

Chapter 11

“Come here.”

The words felt awkward. Spilling out an order to my little sister tasted *wrong*.

Bitter.

But if I was going to have power tonight, I had to act in control. One slip up and Ava might not take me seriously forever.

I met her eyes, my chin steady, cock throbbing.

My little sister stood there, radiant in her nakedness, her cheeks stained with dried tears. Ava was not used to being talked to like that, and it clearly showed.

She tilted her head and tapped her chin, her piercing blues devouring me from head to toe. I was right. She was testing me for signs of weakness. Even though she audibly conceded power over to me, there was still the rebellious part in her who despised being told what to do.

I stood firm, and when our gaze connected, blue on blue, she moved. She took a tentative step forward, then another, then a few more.

My beautiful little sister was standing an inch away, gazing up at my lips, while I looked down, captivated by hers.

Her sweet perfume tickled my nose, and her hot breaths on my neck sent shivers racing down. Silence filled the thin space between us, but all I could hear were thundering heartbeats and my insides screaming from anxiety.

To silence the wails, I wrapped a hand around her hips, tucked my fingers into her curves and roughly pulled her in to sample a slice of heaven.

Ava gasped when our lips touched. I sighed, tasting vanilla. No matter how many times I kissed her, her exotic flavor never ceased to amaze me. I moaned, my willpower evaporating, but I remembered what I had to do.

For the first time, I took initiative and deepened the kiss, extending my tongue out and pushing past her soft lips, swallowing her cute little whimpers, wrapping my tongue around hers.

“Mhmm.” Ava moaned, growing aggressive, her nails digging into my sides.

“Ava,” I gasped her name, skating my free hand to her chin. I tilted her head and started sucking her lips hard, eliciting erotic moans from my little sister, which I promptly swallowed.

If she was aggressive, I had to be brutal. Ava was testing me for weakness, and I had to keep reminding myself that the roles were reversed.

Moans poured out of her in waves, but she was still trying to one up me, attacking my tongue, then abruptly leaving it, diverting her aggression to deep, full licks all around my mouth, ignoring me when I tried to resume our tongue fucking.

So we are playing that game, huh?

Without warning, I spun my little sister around and slammed her into the wall. She gasped, but I was already back on her lips, back on her tongue, one hand on her face, the other on her ass.

Ava giggled girlishly, amused by our game. My little sister was a lioness, and I understood that it might take a while to fully tame her. But as I tilted her chin and angled her lips to where I wanted her best, she stopped fighting me and sighed happily, our tongues tussling.

I left her lips, swiping my tongue to break the strand of saliva connecting us. As I stared down at pink perfection, with her plump teardrops heaving in and out, words spilled out.

“You’re so fucking beautiful,” I said, trailing a thumb over my sister’s saliva coated lips.

I felt her lips twitch. “I know.”

I lifted my gaze towards her hooded blues, sparkling under the bedroom lights.

God, she looked divine. Like a forbidden fruit filled with sin.

Incest might be frowned upon, but if Ava was sister to the most devoted church boy, I found it difficult to believe he wouldn't resort to sin.

No man could resist the dark angel I was gazing at. But I had to try. Every inch of me craved to drag her to bed and allow immorality to consume me. Fuck her until we both pass out in a heap of sweat and forbidden desire.

I could have. But I needed patience to gain my sister's respect. She already knew I could carve out the impossible willpower to deny her, but I still had more strength to prove.

The word left me in a rush.

"Kneel."

Her lips twitched again. This time, downwards. "What?"

She knew exactly what I said. I might not know much about girls, but I knew the domination game we were playing. The fiery tug of war.

Repeating the word would just mean throwing the ball to her side of the court.

So I remained silent and took a step back to allow her space to do what she was told. I steeled my gaze against hers even though every single part of me was screaming at how uncomfortable it was to fight against those piercing blues. It was like staring at the eyes of a predator who knew she was looking at prey.

I am not prey. I repeated to myself. *I am not fucking prey.*

She was.

"You want me to kneel?" My sister inched closer, but I pulled back before we could touch lips. "You want me to get on my knees for you, big bro?"

I couldn't resist myself from inhaling her perfume. I almost fell to my knees from her cloying scent, but I steeled my legs and spoke up, keeping my voice as steady as I could manage.

"I'm waiting, little sis."

She shook her head, our gaze never leaving, none of us wanting to be the first to break eye contact.

