

## Chapter 17

I tasted vanilla before I opened my eyes.

Keeping them shut, I accepted the featherlight kiss. Making out with Ava to start off the day was nothing short of amazing, though I preferred a good morning blowjob.

But I shouldn't complain.

I sighed. Her mouth was carefree, careless, and so fucking sweet, slanting over my lips. Licking. Sucking. I swallowed her moans, my hands blindly roving down the curves of her back, seeking her ass.

I stiffened when I couldn't feel her skin. Was she wearing—

"Ava," I gasped when her tongue darted forward, demanding entry.

When I didn't let her in, Ava whined and drew back.

Opening my eyes, I studied my sister dressed in her school uniform, just short of her blazer. Ava never followed school protocols. Her white blouse had the first two buttons undone, and her pleated gray skirt ended inches above her knees. The only thing innocent about her outfit was the cute red bow perfectly knotted on her blouse.

I was already rock hard from the kiss, but having Ava straddling me, dressed in her tight school uniform was fucking overkill.

Ava pushed her plump bottom lip out and sulked. "Why do you keep rejecting me? I just want a kiss."

I didn't reply, gazing up at pink perfection, dumbstruck by my sister's sheer beauty, my chest growing tighter, my heart battering under my rib cage, my throat closing up.

"I want to show you how much I love you. How much I love my Master." She sighed and grind her hips against mine, stiffening my whole body when I felt slick wetness rubbing against my cock.

She wasn't wearing any panties.

Of course she wasn't.

“W-Where’s...” I rasped the word out and managed a glance to my left, towards the empty space where Lucia’s naked body should be curled up next to mine. “Where’s Lucy?”

Ava frowned. “Don’t worry about her.”

“It’s Monday, isn’t it?” I groaned, suddenly remembering. “She’s at work. When did she leave? What time is it? We have school.”

Judging from the bright sunlight streaming through Lucia’s window, we were already late for classes.

“Class is in session.” Ava looked at my cock, and the slight head movement caused her hair to tumble down in rich pink waves, covering half of her face.

“You gave me a D- for my test, didn’t you, Sir?” She rubbed her pussy against my cock, thoroughly lubricating me, almost making my jaw snap from how hard she was forcing me to clench my teeth together.

*Fuck. Fuck. Fuck!*

“What can this innocent school girl do to change your mind about my failing grade, Sir?” Ava breathed in deep, her teardrops straining against the fabric of her white blouse. “I really need this credit to pass this semester. Please. I’d do...” She chewed her bottom lip and finished her act by offering me a sexy wink. “... anything.”

She wanted to roleplay, huh?

I was so fucking sore. Every time I moved my arms, neck, or hell, whenever my cock jerked up—agony would wash over me. The threesome last night didn’t stop until three in the morning. I remembered relentlessly fucking both my sisters, alternating between their pussies in a maddening lust, though Ava received the lion’s share of my cum—as she should.

“Sir?” Ava quipped, popping out another button, giving me a tease of hard nipples.

I forced a smile. Christ, even smiling was painful. Ava’s rough kissing last night had bruised my lips. “Do you really need this credit, Ava?”

“Yes, please, Sir. I would...” She grind her cunt against me again and I hissed out a breath. “... do absolutely anything for *it*.”

She emphasize the ‘it’ and glanced at my cock, her own sex growing slicker by the second. With Ava, lube was never necessary.

I relaxed into my pillow, inhaling the rich scent of our missing older sister. “Maybe you should ride me and I’ll see about the grade change.”

God. I was so fucking bad at talking dirty. Ava knew it. She chewed her bottom lip, on the verge of laughter, desperately clinging on to her innocent schoolgirl act.

Once she composed herself, she faked a gasp. “You want me to...” Ava shook her head. “That’s sick, Sir. It’s wrong. You could get fired for...” She rolled her hips forward, slipping my cock into her without permission. “... even suggesting that.”

*Fuck!*

She was tight again. Ungodly so. What the fuck? How was that possible?

“Ava—shit!” I bundled her skirt into my fists, squeezing her plump cheeks through the soft pleated material. “Shit!”

“Someone could catch us, Sir,” Ava moaned softly, then shuddered, trying to hold herself together.

I didn’t answer her, fixated on my sister’s perfect features. Her blue eyes, her slack jaw, her pink lips parted in a soft ‘O’, her tight pussy that I couldn’t get enough of.

