

Chapter 9

This was pure fucking torture.

I groaned in agony, staring up at the ceiling of the theater hall.

Holy shit. I was so fucking horny. I had tried to hide my erection as best I could, but with how stiff I was, the best solution I could craft was to hold my backpack close to my stomach, shielding my embarrassment.

I knew there was no point in trying to get it down. When Ava dominated my thoughts, nothing could divert my attention. Not until I fucked her.

I was late to class because I was held up in the bathroom stall, trying to get all my sexual frustrations out by browsing Ava's Instagram, focusing on her more revealing photos.

But no matter how hard and fast I pumped myself, my efforts weren't enough. Once I felt Ava's touch, my body could only respond to her, as if I was under some kind of demented spell.

I sighed and shook my head, trying to focus on the PowerPoint presentation in front, but I could still feel the residue heat of Ava's pussy gripping my cock, making me unable to comprehend the lecturer's words.

God, she was like a drug. I could still smell her perfume on my hands, making me feel sluggish, frustrated, dizzy, and horny all at once.

My sister was a crazed, possessive bitch, and I was royally pissed off at her. But I was an addict, and I had to have my fix.

Retrieving my phone, I dialed her number and stared at the screen, knowing full well she wouldn't pick up, but being desperate enough to try once every hour.

She declined my call, and I face-planted onto the desk, praying for the next few hours to go by quickly.

Time went slower. It felt like days had gone past before the bell rang. I felt pale, like I was on the verge of death as I waited for everyone to file out for the exit.

After the room cleared out, I pressed my backpack close to my stomach and walked out, exiting the building, heading towards the car park.

At least I could see her again. My little sister had driven us to school, so she was my only ride back home. There was no way she would ditch me and make me walk.

Right?

I breathed a sigh of relief when I spotted her BMW. Ava had her private parking spot in an exclusive area along with all the rich kids. If your car wasn't up to 'standards,' you couldn't park in the area.

Waiting under the sun for my sister added to my suffering. She finished classes at the same time as me, but I had no idea how long I would be waiting.

She could be chatting with her friends for hours. Or she might have been offered a ride by one of the guys to go to coffee or something where they would no doubt confess their feelings for her.

The thought had me balling my hands into fists. For years, I had witnessed countless guys flirting with my sister and hitting on her. I had always felt jealous, but did nothing other than mull over the fact that I couldn't have my dream woman.

But it was different now. We had fucked. She was *mine*. If Ava was dating another guy, I would...

What could I do?

I almost jumped when Ava's BMW beeped and the door locks clicked open. The sounds of heels clicked towards me, and my pulse kicked up to insane levels.

Ava was alone, and she looked even sexier than when I last saw her in the computer lab, even though she hadn't changed a thing. Her makeup was still immaculate, her lips full and pink, her hair perfect in lush Hollywood waves.

My eyes trailed down to her school uniform clinging to her curves, her top two buttons of her blouse opened, showing a cruel tease of what they hid underneath.

"Hey," I started, walking towards my sister. "I—"

She breezed past me.

Without a word or even acknowledging my existence, my sister opened the door and sat in the driver's seat. I quickly pried the door open and ducked into the front seat beside her.

God, her car smelled delicious. It had the new car scent, and when mixed in with Ava's perfume...

Sigh.

"Hey." I looked at her, placing a hand on her creamy thigh, on the spot right below her pleated skirt. "Can we talk?"

She clicked her tongue, still looking straight ahead. "Don't touch me."

"I—"

"Don't. Touch. Me." Her tone had a certain venom to it. I withdrew my hand.

"I'm sorry, okay?"

My sister locked in her seatbelt and started driving.

"Ava, what can I do to make this right? I'll do anything."

Pathetic, I know. But I really would do anything to get the edge off and blow my load. I was forced to hold back for the entire fucking day right into her.

I never, ever wanted anything as badly as I did right then, even when I had my sister below me last night, pleading for me to fuck her.

Ava didn't reply, which I expected, but her lack of reaction still disappointed me.

I looked her up and down, pausing my gaze at her long, toned legs. "You look hot today."

You look hot today? What the fuck was I saying?

She turned up the music, and I sighed, curling back into my seat, resigning to the fate that no matter what, Ava would not talk to me.

It was the longest drive back home in my life. We finally pulled up into the parking lot and exited the car. I trailed behind my sister as we made our way to the elevators, and my gaze automatically dropped to her ass.

Somewhere during college, Ava had developed a feminine hip sway, sexy and enthralling. It looked even better when she was wearing her school skirt. Just watching her walk brought me into a trance and I almost bumped into her when she suddenly stopped to call for the lift.

No one was in the lift with us, so I spent the entire time gazing at her reflection like a boy trying to get his crush's attention while my little sister scrolled through Instagram, humming the pop song that had last played on the drive back.

Why was I so pathetic? Every time I was near her, my brain switched off. Thinking was difficult, probably due to all the blood gathered down south, none spared for my head.

We entered our apartment, and Ava called for our sister, her sweet voice warming up the space.

"Lucy?" Ava crossed the living room and knocked on our eldest sister's door. "Are you in there?"

When no reply came, my sister tried the doorknob, and the door swung open. She slipped inside, coming out a minute later.

