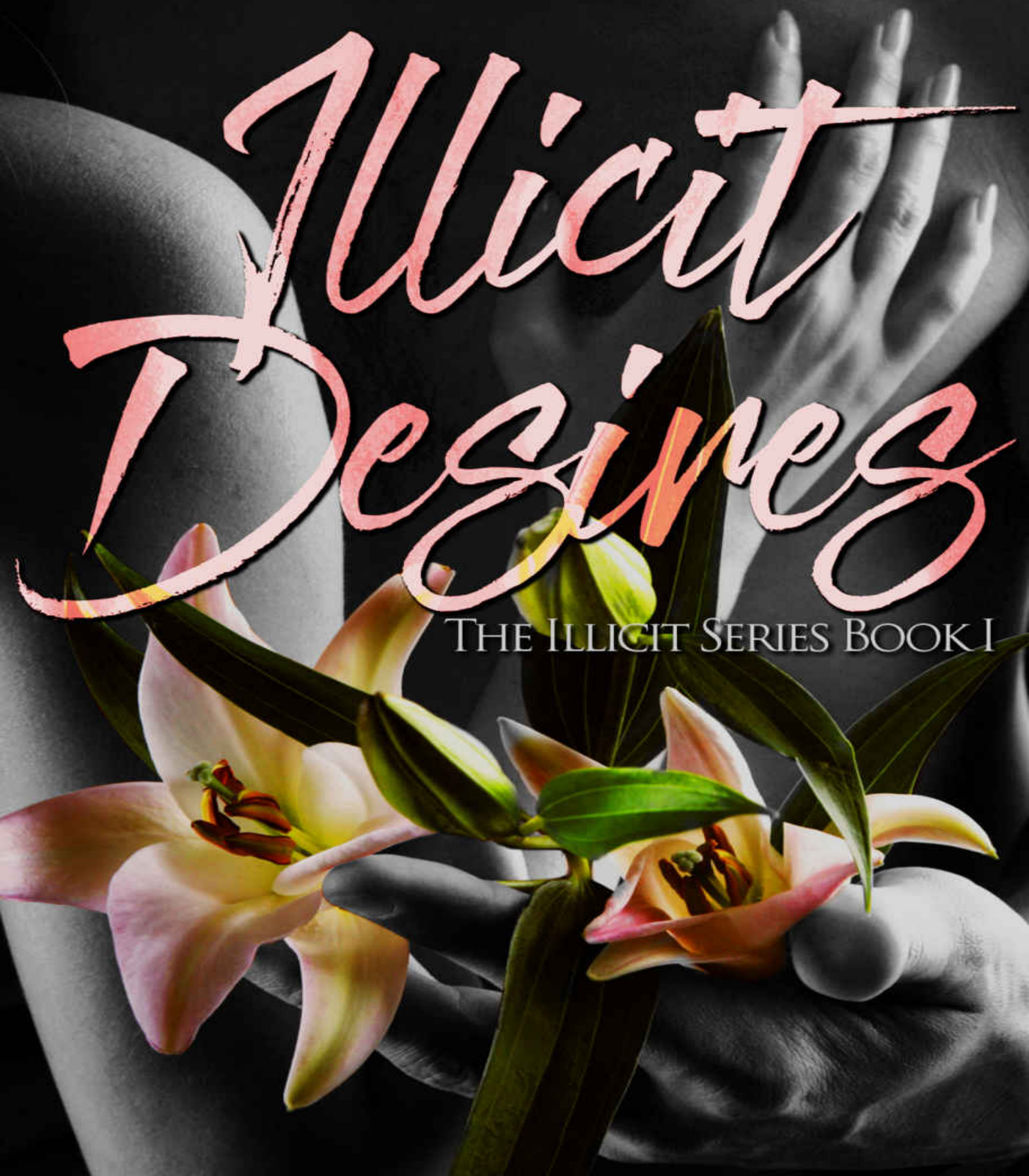


ROSE B. MASHAL

Illicit Desires

THE ILLICIT SERIES BOOK I



Illicit Desires

ROSE B. MASHAL

OceanofPDF.com

Illicit Desires (The Illicit Series, Book 1) by Rose B. Mashal

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Summary

Her smiles brought my own to life. Her beautiful face was what made me get out of bed every morning. Looking into her eyes was my favorite part of the day.

She was in my every thought, in every passing second.

My lips craved her lips, and my hands yearned to touch her beautiful skin. My heart called out her name with every beat, and I only had eyes for her.

Her. My life, my soul, my personal Heaven-on-Earth.

She was everything I had ever wanted, but everything I could never have.

She was my flesh and blood.

She was my sister.

*The following story contains taboo subjects and sexual situations.
Recommended for mature audiences only.*

Dedication

To Sandra, for always being there, for holding my hand, and for patting my shoulder. I love you.

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Prologue

Adrian

My heart started beating fast as I saw her coming down the stairs. Wearing her white, strapless sundress, with her hair down caressing her shoulders, she looked like an angel.

Her green eyes caught mine, and I saw the sadness filling them. She masked it right away, replacing it with a furious stare—trying to tell me that she was mad at me for what I did with her a while ago in her room.

Well, she could fool anyone else she wanted, but not me. She liked it, and I fucking knew it.

The hem of her short dress danced along her upper thighs as she took one hurried step after another. Ignoring her angry look, I licked my lips, knowing that it would make her look away because she wouldn't want me to see the need in her eyes.

And that was exactly what she did. But she was helpless against the redness of the blush which covered her face and neck as she passed me.

"Daddy?" she began as she approached our father, who was sitting at the kitchen table, drinking his coffee while he read the newspaper.

"Hmm?" He looked up from the papers in his hand, facing her.

"I... Um, I want to talk with you about something," she said, looking at the floor—her blush growing more intense.

"Sure. What is it?"

"I...Uh, I..." As Lily stood there, hesitant to say what she wanted to say, she looked at our mom, who was sitting at the table across from where Lily was standing. She even caught my eyes for a quick second, but then looked down right away.

"Do you want to go into my office, Lily?" he asked, placing the paper on the table.

"Uh, no... It's fine. I just... Uh, well, I'm going to graduate soon, and ... uh, there is that guy in my school—"

Fucking what?

"H—he asked me out more than one time and ... uh, I want to say yes."

"Lily, sweetheart, we've talked about this before, and you know the rule," he said in his calm voice.

"But, Dad, I'm almost eighteen; I'm not a little girl anymore. I'm the only one my age who's not allowed to date!"

"Lily, I—"

"Dave," Mom interrupted, "I think Lily is mature enough to make good decisions."

Fuck that, she doesn't know shit.

"But, Beth, she's not even eighteen yet."

"Honey, it's just a matter of a few months before she leaves for college. It's better that she starts dating now and learns more about the kind of relationship she wants before she starts a new phase in her life. Don't you think?"

My blood started to boil in my veins. My own mother was convincing my dad with logic. Now he was *actually* thinking about it. I didn't want him to fucking think about it; I want him to say a *clear* no.

"Sweetheart, I don't think it's—"

"Please, Dad. Even Adrian is allowed to date, and we're the same age. It's not fair," She pointed in my direction without looking.

"I'm older!" I called out, correcting her.

"By ten minutes, asshole!" she yelled back at me.

"Language, Lillian," Mom warned.

"Sorry."

I couldn't believe what I was hearing! *They were actually considering this bullshit?* I had to set my glass of orange juice down on the table so I didn't end up throwing it at one of them.

"The only reason I don't want you to date is that you're so innocent, and I don't want someone to break your heart, sweetie."

Or break your fucking hymen.

"I'm old enough to know how to choose, and I'm mature enough to face the responsibilities of my choices, Dad."

My Dad let out a long sigh, and then I saw the hint of a smile forming on his lips.

No! No! No! No fucking way. Come on!

"Okay."

"So... That's a yes?"

"Yes, Lily, you can say *yes*." He smiled.

Fuck! A million fucking fucks!

"Thanks, Dad. You're awesome." She bent down and placed a kiss on his cheek.

"You're welcome, sweetie. "

She did the same with Mom. "Thanks, Mom."

She walked over and stood right in front of me. She was so close I could smell her soft peach shampoo as she leaned in a little bit, picking my glass up off the small table.

"I'll take that if you don't want it," she smiled softly, not waiting for me to reply as she took a sip without taking her eyes off of mine. I'm sure that the green in them was replaced with the darkness of my anger.

I only snarled at her.

She leaned forward again, her lips just an inch away from my face. She was so close I could feel her warm breath on my cheek. It took everything in me not to moan.

"I win, *Dear Brother*," she whispered and then touched her soft lips to my cheek.

Fuck!

She thought she was going to date now that she had permission?

She thought that she'd go out with a guy and kiss and hug and fuck?

She thought I'd ever allow anyone to touch what was *mine*?

No fucking way in hell!

When she was about to back off after kissing me, I gripped her forearm and whispered back. "Over my dead body, *little sister*."

1

Adrian

It was like it all happened just yesterday, but it all started that summer about four years ago...

My father, Dave was the Chief of Surgery at Seattle Faith Hospital. He was always so busy with work that it was unreal. We were never able to have a proper vacation. But, a miracle eventually happened, and he was able to carve out two weeks for us and take a break. So, we went to our beach house—which we hardly used—to spend the break there.

Dave was a great guy, really. He always wanted for us to have the best of everything. He wasn't our real father, though. Henry Walter is ... *was* for the record. He and my mother, Beth, got married young and had us at the ages of twenty-six and twenty, respectively. Henry died when we were just two years old, killed in the line of duty as a police officer. My mother remarried just two years later, and she said her life had never been better.

Guess my mom had a thing for men in uniform. I rolled my eyes at the thought. I really loved Dave—don't get me wrong—but I didn't like the way Mom had moved on so fast. Yes, two years was fast in my book.

Henry never really died. I was too young to remember him, but I still felt his love for us. Was that sane? I still saw him in Lily's features, her heart—shaped face, and her brown locks. The way she smiled was a perfect copy of his smile which I'd seen over and over again in photos. I got my tall frame from Henry. I looked more like Mom with her auburn hair and green eyes. Lily got our green eyes from her, too.

Lily...

If only I had known how that vacation would fuck up our relationship, I would have—most certainly—just passed.

"Okay, kids. Go unpack now, and we'll get in the water in the morning, okay?" Mom said.

"Why can't we go swimming now?" Lily whined.

"Because it's sunset, you'll be exhausted when you get back, and I'll have to do all the work of unpacking for the both of you!"

"But Mom—"

"Lily!" Mom warned.

"Yes, Mom." Lily left to go to her room, and I went to help her with her bag.

"It's okay, Adrian. I got it," she said in a low voice.

"Don't be silly. Let me," I replied as I carried her bag toward the stairs.

"Jesus! What do you have in here? Rocks?" I asked with a groan as I felt how heavy her bag was.

She let out a small giggle from behind me. "Just my clothes and ... um ... some books."

"Books? Lily, you do realize we're going on a vacation, right?" I dropped the bag on her bed and turned around to face her. She looked a little sad.

"I know."

"Hey, what's wrong?" I touched her cheek softly. "Why the sad face?"

"I figured that she'll end up forcing us to stay home for some reason or I'll be grounded for something; that's why I brought the books—to keep me company," she explained, meaning Mom.

I sighed.

"I wanted to go swimming!" she pouted.

"We will, baby sis. Please don't be upset. We have two full weeks. We'll do all the swimming you want, okay?"

"Kay," she said, still looking disappointed.

"C'mon. Where is my sweet smile? C'mon... C'mon... Yes, that's my girl." I kissed her cheek. "Do you want me to help you unpack?"

"Nah, it's cool. I'll do it." She smiled.

"Okay. I'll go finish mine, and if you're not done by then, I'll come back and help."



When we finished having dinner, I went straight to bed, exhausted from all of the packing and unpacking and the three hour drive. It was really crowded on the roads. Then, of course, I had to be the one to check if all of the lights were working on all three floors.