I held her ass while she slowly worked to connect our hips together, her pussy walls greeting me with hot little flexes.

“Sir!” Ava gasped as I stretched her wider, then she whimpered when I slid a few inches deeper. “You could... *oh god*... y-you could go to jail for taking advantage of this innocent little schoolgirl.”

Being inside my little sister was no doubt the greatest pleasure any man could ever feel. Ava offered you little flex and squeezes, forcing you to stay as hard as possible. The best way I could describe sinking into her tight hole was like submerging yourself

into a warm bath, heated to the perfect temperature—and the water never, ever gets cold.

Ava provided an experience that was the truest thing to heaven on Earth.

Sure, my sister fucked a lot of guys, so I wasn't the only one that had experienced true pleasure. But for the first time, standing at the end of the line was leagues better than being at the front of the queue. I had the last laugh.

No other man would ever taste and feel Ava ever again. Only I could have that luxury.

Her blue eyes were mine to stare at. Her pink lips mine to kiss. Her swollen cunt mine to fuck.

She was fucking *mine*.

"Ava." I gritted my teeth and hissed the words out, glorying in the sensory overload of everything my beautiful little sister was giving me. "You're mine."

She nodded, splaying beautiful pink hair all around her. "Yes!" she gasped, breaking character. "I'm... oh god... I'm yours..."

"I..." I twisted my hips to the side so she could have an easier angle pounding my cock against her favorite spot. Over and over. Her moans grew in intensity. Her pink hair whipped and forth. Hearing all those erotic sounds tearing from my little sister's throat had my whole body tensing up, my cock throbbing excitedly, primed to unload.

"Fuck!" Gasping, I squeezed her ass harder, clutching the soft pleated material. "Little sis, I'm close. I'm fucking—come here."

Her smile peeked through her wild waves of pink hair. She knew what I meant. Almost every single time I came inside her, our lips were melded together, tongues entwined, breaths mingled.

My sister bit down on her bottom lip and sped up her rhythm. Instead of bouncing up and down on my cock, she swung her hips back and forth, forcing me to bottom out inside her, right on her favorite spot, and stay that deep.

*Christ.*

I had to use every single drop of my willpower to wait for her as she edged herself towards her climax. When she was *finally* right there with me, Ava dipped forward and joined our lips in a deep, passionate kiss, shuddering as soon as I began sucking, moaning when my tongue brushed against hers.

With our mouths in a frantic dance, my body could finally have its release. Ava shrieked, clamping down around my cock in a death grip, her back arching, her moans loud, her pussy walls spasming as she accepted the torrent of cum that came pouring through her.

Ava withdrew her tongue from our delicious dance and bit down on my lower lips, squealing girlishly as she rode my cock faster and harder, eliciting an endless amount of cum out of me. Even when I felt that my balls were drained dry, Ava knew how to milk me for every single drop, and all I could do was clutch her ass, kiss her lips, withstand the stinging pain as she bit me.

This was heaven on earth, and I was all for it.

“Master,” Ava heaved, sitting back up, swiping damp pink strands away from her face. She got off my cock, blew out a heavy exhale, then took my hand with trembling fingers. “Let’s go.”

“Go where?” I was content laying in Lucia’s warm bed while I tried to catch my breath. I was still amazingly rock hard, as if I hadn’t just released an avalanche of cum a few seconds ago. “School?”

“No, silly.” She was insistent, pulling me up into a sitting position. “My room. Let’s fuck there. The bed here is uncomfortable.”

It definitely wasn’t. “Someone’s jealous.”

“Shut up,” she muttered, helping me off the bed, dragging me towards the living room and straight towards her pink kingdom.

The moment we stepped inside her room, she closed the door, locked it, then looked at me.

“Do you still want me in uniform?” Ava asked, chewing on her bottom lip. She was eyeing my lip, and I was pretty certain she had bitten me too hard and broken skin.

Again.

“Yeah.” I nodded, running a thumb over my lower lip. Thankfully, no blood.

Anal with my sister when she was dressed up like a little schoolgirl should be every man’s ultimate fantasy. It surely was mine.