I stared at her. "She's not home?"

Ava didn't meet my gaze. She hadn't even glanced in my general direction yet. My sister headed towards her room, and I followed her like a fool, fully expecting for the door to be slammed in my face.

Incredibly, it didn't. I stepped into her room, hope blossoming in my chest.

Ava never allowed anyone to enter her room. And her indirectly inviting me back in meant only one thing.

We were going to have sex.

I closed the door behind us, locking it. Ava sighed and finally turned towards me, her piercing blues scorching me, making me fidget under her heated scrutiny.

She gestured me over with a finger.

I walked towards her, feeling utterly powerless. What else could I do? I wanted sex, and my sister was the only person who could fulfill my needs.

“Is he still angry?”

I was about to ask her what she meant when she palmed my erection through my pants. I gasped and instinctively backed off. Shit, I was seconds away from cumming—all from a single touch.

“Have you suffered enough, Aaron? Hmm?” Ava stepped forward and began unbuttoning my pants with her skillful fingers. “Have you learned your lesson?”

“Yes,” I gasped. “Yeah.”

“Really?” Her tone rose into a little girl’s voice. Feminine, high pitched. Playful.

I moaned when she pulled my zipper and palmed my erection through my boxers.

“There he is,” she whispered, tugging my underwear down, leaving me exposed to her touches. Her fingers wrapped around me and I groaned, squeezing my eyes shut.

“So big and hot.” Her voice sent me drifting. “You’re throbbing so much, Aaron.”

Yeah, no shit.

“Ava—” I groaned low as she began pumping me. I needed something to hold, so I grabbed her hips, fisting her pleated skirt as she jerked me off.

“What is it, Aaron? Do you—” She started to say more, but I was done. Just ten seconds in, and hours of pent up frustration exploded, bursting from my tip and splattering all over my sister.

“Oh fuck.” I tightened my grip around Ava as more ropes spurted out in rapid waves.
“Fuck!”

My sister was still going, pumping me fast and hard even as I painted her in white liquid, globs of cum mixing in with her makeup.

I shuddered when the last wave spurted out and blinked at my sister, the realization of the mess I made dawning on me.

My sister was splattered with my seed, the sight comparable to the first time she had touched me on that fateful day. She was also in her school uniform then, and I had to wonder if I had an obsessive schoolgirl fetish.

Whenever she wore her uniform, every touch was lethal.

“Sorry,” I sputtered. “I didn’t warn you. To be honest, I didn’t even expect to—”

“Shh.” She let go of me and licked her fingers clean, one by one, before swiping globs off her face. “Shh, baby, it’s okay.”

Ava took a step back, away from my reach.

My breath quickened when she pulled her mini skirt and then used her other hand to tug her pink panties down, showing her bare sex, glittering from her juices under the bedroom light.

“Big bro.” She blinked and spoke in her little girl’s voice. God, Ava really knew how to play the innocent girl act. “You missed a spot.”

I growled and started for her, preparing to drag my sister to bed if needed be, but she clicked her tongue and I stopped dead in my tracks.

“No.” Her normal voice was back, all buttery smooth. “You haven’t learned your lesson. You haven’t suffered enough.”

“What?”

“Shh.” She stepped forward and silenced me, pressing her lips against mine, her soft hands gripping the sides of my neck. Yet again, her sweetness overpowered my taste. I sighed, plundering her vanilla as she kissed me into bliss, her lips so fucking soft.

I was in a daze, drunk on her intoxicating sweetness. My sister pulled back, grabbed my hand, and led me towards somewhere. I didn't realize I was out of her room until she closed the door on my face.

"Hey." I shook my head, breaking from my daze and knocking on her door. "What the hell?"

A second later, my phone buzzed at my feet. Frowning, I pulled my pants back up so I could retrieve my phone from my pocket. Ava was facetimeing me, and I furrowed my brows at the closed door before answering the call.

The first thing I saw was her pussy. Her skirt was pulled up and her panties were down, her wet pussy lips in full view. That wasn't even the worst thing. Ava was giving me a show, running a finger along her drenched slit.

"Can you see, big bro?" Her voice was clear, leaking from my speakers, but I could also hear her from her room as if she was beside me. Fuck. She was leaning against the door, the only thing separating us was a piece of wood.

"What are you doing?" I tried the doorknob, but it was locked. "Ava?"

She didn't reply, but I could hear her heavy breaths, both from the speaker and from her. I looked back towards my phone screen, my eyes widening when I realized she was scooping globs of my cum into her pussy.

My sister giggled. "Your semen is so warm, Aaron. So fucking warm."

"Stop playing games." I banged on her door. "This is stupid."

"I love how you fuck me, big bro." She sighed contently as she poured more cum into her sex, globs dripping from her fingers and leaking into her pussy. "Your cock... mmmm... your cum..."

"Ava."

"Oh, god, big bro. Holy fuck..."

Her pants grew louder and although I had just came, I was still rock hard and fucking horny, probably hornier than before the handjob—if you could even call it one.

“This is dumb,” I said, trying for the knob again and then banging on her door. “Come on.”