I was deeply asleep when I felt a warm body creeping into my bed, and I knew right away who it was.

"Adrian?" Lily whispered beside my ear as I lay on my side, my back facing her.

I didn't reply; I was really sleepy.

"Adrian, are you awake?"

"I am now," I huffed. "What is it?"

"I'm scared."

"Of what?"

"I don't know. I just don't want to sleep alone in that room. Can I sleep with you tonight?"

"Lily, you're too old to be scared of the boogiemán!"

"Please, Adrian? Pretty please?"

"Okay," I sighed. "You can sleep in here."

"Thank you, Adri." I heard the smile in her voice.

"Okay, call me *Adri* one more time, and I'll kick you right back out of the bed."

"Sorry," she chuckled. I was happy I'd made her happy; her happiness meant my own.

"Adrian?"

"Hmm?"

"Would you just hold me?"

"For God's sake, Lily! Would you just let me sleep?"

"Please, Adrian. I'm scared."

I sighed and then turned around to face her, turning her around along with me so my chest was facing her back. I slid my hand under her shirt and rested my hand on her bare stomach, making small circles. "Here, all better?"

"Yeah, thank you," she yawned.

"Go to sleep now, baby sis."

Before she could reply, I heard her soft, steady breaths, telling me that she was already asleep.



When I woke up, Lily was cuddled tightly against me, her arm and head rested over my chest, and one of her legs was over mine. I smoothly removed myself from her, careful not to wake her up.

I took my shower and went downstairs even though it was still too early. I filled a bowl with some cereal and milk and started eating.

Lily came down after a few minutes and had breakfast with me. Mom and Dad were still sleeping. From the looks of it—the empty bottle of wine and all—it seemed they had stayed up late, and they most likely weren't going to wake up anytime soon.

Nauseating!

"Do you want to go for a swim?" I asked.

"Duh!"

"Okay. Go get ready."

"We'll go without Mom and Dad?"

"Lily, the shore is just two yards ahead. They'll find us as soon as they wake up and look out the window, so don't worry about it." I went to change, grab a blanket, and wait for her.

I was sitting on the blanket I'd placed on the sand when I felt something on my ear. At first, I thought it was a fly or something, so I shrugged it off, but it kept coming back. I turned around after feeling something brush my ear several times and discovered that it was Lily tickling me with the tip of her short, white bathrobe's belt.

"You're in big trouble."

Once she heard my threat, she ran away, screaming and laughing. I ran after her, catching her easily just a moment later as both of us fell to the ground.

"You wanna fight? Huh? Huh?" I said as I pinned her to the sandy ground with my hands on her shoulders and my legs on either side of her.

"I'm sorry! I'm sorry!" she chanted between laughs.

"Too late, baby sis! Too late." I started tickling her neck and moved down to her collarbone, which prior tickle-fights had shown me was her most ticklish spot.

"A-Adrian, Sto-op!" she yelled, not able to hold back her laughter.

"Say uncle!"

"N-no-oh!"

"Say it!"

"N-noo!"

"If you say so." I moved my hands down, reaching for her stomach, and that was when my whole world turned upside down. Her robe was wide open; I hadn't noticed that when I had started tickling her. And there, staring at me, was the most delicious set of breasts I'd ever seen. They were a bit

small – she was only fifteen, after all. Her laughter was making them shake a little, making my mouth water in a way I'd never thought was possible.

My hands froze on her stomach, and for the first time in my life, I noticed how soft her pale skin was. I sat there—frozen—gaping at the beauty of her body. Her breasts were covered by the top of her white bikini, but it did a poor job covering how hard her nipples were. And, nothing was covering the delicate skin that led to her stomach or the very small swell of her hip bone that led to...

Shit!

I'm turned on by my sister!

Shit! Shit! Shit!

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2

Lillian

At the time, I had no clue as to how we became like this. The last time I remembered us happy and enjoying each other's company was on that vacation at the beach house. It took one day for that damn house to ruin our relationship ... or that's what I'd thought.

I thought that the house was cursed with some sort of black magical powers which separated a beloved brother from his only sister—his twin! Yeah, silly... I know. But I was only fifteen years old, and I was unable to think of any other reason. We were inseparable before we went on that damn vacation, and the next day, we just weren't anymore.

I don't know how long I cursed the house for that, thinking that because we hardly used it, bad spirits had possessed it or something. But I later learned that it was my stupid bathing suit!

I'd been dreaming of wearing a bikini for so long, but I never got the chance to wear one—given that we hadn't had a vacation in four or five years. And when I did finally get the chance, I wanted to tear it into pieces for what it had done to me and my brother.

"Say uncle!" he ordered.

"N-no-oh!" I choked out through my laughs.

"Say it!" he demanded again. His eyes were crinkled with laughter, but he wouldn't let it out.

"N-oo!" I insisted.

"If you say so." Once he said that, I knew I'd say "*uncle*" and he'd win. He knew how much I hated to lose—especially tickle fights.

When he reached for my stomach, I squeezed my eyes shut, though I hardly had them open anyway. I was laughing really hard after all. I braced myself for the sensation of his tickles, which would probably bring me close to peeing the bottom of my very expensive bikini. But it never came.

I waited for a moment, but still, there was nothing. Just his fingertips barely brushing along my stomach. I opened my eyes to see what was wrong, and I was met with Adrian gaping at what looked like his hands.

"Adrian?!" I called, moving his attention back to me, since he seemed to be lost. He slowly raised his gaze and met mine with a strange look. His eyes were filled with ... disbelief? I couldn't tell.

"Adrian! Are you okay?" I asked—still looking up at him from my spot on the sandy ground, concern filling my voice. One second later, I saw him run back to the house.

I ran after him to see what was going on, but I couldn't catch him. I was only met with the door of the first floor bathroom shutting in my face and almost knocking me to the ground.

"Adrian?" I knocked on the door and waited for his answer. But nothing came; he didn't reply. I started to panic.

"Adrian, please. Are you okay?" I felt my tears threatening to fall. I was so afraid that I had hurt him or something with my kicks, even though I was sure that my legs didn't touch him anywhere.

"I'm fine." I wasn't one that he could fool with just any lie; I knew Adrian very well, more than I could possibly know myself—and he *wasn't* fine.

I stood still for a few moments, giving him time to use the bathroom, expecting him to then come out to tell me what was going on. But he stayed in there a long time, and my worry hit the roof. I was about to knock again when I heard him panting very fast. Then, I heard an unmistakable moan followed by a muffled groan.

Thinking that he was surely hurt, I started knocking on the door like a crazy person. "Adrian! Please, open the door! Tell me what's wrong! Please tell me that you're okay," I sobbed, not able to control my tears any longer. "Adrian, I'll go call Mom!" I said when he didn't respond.

"No!" he shouted. "Just give me a minute."

Drying my tears with the back of my hand, I waited for him to come out, which he finally did after a few minutes. He looked flushed, his forehead was glistening with sweat, and he looked... Not. Okay.

"What is it?" I asked. His gaze was fixed on the floor, and he wouldn't look at me. So, I tried again: "Adrian, what happened?"

"Nothing," he replied after a long pause, his lips trembling slightly as if he was just about to cry.

"Adrian, look at me." I brought my hand to his face, wanting to touch his cheek, but he backed away and turned his face to the other side, refusing my touch. It hurt me.

He went back to his room and closed the door. I tried opening it, but he'd locked it from the inside. Waking up my Mom and telling her that Adrian didn't seem to be okay was the next thing I did. Eventually, he opened the door for her and said that his stomach hurt and he wasn't feeling well.

We all stayed home that day, waiting for him to feel better, but the days passed, and he didn't. In the end, my parents went on like nothing was wrong and enjoyed their vacation, especially after Dad examined him and said that nothing was wrong with him at all.

Nevertheless, I couldn't just leave him like that and go enjoy myself; Adrian was my twin—the other half of my soul—and if he said he wasn't well, then he wasn't, and I would stay by his side.

Still fearing to sleep alone in my room, I went every night to sleep beside him. I would wake up to find him sitting on the armchair across from his bed, his face buried in his hands or just sleeping on the floor. I knew then that my company made him uncomfortable, so I put on my big girl panties and just slept alone.



"Adri?" I tried.

He was lying on his bed, his back facing me. "Don't. Call me. That."

I'd been trying to wake him up for quite a while, and he just wouldn't respond. Finally, I tried calling him by the name he hated just to get a reaction from him. And, it worked!

"So you *are* awake!" I huffed.

He didn't respond.

"Do you realize it's the last day of our vacation today?"

"Whatever."

I wasn't used to that kind of attitude from Adrian. He'd always been good to me—always treating me as nicely and gently as he could. But not anymore. "Adrian, please. It's been so long. If you'd just tell me what's wrong?" Again, he didn't reply. So, I continued on. "I'd been dying to go on this vacation since forever, and I ended up spending it all in this room just reading books and being worried sick about you. And you just won't talk to me no matter how much I've tried!"

"You don't have to stay in here," he said in a low voice.

"I want to. Please, Adrian, let's get out and just enjoy this last day! Please. I would kill to get in that water." I tried to hide the hurt in my voice at the sound of his words.

"You can do that," he said, still not facing me.

"I can't do anything without you; you know that very well!"

He sighed.

"Please!" I begged and begged for God only knows how long. He finally agreed.

Finally, I put on my bathing suit, which I'd never used, and I waited for him, sitting beside Mom, who was lying on her stomach to get a "nice tan" or whatever. Dad was busy doing something on his laptop even though it was a vacation. Mom *allowed* him two hours every day to do whatever he needed to do with his research and such.

Ignoring how Adrian's face fell when he saw me, I smiled at him. He looked like as if his face had been drained of all of its blood, and it was all flushed at the same time. I didn't know how ... or why for that matter.

I knew that everything that was going on with Adrian had something to do with me. I knew he was mad at me for some reason—for something I'd done. I didn't know what it was, but I knew that Adrian was too nice to ever hurt me by voicing it ... whatever *it* was. I just tried to make it up to him and to get him out of that shell he'd built around himself. Maybe I could learn what was wrong with him in the process.

The water was quiet with just a few small waves every now and then. It felt amazing, but if Adrian was enjoying it, he didn't show it. I pulled him with my hand in his as we went in deeper until the water was covering our lower halves.

"Do you want to go deeper?" I asked, to which he didn't reply.

Sighing, I took him by the hand again and went in further, until the water hid my chest completely; it hid Adrian's too, since we were almost the same height back then.

"That's better," he said, and I couldn't believe that he'd finally spoken, but I tried not to show my excitement. I just ignored it like it wasn't something out of the ordinary.

"Cool!" I said, smiling. Looking at the shore to see how far we'd gone, I saw that my parents were nothing but small dots, far, far away.

Like any two people swimming together, I circled Adrian's shoulders with my arms, watching him as he clenched his eyes shut and squeezed

hard, taking a deep breath. I waited for him to hold me too, and he finally did, but it took him too long. Longer than necessary. He rested his hands either side of my body and left them there.

"You're no fun!" I joked, pouting as I splashed him with water. He looked at me in disbelief, and then I saw a hint of a smile on his lips. It was something I hadn't seen in what had felt like years. Then his eyes darkened, and I knew he was going to do the same thing all over again. I let go of him and tried to get away, but the water wouldn't let me.

We stayed in the water too long (until I saw wrinkles forming on my fingertips), but I didn't care. I was finally having a good time with Adrian. We were playing in the water, splashing each other, and running here and there. I shoved his head under the water a couple of times, but he didn't do it back; he was just *that* nice.

The air was filled with my happy screams and our laughter. Yes, I said *our* laughter. Adrian was finally letting go of whatever was bothering him, and I couldn't have been happier.

When I was exhausted from all of the playing, I rested my arms around his shoulders again. I laid my head on the spot where his neck met his shoulder, trying to catch my breath, and he held me to him as we swayed lazily in the water. I looked up at him and smiled, but he didn't smile back. Instead, he pressed his lips to mine.