“Have I taught you too much, big bro?” she whispered, leaning in for a kiss again, but I placed a firm palm on her chest, right below her right tit, covering her mole. Her only physical imperfection. “You have changed. It’s like I’m making love to a different person.”

As difficult as it was, I kept my voice leveled. I was almost bursting with how fucking turned on I was, standing in front of my naked little sister, knowing that we were about to have sex.

“You’re stalling.”

Her lean shoulders dropped. She sighed. Shaking her head, she broke eye contact, walked towards my couch, and retrieved a small pillow before returning to me.

I lifted an eyebrow, wondering what she was planning. Ava dropped the pillow to her feet, and very slowly, lowered herself to the ground.

I sucked in a breath when her knees touched the pillow. There it was. The vision of ultimate submission. My beautiful little sister, on her knees, gazing up at me like I was a god she was worshipping.

I couldn’t suppress the raw emotions spilling out. I groaned, pre-cum pooling at my tip, a few droplets dripping to the ground.

“Is this what you want to see? Hmm?” My sister placed her hands on top of her milky thighs. “Your little sister on her knees? You like turning strong women weak? Does this really turn you on, big bro?”

Even though Ava tried to phrase her words lightly, I knew her better than everyone else. I could hear the anger underlying her tone. She once told me she didn’t kneel for any man, so this must be an enormous blow to her ego.

My little sister must be *really* desperate for sex.

There was only one way to deal with this. The best way to train a dog was to apply positive reinforcements. Ava was a lioness, but the same rules apply. She did something difficult, and so I had to reward her.

I lowered myself too, squatting until we were eye level. Giving her a smile, I tilted her chin up and rewarded my kneeling sister with a kiss.

I was hard on her lips, forcing her mouth open with my tongue. I swallowed all her little moans and cute whimpers before drawing back and standing up.

“Good girl,” I told her, my hand on her cheek, brushing a thumb up and down.

“I’m not your pet,” Ava snapped, but maybe she was just angry she was enjoying this. If her moans weren’t enough evidence, the way she shivered as I stroked her confirmed it.

“Tonight you are. Either you accept that or leave.”

She sighed. “Is this what really turns you on? Defiling your little sister?”

“You do this to many men, Ava. To me. So when the roles are reversed, you call it that?” I dropped my hand. “Tell me, have you ever told a man to kneel for you?”

She looked away.

“Relax, my love,” I told her, adding the last part to show her my affection and to hopefully lighten the mood. It worked. She glanced back at me, the anger in her eyes vanishing. “You promised to surrender tonight. I’ll treat you well, but I need you to give me complete trust. Give that to me, Ava.”

“I...” She turned away again. “It’s hard.”

“Why?”

“Because if I show you the real me. The raw, emotional me, you will take advantage of her.”

“I won’t.”

"You will." She nailed her blue eyes back, her gaze hard. "You already broke my heart, Aaron. Several times. What would you do if I let you in? You will kill me. I'll be broken by the end of the week. You'll turn me into an empty vessel for you to dump your cum into and fuck and fuck and fuck. There will be nothing left of me."

My sister shook her head, her pink hair swaying. "You want me to kneel? Fine. You want to be in the driver's seat when we make love? Fine. But if I really give myself to you, I need to have proof that we're an absolute certainty. For life. Me and you. No bullshit. No one else. You only have eyes for me, and your cock is only for my pussy. One key to a single lock. You want me, then you want Lucia. Who's next? How many women will I have to share you with?"

"I told you. I only want my sisters."

"I. Don't. Want. To. Share. You. Especially, *es-fucking-pecially* with my own sister." Ava sighed. "Is that so difficult to understand? Is having a dedicated, loving relationship so hard for your cheating ass? How would you feel if I fucked other men?"

"Ava, I don't know how to explain this to make you understand."

Another long sigh. "Whatever. What other degrading orders do you want your obedient pet to do, hmm? Before I get what I want? You want me to beg for your cock and act all fucking pathetic? I'll do that. Just give the fucking order, Master."

She said the title angrily. Spat it out with venom. But hearing that one word. Hearing that fucking word coming out from those sweet lips just like in my wildest fantasies...

Fuck.

"Hey." I gripped the sides of her shoulders and pulled her up. I could see the tears threatening to well up behind those gorgeous blue eyes. She was pissed, but I promised to show her how much I loved her. If the only way through Ava's thick skin was to be raw and show her I would die for her, then so be it.