“Don’t you feel it, big bro? My pussy clamping down on your cock? I bet it feels nice when I do that, hmm?”

I looked down at my phone. Two of her wet fingers were jammed inside her visibly flexing pussy and she was thrusting them in and out, soft whimpers leaking out from her lips.

“Big bro... mhmm...” Ava moaned. “I’m going to cum.”

“This is so stupid,” I muttered. “Can we stop playing games and fuck?”

“But we’re fucking.” She moaned again, louder this time, and even though I knew it was deliberate and overreacted, my cock jerked up. I closed my eyes, my entire body reeling from an imaginary pain.

Ava could drive me nuts and she knew it.

“Can you feel it, big bro? Can’t you feel me clenching around you?”

“Okay.” I knocked on her door again, pausing when another soft moan leaked out. “I said I’m sorry, okay? Open the door.”

More moans drifted from her room. I looked back at my phone, watching my sister enthusiastically sliding her fingers in and out, her digits coated with our mixed arousal, whispering my name over and over in ragged breaths.

Fucking hell. I was so fucking done with her shit.

I seriously considered kicking her door down, but heels clicked outside, the gait immediately distinguishable, sending a bolt of fear right through me.

“Shit.” I banged my fist on the door. “Lucia’s back.”

The facetime ended. I almost stumbled over my feet as I pulled up my pants and rushed towards my room.

The front door opened before I could reach my room.

“Aaron?” The smooth, silky voice behind me had me straightening up. Keys jingled and the front door closed. “Is that you?”

I turned towards my eldest sister, forcing the best smile I could manage. It came out tight-lipped. “Hey, Lucia. You’re back from Hong Kong.”

Lucia was dressed nicely, as usual. A sleeveless red pencil dress hugged her body, displaying soft curves only Ava could rival. I tried my best not to stare—or salivate.

She dropped her purse on the kitchen island, but her blue eyes stayed nailed on me. Lucia’s blues were much lighter than Ava’s—looking at her was like gazing up into the sky.

God, I forgot how hot she was. Lucia had some similarities to Ava. Same high cheekbones, perfect facial symmetry, blessed with god given curves. But she also looked different than our sister, in an alluring, distinct way.

“You...” She gestured a finger from my head to my toes. “received a makeover?”

“Yeap. You cut your hair?”

“Mm hmm.” She paused. “You look... different. More cleaned up.”

I shifted on my feet, wanting to skip the conversation and make a dash towards my room.

Lucia closed the distance, then circled around me, inspecting me from all angles.

“Why...” She paused, and I heard her sniff. “Aaron, are you using Ava’s perfume?”

I froze. “No.”

“Then why do you smell like her?” She circle to my side and leaned so fucking close, her hair tickled my neck, sending chills through me. “Yeah, that’s definitely hers.”

Fuck.

“A-Are you sure?” I stammered, glancing towards my room. “Maybe you got it wrong. I bought a few new colognes. Maybe you got it mixed up or something.”

“No. I’m very familiar with the perfume she uses, and you have it all over your neck.” She raised a brow. “Is everything okay, Aaron?”

“Yeah, of course, of course. Why—Why wouldn’t it be?”

“Hmm.” She hummed, smelling deliciously herself, her scent an expensive concoction of rose and fruits. “Anyway, go get changed. I’m treating you guys to seafood. It’s been a while since the three of us have a get together.”

“O-Okay.”

Lucia gave me a look, then a quick once-over, before turning around and heading toward Ava’s. She rapped her knuckles on the door three times.

“Ava! We’re going out to eat. I’m treating you both!”

“Give me ten!” Ava shouted back, her voice wavering. “I’m going to take a shower.”

“Make sure it’s ten minutes or we’re leaving without you.” Lucia sighed and rubbed her forehead. Dealing with Ava was a full-time job, even for our eldest sister.

She sighed again and turned towards me, rubbing a few strands of her shoulder blonde hair between two fingers. Lucia changes hairstyles every six months, and I was loving her current one: a wavy textured bob with dark highlights that made her look effortlessly sexy.

I didn’t think any other guy in the world had lived through the torment of having two *extremely* attractive sisters.

She pursed her lips, giving me yet another once-over. “I like this new look on you, Aaron. Keep it.”

“Okay.” I nodded, mesmerized at how full her lips were. I had the sudden urge to kiss them, have a sampling of those reds. Would she taste better than Ava?

What is wrong with me? I fuck one sister, and want to sleep with the other the moment she returns home? Do I have some sort of sister fetish or something?

But they were both fucking hot, and it was only natural to be drawn to attractive women. Them being related to me was a nonfactor.

Right?

Lucia narrowed her blue eyes. “What?”

I blinked. “Huh?”

“Is there something on my face?”

“No, no.” I didn’t even realize I had zoned out from ogling at her. I tried to laugh it off, but all that came out was a pitiful cough. “I just—you just...”

Lucia crossed her arms and raised a brow. “Hmm?”

“I... uh... I just like your haircut.”

I prayed for the ground to open up and swallow me whole. Why was I horrendous at talking to girls? She was my sister for fuck’s sake. I had known her my entire life.

Lucia used to be like Ava when she was younger—just to a lesser extent. Stubborn, rebellious, ego the size of Jupiter.