My sister offered a sly smile. “Yes...” She closed her eyes and mini-moaned the final word. “*Master.*”

She was so naturally submissive. It was insane to think that my little sister was this dominant force who refused to submit to anybody just days ago. Hell, Ava was getting visibly soaked—a wet patch was forming on the front of her uniform skirt—all just from calling me Master.

I returned her smile. “Is your ass still sore, baby?”

“Nope. You want to fuck my ass?” She stepped forward and pressed her lips against mine, offering light vanilla. “You can do anything you like to me. As long as it happens in our bed.”

“Our bed?” I echoed.

“Mmm hmm.” She sighed happily when I parted her soft lips with a stroke of my tongue. “I love you, Aaron. You’re everything to me.”

“I love you too, Ava.” Now it was my turn to sigh as she explored my mouth, licking up every corner, returning her love.

Having my sexy little sister head over heels for me was by far the best thing that has happened and will ever happen to me. Every brother should have this luxury.

Without Ava’s newfound love, who knew how depressed I would continue staying, spiraling down my dark path. All I needed to completely change my life was a woman’s devotion, and I was so fucking lucky that the woman was my own sister.

Now I had two sisters and Lucia wasn’t anything to scoff at. Thank fuck for the love pills.

Ava broke the kiss first, which was a surprise, because she *loved* making out and would happily kiss me for hours if I never stopped her. Sometimes I'd fall asleep with her lips on mine, her sleepy suction helping me drift off to dreamland.

"You want me to get you ready?" she whispered, her seductive voice giving me all sorts of goosebumps. Ava retrieved her hair band from her study table, tied her hair back into a simple but stylish high ponytail, then she was back on my lips, tenderly sucking the spot where she had bitten me, offering her silent apology. "Maybe this innocent schoolgirl can suck her Master off first?"

I could never say no to a blowjob. Especially, *especially* one from my little sister. I didn't need to get sucked off by other girls to know how good she was. It was obvious by how comfortable she took in my cock, how she licked me up with expert little flicks of her tongue, how she took me deep down her throat without so much as a gag or a sputter.

"Sure," I told her, trying not to sound overly excited as I led her to her enormous pink bed. Her teddies were nowhere to be seen. I had replaced them, now being her sole cuddler every night. Patting the edge of the bed, I gave my sister the order. "Lay down here. Head hanging off the edge."

"Mmm." Ava gave me a look. "We're trying something different today? You don't want this schoolgirl on her knees, worshiping your big cock?"

"Tempting," I said. Ava was already moving, hopping on the bed and turning her back towards me. "But I saw this scene in porn and I wanted to try it."

"Porn?" She gave me that cute little frown. Even upset, she looked so fucking sexy. She set her gaze back forward. "Why are you watching porn? You don't need that shit when you're with me. We have plenty of sex. Don't I please you enough?"

Ava and her insecurities. It might even be larger than her ego.

But I get it. After swallowing the love pill, I have never seen Ava so much as glance at another man. I had theorized that the pill had shifted the course of her hormones into one singular direction—my way.

Why else was my sister suddenly so possessive of me and stark crazy for my cock?

But she was right. I didn't need porn ever again when Ava was hotter than all the pornstars and performed better. But the whole reason I was even watching it in the first place was to generate ideas for new sex positions with her, which was completely unnecessary because I wasn't even bored with our regular positions.

Ava could just go on all fours, stay still and remain silent while I fuck her and I would crumble in under a minute. Hell, I couldn't even bring myself to orgasm anymore with my own hands. Ava had spoiled me, and I told her as much.

I sighed. "You do please me."

"Hmm." My sister laid down, hanging her head off the edge of the bed, the ends of her pink ponytail touching the ground.

In this position, her teardrops strained under her tight white blouse, the remaining buttons threatening to pop right off.

"Just don't watch that shit again. As your lover—*your submissive*—it's insulting that you seek other avenues of pleasure." She looked straight at me, her blue eyes hard. "I am your pleasure."

With that, Ava fell silent and stretched her mouth wide, an open invitation for me to shove my cock down her throat.

A slight pang of guilt shot through me. I hated when I made my little sister upset. She always acted tough and firm, but I knew her better than anyone else ever did. Ava made herself look unbreakable, but it was the complete opposite. She was fragile inside, and with my newfound hold over my sister, I could crumble her illusion with a snap of my fingers.