I waited for her to stand before tilting her chin up and layering the three words out as genuinely as I could. Because I meant it. It was the truth.

"I love you."

"Don't." Her bottom lip trembled. "Don't."

"I want control from you, Ava," I told her, gripping her chin with two fingers to keep her from looking away, even as the first bit of tears sprang out and rolled down her cheeks.

"But that doesn't mean I don't respect you. It doesn't mean I want to strip your personality away. It doesn't mean I see you as a mindless fleshlight to fuck. You're much more than that. You're everything to me. Just because I love both my sisters doesn't make my love for you invalid. I love you, Ava. I would die for you. I really, really fucking love you. Look me in the eye and tell me I'm lying."

She stared at me through tear soaked blues.

"You aren't lying," she finally said, her voice cracking. "That's why I don't understand why I'm not enough. Don't I give you what you want? Isn't our sex good enough?"

"It is." I leaned forward and touched foreheads. "I don't expect you to be okay with my conditions from the get go. Slowly, Ava. But for tonight, I want to fulfill my promise. Prove to you how much I love you. How much you mean to me. But you have to keep your promise too."

She nodded, blinking through her tears, looking so fuckable with her pink hair and perfect skin. Maybe she was right. Maybe I was a sick fuck. My cock was throbbing hard from seeing my little sister broken.

"Come." I grabbed my little sister's wet fingers and headed towards the bed.

She said nothing, just followed me as I led her.

I had imagined tonight to be a fuck fest, ramming in and out of her pussy the entire night. Maybe a bit of anal action, too. I wanted to be an animal to her, abuse that perfect, perfect body. But after her breakdown, I couldn't bring myself to take advantage of her.

Yet.

"Here," I whispered, patting my pile of pillows. "Lie on your back. Spread your legs."

I have never seen Ava so demure. She was like Lucia from the afternoon, obeying her orders silently, except for a few cute sniffles and snuffles.

I crawled on top of her before dipping down and giving my beautiful sister a peck, enjoying the sounds we produced as we sucked each other's lips. Satisfied with that, I broke our connection and crawled back down to her thighs.

She sniffed and spoke, her voice soft and quavering. "What are you doing?"

"Just relax, sis." I smiled as she stared at me, a slight frown etching her perfect features. Opening her legs, I hovered my lips above her sex, groaning as her floral scent filled me up.

She shifted. "Are you... going to eat me out?"

"Yeah."

"I thought you didn't enjoy eating pussy?"

I playfully skate my fingers up and down her thighs, relishing how creamy and smooth her skin felt. Ava had a supermodel figure. Curvy hips that flared down to long, toned legs, filled with hard muscles, but there was also a soft, delicious layer underneath all those flexing tendons.

Hard on top. Soft underneath. The perfect balance.

"I don't," I told her. "But remember what I promised you?"

Her lips lifted. I loved that smile. It was radiant, even through tear soaked cheeks. It emphasized her high cheekbones and brightened her blue eyes. Fuck, she was enchanting. I wasn't exaggerating when I said Ava was the sexiest woman I ever laid my eyes on. She might be a top contender for 'hottest eighteen-year-old on Earth'.

"Thank you," she mouthed.

"Just relax and enjoy, okay?"

My sister hummed an agreement and stretched her legs wider, giving me ultimate access.

I planned to start slow. Dipping my head and extending my tongue out, I offered Ava one good swipe up her pussy folds. Her juices coated my tongue, saturating my

tastebuds with unbearable sweetness, causing me to moan. She jerked her hips, answering my moans with her own.

“AARON!” Her cries morphed into loud gasps as I dragged my tongue between her drenched folds, then circled her clit. Her flesh tingled at the contact, and I latched my lips around the swollen bud.

“Aaron—OH! Oh my god! P-Please!”

I took my time with her throbbing nub, enjoying the music spilling out from my sister. Licking, sucking, lapping, circling, doing whatever I could to pull out every last bit of pleasure from her.

Her legs shook around my shoulders, seconds before a shriek lit up the room. It was so raw and deafening, I had no doubts our sister could hear her. Hell, all our neighbors could.

Good. I wanted the world to know Ava was getting fucked, and fucked hard. Soon, when I had my cock inside her heated depths, I would show her no mercy.

I wasn't the same awkward, scared boy as I was yesterday. Losing my virginity was the start of my change, and if I could make Ava submit to me, nothing in the universe was unconquerable.