But my eldest sister eventually outgrew her tendencies and became more well put together.

Ava might be the more attractive sister: younger, curvier, toner legs, creamier skin. But sometimes, looks weren’t the most important factor.

After long exhausting days of dealing with my spoiled little sister, I came to realize silver might be better than gold.

Lucia gave me a strange look. “Go take a bath, Aaron. Make it quick.”

I nodded and watched her go, my gaze automatically drawn to her swaying ass, looking absolutely otherworldly, clinging tightly to the plump curve of her ass. She had the same sexy sway as Ava, and her ass was rounder.

Fuck.

If *that* was second place, gold medal shouldn't matter.

Luckily I had prepared everything days ago for this exact moment.

Sweat beaded down my forehead as I spooned the herbs from the container and carefully transferred the mixture into two empty shells. I blew a sigh of relief when I didn't spill a single grain. Everything was almost set. All I needed to activate the concoction were three drops of my semen.

That should be the simplest part. But I wasn't confident I could orgasm with my own hands anymore. My body hasn't been the same since I lost my virginity to Ava. My muscles constantly felt rigid, my whole body locked tight, and unfortunately, Ava held the only key.

I should be fine with that. Wasn't this a fantasy come true? But my little sister kept dangling the damn key in front of me and wouldn't give me what I needed. I wanted sex with her all day, every day, whenever we had spare time, but it was obvious Ava wouldn't grant me that so easily.

If I wanted to fuck her, I had to jump through numerous hoops, walk through lava, and then after accomplishing all that, fall to my knees and beg. It was not the arrangement I had fantasized about.

Was Ava's pussy worth all the effort? Honestly, probably. But it wasn't like I had no other options. Ava might be the best choice, but I had one pill left, and Lucia wasn't as childish as our little sister.

I grabbed my flask and headed to my bathroom, turning on the shower faucet and sighing as warm droplets pelted my skin, calming down the rapid thoughts swimming in my mind.

I could have anyone I wanted. Was Lucia worth the last pill?

Such a dumb question.

“Lucia,” I groaned, pumping my cock, imagining myself balls deep inside my older sister.

The simple fantasy sent the pressure that had been edging inside me for several hours spiraling forward in a heated rush.

“Oh—fuck.” I wasn’t expecting to cum, much less when I had just started masturbating. “Lucia.”

My sister’s name spilled from my lips over and over and over.

“Lucia.” I squeezed my eyes shut, momentarily slipping free from the chains Ava had shackled around me. “Lucia... Lucia...”

The flask was almost overflowing by the time I was done. Heaving breaths and stumbling out of the shower stall, I set the flask down on the vanity and dried myself with a towel. My cock was still agonizingly hard, but the edge didn’t feel as bad as before.

Was that the secret? All I had to do was fantasize about any one of my sisters and cum seemed to pour out in gallons.

Maybe I was a sick fuck after all.

Opening my desk drawer and retrieving a dropper, I sucked up the fluid from the flask, and carefully transferred exactly three drops into one half of the shell, watching as the grains became damp, absorbing my seed.

I swore I heard a low sizzling sound as they mixed, but that was probably my imagination. Setting the dropper to the side, I picked up the two shells, closed my eyes to compose myself, before reopening them and sealing both half shells together.

It was a full pill once again, and I studied the tiny capsule in between two trembling fingers, wondering how the hell I was going to get Lucia to swallow it.

I knew I was in for a long night when Ava stepped out of her room wearing a midnight halter neck crop top.

It should be categorized as a bra because only her boobs were covered; the rest of her upper body was pretty much on full display. Matched with ripped denim shorts and finished with three inch high heels, I knew there was no way I could concentrate on tonight.

Lucia raised a brow at our skimpily dressed sister but said nothing. She led the way out, keys jingling. When her back was turned, my little sister closed her eyes and puckered her lips at me, as if she wanted a kiss.

I frowned. Ava smirked, then breezed past me, but not before giving my cock a quick, subtle squeeze, making me flinch.

I wanted to be mad at her. She was playing with fire with Lucia around. She knew it. But no matter how much Ava grounded on my nerves, my brain kept handing her free passes because not only was I in love with my little sister, I was utterly hooked on her, desperately addicted to pink hair and blue eyes.

Somebody had to tie a leash around Ava. Our parents never said no to her, Lucia couldn't control her, and it was clear that every single one of Ava's relationships was one-sided. She always held all the power, and I hated that I couldn't be the exception.

I settled into the backseat of Lucia's Porsche, still amazed that the car was a gift from her boss.

Both my sisters were constantly showered with luxury. Maybe that was the secret to life. Be an *extremely* hot female, and you get to live on easy mode.

I mean, I was grateful for what I had. But compared to my sisters? My parents always said yes to them, especially Ava, yet the word was alien when it came to me.

I sighed, funneling my thoughts back to the plan at hand. How was I going to get her to swallow the pill? I could go the same route with Ava. Lucia used supplements too, and she definitely consumed more than just vitamins, considering her constant trips to nightclubs.

But the main issue was that she kept her pills in a locked cabinet in her room. Probably because she didn't want me or Ava finding out exactly what pills she had.