But my guilt wasn't enough to overcome my lust for Ava. Grabbing her pink collar to keep her head still, I drove my cock through her parted lips and straight down her throat.

This time she gagged a little from how forceful I was, but my sister quickly adjusted, grabbing my thighs, moaning out something I couldn't understand, bobbing her head up and down, allowing me to use her as a mere sex tool for my own gains.

I flexed my hips back and forth, facefucking my own little sister, my cock pulsating down her warm throat, my heavy balls repeatedly slamming past her swollen lips, groans tearing out of me as my climax built up into a swirling storm.



“Okay,” I heaved, pulling out of her and gripping the bed sheets for support. My knees were shaking, and I was seconds away from blowing my load. But my intention was to use her mouth to get me as hard and as wet as possible. Job accomplished. Ten seconds down her throat was more than enough time to get me to that point.

I nodded towards the middle of the bed. ‘On all fours.’

“Let me wash my ass first,” she insisted, sitting up and toying a strand of pink hair around a finger. “And we need more lube.”

“No, we don’t.” I kept my gaze leveled with her piercing blues, jerking my chin towards the middle of the bed. “Go on all fours, Ava.”

She pushed her bottom lip out, staring me down. When I didn’t budge, she submitted like I knew she would, dropping her gaze and turning around, offering me her ass like a good little sister.

I shifted behind her and lifted her pleated miniskirt, smiling when I saw what was revealed: residues of my cum coated around her pussy lips, little trails of arousal leaking from her hot cunt, sizzling their way down her milky thighs.

“Be gentle,” Ava reminded me, her nervousness clear in her voice. “Don’t treat me like you do with my pussy. I’m more tender there.”

“Of course, baby.” I pinched her right ass cheek and was rewarded with a soft moan. “You know I never want to hurt you.”

“But you do.” Her voice cracked. “You always do.”

“I’m sorry.” Rolling my hips forward, I guided my cock into her ass, cursing when I stretched her puckered hole apart. “Fuck. I—I’m sorry.”

“Oh my god, Aaron...” Ava dug her forehead against the mattress, her moans growing in intensity as I stretched her wider. “Holy... oh my god.”

“You feel amazing here, Ava. So fucking...” I moved my hand away from her ass, finding her teardrops and squeezing them through her tight uniform blouse. “... so much tighter than your pussy.”

“God...” she groaned, then skated a hand downwards, slipping beneath her skirt to rub her clit. “You’re huge, Master. It... it hurts a little. We really need more lube.”

“No, we don’t.” I pulled my hands back and nudged hers away from her clit, taking the role of pleasuring her. She whimpered, rolling her hips against my hand, trying to get me where she wanted me best. “I’m wet enough from your mouth.”

“B-Be gentle.”

“I will.” I pressed deeper, already halfway inside her, going deeper by the second. “I am.”

Without warning her, I gathered some of my cum from her pussy lips and slipped my ring finger inside her burning cunt.

“A-AARON!”

“I know you don’t enjoy getting fucked in the ass, Ava,” I said, speaking loud so she could hear me over her cries. “So let me pleasure you in ways you like best.”

I slipped two more fingers inside her, thrusting in and out, my thumb rubbing back and forth against her spasming nub.

“Aaron—please! PLEASE!” My sister was fucking wild, gyrating her ass against my hand, her erratic movements forcing me to go hard on her asshole. “AH—AH!”

“Don’t cum!” I said quickly when I felt her whole body shudder, Ava’s usual warning when she was seconds away from clamping around my cock and squirting all over my thighs. “Wait for me, slut.”

She moaned. “Call me that again. Call... call me that again. Please, Master.”

What the fuck? Who would have thought Ava, of all people, was into degradation?

Groaning, I pulled on her ponytail, forcing her to look up at the ceiling. It was difficult to balance everything—plunging my fingers in and out of her pussy, rubbing her clit, ravaging her asshole. But I tried my very best, because my little sister deserved nothing but that.

“Slut,” I growled. “You’re my dirty, filthy slut. My sister slut.”

“Oh my god.” Ava was sobbing now. The first drop of tears pricked out of her blue eyes. Tears of joy, I hope.

But I had no time to confirm it. I was breaking my promise, shoving my cock in and out of her asshole without mercy, tearing her insides raw. But it wasn't my fault. She went ballistic on my cock first.