On another cry, Ava gyrated her hips wildly against my face, pleading with me with soft mewls and erotic moans to put my tongue inside her and finish her off.

I obliged happily, only because there were few greater joys in life than hearing my little sister beg.

Putting a leash around a lioness was dangerous work.

“YES!” Ava's hips suffocated me in a drunk, stupendous rhythm. I dunk my tongue deeper inside her pussy, blindly aiming for the spot I knew she loved.

“YES! YES! THERE!” she groaned, her pants shaky and heavy. “Don't stop! Don't stop!”

Every time I ate Ava out or had sex with her, the time it took for her to orgasm decreased. Tonight, I hit a record-breaking time.

She must have been really fucking close, because within a minute of tongue-fucking her, her thighs quaked and her shrieks shattered out, cheering me on as I swallowed the flood of juices that came rushing out of my little sister.

“Thank you. Thank you. Thank you,” she whispered, her skin gleaming with sweat as I stripped my clothes off and crawled forward, slumping beside her trembling frame.

She turned to me and we embraced, her lips seeking mine while my hands found her most prized asset: her ass.

This was nice. And it wasn't only how soft her lips were or how fucking amazing she smelled. It was how perfect it was to have her body pressed up against mine. Maybe I was just biased, but we fit perfectly. Her breasts felt otherworldly against my chest, and I filled in every curve she possessed.

It was as if we were fated to be with each other. Maybe it wasn't just luck stumbling upon the love pill.

We mutually broke apart. There were still tears leaking from her blue eyes and I wiped them away with a thumb. But that might have been a mistake since the move caused more tears to well up and pour down.

“Big bro?” she croaked out between sniffles.

Whatever she was going to say, it was big.

“Hmm?” I ran my tongue over my lips. Fucking hell, I have never tasted anything better than the combined flavour of her saliva and pussy juice. “What is it?”

“I love you.”

I stilled, flickering my eyes between her vivid blues. Even though I had said those words multiple times to her, Ava never ever mirrored my sentiments.

She shook her head. “I never said those words before. You're the first.”

“I...” I sighed, suddenly feeling extremely guilty.

Was her love for me real? Before the love pill, it was obvious she held no semblance of affection towards me. After the accident, we instantly became so much closer.

Much, much closer.

I would hate it if our entire relationship hinged on an illusion.

But did it matter? I had the woman of my dreams in my arms, confessing her feelings for me.

Does it matter if her love was manufactured?

Ava's voice snapped me back to reality.

"Are you going to say it back or what?" she said, almost angrily. She pulled away and sat up. "Didn't you say you loved me? Repeatedly?"

"I do. I do."

"Then why didn't you say it back? Why did you hesitate?"

I sighed. "I'm sorry. It was just so sudden and I'm so in my head."

"Say it back," she demanded.

"I love you, Ava," I said, reaching for her and trying to drag her back down. "I do. You know I do. Don't throw a tantrum. I don't have the energy to deal with that."

She allowed me to pull her back in, and I sighed when I felt her breasts press against me.

"Do you see, Aaron?" She buried her face into my shoulders. "I bare my soul to you and you hurt me. You always hurt me. Why can't you be nice?"

"I'm sorry," I told her, stroking her head, her lush pink hair feeling so soft and smooth. "I'll be better, okay? For you."

She nodded. There was silence, but it wasn't awkward. I was content stroking my little sister and inhaling her scent while she snuggled up against me, her warmth so comforting.

Ava lazily stroked my erection. "Can you put him inside me now?"

"Sure." I rolled on top of my sister and she giggled girlishly. "But before I do, I need you to do something."

She lifted a sexy brow, a naughty glint flashing in those blues. "You want me to beg?"

"Nope. Even simpler."

"What?" She chewed on her bottom lip. "Tell me."

"I loved it when you called me Master just now."

Ava blew out a breath. "And Lucia said I have the weird kinks."

"I want you to call me that from now on."

"I told you, Aaron. I'm not your pet or your slave. What you want is very degrading and I'm uncomfortable with this."

I could have given her an ultimatum. Either accept my demands or no sex. I was pretty confident she would cave, but that wasn't how I wanted to win.

If I was to be her Master, she had to willingly submit to me. Completely. I didn't want a half-hearted love slave.

Ava shifted below me. "It looks like you rather have a slave than a lover, which is bizarre to me."