Lucia turned up the music after a minute of silence. Chatter was awkward with each other. I guessed none of us really shared any similar interest, and it didn't help that Ava was constantly glued to her phone.

My phone buzzed in my pocket. I already knew who it was the moment I felt the vibration. No one ever texted me. Not even my own parents.

Glancing at Ava up front, I fished out my phone and frowned at the text she sent me.

Ava: How do I look tonight?

She wanted compliments, and I would be a fool to give it so freely.

And I was a fool.

Me: Sexy.

Ava clicked her tongue and turned, giving me a death stare.

Lucia eyeballed Ava and my little sister set her gaze back forward, crossing her arms and pouting, my compliment obviously not good enough for the drama queen.

I heaved a long exhale, tapping on my phone screen.

Me: You look amazing, okay? The top really makes your boobs pop and I can't stop staring at all your curves.

I watched Ava peeked at her phone, and the edge of her lips twitched. Her fingers danced on her screen, and moments later, I received another text.

Ava: Awww, thank you (kissing emoji). It's too bad you can't have any of it until next week.

"What?"

"Hmm?" Lucia smoothed the car into a stop in front of a red light and half turned to me. "What is it?"

Shit, had I said that aloud?

“Oh, nothing. It’s... nothing.”

“You’re acting weird tonight,” my older sister commented before focusing her attention back on the road.

I drafted my next message in my head before laying it out to my sister.

Me: What do you mean? What have I done?

Her reply came quickly.

Ava: You cheated on me, so no sex for one week. That’s your punishment. Deal with it.

Cheated on her? Really? I pitied Kevin, who had to deal with my sister’s craziness for two years. No wonder the guy seemed miserable. All her exes were. But somehow, none of them initiated the breakup and even begged to be taken back after they had a taste of freedom.

While I digested her insane reply, another text came.

Ava: But don’t worry, big bro. I’m going to tease you to the brink of orgasm every day while you live out your punishment. If you behave and be a good boy, I’ll reward you lavishly next week.

She giggled girlishly, catching Lucia’s attention.

“New boyfriend?” Lucia asked.

“Mind your own business.”

Silence. My phone vibrated again. I glanced at the text and almost choked on my own saliva.

It was a full shot of Ava’s pussy, completely coated in my cum with the caption ‘I’m so wet for you right now, big bro.’

I groaned, clutching my erection through my pants as it jerked and throbbed. One week of this abuse? Fuck that.

The seafood restaurant was by the beach, and Lucia reserved us a spot with a premium view of the ocean. It was still early in the evening with the sun dipping down below the horizon, bathing the sky in a warm orange hue.

I enjoyed the view—or at least tried to. Both my sisters were seated in front of me, which was already enough distraction. But Ava had insisted she take the spot directly opposite mine, and she was rubbing her foot against my calf. Suddenly, the view of the ocean didn't seem interesting anymore.

“Aaron.”

“Hmm?” I turned to Lucia, who was eyeing me strangely, looking absolutely stunning under the evening glow. “Yeah?”

“You okay? You look flushed.”

“It's just the sun,” Ava piped up cheerfully, uncharacteristically so. The edges of her lips twitched. “He looks fine to me.”

Lucia was about to reply when the server stepped towards our table. He greeted us, eyeing my sisters and giving them his friendliest smile. They ordered a buffet of seafood, and when it came for my turn to order, his smile wavered. He quickly took my order, and I caught him glancing at Ava's top before walking away.

“Do you really have to wear that?” Lucia asked our sister. “Everyone's staring at you.”

Ava sniffed, still rubbing her foot against me, going higher. “Let them.”

I stilled when she reached my cock. Ava glanced at me and flashed me a smile before rubbing her big toe against my bulge.

This was bad. I needed to keep my focus and figure out a plan for the whole Lucia pill thing. I clutched the handkerchief in my pocket, where the pill was wrapped tightly inside it, and gritted my teeth. My cock was straining so tight under my pants, aching for more than mere touches.

The server returned with our dishes, and Ava dropped her foot. I gasped at the sudden loss of contact and I guessed I might have been too loud because both the server and Lucia frowned at me.

Thankfully, by some miracle, my little sister stopped her torture attempts. She was in her own little world as she browsed Instagram, picked at her lobster, and sipped on her margarita.

“Oh, Aaron, I forgot to mention.” Lucia paused, brought pasta to her lips, chewed, then swallowed before continuing. “I talked with Daddy and we agreed you should consider dropping out of college and work with him at his new factory in Switzerland.”

“What?” Ava looked up from her phone and answered for me. “Why?”

Lucia frowned. “I’m sorry, but since when are you so interested in our brother?”

Ava scowled back. “Aaron’s not going anywhere. I’ll speak to Daddy.”

“He’s wasting his life in school. We both know a fancy degree is useless in the real world. And he has no friends or commitment holding him here. So why not learn from Daddy?”

“I’ll speak to Daddy.”

“Ava—”

‘I. Will. Speak. To. Daddy.’

Lucia gestured for me to speak up, but Ava’s glare shot me down. I shrugged. I was comfortable here, especially with the two women I loved living under the same roof as me. Why would I leave?

“Whatever.” Lucia raised her hands in surrender. “I’m going to the women’s.”