It was the very first time Adrian had kissed me there; it was the first time anyone had kissed me there for the record. I didn't think much about it, since we were always close, and I mean *really* close. So what if he kissed me so tenderly on the mouth? It meant nothing!

It was as if he knew what I was thinking and wanted to prove the opposite because, suddenly, the kiss wasn't tender anymore. He pulled me closer to his body, tugging my bottom lip between his lips. I didn't know if I should pull back or not. I mean... It was Adrian for God's sake—my brother, my twin.

His hands started wandering over my back and sides, and suddenly it felt all wrong, but I still didn't pull back. I just stayed frozen in place, shocked.

Once I felt his tongue pushing its way inside my mouth, however, I pulled back in a second. "Adrian!" He didn't respond to me; his mouth was busy placing kisses all over my jaw line before making his way to my neck.

"Adrian! What are you doing?" I tried pushing him away, but he held me firmly, so I wasn't able to move him—not even an inch. "Knock it off!" I shoved him away once I felt a slight pressure on my neck as he sucked on the skin there.

His eyes were heavy with something I didn't understand; it was something I'd never seen before. I saw it for a split second before he came back to me as if I hadn't just shoved him or anything, attacking my neck with his lips.

The second time I pushed him away, he didn't try again. I don't know if it was because I shoved him hard or because I said, "Stop!" Either way, he did.

He stared at me with wide eyes like he couldn't believe what he had just done. Heck, *I* didn't believe what he had just done!

"Adrian! What the hell? Are you out of your mind?"

"Lily, I ..."

I mentally replayed what had just happened, and my blood ran cold. So, I slapped him. For the first time in my whole short life, I slapped Adrian. I didn't know how I did it, but I was mad at him. So mad.

His hand came to where mine had just touched his face; his eyes grew even wider as disbelief, terror and shame filled them. I stood there just staring and he held my gaze—still saying so much with his eyes. But again, another first... I couldn't read him.

I only knew that there was regret.

He should feel regret. Eventually, I left him standing there in the water. One thought left me with a desperate need to puke.

I kissed back.

3

Adrian

A week had passed since it had happened, and I gave her all of that time to calm down; she was so mad at me. Fuck! *I* was mad at me. I couldn't believe what I had done; I didn't know what had possessed me to do it, but then again, I also knew exactly why I had.

I'd spent two weeks at the beach house doing nothing but thinking about her body and the way it affected me when I saw it. I couldn't help the shame and embarrassment of how I reacted because of it.

Better yet or rather *worse* yet—, I couldn't believe that I'd actually jerked off due to the sight of my sister in a bikini. What kind of a brother would do that shit? As a brother, I should have been ready to beat the crap out of anyone who would even dare to *think* about doing *that* to thoughts of my sister—not doing it myself!

I even did it while she was standing just outside of the bathroom. I couldn't bear the lust that was filling me when I saw her perfect, small body. I kept on chanting in my mind that it wasn't right, that it was all wrong, but nothing worked.

My sister was no longer a little girl.

The thought made me sick. I felt like a fucking animal; I was unable to control my lust—lust that had reached its breaking point over my own sister, my own blood. I hated myself for doing it. I hated myself for the way I thought and for the way I reacted, but I just couldn't help it.

When she came to my room, I did my best to stay away from her, knowing that I might not be able to control myself if she was too close to me. And I was right.

When she was with me in the water, I acted like an animal and attacked her mouth and neck. I couldn't stay still while she looked that beautiful, half naked and all ... *wet*.

Fuck!

Her lips felt like heaven ... true heaven. It seemed like because I had craved her for so many days, I couldn't stop my hunger and need. I was lost

to my lust and desire, and I didn't hear anything she said beyond "stop." Her slap finally woke me up from my dazed, lustful state. And I deserved it, I really deserved it.

What kind of a brother does this shit?

She was mad at me, but she told our parents that there was nothing wrong when they asked why she looked so upset, and for that I was grateful. I didn't need to take their shit ... not with all of these fucked up things going through my mind and body.

Eventually, after I spent seven whole days without her speaking one word to me, I went to her room and apologized for all I was worth. I begged her to forgive me, and she did, but she also asked why I had done it.

Of course, I couldn't tell her the truth. Seriously, how could I tell my own twin that I lusted after her? So, I settled on a stupid lie. I told her that I'd drunk some Scotch I'd stolen from my parents' liquor cabinet, and I'd mistaken her for someone else.

Lily wasn't naïve; I knew that. She was so smart, and she liked to investigate everything. She was always following the evidence to uncover the truth about whatever she wanted to know.

Guess she got that from Henry.

Even so, she didn't ask anything further, and I didn't know why. Did I want anything else but that, though? No! Either she bought it or she didn't; it was fine with me either way as long as she didn't ask any more questions or cause me to hate myself even more than I already did.

After that, we kind of got back to our "normal." Well, from her side we did, but not from mine. We talked to each other like nothing had ever happened between us; we ... or rather *she* preferred to ignore it. Even so, I saw it in her eyes when she avoided my touch every time I came closer to her, which I did *very rarely*. I missed how we were before that summer.

Me? I didn't say much, but when she started a conversation, I couldn't make eye contact with her most of the time. I couldn't talk to her about anything the way I used to—back when I could tell her everything—before that *bikini* happened.

I hated it so much more than anyone could even imagine. I knew since that first time I masturbated while thinking of her that I'd lost my sister—or at least my feelings that I'd had for her as a sister... Or, maybe, those feelings were still there, but were mixed with lust and desire.

Fuck!

I didn't know. The worst thing was that the only person I could ever have heart-to-heart talks with was the last one I could talk to about what was bothering me most. I spent so many days, weeks, and even months wondering *why*? Why had this happened to us? To *us* among of all of siblings? Why me and her? I loved her the most, and I knew she felt the same way, so why did it have to be ruined by the fucking lustful ache that I held for her?

Fucking why?

I never got an answer.

One whole year passed in this exact same fashion. I tried to keep as little of her company as I could, and she tried to pretend nothing had ever happened between us. She changed, and I don't just mean her body, which had become that of a more desirable woman with every new day. No, her actions towards me changed, too.

She never slept in my room again, never held my hand while we took walks, never lay on my lap while we watched movies. She pretty much made every effort to avoid touching me.

She might've been talking with me like before, still laughing with me, making me laugh, or even laughing *at* me. Maybe she acted like it was all fine, but I knew she never forgot what I did. Maybe part of her didn't actually forgive me as she'd said.

All I could do was just wait for the days to pass—not knowing where I'd go with this or if I'd ever be able to not desire her that much (or even at all if that was possible).

That year passed with me doing nothing more than jerking off. Sometimes, because of a new top or new blouse she wore, sometimes because she bent down to pick up something from the floor and put that delicious ass of hers right in front of my eyes to ogle, and other times simply because of the scent of her shampoo or a sweet smile she had given me.

Oh, the smile...

I could still see it like it had just happened a moment ago. Like we were still in the water with my arms surrounding her and hers surrounding me. There was that second when she looked up at me and flashed me that perfect smile; I almost drooled, but instead, I pressed my lips to hers.

Fuck it! I could still taste her.

I brought my fingertips up to touch my lips at the thought, remembering the feeling of those delicate lips on them, and how it—

"What are you doing?" Lily's voice interrupted my thoughts—the thoughts that were only about her; everything was about her.

I put my hand back on my lap right away. I was sitting on the couch in the living room pretending to be watching TV, but the truth was: I was only busy having lustful thoughts about my sister. "Nothing much." I stayed focused on the big flat screen.

"I'm bored. Do you want to watch a movie with me?"

"Sure." I readjusted myself on the couch and made room for her, since it was the best place in the living room to watch TV.

"Cool! What do you want to watch?" she asked, and I had to look up at her. It would have been too rude of me to continue to avoid looking at her while she was talking to me.

"Whatever you want." I offered her a small smile.

"Okay. Just remember you said that," she chuckled lightly, and I just smiled. I knew she'd put on some chick movie, but I didn't want to argue with her.

Arguing meant I'd have to look at her, and I'd always end up in the bathroom, grabbing the shit out of my dick... Yeah, of course I liked the feeling of the orgasms, but I hated the thoughts that helped me to get off—thoughts of my sister.

"Ta da!" she sang once the title of the movie appeared on the screen.

"Oh, c'mon!"

"I warned you, so suck it up!" She stuck her tongue out at me.

I turned my eyes away from her immediately, then took one of the small pillows that Mom had put all over the couches, chairs, and even the floor, and I put it on my lap to hide my instant hard-on, doing my best not to let out a moan at the sight of that rosy tongue of hers.

It wasn't just the sight of her tongue that caused my wood; it was the damn thought about what could I do with it and—

Stop it, Adrian! Just fucking stop it!

I don't know how much time I spent on that couch, drowning in my thoughts. I almost came in my pants a couple of times at the sound of her sighs.

"Even though I love this movie so much, I still hate how it ends," she said, sighing again.

"Yeah, Romeo... He killed his love with his stupidity." I stared at the screen, trying to do anything other than drool all over my sister, and I saw her shaking her head in sorrow out of the corner of my eye.

"I envy him though," I continued.

"Why is that?"

"His powerful will to actually commit suicide," I whispered.

Her head shot to my direction. "You envy him because he was strong enough to kill himself?"

"Yeah..."

"Adrian, what are you saying?"

"I ... uh ... I thought about it befo—" Before I could finish, I felt a sting on the back of my head. She'd smacked me.

"Ouch!" I whined as I rubbed the back of my head. "What the hell did you do that for?"

"Don't you freaking dare say or even *think* about that again. Do you freaking hear me?" she said through clenched teeth, pointing her finger at my face.

I wanted to answer, but before I could say anything, I saw her eyes glistening with unshed tears.

What the fuck did I say?

"Hey!" I reached for her hand to comfort her, but she shrugged it away roughly and ran to her room. I ran after her right away and was barely able to catch the door before she closed it right in my face. She threw herself on the bed and buried her head in her pillow, both ignoring my presence and delivering the message that it wasn't appreciated.

I didn't know any other way to comfort her except to lay beside her on the bed, and I didn't want to do that, of course. Nevertheless, I took a deep breath and got into the bed with her. I reached for her hidden face to remove a lock of hair away from it, but she shrugged my hand away angrily. That was not her typical avoidance of my touch. No, that reaction was full of anger.

I sighed and then tried again. This time, thankfully, she didn't shrug my hand away, though, in a way, I wished she had. I saw her tears then.

"Hey, Lily, what's wrong? Why are you crying?"

"None of your business!"

"Hey, c'mon. What did I say?" I asked in confusion, causing her to sit up and face me.

Her eyes were red, her nose was pink, and she looked all flushed; tears were streaming down her cheeks. "You don't even know what you just said?" she started. "How could you say such a thing? How could you even *think* about it?"

"About what? You're confusing me!"

"Y—you thought about killing yourself?" a big fat tear escaped one of her eyes.

Oh! That...

"Lily, I—" Before I could finish, she interrupted me by throwing her body into my arms.

"How could you?" she sobbed into my chest. I surrounded her body with my arms after taking in yet another deep breath, moving my hand over her hair.

"It's nothing, Lily... It was just a thought..."

"How could you?" she repeated.

"Shh... It's really nothing, baby sis." I don't remember the last time I had even called her that. "It was just a crazy thought, and it's gone now."

She looked up at me. "When?"

"When what?"

"When did you think about that horrible thing? You're only sixteen for God's sake!"

"I don't remember," I lied.

"Why didn't you tell me that there was something bothering you? We tell each other everything, Adrian!"

Well, you weren't speaking to me then, but yeah... I wouldn't tell you what was bothering me then even if we were talking. "Because it is nothing; I keep telling you this, but you don't want to listen!"

She hugged me again, sobbing into my shoulder. "Please, Adrian. Don't ever think about that again. Don't you realize that I could never live without you? Don't you know how much I love you?"

I sighed as I kept on smoothing her hair. "I know, and I love you too, baby sis. I'm sorry!"