"It isn't what you think, Ava. I will love you with all my heart."

"Love me with all your heart when there is another woman to fuck?"

I sighed. This again. The same argument she was not willing to concede.

Ava looked away for a long time, staring into the distance. Finally, she heaved a long exhale and locked her blues back to mine.

"A promise is a promise. But I swear to god, if you give me more degrading orders..." She shook her head. "I'll kneel. Fucking hell, I'll bow. Tonight, I'll obey your commands, but don't treat me like dirt. I'm your sister and you love me. Don't forget that." She paused. *"Master."*

I shivered, the title entering my ears in a rush. This was it. A fantasy come true.

My little sister just called me Master. Willingly.

"Say that again." I supported my weight on my arms and pressed the tip of my cock right outside her snug entrance. I groaned at the burning contact. Ava whimpered. "Say it."

"Master," she whispered, so quiet, I had to strain to hear her. She rolled her hips forward, but it was not enough force to swallow my swollen tip up. She tried again, her desperation visible. "Please fuck me, Master."

"Shh." I lowered myself into her lips, groaning at how fucking delicious my own sister tasted. Ava accepted the kiss eagerly, gripping the back of my head and my neck as she sighed into my lips. I have never seen her so submissive, so fucking eager to make love. She always had me jumping through hoops to fuck her, and it seemed her walls have crumbled tonight.

"Please," she whimpered just as I deepened the kiss. She spared my tongue with equal fervor, rolling her hips, trying to get me to penetrate her.

Wish granted, little sister.

Priming my hips, I punched forward and hit gold on the first thrust.

"MHMM!" Ava bit my lower lip, her back arching off the mattress as I buried into her tight depths. Immediately, her pussy walls clamped around me, flexing excitedly at my intrusion.

She was tight, but my sister was writhing, rolling her hips forward, stretching herself wide as she eagerly swallowed my entire length up.

She broke free from our kiss in a gasp. "You feel so fucking good, Aaron. So fucking... oh... oh my god..."

“Master,” I corrected her, groaning my words out. “Address... fuck—address me properly.”

“Master,” she mouthed, her blue eyes rolling to the back of her head as I pumped her hard and fast. “Harder, Master. Please. Harder.”

I took a few deep breaths before peeling away from the kiss. My lips were stinging from her bite, and I dove for her neck, sucking her creamy flesh there while her cunt pulsed all around me. Her walls were squeezing me so tight, I had to shut my eyes for a few seconds, summoning all the composure I had inside me to not break.

Once I gathered what I desperately needed, I opened my eyes and fulfilled my sister’s wishes, using every ounce of energy to ram my hips in and out, fucking her harder and faster.

“Master!” The word was spat out after every thrust forward, her tits bouncing wildly as she timed her hips with mine. “Master! Master!”

We were a good duo. The music we made was amazing. The sharp slaps of flesh against flesh, the moans and gasps and grunts, the distinct rhythm of hard cock entering wet pussy, the bed squeaking. All the noise built up to a shattering crescendo as I came, lifting my chin up to the ceiling and roaring out my release.

Ava was silent at first. She accepted the first few spurts of hot ropes with nothing more than a couple of low, girly grunts that sent me wild. But that was the beginning. With another primal roar, I detonated an entire wave of semen straight through her flexing pussy walls and into her womb.

Her hips buckled, and she parted her mouth in a soft ‘O’ before the cries of pleasure spilled out, mixing in with mine.

I didn’t know how long our orgasm lasted. I couldn’t remember. It was a blurry mix of kisses, bites, sharp nails, screams, wails, and moans. We were prisoners to the pleasure, and as we finally came down from our high, our bodies were dripping with sweat, and Ava was heaving loud pants, her breasts dipping in and out, almost mesmerizingly.

“I might get pregnant after that,” Ava said in between heaves. Her pink hair clung to her forehead, and she swiped the damp strands away. “Holy shit, Aaron, that must have been your biggest load so far.” She shifted under me. “I’m so full of you.”

Before I could say anything, she interjected. "I mean, Master. Sorry."

"I thought you're on the pill?"

She raised a brow and smirked. "Am I?"

"This isn't funny, Ava." I started to withdraw away, but she clamped her pussy down tight, trapping me.

"Ava..."

"Are you going to fuck me again? Our deal is the entire night. Not a single pump and dump."