Ava waited for our sister to be out of earshot range before speaking up. “You leave me, and I’ll kill you.” She stood up too. “Oh, and if you flirt with Lucy or give her any look I don’t like, you can kiss sex goodbye for an entire month.” She blew me an air kiss. “I’ll be watching.”

She left in a cloud of perfume and I buried my face in my hands, wondering what the hell was happening until I remembered my mission.

Both my sisters were gone. If I was waiting for the golden opportunity, this was it. I took out the silk handkerchief from my pocket and stared at the thing in my hand numbly.

What should I do?

Lucia had ordered a bottle of red, and it was a very *deep* red. If I dropped the pill into her glass, would the color completely camouflage the capsule? And if it did, would she even swallow the pill? She might sip it lightly and feel the pill slide to her lips. My entire plan would go up in flames if that happened. There was no fall back. I only had one pill left.

I heard Lucia's heels clicking in the distance behind me, her brisk gait giving her away.

It was do or die. Now or ever.

I took out the pill and quickly dropped it into her glass, just a few seconds before she appeared, sliding back to her seat. My heart was beating so loud, I wouldn't be surprised if she could hear the erratic drumming.

Holy fuck.

Ava appeared a moment later. She sat down on her seat with an exhale, going back to Instagram.

I sneaked a peek around us. Nobody seemed to have noticed that I had spiked her drink. Everyone was lost in their own conversation, the chatter mixing in with the relaxing music a live band was playing at the far end of the restaurant.

Lucia took her glass in hand and swirled her wine in the glass. There was only a little wine left, just enough to submerge the small pill.

I was barely pulling in air, staring intently as she gave her glass a couple more spins before downing it in one gulp.

She immediately coughed, buckling forward and dropping her empty glass on the table. The pill wasn't in the glass anymore.

"You okay?" Ava placed her palm on our sister's back, giving her light pats.

"Ye—" Lucia coughed. "Yeah. I—I swallowed something."

"What?" Ava frowned and looked at the empty glass. "There was something in the wine?"

Lucia nodded, sputtering more coughs, her hand clutched on her upper chest.

Did I feel guilty? Yeah. But if the end result was having Lucia in bed with me, then anyone would look the devil in the eye and take the deal.

"Are you sure you're okay?" Ava enquired, genuine concern in her eyes. That was the thing about her. She can turn off her bitch switch if the moment called for it.

"Mhm." Lucia cleared her throat, tears prickling from her eyes.

The same waiter that served us came to our table, his hands clenched together.

"Is everything okay?" he asked.

Ava shot him the same death glare she gave me moments ago. "There was something in the wine and she swallowed it." She jabbed a manicured nail at the bottle. "Fetch a new bottle."

The server spluttered apologies, and then the manager came, offering more apologies and promising us we didn't have to pay for our meal, which was crazy since our bill must be close to four digits.

"I'm fine. I'm fine," Lucia said, her voice hoarse, sounding like a completely different person. Ava was genuinely pissed, berating the poor manager, but she finally dropped it when Lucia placed a hand on her shoulder. "It's okay, Ava."

I stayed silent through the rest of the meal, my actions finally weighing down on me. I didn't expect Lucia to almost choke and that other people would take the blame for my doing.

But the seafood meal was delicious, and we left the beach restaurant without needing to pay.

During the drive back home, my sisters were deep in conversation, which was a refreshing change.

Ava talked about drama in school while Lucia listened and occasionally gave her input. Apparently some guy made a public proposal to Ava, going down on one knee and asking her to be his girlfriend.

Ava rejected him. She told us he was some dork in her class that she had a few conversations with. The guy had deluded himself into thinking Ava had interest in him just because they had a couple of chats.

My little sister then went on a tangent, complaining that practically all the guys in school were gunning for her ever since her breakup went public.

“I wish they would all just leave me alone,” she grumbled.

“You don’t want a relationship?” Lucia asked, surprised. Her voice was back—all rich and creamy. “I thought you always wanted a long-term boyfriend.”

“I do. But I already have someone in mind.”

“Really?” Lucia perked up. “Who? Spill the beans.”

“He’s a dork too.”

I shifted in my seat.

“A dork?” Lucia shook her head. “I thought you didn’t date down.”

“I don’t. But he has an enormous cock, and he’s so adorable. But he’s shit with words and can’t compliment me properly. He once called me ‘pretty’. Also, he’s not loyal and talks with other girls.”

“Ava, why the hell are you associating yourself with a guy like him? You can choose your man, and you picked someone like him? Sounds like he’s a real asshole.”

“He is, but I like him. I actually took his virginity.”

I couldn't listen any further. I leaned forward in my seat. "Hey Lucia, could you turn up the music, please?"

"Aaron." Ava sighed, but when she noticed Lucia wasn't looking, she gave me a wink. "The women are talking, so shut up."

Ava settled back in her seat. "So, as I was saying, I took his virginity. Do you know virgin cum tastes amazing?"

"Maybe we shouldn't talk about this?" Lucia offered. "If you haven't noticed, there's a guy in the back."

"He's one year older than me. He can handle a bit of sex talk."