“Tell...” My sister started, but I slammed my balls against her, the brutal force making Ava whimper into silence. She mewled as I gave her a few more good thrusts before speaking up again. “Tell me how wrong this is, Aaron. Tell me how fucking dirty this is. Tell... tell me what people would think if they found out about us.”

“You already know, Ava.” We were both hanging off the edge of our release, but somehow holding on. My sister clawed at the bedsheets, screaming her pleasure as I fucked every tight hole she owned.

“Brother and sister fucking? People would think we are sick fucks.” *Thrust.* “Mom and Dad would kill us. *Thrust.* “Honestly, fuck them. Fuck everyone. Let the whole world know. Let's release a porn tape.” *Thrust.* “The step sister stuff out there is so tame. They are all actors. Let's show them the real thing.” *Thrust.* “Let's show the whole world how much of a slut you are by getting fucked by her own big brother. Let's—”

Ava shattered apart before I could say another word. With her head still up towards the ceiling, a cry tore from her throat, her pussy clamping down on my fingers as if it was my cock, squeezing so tight, I couldn't move an inch. Her body torqued wildly, her muscle quaked, her ponytail bounced up and down as she eagerly rammed herself against my cock, back and forth, her wails tearing through the room, filling up the entire block.

I tried to fight against the cascade of sensation, but it was impossible. We were brother and sister, linked by blood, bounded by fate. When she came, no force on Earth could stop me from cumming alongside her.

I roared out my pleasure, pouring my release, her own arousal squirting all over me, wails and moans accompanying our combined orgasm.

I squeezed my eyes shut and a universe of color exploded in my mind. Beautiful rainbows spiral and stretch out into eternity. With my sight gone, all sensations were multiplied threefold. I could feel every little flex her pussy gave as she milked my

fingers, hear every little whimper that ebbed past Ava's lips, savor every rough connection we made whenever our hips connected.

I blindly reached for her ponytail with my free hand and pulled hard, making her whimpers morph into screams and her pace to reach maniac territory, thrashing helplessly against me.

I lasted longer than I should. When I thought I had fizzled out, I withdrew out of her ass, but I was still spraying cum all over her uniform skirt, her blouse, her hair. Everywhere. I ignored the mess I made, pulling my sweat-slicked sister into me, claiming her lips, missing her vanilla.

Ava moaned softly as I clutched her ponytail in my fist, angling her mouth and bruising her lips.

"Where's..." I pulled back after her orgasm subsided, leaving both of us heaving heavy breaths. "Where's your school blazer?"

"In my wardrobe," she replied, her blue eyes twinkling, her tears drying out on her cheeks. "Why?"

"Wear it now. We're going to school."

"What?" Her smile dropped. "Why?"

"Ava, It's my final year. There's no way I'm risking flunking out."

"You won't. I have connections. You'll get all the exam questions and answers a day before the tests."

"Honestly, little sis?" I ran my thumb along her sharp jawline, trailing up to her lips, and dipping my digit into her thumb where she sucked me softly. "I just want you prancing around the school covered in my cum. Just thinking about it... fuck."

"You know how much of a clean freak I am." She sucked my thumb harder, and I moaned. Please don't make me do that, Master."

I considered forcing her to obey, but she was giving me puppy eyes, and I knew it would make her miserable if she followed through with the order. No matter how hot having my sister covered in my seed, walking through the crowd and showing everyone

she was mine... I shouldn't be too selfish. She's my sister. Her happiness was important.

But then again... I had a better idea. One that was more discreet.

"Fine. But we're going to classes." I gave her a questionable look. Do you have cheerleading practice today?"

Ava was really committed on sucking my thumb as if it were my cock. She lapped my digit up, licking all around. "Yeap."

"Good."

"You want to fuck me in my cheer uniform?"

"Yes, but..."

I withdrew my thumb, and it came out with a soft '*pop*'. Bedding forward to retrieve the bullet vibrator from her nightstand, I smiled at my sister and nudged her thighs apart. "Open wide."

She stiffened. "Aaron, no."

"Yes."

"No. Please."

Slipping my wet digit through the small ring of her collar, I jerked her towards me, forcing her to gasp in surprise.

"No one will know and it's sanitary." I said. "You have no excuses and this will please me. Do you want to please me, Ava?"