"Yes, we are having sex again. Just let me catch my breath." I blew out an exhale before taking in more oxygen, feeling my heart battering under my rib cage. Sex was crazy cardio.

"Fuck me now. I'm ready for round two."

"You're not in control here," I reminded her. "And seriously, are you on the pill or not? If there is an accident..."

"Of course I'm on the pill. I'm not stupid." She leaned forward and licked my face, trailing wetness from my chin up to my nose, giggling. "I love you, big—Master."

"I love you too."

Grunting, I forced myself out of her pussy. It came out with a wet, loud 'plop' and I swallowed a groan from welling up before sitting up and admiring how beautiful my little sister looked. Sometimes I wished Ava could mature. Her playfulness was amusing and cute, but most of the time, like right then, it was annoying.

My sister eyes my cock, still erect, still throbbing. "Round two?" Her voice dropped. One second it was girly and feminine, the next it was all low and fucking seductive. "I still have ample space for more cum."

I didn't need more persuasion—or any at all, really.

“Come here,” I growled, my animal instinct kicking in. Ava yelped as I jumped on her, then giggled when I captured her mouth, plundering her sweetness with a lick.

“What do you want, Master?” Her tongue came out to meet mine, and I gladly tussled with her. “Doggy? Sixty-Nine? Conventional again? On the side? Want me to ride you?”

I knew the answer even before she completed her list.

“Anal.”

Her lips froze. “No.”

“Like I said, Ava.” I withdrew from her, and using all my strength, rolled her to her front and pulled her ass towards my hips. “You’re not in control.”

“No.” She turned around and backed away until her back touched the headboard, shielding her ass. “I don’t want to.”

I followed after her, wrapping my arms around the curve of her waist and leaning close until our lips barely grazed. “What did you promise me tonight?”

“We can do other stuff.”

“What. Did. You. Promise. Me. Tonight?”

“Aaron, please.”

“Ava...” I pulled my lips to the side, grazing across her cheek, towards her ear, where I whispered filth. “Who am I tonight?”

“I promised you I would submit. And I’m submitting! But you can’t—”

“Who, Ava?”

Her nails sank into my back like little daggers. “Master.”

“Whose Master?”

She didn’t reply.

I nibbled on her ear. "Whose Master, Ava?"

She shivered. "Mine."

I came back towards her lips. "I take what I want tonight, and I want your ass."

She whimpered, then gasped as I melded our lips together. I came to the realization that Ava *really* enjoyed making out, and luckily for her, I was addicted to those soft—*very soft*—vanilla lips.

God, she tasted even better when submitting. Was that even a thing? Because I swore she was sweeter.

"You took my virginity," I told her in between licks. Ava moaned. "Now I'm going to take yours."

"Just..." She turned away, so I switched focus to her neck once again, nibbling on the spot I knew she loved. "Just be gentle... okay?"

"Okay."

She bit down on her bottom, her pink hair covering half her face, looking drop-dead gorgeous. "Promise?"

"Promise."

"Fine." She huffed, sighed, then rolled away, gathering her lush pink hair up in a low ponytail. "Let's head to my room. I have lube there."

Shaking her head, she muttered. "I'm going to regret this. But I love you and you're taking advantage of my feelings."

She started to scoot away, but I grabbed her arm.

"Ava?"

"Hmm?"

"I love you too."

She broke into a shy smile and glanced away, her cheeks turning a cute pink.

Holy shit, I just made my sister blush.

“Come on.” She stood up and rubbed her ass cheek, as if preparing it for the ramming she was about to receive. “I have to clean my hole, then lube it up.”

I hopped off the bed and gave her other ass cheek a hard slap. It jiggled from the impact, the sound whipping across the room.

She yelped, then shot me a glare. “You’re such an asshole.”

The filters on my lips were gone, melted away by all our hot kisses.

“Your ass is going to be glowing red by the time I’m done with you.”

She was covering both cheeks now. “You’re not implying...”

I grinned. “I am. You’re such a naughty little sister, and brats need to be punished.”

Shaking her head, she took my hand and led me out of the room. Ava was trying to look hesitant and maybe a little angry, but I knew my little sister too well.

Even though playing the submissive role was foreign to her, and even if she would never openly admit it...

She was liking it.

Hell, maybe even loving it.

The night was still young, and we still had a lot more sins to commit.

If there was a hell, we had an express ticket straight down.

Sorry Mom and Dad.