"Okay." Lucia cleared her throat. "So was sex with this asshole good, at least?"

"Amazing," she breathed, mini moaning out the word. "Truthfully, it was the best sex I ever had."

"Really? You have to introduce me to this guy."

"You should have seen me when I worked him, Lucy. I taught him everything. How to kiss. How to eat a girl out. And the way he moaned my name? The way he shivered every time I touched him?" Ava giggled. "You know, during our first time, he exploded the second I touched his big cock. The very second, Lucy. He blew his entire load on my face. It was sooooo hot."

"I don't understand, Ava." We reached our condo and Lucia reversed parked in her spot. "He's clearly not worth your time, and he doesn't deserve you. There are plenty of guys with huge dicks, so I don't understand why you chose him. He can't be that hot."

"I know, Lucy. He doesn't deserve me at all, right?"

I groaned.

"Mm-hmm," Lucia agreed.

"I hope he knows that and starts treating me better."

“He should, or you should leave him. Honestly, just leave him now.”

“I punished him. No sex for a week.”

“You and your weird kinks.” Lucia muttered, killing the ignition and stepping out.

The door slammed shut. I scowled at Ava when she turned to me like I knew she would. She puckered her lips and gave an air kiss in response.

When we entered our apartment, Lucia yawned and stretched her hands high, pushing her chest out. I tried my hardest not to stare.

“I’m heading to bed. Night.”

We said our goodnights, and she disappeared into her room, shutting the door.

Multiple thoughts ran through my mind. Should I visit her tonight when Ava was asleep? How long until the pill worked? For my little sister, it took less than twenty-fours before I caught her sniffing my clothes and fingering herself while performing the sin.

“Hey.” Ava stepped in front of me and placed a hand on my cheek, breaking me from my thoughts, enveloping me in her cloying scent.

I sucked air when she took my hand and guided me to her ass, allowing me to squeeze her plump cheeks through her denim shorts.

“Long night, huh?” My sister looked up at me before tiptoeing up and parting my lips with her tongue.

We both moaned as we spared, her tongue tangling with mine before licking every corner of my mouth.

“Ava,” I groaned, right back under her spell. I was vaguely aware of the words coming out of my mouth, but I’ve lost the ability to comprehend them. I gripped her ass as hard as I could, sucking on her vanilla lips with fervor.

But I should have known by now she was playing me. As soon as I deepened the kiss, Ava pulled back and glanced down at my obvious erection.

“You’re so hard, Aaron.” She whispered sexily before giggling. “Have fun jacking yourself off.”

She let go of me, leaned forward and pecked my lips, just to torture me with one last taste, before turning on her heels and heading straight to her room.

“Ava!” I called out to her, lips tingling, erection throbbing painfully. “Ava—fuck!”

I frowned after my sister, so fucking poised at the edge as I watched her slam her door shut, the lock clicking audibly.

I was tired of being played the fool. No more. Somebody had to tie a leash around my little sister, and I swore to myself that I was going to be her first.

And her last.

I used every trick in the book to try and get the edge off. I sighed, my mind drifting off to Ava while I pumped myself under the hot shower, watching the steam condensed around my glass cage.

Nope, nothing. Fuck.

I switched my thoughts to Lucia, but somehow, no matter how I orchestrated the scenes and fucked my elder sister in all the positions I fantasized about, I couldn’t orgasm.

Ever since I lost my virginity to Ava, my cock seemed to have a mind of its own. I couldn’t figure it out.

In the end, I gave up and retired to bed, my cock still throbbing and my thoughts still on my sisters. I was excited to see how Lucia would react to the pill. Fucking both my sisters, the two most attractive women I knew was a pipe dream that was shaping up to be a reality.

I mean, I had sex with Ava. Never in a billion years would I ever thought that would actually happen. Fucking Lucia didn’t seem too far fetch now.

It took a long while for me to fall asleep. Hours passed with me laying completely still, staring up at the ceiling, occasionally licking my lips to get a sample of vanilla because it was just too fucking delicious. When I was finally about to doze off, a knock on my door jolted me up, and just like that, I was wide awake again.

Lucia? Could it be Lucia?

I mean, it must be. Ava made it clear she wanted to make me suffer. If it couldn't be Ava, then...

Soft knocks again.

I was on my feet, walking towards the door, hand on the knob. I held my breath and swung it open.

I was wrong. I was staring at pink perfection.

Ava looked exhausted. Her eyelids were heavy and her shoulders were sagged. But she also looked... horny. My little sister was panting, and when she looked up to lock gazes, I could recognize the 'fuck me' expression.

"Don't say a word," she told me, her voice low and husky. Yeap, she was definitely horny as fuck. "In fact, don't open your mouth."

She pushed past me and I inhaled her scent, my body immediately reacting, throbbing with need, chest clenching. I growled and closed the door, locking it.

My little sister was wearing her usual bedtime attire, a cute silken pajama set. All pink, blending in perfectly with her hair.

She touched my neck, and I felt wetness. The realization sent shivers down my spine.

Ava had been masturbating

My sister inhaled deeply then tiptoed up, offering me fresh vanilla, and I moaned at how sweet she tasted.