We stayed like that for a while as Lily silently cried into my chest while I rocked us back and forth slightly, as I kept on smoothing her beautiful, silky hair.

"Hush now, baby sis. You've been crying too long. You don't want Mom to come back and see you like this, do you?"

She shook her head slightly, and after a while, she stopped crying. I heard her steady breaths later on as she slept in my arms.

My sweet little—sexy—sister.

Oh fuck! Back to yearning over her again!

Before things could get *hard*, I started to get out of the bed, laying her carefully on her pillow. Just as I was doing that, though, she gripped my arm. "Don't go!" she whispered without opening her eyes.

Well... Fuck me!

I knew it wasn't a good idea, but I couldn't say *no* to her. When I lay back on her bed, she cuddled into my body. I meant to leave as soon as I was completely sure that she was in a deep sleep and wouldn't wake up once I left, but fate had other plans for me.

Being that close to her was really not that easy on me; I was ... *suffering*. The warmth of her body, the hotness of her breath oh so very close to my neck... I almost came in my pants—...*again!*

I turned her around so her back was facing me and positioned my left arm on her waist just like I always did before *that* summer.

I only wanted her breasts that were pressed firmly to my chest to move away; I was losing my mind from the feeling of them. Little did I know that it would only make things worse.

Her ass—her perfect, round ass—was just an inch away from my hard-as-a-rock dick. I sat up using my right hand to support me. My elbow pressed into the pillow, my hand rested under the side of my forehead, and my fingers tangled in my hair. I tried to be as distant as possible from her, without leaving her, until she was fully asleep.

Deep inside me, I knew she was already sound asleep; I knew her very well, and everything about her from those steady breaths to that small parting between her lips told me that. Yet, I stayed.

I swear I only meant to look at her, but my sick mind wanted more; I yearned to touch her. Any part of her.

—This is your sister.

Just one touch.

—Your baby sister.

Just one sniff of her neck.

—Your twin.

Just one kiss on that pale, bare shoulder.

—This is not right.

Just one feel!

—You can't do that.

She wouldn't know.

—Don't you dare touch her.

My thoughts fought against each other. My mind fought my desire, my heart fought my dick, and my lust fought my reason.

Even in her sleep, she was the sexiest woman I'd ever laid eyes on.

Girl! She's just a girl; she's not a woman, and she's your fucking sister!

Apparently, my conscience was somewhere else that night, because my bad side won. I moved my left hand to remove more wayward locks of hair that were covering too much of her face and neck, pulled them behind her ear, and trailed my fingertips down her swan-like neck.

So smooth and perfect.

I leaned in just a little and touched my lips to the side of her neck where my fingertips had just left. She was so warm, and she tasted oh so fucking good. I moaned at the feeling and, involuntarily, my hips jerked a little until I found myself grinding my cock slightly into her pants-covered ass.

This is so fucking wrong, but feels so fucking good!

My hand went down to the strap of her olive tank top and I found myself slowly taking it down her arm. I wanted to undress her and drown myself in the sweetness of her body. Then, suddenly, it was too much of a line for me to cross, so I settled on reaching a shaky hand to touch her left breast.

Fuck. Me.

Her breast was so fucking soft and fit just perfectly in my hand as I touched it through the thin material of her tank top. I let out another hushed moan at the feel of her and made another *involuntary* movement as I ground into her ass.

The feeling of her nipple hardening under my touch made me squeeze a little bit harder, but I was still careful to not wake her up and end this forbidden bliss. I covered my mouth with my hand and bit down on the side of my pointer finger. The furrow between my eyebrows and the squeezing of my eyes was almost painful as I jizzed my pajama pants silently with one last jerk of my hips into her body.

Moments later, after I had come down from my high, I moved a little away from her. Suddenly, guilt, regret and shame flashed through my mind, and it wasn't enjoyable.

It wasn't anything like I felt the day after I'd kissed her; it was a million times worse. I felt my stomach turning and rose up from the bed as though it had suddenly burned me. I felt tears aching to escape my eyes as I looked down at her, sleeping peacefully.

I just molested my sister...

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4

Lillian

His hand was touching my body, wandering on my back and my side. His hand was so warm and soft—almost matching the warmth and softness of my skin. The only difference was how manly it felt. So good!

His hand moved then to touch my backside, rubbing it, kneading it, and driving me crazy in the process. So freaking good!

I didn't want to keep my back facing his chest. The wetness between my legs was becoming unbearable, and I wanted more. Turning around to face him with my eyes still closed, he pressed his lips to mine, taking me in a passionate kiss.

I pulled away after a few moments, gasping for air, and opened my eyes lazily to meet his. I was met with piercing green eyes that matched mine in both their color and lustful look.

"Mornin', baby sis," he whispered.

I woke up with a huge gasp that almost hurt my throat.

Darn it! What the heck is wrong with me?

I'd been having sexual dreams for a few months, and it was driving me insane.

I knew lots of teenagers have those kinds of dreams, and it was perfectly normal since I was almost seventeen and all, but that's not what was bothering me. It was the fact that I only had them with one guy—my brother.

*I know! I know! It was sick and pretty much twisted, but I didn't know what was wrong with me. I had absolutely no control over it, and I knew that it was *not* normal. I didn't know if it had anything to do with Adrian's behavior towards me, but I knew that it started that night I thought we'd gotten back to normal.*

You see, after he kissed me that day, I was really mad at him. I felt sick at the thought of my brother kissing me. I didn't talk to him for seven long days; I didn't know what we could say or do after what had happened.

From my side, not only was I mad, but all of my thoughts were on a repetitive loop.

What the heck? Was he out of his mind? I knew we were very close and all, but not that close.

From his side, I knew he was embarrassed; it was written all over his face that he was, but then again there were other emotions that I couldn't understand. I missed him in those days. We'd fought before, and we'd argued a lot, but we had never gone so long without talking to each other, and it was really awful.

When he talked to me again and apologized, I forgave him. But, I just couldn't put my finger on why he had done that in the first place. I just wanted to know what the heck he had been thinking. And I asked him just that. I wasn't stupid, and I didn't know how he could think I would buy it. I woke him up that day for God's sake! I knew he'd had *nothing* to drink that could make him lose his mind like that—not alcohol. Not even freaking rotten milk!

Even if I *had* missed him for a minute, I still never smelled scotch on his breath, so I really knew I hadn't missed anything after all. I simply let it go. I didn't know what the reason was, but I didn't want to embarrass my brother any more either. Then again, I could say that he was just happy and got lost in the feeling that the dizziness of the ocean brought to mind. After all, I'd admitted it to myself that I *did* kiss him back.

And until that moment, almost three years later, I still didn't know why.

I spent a whole year with Adrian being like a stranger to me. Things were never the same; we were like any regular brother and sister, maybe even less so, and that was never us. We are twins for God's sake. We share the same soul and every other thing as well. I loved him more than I loved the air that kept me alive, and I knew that he felt the same way about me. So, what we became was anything but normal. Not for us.

It was very rare for us to spend time together anymore. I tried, and I think he tried too, but it was always in vain. I kept on remembering that kiss, and that always made Adrian look a little bit different in my eyes, so I backed away, and ended up practically without him in my life.

That changed the day when we watched the movie, *Romeo and Juliet*, together. It was an emotional night; he told me something that I would

prefer to never think about again because I could never handle it if it ever—God forbid—actually happened.

I slept in his arms again finally. It had been too long, and after so many lonely nights; I'd had a desperate need to be beside him, which I had been fighting with everything in me for some reason. It was wonderful to be able to feel his warm embrace while I slept. The peace and the simple feeling of safety brought by his closeness were things I'd craved for a very long time.

However, all of that ended the second I woke up to the sound of him in our bathroom. I hurried to him in the bathroom that we shared, which connected his room with mine, and I found him on the floor with his head hovering over the toilet while he howled and heaved over and over again. I assumed that he had just thrown up, but he didn't seem to be able to stop, even though there was nothing coming out of his mouth any more.

I tried helping him like any person who cares for another would do—let alone his own sister—but he refused. He wouldn't even look me in the eye.

When he finally sat back on the floor and met my eyes, I saw his were glistening with tears; they were real tears too—not those which would have been caused by throwing up. No, they were sad, suffering tears. "I'm sorry!" he sobbed.

"It's okay, Adrian. Are you okay?" I assumed he was apologizing for throwing up.

"I'm so sorry!" he repeated again in a choked voice, tears now streaming down his cheeks.

"Hey, Adrian, it's okay, Angel. Don't worry about it." I was really upset to see him that way.

"Forgive me. Oh, God. Please, forgive me," he begged with the saddest tone I'd ever heard from him as he buried his head between his hands.

"Hey, it's going to be okay. Shh." I took him into my arms, since I was already kneeling beside him on the cold bathroom floor. I buried his head in my chest and smoothed his hair with my hand. Then, I kissed the top of his head—still not knowing what he had really meant by those words.

Does he want me to forgive him for throwing up in my toilet? What the heck? That's really overly dramatic, and that is so not Adrian!

For a moment, Adrian stopped breathing, and before I could blink he was fiercely pushing me away from him.

As he stared at me, I could swear his eyes were almost pitch-black and not green.

He stood up and looked down at me with more hate and anger than I could ever think my beloved brother could hold for me. "Stay the fuck away from me!" he snarled roughly.

"Adrian?"

"Don't you fucking touch me again!"

"Adrian, Wh—"

"Don't you ever come near me ever again! Do you fucking hear me?"

I stared at him with wide eyes and a gaping mouth, not knowing what on earth possessed him. That was not my brother, never my brother. I didn't know who it was; this one scared me and made me feel ... *dead*.

Tears made their way down my face as I felt the hatred that he was sending to me in strong waves, not knowing why he was acting like that or what I had done to cause it. He left me there—confused, crying, hurt, and broken.

That was the last night I ever felt my brother's love. The love I felt when he held me and wiped my tears away. And, it was the first night I ever felt my brother's hatred towards me. He pushed me away and yelled at me for trying to comfort him!

Over the next few months, Adrian made sure that I knew how much he hated me. We had never been the kind of siblings to fight over everything and nothing, but suddenly we were.

He fought with me about school, gym, housework, homework, how I dressed, how I put makeup on, and even how I walked. It seemed like everything I did got on his nerves; everything I did was wrong in his eyes. We simply wouldn't stop fighting, and he just wouldn't stop hurting my feelings.

What hurt the most was that Adrian had been the only one who soothed me when Mom or anyone else annoyed me. He had become one of them, and it felt like I had no one.

Yes, I still had my friends, Sandra and Julia, but Adrian had always been something else. He always got me, but he was no longer the shoulder I could cry on... I could only suffer in silence. When it became really bad and I couldn't take his crap anymore, I'd go to Dad and cry on his shoulder instead, only to hear the same answer: "Your brother is facing lots of

changes like any other teenager—physically and emotionally—and it's just a matter of time until he'll be back to normal."

Yeah ... okay! I'm a teenager too, and I'm nothing like that.

"It's a little different with boys," my Dad added, replying to my unspoken thought.

With time, I learned to simply avoid Adrian, and when our paths would cross, I'd suck it up and try not to start a fight when he bugged me. It wasn't my style; I never took idiocy from anyone, but this was Adrian. I had to help him through that "rough time" until it passed someday.



"Guys, please! I don't wanna watch that!" *I hate horror movies; I really hate them.*

"Oh, c'mon. It's just a movie! You're too old for this!" Julia said as she applied more pink lip gloss while staring at the small mirror in her hand.

"No, I'm not. I'm not even old enough to watch that. As a matter of fact, none of us are except for you and Sean!"

"Lily, relax! It. Is. Just. A. Movie," Sandra assured me, talking slowly as if talking to a child. "And you're going to be eighteen in a few months, dude, remember?"

"But, you guys know that it scares me and that I'll think about it for weeks."

"Honey, we don't have any other options; it's either this or *Toy Story 3*," Emma said. Even though I had told her not to "honey" me a million times, she still did it anyway.