She looked down at the messy bed sheet. "Yes, Master."

"Yes, Master... what?"

"Yes, Master, I want to please you."

I shivered. Watching Ava submit might even be better than cumming inside her.

“So when I tell you to open your legs. What do you do?”

She lifted her skirt and parted her thighs, giving me sight of a very swollen and very pink pussy. She must be sore as hell, but Ava was never one to admit it.

“There you go. Good girl.” I blew out a breath and, very slowly, inserted the bullet toy into her pussy folds. I kept my eyes on her teardrops, watching them dip in and out quicker and quicker the deeper I slid the vibrator inside her.

“Master...” Ava whispered, trembling softly when I pulled out my fingers.

“We’re late for class,” I told her, almost regretfully, because it hurt to leave her, even for a moment. It was like I had to breathe the same air she was breathing or I didn’t feel normal. Weird? Probably. “Let’s shower in our respective rooms to not waste time. Then you can cook me a quick breakfast.”

Ava cooking me breakfast was a sight I was dying to see. Just a week ago, she swore she would never prepare food for me, and now...

“Yes, Master.”

There it was. Good girl.

Taking her collar and lowering my head, I took her lips, kissing her one last time before we readied ourselves for school.

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I stared at my phone screen, the lecturer’s words a drone in the background.

I downloaded an app on my phone which allowed me to wirelessly connect to the bullet vibrator. They were ten different vibration modes, along with a bunch of other neat features. All I needed to do was press down on any one of the buttons, and my little sister would be hit with an unexpected jolt of surprise.

The sheer power I held in my hands.

*I wonder what she's doing now.*

I drafted a quick message.

**Me: What are you doing now?**

I was used to my sister's late replies—if she even bothered answering me at all. But now it was different. Her reply came just ten seconds later.

**Ava: Thinking of you <3**

Very sweet. But no matter her reply, I was going to test out the wireless capabilities of the expensive vibrator we had bought.

Chuckling, I set the vibration level to 'one' and tapped on the 'on' button before quickly turning it off.

Her message came fifteen seconds later.

**Ava: What the fuck? Don't.**

I had to reign in my laughter. Fuck.

Turning the vibration to level three this time, I switched it back on and left it there.

My phone lit up with a notification just three seconds later.

**Ava: STOP!**

*Ding!* Another notification.

**Ava: My friends are talking to me. Please.**

Instead of turning it off, I amped up the intensity, the vibration now at level five, giggling to myself.

*Ding!*

**Ava: AARON! STOPPPPP!**

It was a wonder how she could even type properly.

I turned it off. Enough torture.

For now.

Class ended. Lunch time began. I headed straight for the canteen. Not for food—well, at least not the kind of meal everyone else was planning for.

I spotted Ava immediately. It wasn't difficult since she was the only girl in school with pink hair. And she was also the only student with a pink collar tightly secured around her neck.

Everyone probably assumed the choker was a conscious fashion choice, not a piece of evidence that showed she belonged to her own brother.

Ava noticed me as quickly as I spotted her. She glared at me from a distance and I returned her death look with a smile. She had already changed out to her cheer uniform and the VIP table was fully seated with other cheerleaders. Every single one of them were the hottest girls in school, possessing beauty that was almost unfair.

It was sad, really. Girls in other schools had inspirations to be lawyers, doctors, or whatever. In our institution, every girl dreamt of being in the cheer squad because that meant ultimate fame and glory. Every new cheerleader had their Instagram follower count exploding overnight, along with potentially having their lives settled out for them since all the rich guys would be gunning for their number.

Ava stood above from the rest of her peers. Not only was she among the youngest, my little sister was undeniably the sexiest of them all. She wasn't elected to be cheer captain without a very good reason.

I nodded towards her, and she nodded back after more angry glaring. She knew the silent message I was communicating. *Meet me at the computer lab.*

What Ava didn't know was that she looked sexier when angry, so it was tempting to annoy her every now and then just to see her lush brows furrow, her pretty nose flare, and for her pink lips to curl downwards into a cute frown.

I squeezed through the lunchtime crowd, stepping outside the cafeteria and heading towards the technology building that held all the computer labs. Lab thirteen was all the way up on the third floor, located at the end of the corridor, past twists and turns. It was



well hidden, which was important since nobody would catch us entering, and most importantly—hear us.