It was a short but passionate kiss that I wished would go on forever. Ava pulled back slowly, sucking on my bottom lip as she withdrew.

“Take off your clothes and lay on your bed,” she whispered, dipping forward and offering featherlight pecks on my neck, running her wet tongue along a hot vein. “I’ll ride your cock tonight.”

“I thought you said—”

She stopped kissing me and clicked her tongue. “I said shut up. I don’t need your voice. Only your lips and cock. So take off your clothes and get to bed.”

When I paused, she wrapped her hands around my neck and pulled herself up. Ava was back on my lips, kissing the edge, giggling, running her warm, wet tongue along my lips, then lapping at me as if she was a kitten.

“I’m not playing, Aaron. We’re going to have sex.” Her voice was so throaty and her blue eyes twinkled. “I couldn’t sleep, big bro. I was touching myself and thinking about you all fucking night.”

Ava sighed, taking my wrist and guiding my hand under the waistband of her silk pajama. Seconds later, I felt ample wetness and scorching heat.

God.

“I thought I had self-control,” Ava continued. “I did. But after that night...”

I ran a finger along her slit, gathering up her wetness. Ava closed her eyes and moaned. Holy fuck, she was drenched. My fingers were sliding everywhere.

She finished her sentence with another erotic moan. Soft and throaty. “... I can’t stop thinking about you and your big, yummy cock.”

There was a desperate tinge to her voice. I recognized the low whimper from last night.

She wasn’t playing around. We were going to fuck.

My body surged with primal energy. I wanted so fucking badly to tear off my clothes and get to bed. This was what I wanted, right? To have sex with my sister once again and fulfill all my dreams.

“Get on the bed.” Ava whispered in my ear, licking my earlobes, making me groan.
“On your back. Now.”

But that wasn't my dream. I wanted to fuck my little sister badly, but I wanted it on my terms.

I was sick of getting pushed around, being wrapped around her little finger, jumping through hoops every time she told me to jump. That was basically the plot of my whole life, being pushed around, just from different people. Currently, that person was my little sister.

I was fucking tired of being stepped on. She was my little sister, for fuck's sake. We would have sex. Then what? I would wake up the next morning and get treated like shit again.

Maybe the Aaron from a day ago would have jumped at this golden opportunity. Not me. I was done.

“No,” I said, withdrawing my hand, my finger dripping with her wetness. The word leapt out, and suddenly time ceased to a standstill.

My sister froze. Looked at me. Took a step back.

I wanted to retract the word. Tell her that I was sorry. Tell her I would get on the bed and we could fuck. My insides were screaming, demanding me to haul my ass to bed so I could have what I really wanted. To lose myself in unfettered lust and demented pleasure. To unload all my pent up frustration into her drenched pussy.

No.

No, that wasn't what I really wanted.

“What?” my sister said, frowning. “What... what did you say?”

“I said no.”

My voice was shaky, my mind yelling at me.

I kept my ground.

“No?” Ava repeated softly, blinking, as if she was hearing that word for the first time. She tasted the word on her tongue again. “No?”

“No.”

The silence was tense. If looks could kill, I would be bloodied on the floor.

Five seconds passed. Ten. Fifteen.

Finally, my beautiful sister spoke.

“Fine.” Ava shrugged as if it was no big deal. “You get no sex. Honestly, Aaron, I don’t know why I came here anyway. You’re so fucking pathetic, I don’t know why I even bother.”

She shoved me with a hand and pushed past me, knocking shoulders.

Ava grabbed the doorknob, then paused, turning back towards me. Holy shit, she was pissed. Even angrier than when she was making a scene in the seafood restaurant.

“Fuck you,” she spat out with way more venom than I had ever heard from her. “Who do you think you are? You reject me? Me?” She punctuated the last word with a prod on her chest, and her voice cracked, the first tear prickling from her right eye.

“Ava...” I started for her, but stopped when she continued, her voice growing shrill.

“You’re such a shit boyfriend, Aaron.” More tears streamed down and her lips quivered. “I gave you everything. I taught you everything. I gave you my love.”

“Love.” She chuckled, and more tears sprung out. “You told me you loved me. Is this how you treat your lover? Once you see and experience all that they have to offer, you go run along and talk to the next girl? Gawk over the next shiny object? Hmm?”

“Ava, please. I—”

“Am I not enough for you, Aaron?” She let go of the door and stomped towards me, shoving me on the chest again. “Is sex with me not good enough for you? Do you want to fuck Grace? Vanessa? Or Lucia, hmm?” She sniffed. “Sure, go ahead. Fuck all three for all I care. You boys are all the same. Explains why I can’t fucking keep one down.”

She shoved me again, and her voice peaked to a shrill scream. "I can't fucking keep one!"

Ava pried open the door and slammed it before I could get a word in. I have never, ever seen my sister this emotional.

But as I stood there, my mind going a hundred miles an hour, my cock throbbing in agony, I realized something crazy.

I just refused sex with the girl I was completely addicted to.

The love of my life.

Why?

Why did I do that?

I knew the reason.

For the first time ever, I didn't run or cower.

In my nineteen years, I had never experienced something so exceeding sweet. Not even Ava's lips could match this taste.

Control.

The chains were unshackled.

I am free.