Emma wasn't actually my friend, nor was she Sandra's, but she was the Browns' cousin, and Julia loved her, so we just had to live with it ... a lot, since she went to the same school with us and all.

"What is wrong with *Toy Story 3*?" I asked, desperate for them to change their minds about it.

They all gave me the "*Seriously?*" look.

"If Ian was here, he would agree with me," I murmured sadly.

"Yeah, too bad he got the flu and couldn't come," Elliot said, announcing that the boys were back with the tickets.

"Maybe I should go see him while you guys watch the movie, and then you could come and pick me up," I suggested.

"Absolutely not!" Adrian said.

"Why not? His house is just ten minutes away!"

"Mom and Dad said that we can't separate. That's the only reason Mom agreed in the first place. Plus, I'll never let you go alone!"

"Like you care if I—"

"Guys, guys, please! No fights tonight." Sandra stood between Adrian and me, breaking our exchange of glares.

"Yes, please!" Elliot begged.

"Fine!" we both said under our breath.

We entered the movie theater eventually. Julia and Sean sat beside each other, Emma sat next to Julia, Adrian sat next to her, and that left me next to Adrian. Sandra was sitting next to me at first, but her small size didn't allow her to see the screen clearly due to a tall guy in front of her, so she switched seats with Elliot.

I spent ninety-nine percent of the movie either with my eyes closed tightly or looking at everything except the screen. Even so, the screams and disgusting sounds of knives cutting skin, which were coming from the speakers, were enough to give me ridiculous chills that caused my blood to run cold.

I badly wanted to hold Adrian's hand—just to feel a little bit safer and let this fear inside me cool down a bit—but I knew better than to do that. I didn't want his snarls or even curses ... not tonight.

Emma, however, was clenching his arm like her life depended on it. Adrian, on the other hand, was concentrating on the movie and didn't seem to be paying attention to her; if he was, he didn't show it.

Sean and Julia, of course, were making out like there was no tomorrow. I would've been grossed out by it since they were pretty much sucking faces with lots of tongue involved, but their love was something very pure and soft, and it made me happy for some reason—even if the acts between them were anything but pure or soft.

I sighed at the thought, but was met with more screams and gushes which returned me to panic mode again.

Don't look. Don't look. Don't look.

"Ouch! Aw! God! Damn it!"

Don't look. It'll go away. Don't look. It'll go away.

"Aw, fuck!"

Just don't look. It'll end soon.

"Oh! Shit, Lily! Loosen your grip on my arm a bit. Your nails are about to break the skin," Elliot winced.

"Sorry!"



Later that night, I spent hours tossing and turning on my bed, unable to sleep. I was afraid to even blink, let alone close my eyes to *fall* asleep. I was so scared, so panicked.

After many arguments with myself, I snuck into my parents' room and crawled into bed between them. It was enough for me to rest my small body without them noticing me. I just wanted to sleep.

Since I was the luckiest girl in the whole world and all, moments later, my Dad started to snore like a broken old truck. *Christ!* I didn't know how my Mom slept beside him at all!

Oh, yeah... ear plugs. Or she would be on her sleeping pills anyway.

I had no other option but to go to *his* room. And so that's what I did. I tried the knob and was relieved to find the door unlocked. Entering the room, I saw him lying on his side with his back facing me, wearing only a pair of black boxers.

I tiptoed the whole way to his bed, hoping that he was already in a deep sleep and wouldn't notice me, but again, since I was so damn lucky that night, I heard his breathing change once I touched the bed.

"What do you want?" he asked without looking at me.

"Adrian, please. I'm so scared. I can't sleep. Every time I close my eyes, I see nothing but Freddy coming to kill me! Please let me sleep in here. Please?" I begged with everything I had.

He didn't reply.

"Adrian, I'm begging you. Just tonight, and I swear I'll leave at sunrise. Please."

"It's not a good idea!"

"Please. Please. Please!"

He sighed, and I knew I had won.

I took that as an okay and just didn't talk. I rested my body beside him on his bed, but he still wouldn't face me. I wanted to hold him so much—more than I'd ever wanted anything else at that moment—but I wouldn't push my luck any further.

While I was waiting for sleepiness to overcome me, I kept on staring at the tattoo that covered the biggest part of the skin between his shoulders along with most of his upper back.

I raised a hesitant hand to touch and slowly trace it, ever so tenderly, with my pointer finger. I knew better than to do that, but it was calling to me. I wanted to trace the elegant letters, which formed the shape of a word that I could never understand, with my finger.

"What are you doing?"

"What does it mean?" I asked, ignoring his question.

"It means, '*Mind your own fucking business, and keep your fucking hand to yourself*,'" He shifted away from me, shrugging my hand off with his shoulder.

It wasn't something that surprised me. Maybe a few months ago, it would have, but now I was used to that cruelty from him. I sighed and dropped my hand to rest beside me on the bed, my thoughts going here and there. After a while, I thought Adrian was back to sleep, so I raised my hand to touch his back again.

This time, however, I traced the scar on his lower back. It was on the right side of his back. It was a lean line more like a bow, and the end of it almost touched the waistband of his boxers. I wondered if the pinkish color of it matched my own scar; after all, we both got them at the same time.

My mind drifted back to the memory of the day when we got those scars. With a lot of twins, one baby would be weaker than the other, and I got that part. I was born with bad kidneys. They were lazy at first—not doing their jobs right. For twelve long years, I lived with them, but I was okay ... in most ways. Maybe I was a little weak, but it wasn't really bad.

Then, suddenly, my body wouldn't accept anything as a treatment, and my kidneys stopped working at all.

Long story short, I was put on the waiting list for a transplant, waiting for someone to *die* and give me his or her kidneys or even just one kidney. My parents had a hard time waiting for me to reach the top of the list; my dad could do nothing about it even with all of his influence and everything. It took too long, and I was losing hope, but I was okay with that, too. I only hated that I was going to cause them all pain if they lost me.

Adrian, on the other hand, was dying *literally*. He couldn't bear the thought of me leaving and never coming back. I tried soothing him, but I was helpless.

In the end, Adrian said that he would give me one of his kidneys.

I refused it. I rejected it. I turned down all of his attempts to convince me. My parents weren't saying anything about it. The lives of their children were on the line, and I think they just didn't know how to react.

It took just one declaration by Adrian that he would take his own life if I ever died for me to agree. My body accepted my twin's kidney easily. It worked inside me like it was mine, and I was feeling better than at any time before. The doctors said that it was because we shared the same blood type, genes, DNA, and we were even almost the same height and weight, back then.

I let out another sigh at the thought; he was now much, much bigger than I, taller, and all muscles and—man. I heard him taking a deep breath as my finger traced his scar one more time.

"Why do you hate me so much?" I asked in a whisper.

He didn't reply except with a soft sigh.

"I mean ... thinking about what you once did before to risk your own life to save mine... Why all the bother? You could've just let me die." His body tensed a little at the sound of my words, yet he said nothing.

"Why do you hate me, Adrian?" I repeated.

He turned around and laid on his back. He stared at the ceiling for a moment before he looked at me.

"I don't hate you, Lily. Never have and never will."

Well... B.S.

"You made it clear that you do a long time ago, Adrian."

He moved to lie on his side and face me. Right then, I felt his touch on my cheek, wiping away my tear.

"Lily," he whispered—the sweetest sadness filling his eyes, "I love you more than anything or anyone in the whole world. Please, don't ever doubt that."

"But—"

"I know. I know I've been a douche to you since ... well, forever, but ... there are things going on inside of me ... changes ... things tha—"

"Tell me, Adrian."

"I can't ... I can't tell you, Lily." He held my hand. "I have to suffer with this all alone. If I could ever tell anyone about it, you'd be the last person."

"Why? What does it have to do with me?"

"I can't explain... The only thing I can say is that ... being close to you ... makes it *harder* on me," he said.

More silent tears ran down my cheeks. He wiped them away again, closed his eyes tightly shut, took a deep breath, and then pressed his lips to my forehead. "I would never stop loving you, baby sis." He smiled with a hint of tears in his eyes. "No matter what."

I couldn't believe that Adrian was saying those words when I'd thought he hated me. Dad was right; Adrian was suffering through changes like he'd said ... but I couldn't understand the part about it having anything to do with me being close to him.

I smiled sadly at his words. "And I you, Adrian."

"I know," he whispered back.

I wanted to hug him, to bury my head in his chest, and just lose myself in the safety and peace he always offered me, but I couldn't be that selfish person and ignore his feelings. He said he didn't want me that close, so I would keep my distance.

I felt his hand on the hollow between my breasts, touching it so tenderly. His fingertips lingered on my skin, sending chills all over my body—perfect, wonderful chills. Then, those chills rested all in my now-heated center.

I felt his lips on my neck—kissing me lightly, but hungrily—and it felt amazing. His breaths on my neck felt almost real. So real. Part of me thought for a second that I was still awake and this actually was happening to me in reality, but I shrugged it away.

Reality could never feel that good.

His hand rested on my side. He pulled me into him, and I felt his erection, which made me even wetter. He was hard for me.

I wanted to open my eyes and look at him, but I didn't want to end this dream just yet—not this time. This time was way better than any other dream I'd ever had before.

I felt his tongue on the skin behind my ear, and I moaned softly. He stopped, but I didn't want him to stop.

I was so afraid that this wonderful feeling would end, but moments later he went back to kissing my neck until he reached my collarbone.

So freaking good.

I moaned again when he held my breasts softly, squeezing them a little bit—ever so gently—but this time he didn't stop at the sound of my moan;

he moaned back instead.

Even in my sleep, I was too dizzy to do anything when he turned me onto my back and pressed his body gently over mine. His hand touched the skin of my stomach from under my little tank top, and then I felt his lips touching where his hand had rested a second ago.

He spent his time there and drove me crazier with lust. This dream was so freaking better than any other dream I had ever had!

I gasped when he hooked his fingers in the waistband of my boy shorts. Excited at the thought of what he would do next, I raised my hips a little, helping him to take them off of me—and he did.

I even felt the air hitting my newly exposed skin. It felt so real, so real to the point that it felt surreal.

His hands wandered a little on my legs and thighs. Then, he ever so slowly separated them with his hands. I heard him gasping and moaning at the same time, though I didn't know how.

His lips lingered all over my inner thighs, and then his breaths were right on my womanhood.

Oh, God! So damn good! Oh, my God!

I let out soft moans over and over again with every kiss he left on my skin. Then, all of a sudden, he stopped.

God! No! Don't stop now! I want more! I screamed at him in my head, afraid to speak and end this outstandingly hot dream.

His lips stayed on my lower lips, but he wasn't moving them, he just left them there. His breaths alone, though not his soft lips, were driving me even crazier if that was possible.

I felt the tip of his tongue reaching out to enter my lips. Then, he separated my thighs a little more with his hands, which had never left them, and separated my folds with them in the process.

He moaned into my sex as he licked it like his life depended on it, and it was too much for me to keep holding in my moans.

My hips raised a little to meet his tongue on my sex, and I opened my eyes while gasping and moaning like there was no tomorrow. I cursed myself mentally for opening my eyes and ending this.

But...

The dream.

Didn't.

Stop!

Uh... Why can I still feel it even with my eyes wide open? Where am I?
Oh, yeah... Adrian's roo—

What the heck?

I raised my head to look at what was happening to me ... only to find
my brother's head buried between my thighs!

"Adrian! Oh my God!" I gushed.

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5

Adrian

Like always, I woke up to the sound of my annoying damn alert, *Beeb Beeb, Beeb Beeb, Beeb* fucking *Beeb*! I tried changing the stupid tune more than once but every time I did, it would go back to this shitty tune – I didn't know why – that always woke me up with a bad mood.

Like I needed the extra annoying shit!

I got out of my bed with a groan and headed to the bathroom. It was locked, which meant my sister was in there.

"Lily! I need the fucking bathroom," I called.

"No, you don't. I just got in the tub!"

"Tub?! Are you fucking kidding me? It's six in the morning!"