The door was locked so I waited outside for my sister. It didn't take long. A minute later, pink hair popped up and Ava glared at me one more time before fishing for the key from her handbag. I stood there beside her, inhaling her sweet scent, my cock straining painfully under my pants, already knowing what was going to happen inside the abandoned lab.

Ava unlocked it and gestured me in. The soft ends of her Hollywood waves ticked me as I brushed past her. My sister stepped inside, flicked on the light, and closed the door. The lock snapped in place with an audible click.

"You're such an asshole, Aaron," Ava muttered, crossing her arms and giving me that death stare that made her look even sexier. "I almost fucking fell down in front of everybody when you didn't stop."

I couldn't hold back my grin. "I'd like to have seen that." Meeting her gaze, I held out hand out, gesturing for her to hand the bullet back to me.

We agreed she wouldn't take the remote controlled vibrator out of her no matter what. If she had, then I had reasons to punish her—not spanking. Ava loved that. I'd probably force her to withhold her orgasm for the next few days while I continuously fuck every hole she owned. I knew Ava hated *that*.

My sister sighed, uncrossed her arms, then slid a hand under her red cheer skirt. She grunted softly as she unlodged the toy, placing the soaked vibrator onto my palm.

I chuckled and studied the toy which had been inside her for nearly the entire morning. "Good girl."

"Let's fuck now," Ava said, leaning against me, kissing her way from my shoulder to my neck. "It's been three hours. I need you *now*."

She didn't bother to hide the desperate tinge in her voice, croaking out the 'now'.

Humbling Ava took a while, but my sister finally learned her place. She dropped her ego when she was with me—at least a huge lump of it. She knew she would be rewarded if she acted like a meek little kitten. If she behaved, I would feed her all the treats she craved.

Honestly, I would like to believe that the love pill had brought out Ava's true personality. I didn't need to train her at all. She did everything so naturally, as if she was born to serve—and serve well.

I didn't stop Ava when she started unbuttoning my school shirt. It came off me in a flash, and then my sister was on her knees, giggling as she pried open the button of my pants.

Her blue eyes lit up when she saw me throbbing. My sister dipped forward, running the flat of her tongue up along the thin cotton of my boxers, leaving a burning trail.

"Ava—shit!" I hissed, gripping the edges of the computer table and tossing the soaked vibrator away as more groans spilled out of me. Yet again, I was already teetering at the edge of madness. My release swelled and burned within me, my primal instinct screaming out to fuck her and do what all older brothers should do—impregnate their little sisters.

It was the ultimate goal. After all, didn't I want to be a father one day? Ava definitely wanted kids.

But we were too young, and everything was happening so fucking quick.

Ava's giggles drifted me back to reality. She pulled down my briefs, helped me out of my shoes, and then stood up, looking at me with a sexy glint. My sister toyed with the pleats of her cheer skirt, her bottom lip folded in between her perfect white teeth.

"You had the schoolgirl this morning," she said, batting her eyelids innocently. "Do you want the cheerleader now?"

It was tempting. God, it was so fucking tempting.

But I hadn't seen her naked today, hadn't stared at her creamy perfection decorated with soft curves and toned angles.

Sometimes less was more.

"No." I shook my head, glancing down at her thighs when I noticed a shine trailing down her legs. Holy fuck, my sister was already dripping. I let out a shaky exhale before continuing. "Clothes off."

“I thought you’d like the cheerleader. I’m heading to cheer practice in an hour. Don’t you want to dirty my uniform, then watch me perform with your cum stains on me?”

“Oh, now you’re okay with it?”

“As long as you...” She edged closer to touch our lips, then drew back a millimeter, finishing her words in a low whisper laced with everything Ava. “... don’t dirty me too much. Like you did to my school uniform this morning. Just blow most of it inside me.”

Fuck it.

I shoved her onto the computer table.

She squealed, but my sister didn’t resist my rough handling. Ava climbed onto the table and assumed all fours. I was on her in a hot flash, climbing behind her, lifting her bright red cheer skirt, rolling my hips forward, clenching my teeth as I felt the familiar flex of her soaked pussy lips accepting my intrusion.

Aside from her cute spills of whimpers, my sister was silent, gyrating her hips backwards in a sexy sway, swallowing more of my cock.

