing happily as plumpness filled up my palms.

My sister wrapped her hands around my neck and dipped forward, wrapping her lips over mine, offering me her delicious flavor and sending me tethering at the edge of heaven.

She stroked my tongue with hers once, twice, before dipping out, gazing at me with a blank expression. I had no idea if she was mad or horny. Maybe a bit of both.

“You like Vanessa, don’t you?”

I shook my head, drunk from her taste, dizzy from her scent. “I like you more. I love you.”

“You love me?” Ava rose slightly, her hands dipping under her skirt. Black lace peeked through as she pulled her panties down her milky thighs. “If you love me, you’d have told the vulture to fuck off as soon as she looks at you.”

“Ava, I—”

“Shh.” She sat back down, silencing me with a scorching kiss, sucking on my lips with undeniable passion. “Shh. Don’t say anything. It’s okay.”

My sister pulled away, a saliva strand connecting our lips. She smiled and broke the final connection between us with a flick of her tongue.

Fuck. I just want to fuck her. Right fucking now.

“Ava.” Her name came out in a moan when she began unzipping my school pants, sliding it down my legs. I hissed when she hooked her thumbs under my briefs and then brought down that layer of fabric, leaving both our sex bare—and soaking wet.

I expected my sister to play one of her games. Maybe tease me until long minutes turned into unbearable hours.

But Ava was having none of it. Wrapping her arms around my neck once more, she held my gaze in a magnetic pull and shifted forward and down, impaling my cock into her dripping folds.

“Fuck!” I spat out, the sensations both painful and pleasurable from how sensitive my cock was. “Ava!”

“Shh...” My sister looked up at the ceiling, her eyelids fluttering, her lips parting. “Doesn’t this feel amazing, Aaron? So fucking amazing?”

“Yes,” I nodded, gritting my teeth as she began rolling her hips back and forth. “Yes, it does.”

I slipped my hands under her skirt, rather feeling her bare flesh than pleated fabric. Her ass felt warm, but her pussy was scorching, burning my cock with raw pleasure.

“Do you like how I squeeze you?” Her high-pitch voice was back, giving me all sorts of thoughts. None of them innocent. Her pussy clamped down around me and I swore I saw stars.

“Yes. Yes.” I tried to kiss my sister, but she leaned back. “God—Ava!”

I couldn’t have her lips but I had access to her plump cheeks. I squeezed my sister’s ass as hard as I could as she bounced up and down on my cock, splitting my body in half. When a cry bolted from my lips, she returned and planted her lips close to my right ear, licking my earlobe.

“Are you close, Aaron?” she whispered darkly. “Tell me if you’re close.”

“Wait,” I choked out, squeezing my eyes shut, my nails digging into her ass cheeks. “I’m close. I’m close. A few more seconds and—”

Ava stood up, my cock withdrawing from her heated folds with a wet ‘plop’.

“Wait.” I opened my eyes, eyeing my sister. “What are you doing?”

She sniffed, lifting her panties back up. “You can go to Vanessa and beg her to finish you off. Tell me if her pussy is any better than mine.”

“Ava,” I groaned. “Please. Come on.”

The pressure inside me was fading away, even when I started jerking myself off. The difference between touching myself and being inside Ava was galaxies away. No matter how hard I pumped myself, the edge my sister created was quickly evaporating.

Fuck. Why was she such a jealous bitch?

“Look,” I sighed. “Ava, look. Please. All I did with Vanessa was accidentally bump into her because I was thinking about you. I grabbed her when she was about to fall and she wouldn’t let me go. I swear to God, I didn’t think of her in any sexual way. Not the way I think about you.”

My sister grabbed her purse she had left on one of the computer benches and fished out her phone. Her fingers tapped on her screen in a blur and a few seconds later, my phone vibrated in my pocket.

I frowned. “What is that?”

Ava crossed her arms, giving me the silent treatment.

I continued jerking myself off hoping I could get off, but it was fruitless. The bar was set so high after last night. I couldn’t orgasm by myself anymore, no matter how horny I was.

Sighing again, I gave up and took my phone out, glancing at the text my sister had sent me.

It was a number.

I looked back up. “What? What is this?”

She grabbed her purse and walked away. “Vanessa’s number.”

“Ava, wait.” I pulled my briefs and pants back up, stumbling after my sister and grabbing her arm. She stopped, but didn’t turn around.

“Okay, look.” I swallowed a lump of saliva, still tasting her vanilla inside my mouth that had coated my tastebuds. “I’m sorry, okay? I’m sorry for looking in Vanessa’s direction. I’ll never look at her again. Can you please stop being mad at me?”

Ava was still for a while and hope blossomed in my chest. But it all came crashing down moments later when she shook my grip off and unlocked the door, swinging it open and slamming it in my face, the sound of the slam echoing around the lab.

“Fuck!” I shouted, slamming a fist against the wall. Pain shot through my arm, but it couldn’t compare to the agony of a raging erection that was leaking so much pre-cum, jerking painfully, aching to be back inside a particular girl’s addicting, heated depth.

Why was Ava so fucking childish? Why was my sister so damn possessive? She was at lunatic girlfriend levels. No, even worse. No wonder she couldn’t hold down a relationship for long.

The only reason Kevin and her were together for two years was because he was the most popular person in school when we first joined. Seducing Kevin to break up with his previous girlfriend and then being with him shot her to the number two spot instantly. And now that Ava had overtaken him, she had no use for the jock anymore, thus the breakup.

“Fuck,” I screamed, louder this time, spitting the curse out.

Ava was such a jealous bitch.

Maybe her accidentally swallowing the love pill wasn’t such a blessing after all. Maybe Vanessa would have been a better girlfriend.

Maybe...

Maybe I ended up with the wrong sister.

Lucia.

She was older than me. Seven years my senior, to be exact. But that only meant more experience, and more importantly—maturity.

Lucia wouldn’t be a headache like Ava. She was sensible, mature, and fucking sexy.

I had been telling the truth when I told Ava she was the most beautiful woman I had ever seen. Vanessa couldn’t come close, but Lucia?

She was a good second. And who knows? If she fucks better than our younger sister, did it really matter if Ava was a tad bit hotter?

I had one pill left, and I needed to make a choice now.

I dialed Ava's number and pressed the phone close to my ear, praying for her to pick up so that I wouldn't need to deprave further. Commit one more sin. Fuck another sister.

But Ava made it clear she didn't want to speak to me. She declined the call, and I was left staring at my phone screen, seeing my frown in the reflection.

Maybe I had chosen the wrong sister after all.