"So?"

"I have to fucking pee!"

"Piss off, Adrian!"

Minx!

I couldn't wait any longer, so I decided to just go to the guest bathroom downstairs. I would deal with her later.

I finished my business and left the bathroom after drying my hands with a small towel, hoping that Lily would be done soon so I could take my shower.

"Adrian!" I didn't know that my mother would be awake at this time, but of course ... she was. I knew immediately what was going to happen and why she stopped me with a gasp.

Aaaaaand, I'm in deep shit!

I froze in my place, my back facing her, giving her a clearer view of what she had stopped me for.

Fuck! I should've worn a shirt!

"Yes?" I replied, still not facing her.

Maybe she just woke up and she'll think it's a dream? Maybe she won't see it?

Yeah, sure... It's not like it's covering a quarter of your back or anything.

Damn it!

"Look at me!" she ordered.

I hesitantly turned to face her, not making eye contact with her. Chin down, I burned holes in my Mom's new carpet with my eyes.

"Do you want to tell me what that is on your back?"

Right into the subject!

"It's... uh... It's a ta-tattoo."

"Really? A tattoo? I thought it was only a fly!" She folded her arms in front of her chest.

Mom plus sarcasm ... so not good.

"I know it's a frigging tattoo, Adrian!" she yelled. I didn't say anything; opening my mouth would only bury me in deeper shit.

She closed her eyes and took in a deep breath. "Please tell me it's just a henna tattoo!"

What? She really thought I'd do that shit? "Uh... It's a h-henna tattoo."

"You're lying."

"Yes."

"Temporary?" she asked, the hope in her voice not going unnoticed.

I shook my head. "It's ink."

"Holy shit!"

Oh. My. God! My mother just cursed! My. Mom. Cursed!

That never happened, and I mean *never*. Lily or I would be grounded for two hundred and fifty years if we ever said that, or even something similar. "Oh, my God!" She brought her hand to her mouth to cover a sob.

"Dave!" she called. *Fuck! Add more to the fun.* "Dave, get in here, please."

"Hey, what is it?" my messy-haired father asked, rubbing his eyes with his palms.

"Ask your son!"

"Adrian, what is it?"

I didn't reply.

"Ask him to turn around!"

For fuck sake, just tell him already!

"Turn around? Why?"

"Adrian? Show your father how grown up you are. Turn around."

I wanted to flip her off but I knew it wouldn't be a very good idea if I did so, given that I was already in big trouble. So, I did as I was told.

"Holy shit!"

Yeah, I heard that before.

"What the hell, Adrian?! What the hell is this?"

What is it with me having to say it? Are they really that stupid?!

"It's a tattoo, Dad. And no, it's not henna, it's black ink that will last forever unless I remove the skin off my back for some reason, okay?!"

"You're in big trouble already, mister. Don't make it worse on yourself by giving us attitude," Mom warned.

Whatever! Are you done questioning me?

My dad came closer and examined it, probably looking for an infection or some medical shit. "And what language is this?"

"Arabic."

"What does it say?"

"I don't know ..." I lied.

"Adrian?!" he warned.

"It means ... *courage*," I lied again.

"Really? How can you tell? Do you speak Arabic? It could be 'Soup' for all you know!"

"I know what is it because I Googled it, Dad!" I really did.

"And of course the idiot who did it doesn't know that you're underage!"

I didn't reply.

"Means one thing: you have a fake ID!"

I heard my mom gasping.

How does he know that? I looked at him wordlessly, then lowered my gaze to the floor again.

"I was in high school once, you know?" he answered my unvoiced question.

"You do realize that you're grounded, right?" Mom said.

Of course. It's what you do for fun! "Yes."

"Go get dressed, Adrian, and I'll wait for you in my office. I'll have to take a sample of your blood to see if you caught anything. And you'll hand me that ID," my dad said in his too-calm voice.

God! I hate to make him upset!

I nodded and looked at my mom, waiting for her to say it.

"You're grounded for three months, Adrian!"

"What?!" I shouted.

"No car, no cell phone, and no going out after school, just your football practice and the games, nothing more."

"But Mom, this is too much! It's not fair!"

"Say something more and I'll make it four."

Not fucking fair!

"I heard that!" Mom called while I was climbing the stairs to my room.

Fuck, I didn't even know I said it aloud!

"Hey, what's wrong? Why all of the yelling?" Lily asked as she came out of her room, wearing a purple bathrobe and wrapping a towel around her head.

"This is your entire fucking fault! Go put something on!" I threw the towel in my hand in her face, then I went into my room and slammed the door.

Everything is her fucking fault.

Like I had been doing since *that night*... I blamed her for everything and nothing at once.

But, the bottom line was, I wouldn't have needed to go to the bathroom downstairs if she had just gotten out of the fucking tub so I could use the damn thing!

And I wouldn't have gotten that tattoo if it wasn't ... for her.

I knew it wasn't like she had forced me to get it, but still, I wanted to blame her. I'd been treating my sister like shit for too long, but it was easier that way. I couldn't get her out of my mind, and I couldn't stop drooling over her. But that was just part of it. The guilt over what I did to her was eating me from the inside out. Eating me alive!

I still couldn't believe what I did to her.

How could I do such a thing? How could I? What kind of sick twisted bastard was I to do such a thing to my sister? And while she was sleeping? *God!*

But then again, I thanked God that she *was* sleeping, at least she wouldn't witness or even remember such a thing. I didn't know how could I ever face her if she ever knew I'd done something like that.

I could die out of guilt. Truly die, I wasn't just saying it.

That night when realization hit me about what I did to her, I couldn't stop vomiting. I thought I was going to vomit until I got dry and simply

died.

And to add to my misery, she came rushing to me in our bathroom and held me, asking if I was okay. I apologized, not knowing what else I could say. I felt like killing myself for what I did to her.

When she hugged me, I fucking felt an overwhelming need to kiss her, like really *kiss* her. And that was just fucked!

I knew it was wrong; it was like I become a bewitched loser whenever she got close to me.

So pushing her away was my only solution, and pushing her away I did. Hard.

I hated myself for that, but it was better that way. For her if not for me. She didn't need a pervert brother in her life; she was better off without me ... with me away from her.

I yelled at her, asking her to never touch me again—never come close to me... And, since then, she'd obeyed.

Well, she had no other option; I used any available excuse to start a fight with her. Sometimes, she just accepted it or fought back, but other times she would cry, which broke my heart every single time.

God! If only things were easier on me, they would be easier on her too, because I'd stop being an asshole to her.



Being grounded was the thing that I hated the most, it was just fucked. I spent two months without going out one fucking time, and it was driving me crazy, I was bored stupid.

Ian, Sean and Elliot came to hang out with me in my room a few times but still, it wasn't that good, and it wasn't as much fun as going out. Lily, on the other hand, was almost as grounded as I was. My Dad was very overprotective of her, and I loved him so much for it. He didn't allow her to go anywhere far without me, and since I couldn't go out, she couldn't either. She hung out with Sandra and Julia and went shopping with them every now and then, but other than that, it was a big *no*.

Eventually, she begged that we be allowed to have a movie night with our gang of friends. It took a huge amount of begging but we finally got permission. I knew she didn't do it for me – she hated me, or at least, I wanted to make her hate me so she'd stop being sad or mad. Or so I hoped.

The movie was amazing. Well, other than Emma, who was trying to dig her way to China through my arm while we watched the movie. If Lily had done it, I would've been more than okay with it, but she didn't even touch me. I thought she would, since she had a soft heart and simple things scared her, but she didn't – she hung onto Elliot's arm instead.

Later that night, I couldn't sleep; like always I was thinking about *her*. I kept on tossing and turning in my bed for God only knows how long. I heard movement outside my room but didn't think much about it.

Suddenly, I heard my door opening then closing after a moment. At first I thought it was Mom or Dad checking in on me, but it wasn't. A peach smell filled my room and my lungs.

Lily.

She hadn't visited my room for night cuddling in a long time, longer than I could remember. She begged me to let her spend the night in my bed, and of course I knew it was a bad idea –a very bad idea. But she kept begging and I couldn't tell her 'no'. Though, I couldn't tell her 'yes' either.

I just sighed. She took it as a yes, and jumped into the bed with me. I tried to stay calm and convinced myself that I could stick to my side of the bed, and simply never think about the beauty lying next to me.

It worked ... until she started tracing my tattoo with her fingertips.

I felt a shiver running through my body as her soft fingers touched my skin.

Fuck!

I tried to upset her by acting all douchey with her again.

Maybe she'll just leave, and this will end well with each of us sleeping in our own beds.

But, of course, she didn't leave.

My poor sweet little sister was too scared to go back to her room.

Her fingertips started touching me again; this time, she was touching my scar. I couldn't shrug her hand away this time. I knew it would break her heart; she'd think I regretted what I once did for ... *myself*.

She thought that I gave her my kidney so she could live, but the truth was, I gave her my kidney so that *I* could live, because I simply couldn't live without her.

If she dies, I die. End of the story.

I held her hand, since it was the safest thing for me to touch in her body, and I assured her that I loved her more than anything in this whole

world. And it was true. I loved her unconditionally. And that would never change. Ever.

The kiss I left on her forehead burned my lips. I couldn't help but feel how soft and beautiful her skin felt. *God! If I just could stop it...*

She fell asleep after our heart-to-heart talk, or my little confession to be clearer. I missed that so much. I missed my sister. But I couldn't do any better more than I was doing now, I had to remain an asshole to her and after what she said –about how she loved me— I had to work a little bit harder.

I stared at her sleeping form. She looked so peaceful, so much at ease. She was wearing a 'Hello! Kitty' tank top that was white and made her look all innocent and pure.

Like always, she was so innocent and pure ... my sweet little sister.

Her left hand was under her cheek, and her other was still holding my hand. I was grateful for the distance between us, but I still couldn't help but want more. *Closer.*

My eyes rested on the line that her tits made in the middle of her chest. It looked so fucking hot and it was screaming my fucking name. I knew it wasn't right. I knew that the guilt would kill me if I did something to her like I had done before.

I knew I shouldn't. But also, I couldn't stop.

I couldn't have her right in front of my eyes and not be able to touch her. Eventually, I couldn't keep my hands to myself. I touched her. I touched the line that had been glaring at me all of this time. It was begging me to touch it and I just couldn't ignore its calls anymore.

She felt in-fucking-credible! So fucking soft, it felt like silk, the fucking softest silk ever known on earth.

I couldn't bear the thought of not kissing her, so I did. I meant to kiss her neck once, but the softness of her neck and the smell of her skin made me kiss her again and again and again.

It seemed like I wasn't able to stop! I pulled her to my body and ground my erection into her.

Fuck! Not that again!

I thought better of it, not sure if it was because I didn't want to jizz my boxers again to the sight of my sister, or the feel of her for the matter, or because I didn't want to come so fast and end this. I think it was the latter though.

I knew that once I finished this, the guilt, embarrassment, and shame would kick in... So, I wanted to delay it a little. *If I was going to feel guilty for this, I had to make it worthwhile.*

She moaned when my tongue made contact with her skin, and my heart about stopped. I froze in my place to see if I woke her but found that I hadn't.

I was somehow feeling happy that I made her feel good, or that's what I was convincing myself in order to keep going. I kept telling myself that she indeed felt good because of my touches on her body.

One moan after another started to escape her beautiful lips, a new one with every new thing I did to her. Her tits felt amazing in my hands; I wanted to never stop touching them.

I tried my best not to wake her and fondled her tits ever so tenderly, still afraid to wake her. When her eyes remained closed, I knew she was in a deep sleep and wouldn't wake up. I turned her on her back and started kissing wherever I could reach with my lips and my tongue, touching wherever I could touch with my hands and fingers.

Again, I couldn't fight the need to kiss her, but this time I wanted it to be on her most intimate place. I thought maybe if I did, it would end all of my misery. Maybe I was craving her so much because of how forbidden touching her in this way was. I thought that maybe once I touched her, it would be over.