Soon enough, both of us were in a relentless rhythm, the heavy slapping of my balls pounding against her plump ass cheeks overpowering our cries.

I wished people could hear us. The entire school should know that a loser like me was banging the undisputedly hottest girl in school.

My own little sister.

“Ah!” Ava let out her first squeal when I changed angle and started ramming against her favorite spot. It was so deep inside her, I had to twist my hips in a slightly uncomfortable position. But hearing her moan every time I pound against the hard spot was so worth it. “Ah—don’t... don’t stop! There! Yes! Master, Y-YES!”

She was close. I could feel it. We were definitely approaching three digits sex if we continued fucking at this rate.

I was extremely familiar with my sister’s body. I could navigate her in the dark, give her an explosive orgasm with a blindfold on if needed be. Every time I closed my eyes,

Ava's perfection was front and center of my mind, making it impossible to not think of her. Ever.

Yeah, I was madly in love with my sister. It wasn't just the sex or her beauty that had me secretly lusting after her for years. Well, those two were among the biggest factors, but there was another value Ava offered. A priceless one.

When Ava loves you, she *really* loves you. None of her boyfriends ever experienced her true feelings because Ava had never fallen for any of them.

"Ava, my love," I groaned, my voice strained as I hammered away into her ungodly tight pussy. I slid my hands under her and grabbed her teardrops, kneading her tits, pinching her hard nipples through her uniform top. "Fuck."

"B-Blow... oh god." Ava turned her head to look at me. No one could fake the raw emotions coloring her eyes. I saw lust, devotion. *Love*. "Blow it all inside me. All of it. Please—please don't dirty my cheer uniform too much."

"Okay," I heaved. I was vaguely aware of words coming out of my mouth, but I've lost the ability to comprehend them. It didn't matter. Not when I was inside my little sister, losing myself to her piece by piece. "Jesus, Ava, I'm so fucking close. I-I can't hold it. Fuck."

"Do it—*Aaron!*" My name was drawn out in a staggered gasp. She rammed her hips back onto my cock so hard, I went woozy for a split second. "Do—do it."

Ava came, splitting apart, but not before I got in one last thrust, squeezed her breasts, then roared out as my seed barrelled through her, filling her up.

Everything was so quick. When I was with Ava, it seemed like the laws of time didn't apply. Sometimes everything went in slow motion, and sometimes it all happened in a blur.

One second she was tearing away at my clothes, the next I was fucking her, and then a split second later, I had already unloaded everything into her slim, curvy body.

And then we were kissing on top of the table, me above her, our tongues at war.

I didn't even realize I had slipped a hand in between her tights and was rubbing her clit. Ava came a second time, biting down on my lips to suppress her scream, squeezing

her thighs tightly together as she squirted out a second wave of juices, soaking my hand.

“I didn’t make a mess this time,” I said, chuckling and heaving out heavy pants, our breaths mingling. I looked at her cheer skirt and at the damp patch that had formed in the middle. “You did.”

“I can deal with this,” Ava told me, running her tongue along her swollen pink lips. “It’s harder to clean up semen. Especially yours. It’s so fucking thick.”

I rolled off her and climbed back down from the table. Ava groaned when she sat up, and I helped her get off the table safely. She thanked me with a sweet peck on the lips.

“So what now?” I asked her, gathering my clothes that my sister had tossed away to the far side of the lab. “You’re going to cheer practice?”

“Mmm hmm.” Ava smoothed down her hair and hooked her pinky finger through her collar ring. “Are you coming to watch me? You never bothered before.”

Of course I didn’t. Ava always made it abundantly clear she never wanted me close. She used to scowl at me if we were in the same room together. Didn’t she remember?

“Sure. Then we would fuck in the car after.” I buttoned my white shirt up. “I think I would enjoy fucking you while you are all hot and sweaty. You always smell better after practice.”

Ava giggled, then lapsed into silence, tilting her head and staring at me from a distance.

Our gaze locked and held. There wasn’t the usual blue intensity behind her eyes. Her eyes were soft, and I caught the slight tremble in her lips before she parted them to speak.

“Aaron?”

“Yeah?”

“Thank you.”

I frowned. “For what?”

My sister grabbed her purse from the table and blew me an air kiss before disappearing out the door, leaving me with a sweet trail of perfume and even sweeter words.

“Loving me back.”