I took off her pink boy-shorts, and I could swear she raised her hips a little, helping me to get them off of her body. I had no idea that she would be so aroused by it.

Her lips were swelling and glistening with the evidence of her need, and I couldn't believe I did that to her. I wanted to do more. I trailed light kisses all over her forbidden heaven and inhaled deeply, taking in her musky and all feminine scent.

A drop of her arousal touched my lips, and the taste made me freeze on the spot. Lily was moaning and moving a little, forcing my lips to brush slightly deeper.

It was like I went into shock and couldn't take it anymore. I just hunted her heaven with my tongue, licking it with everything in me, wanting to taste her more and more, to drink whatever she offered me. I drank her sweet nectar like it was my last drink on earth, slightly aware of Lily's growing moans.

"Adrian! Oh, my God!" I heard Lily gushing, and some part of me realized that I couldn't keep going. But the rest of me couldn't allow me to stop.

I hungrily licked her heated core because it was the source of what I wanted to have, and then flicked my tongue on her little nub of a clit. "Oh, God! What are yo— oh God!" I heard Lily moaning again as she was trying to ask me what I was doing.

I'm going crazy on the sweet fucking delicious taste of yours, little sister.

"Adria— oh God, you can't d— Oh God!" Her hand gripped my hair, and I thought she was going to push me away, but instead and to my surprise, she pulled me into her. I groaned into her heated core, licking her more and more with everything in me.

Fuck! I can't believe this is happening!

"Adrian! Please, Ah, Don— oh, oh, ahh!" She gripped more of my hair. It was painful, but I didn't care. Her hips jerked and her thighs shook slightly, announcing that she just came.

I made her come? Holy!

The thought itself made me rub my cock faster into the mattress that I had been grinding my erection into it all along, and with one last jerk of my hips I came in my boxers while my mouth was still buried in her heat.

Fuck! Did that just happen? Oh my fuck!

It all happened in a few moments, less than a minute since the time Lily woke up and we both came.

Lily sat up, breathless ... and not in a good way.

She looked – *scared*.

Fucking shit!

She pulled the sheets to cover her body and gripped them tightly as I sat up on the bed. She looked like a scared little rabbit. She was shaking! *What did I do?*

I stared at her with all the sadness and guilt in the world resting on my shoulders like a heavy weight.

God! She's scared of me!

Of course she is! She just woke up to her brother molesting her.

Oh my freaking hell! What do I do?!

Tears started to roll down her cheeks.

Fuck. Fuck. Fuck.

"Lily!" I whispered, reaching a hand to touch her shoulder, trying to calm her a little. But she flinched away like she was afraid to be touched by a flame.

What did I do?!

"Lily! I'm sorry," I said because I didn't know if there was anything else I could say, and I reached to touch her again.

"Don't touch me," she said in the smallest voice, a whisper mixed with a sob. I swear I heard my heart breaking in two.

"Don't touch me, Adrian!" Another cry that was nothing but a hushed whisper.

She gripped the sheets, wrapping them around her lower half, and left the room with heavy yet fast steps through my bathroom door.

I buried my head in my hands and started to weep like the pathetic motherfucker I am.



The days passed like weeks, the weeks passed like years.

Lily stayed in her room for a long time. She didn't go to school, and she had a constant fever that never broke except with medications, only to strike back again in no time.

I was so scared, and my parents were really worried about her – she looked like hell. She lost a lot of weight and looked so pale; no one knew what was wrong with her. No one but me.

Every time I went to her room to see how she was doing, I made sure that Mom or Dad or one of our friends was with me, so as not to scare her. She always looked away; she never looked at me, not for a second.

It killed me. I felt like a rapist.

Of all of the people in the whole world, I manage to hurt the one I loved the most.

It didn't make any difference that she came. I got her too horny to be in her right mind and decide to push me away.

Climax or not... it was as fucked up as it ever could be. I killed her from the inside.

My sweet baby sister.

I knew what should I do to make it right for her. She'd be fine when I no longer existed... I shou—

Knock. Knock.

The sound of knocking on my bathroom door shrugged me out of my thoughts. Only one person would ever knock from there.

It couldn't be!

Could it?

I hurried to the bathroom door and opened it, maybe only to prove to myself that it was an illusion and no one on the other side.

But I was wrong. Lily was standing there, looking so weak and pale, so sick and skinny with a light shade of darkness under her eyes.

"Adrian, we need to talk."

G Lillian

The last thing I expected to see when I raised my head to look at what was happening to me, was to find my brother's head ... buried between my thighs! "Adrian! Oh, my God!" I gushed.

It was like he didn't hear me at all, because he didn't stop, he didn't even slow down; on the contrary, he was moving his tongue faster, and driving me crazy with every meaning '*driving me crazy*' could have.

"Oh, God! What are yo— oh God!" I think I moaned the last part; I couldn't help it. He touched my clit with his tongue and my eyes rolled to the back of my head. "Adria— oh God, you can't d— Oh God!" It wasn't right. I tried telling him that he couldn't be doing this to me, but the feeling of his tongue and what it did to me was overwhelming. Instead, I kept on moaning, not able to say anything I wanted to say.

Unconsciously, I gripped his hair. He was using more tongue on my entrance, maybe trying to taste more of my wetness. I didn't know, nor was I going to think about it, not right then, and I tried to get him to focus on my clit more. My orgasm was building so fast inside of me and I just wanted to get there.

He groaned into my sex, and it only drove me more insane. My orgasm was so close; I felt it rushing to hit me so powerfully.

"Adrian! Please, Ah, Don—" *What? Don't do this? Don't stop?* I really didn't know. All I could do was grip his hair more to force his head and tongue to stay in place. My orgasm started to hit me in strong waves; it felt as if it would never end.

"Oh, oh, ahh!" At the same time, I heard Adrian moaning, but his moans were muffled by my sex. *God! This did not just happen!* I stood up like something had just burned me, breaking our contact. I sat as far away from him as I could on the bed, so my back was hitting the headboard.

I was panting so hard, or was I not breathing at all? *This did not just happen. It can't be. Oh, my God. Oh, my God. Oh, my God! My brother didn't just do this to me. It can't be. It must be one of my stupid dreams. No*

way my brother did this, there is just no way! Oh, God! Please let it be a dream. Just a dream. Please. Please!

The shivers that were escaping my body assured me that I wasn't dreaming, not at all. Pulling the sheets up to cover myself, I felt my body shaking as I stared into my brother's eyes. *Please, Adrian, tell me you didn't just do this. Oh, God!*

"Lily!" he whispered, reaching for my shoulder with a shaky hand. My body automatically flinched away, not welcoming his touch. "Lily, I'm sorry." The guilt was all over his face – sadness and remorse.

Please, let it be a dream. "Don't touch me," I heard myself saying when he tried to touch my shoulder again. "Don't touch me, Adrian." I didn't even recognize the sound of my own voice.

It was clear now that I wasn't dreaming, even with all the hopes I had for God to let it be a dream; it was all in vain. He did this. This happened.



How I left his room remained a mystery to me, I didn't know how I made it out of there or even how I made it to mine. It felt like everything was a blur – I couldn't see, I couldn't feel, and I may have even forgotten to breathe for some time.

Sleep left me. Of course I couldn't just go to sleep after what had just happened. How could I? I was in a state of shock for several hours. I didn't know how I passed them –maybe I was just sitting on my bed, or my armchair, or even on the floor staring at nothing. I didn't know.

The first thing I recognized was the cold, oh so cold shower, and me as I scrubbed my whole body ferociously. I felt dirty. So dirty.

I wouldn't have known that I was crying if it wasn't for how hot my tears felt compared to the cold water that was coming out of the showerhead. I wanted to remove any trace of him that was left on my body. I wanted the feel of his touch gone – I felt so dirty, so, so dirty.

When my body started to ache and burn because of the sting I left with every new rub of my sponge, I got out of the shower. It felt like I'd been using sandpaper on my body all along, not a regular sponge. I felt so sore.

The next thing I knew, I was lying on my bed, hardly able to see or hear anything around me.

"Dave, she's burning up..."

"Open your eyes, sweetie."

"It won't break!"

"Should we get her to the hospital?"

"How is she now?"

"Hey, Lily, I brought you your homework."

"He said it'll get better soon."

"... only with medication."

"Dude! Can you hear me?"

"She's not in a coma, Sean!"

"Get well soon, Lilla."

"Sweetheart, it's been three days ..."

"My dad made you some soup, I know you'll like it."

*"Sandra, she's sick and staying in bed, not going to a fashion show!
Stop manicuring her nails!"*

"Julia is going crazy worrying about you, darling, we all are."

"She's hardly awake at all."

"... and I recorded the new Vampire Diaries episode for you."

"Would you help me feed her?"

"Dave, I'm worried."

"... just stop messing with her iPod!"

"Lilla, we missed you."

"Forgive me, baby sis."

I felt his hand on my forehead. My eyelids were so heavy that I couldn't move them, I couldn't open my eyes. Then his hand touched my cheek softly.

"No! Don't touch me. Please don't!" I screamed with a raspy voice which I – again – didn't recognize as my own.

"Lily?! It's me. Dad!"

"Don't touch me," I repeated, in a whisper this time as I sat up on the bed, pulling the sheets up all the way to my chin. I glanced at him with my head bent down, only to see a confused look that was mixed with worry on his face.

"Sweetheart. Are you okay? How do you feel?"

"Don't touch me," I breathed. Somewhere deep inside me I knew it was my dad, and I knew it was okay for him to touch me, but I couldn't bear the thought of him touching me, though I didn't know why.

"Okay, sweetie, I'm not going to touch you. Here." He held his hands in front of him, showing me that they were not anywhere near me. Tears

started to stream down my cheeks.

"There, there, sweetheart. Shhhh, everything is going to be okay. You had a fever for too long, over a week, you're just confused. I'll go call Mom for you and tell her that you're awake, okay?"

I nodded without looking at him.



I didn't know how long I stayed in bed. Weeks maybe... I didn't know; I'd lost all sense of time. I spent most of my days crying and shaking. What happened to me in *his* room just wouldn't leave my mind.

I couldn't help but flinch every time my father's hand came near me. I knew very well that my dad would never mean anything bad like – *him*, but then again, I'd thought the same about ... *him*.

I trusted him ... he did that ... he's bad ... he hurt me. All of my friends came to visit me every single day. They tried their best to get me out of the bed, or feed me, or do my hair and nails, or simply try to make me laugh. I was getting a little bit better, but I threw up most everything I ate, so I gave up eating as much as I could.

Talking wasn't even an option; it was the hardest thing to do, so I stayed silent. I saw *him* once or twice, but I looked away right away, trying my best to avoid seeing him. That only hurt more, never made things better. Until that time when I was in the bathroom and caught myself in the mirror, I looked ... *dead*.

The person in the reflection wasn't me! I didn't look like that; she looked like trash: skinny, pale and nearly like a drug addict. I couldn't bear the thought of looking like that. I ended up crying my eyes out, hating myself and my life, and just being miserable.

Then one day I thought, '*that's not me, I'm stronger than that,*' and I really was... I really *am*! I was never one who would just keep on crying and weeping when something bad happened to me; no, I refused to cut myself off from the world and end up in some mental institution.

I was going to face my problems. I was going to *his* room, and I would demand some answers! This needed to stop!



Next thing I did was to open my door that led to the bathroom and stand in front of his door, taking a deep breath to help me find the courage to knock

and face him. I'd locked this door from the inside ever since... *that day*, and never unlocked it again. Before, I never locked it that much. If he was outside I never locked it, or if I was only brushing my teeth, drying my hair or washing my face.

Mostly, I only locked it when I was in the shower or in the tub ... at six in the morning, masturbating because of a sexual dream I had about *him*. I shook the thought away. Even *that* I would talk with him about, and I dared him to lie to me.

I unlocked the door and knocked. Then waited.

"Lily?"

Looking into his eyes was painful, but I tried my best not to look like the frightened mouse that I was. I straightened my shoulders. "Adrian, we need to talk."

He stared at me for a second, then lowered his gaze to the floor and nodded. Once inside his room, I fought the unbearable need to vomit my guts out at the sight of his bed.

Get it together, Lily!

I sat down on the sofa on the side of his room, right beside his door and across from his bed. Then I took a deep breath.

He sat on his bed, looking all guilty and – scared? "Do you want to tell me what happened?"

"I ... uh ..."

"Forget that, I already know what happened." I shook my head slightly and looked at my hands that were resting on my lap. I took another deep breath and tried again. "Why did you do that, Adrian?"

Don't cry, I'm begging you, don't cry, you're stronger than this.

I wouldn't.

"Lily, I'm sorry. I can never tell you how sorry I am," he said in the smallest voice I'd ever heard.

"I'm not asking you to apologize, Adrian!" I folded my arms in front of my chest and rested my back on the back of the sofa, crossing one leg over the other. "I want answers!"

"Lily, please, don't embarrass me. I'm already embarrassed enough."

"Oh, really? Ah! Forgive me for hurting your feelings!"

"Lil—"

"Don't you even realize what you did to me? Don't you know how you —" I couldn't finish my sentence. The tears I'd been holding in since I

entered the room managed to choke me and keep me from saying anything further.

He came to me in a second, kneeling in front of me, yet keeping his distance, which I appreciated very much. "Please, don't cry, Lily. Your tears are killing me. Please, I'm not even worth those precious tears," he said in a very low voice, his own tears shining in his eyes.

"Why would you do something like this to me, Adrian? Just give me one reason why!" I sobbed.

"There is nothing I could say that would make what I did understandable, ever. What I did was wrong, I know that. And, if you were ever able to forget it someday... I would be your slave for the rest of my life. Hell, I'm already your slave for the rest of my life, if you would just accept it." Tears started to roll over his cheeks, but he made no effort to wipe them away.

I wanted to wipe them with my own hands, but I couldn't, I was still so mad at him. More than mad. I could only reply with more tears. I wanted answers, but my love for him made me feel bad for making him look like that. But I couldn't just ignore it; he put himself in this situation, not me.

"Why did you do it?" I whispered.

He sighed, then rubbed his forehead and cleared his throat. "Okay... I'll tell you everything," he started. "I don't know what happened to me, Lily. Remember that day in the beach house when I... uh ..."

How could I forget? I'd been trying since forever to block that memory out of my mind, but there it was, coming back to me with a strong force. I nodded and lowered my gaze, as if I was the one who should be embarrassed and not him.

"I've been having ... thoughts about you that I shouldn't have since the first day of that vacation, since I saw you in a ... bikini."

I gaped at him, trying to take what he just said in. "What kind of thoughts? Wait... Don't say it. God!"

"I swear to God that I have tried my best to push those thoughts away, but ... I can't control myself when I'm close to you." He was the one to look at the floor this time.

"You mea— ... Had you—... All that time?"

He nodded.

What is that? Why is that? I tried to understand what he was saying to me...

Was he saying that he's lusting over me? His sister? His twin? Oh ... my ... God!

'You were having similar thoughts about him, too,' a voice in my head accused. Yeah, but they were just dreams ... or were they? What if they weren't dreams all along I was having? What if they were true? Did he actually touch me that many times?

After all, I woke up while thinking it was a dream – what if the other times weren't dreams either? And I just happened to not wake up and witness it? "D— Did you... Have you done it before, Adrian?!"

He squeezed his eyes shut like I had just hit him with something heavy.

I brought a hand to cover the cry that wanted to break out of my mouth. I failed though, and it came out more like a muffled gasp. *How could he?* I felt my heart burning and pounding inside my chest, wanting to escape my body, not able to handle all the anguish that I was facing all of a sudden.

"How could you?" I whispered.

He answered me with tears of sorrow and agony.

"How could you do this to me, Adrian? To me? To me of all people? You forgot who I am to you? How could you do this?" I sounded hysterical even to my own ears.

I was in shock, my throat felt as dry as an abandoned desert; I couldn't believe that my brother would hurt me this badly. I started hitting him with my hands on his chest, chanting, *'How could you? How could you?'* and crying my eyes out.

After a few moments he held my hands. "Stop! I deserve it, but you're hurting your hands, I'm not worth it," he said. He let go of my hands when I calmed down a little.

"How many times? Tens? Hundreds?"

"Just one time. I swear, just one time."

I stared at him; a painful look was on his face, shame and guilt decorating his features. "That doesn't make it any better."

"I know."

We stayed in silence for some time, not looking at each other, not hearing anything but each other's sobs every now and then a sigh, a sniff, a deep breath—but no words.

"You know what the worst part is?" I asked, and he looked at me, his eyes red and looking all miserable. "I lost my brother," I sobbed. "I'm hurt, and I can't even talk with anyone."

"Lily—"

"You took my brother away from me, Adrian. I will never forgive you for this." I stood up to leave, wiping some of my tears away with the back of my hand. I'd taken two steps to the bathroom door when I felt his hand gripping mine, holding me in place. I looked at his hand in mine then gave him a questioning look, and he released my hand right away.

"You didn't lose your brother, Lily. You never will; he's right here in front of you—ready to give you his own soul if it would make you feel slightly better." He wiped his tears with the back of his hand.

I gaped at him, considering what he had just said, my tears blinding me slightly, and my heart aching ... *for him*. He looked like he was in so much pain, so much suffering, but I didn't find anything in me that I could offer... No assurances or even a fake promise that everything was going to be okay. After all, I didn't think it would ever be okay.

"He is?" I asked.

"Yes!"

I locked eyes with him for a moment. "Brother?" I tried, and it was his turn to stare at me for another moment.

"Yes, baby sis?" His voice cracked a little, but he tried his best.

"I'm ... hurt."

"...Tell me what's wrong."

"I've been ... abused? Molested? I don't even know the right term," I sobbed. And big fat tears streamed down and out of my brother's eyes.

"I'm going to kill him!"

"You can't, brother," I said. "You can't kill him, because I love him so much. If you kill him, you'll kill me." I shrugged one shoulder to express my helplessness.

"Oh, baby sis. He loves you too, so much, words can't even describe."

"If so, why would he do this to me? To ... v—violate my body while I'm unconscious, and take something that was never his?"

"He's sorry, I swear he's so sorry. He can never tell you how the guilt and shame and regret are eating him alive! He's so fucking sorry ... he couldn't control himself."

"I trusted him more than anyone in the world, brother. He was my everything, my best friend, my safety... my wall." I chuckled slightly through my tears at the silly term I used to describe how much he... *is* to me.

But it fit so well, you know when something really bad happens to you and you feel like you're about to faint? And you're so grateful that there is a wall behind you that will not let you fall? That will offer you all the support you need to stay on your feet? That was Adrian to me – my wall. Whatever bad thing happened to me, I knew that Adrian would be there, for support and safety ... he took that away from me.

"Was?" He couldn't help the terror that was showing in his voice.

"He deceived me." I said, ignoring his question. "I feel like I can't trust anyone anymore. I came to his room looking for *safety*, but he betrayed me instead. What should I do, brother? I'm so hurt. I feel like there is no goodness in the world anymore.

"I'm even refusing and shrugging away my father's touch, my *own* father! Because he's on the same level as *him* ... or close to *his* level for that matter. I trusted my father too, just like I trusted *him*, though I keep thinking that I might wake up someday and find my *father* doing this to me. Even though deep down inside me, I know that my father would never do something like that to me.

"But then again that's what I thought about *him*, too." My voice cracked at the end.

All the time I was talking, Adrian seemed to be in massive pain, like someone was trying to remove the skin from his body while he was still alive. It hurt me to see him that way.

"He won't touch you again, baby sis. I swear with God as my witness, he'll never lay a finger on you again."

"He won't?"

"No. Right now, all he can ask for is your forgiveness. If he has to pay for the rest of his life to gain your forgiveness he'll do it, just allow him to. Can you ever forgive him, baby sis? Please tell me you can."

"... I will try, Brother."

He wept fat tears again. "Can he hug you? Please?"

I considered it for a moment. "No."

He squeezed his eyes shut with an excruciated look.

"But my brother can." I offered him a small, sad smile.

In a split second I was in his arms, and he was hugging me so tightly, almost causing pain. But I didn't care; I missed him so much and I needed that, too. I needed my ... safety.

"Oh, baby sis. He'll never risk losing you again, he'll never ever touch you again, I promise." He buried his head in my hair.

I sighed into his chest. Little did I know that he wouldn't keep that promise for long.

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7

Adrian

Okay, that's not good! Not good at all. I'd had enough of this shit and I really needed to tell her something about it.

"Lily," I called.

"Hmm?!" She was searching for God only knows what in one of the kitchen bottom drawers.

"Can I talk to you for a second, please?"

She looked up at me, sensing that something wasn't right just by my tone. "Yeah, sure." She straightened up then came closer, waiting for me to say what I needed to say.

"Uh, can we go upstairs?" I didn't want to risk Mom overhearing what I wanted to say.

She gave me a confused look, thought about it for a moment, then went up the stairs without replying to me. She choose going to her room. *Of course.*

I followed her, and when I got to her room, I left the door open – just to be cautious– then stood in front of her, not actually knowing how I was going to say this.

"What's wrong?"

"Uh – um, I – look ... um."

"Is everything okay, Adrian?"

"Uh, yes ... uh ... everything is fine, it's just—"

"What is it?"

"Uh... Your, er, clothes ..."

She looked down at herself, then back to me. I moved my eyes to her face quickly after following hers to gape at those creamy long legs of hers that looked super-hot in those tiny shorts. I cleared my throat, acting all innocent like I wasn't drooling over her legs or anything.

"My clothes?"

I nodded, lowering my gaze to the floor, not able to make any eye contact with her.

"What about them?"

"They're ... uh, too ... revealing."

"Adrian, they're just shorts."

"Tiny ones ... and the tank top is too tight, too."

"You do realize that I'm just staying home, right? I'm not going anywhere!"

"Actually, that's the problem." I used to fight with her all the time about the way she dressed, before our *talk*. I used to tell her that it wasn't appropriate to go out like that... Well, maybe I used the words 'whore' or 'slut,' too. Naturally, I didn't want guys to look at her *that* way, and I assumed she was thinking that I was once again playing the protective big brother, except trying to be polite about it. But the biggest reason was actually that I didn't want to see her in clothes like that.

She just didn't get it! Since we'd talked two months ago, I'd been trying to be nice to her as much as I could. I still didn't know if she'd ever forgive me for what I did to her, though.

Maybe by being nice I was trying to get her to forgive me or forget what I had done, but at the same time I knew that there was no need now to instigate stupid arguments just to push her away.

I had hurt her enough already. I could see how much she was trying to act as if nothing had happened, but it was too much for her. I knew that. What happened was a crime that I had committed against my sister, the one I loved the most, and it left a scar that I didn't know it would ever heal.

Lily was trying her hardest to not do anything that might set me off. She was too strong; she didn't curl into a ball and block the entire world from her mind – no, she was fighting it, and she was trying to *heal* me.

We talked a lot about how I felt towards her, and she tried to figure out why I felt that way. She asked me lots of questions and I tried my best to tell her the truth. She didn't cut me out of her life as I thought she would. She said that she loved me and she couldn't bear a life without me, and she knew that I loved her too.

So she was working on making our relationship go back to *normal*, the normal where I didn't lust after her – because it wasn't right. She said that she'd give me a chance, and that she had to see me trying. If not, I would lose her forever.

I didn't want that.

Yeah, I felt guilty and all that shit, because what I did was wrong, I knew that, but the look on my sister's face when she told me not to touch her... *God!* It will be buried in my mind forever.

I didn't want to ever see her that way again: frightened and so broken. And knowing that I did that myself... I couldn't even tell you how much it hurt. I thought that I had lost her. It was a horrible feeling, you have no idea, and I'd never risk that again. Ever!

Lily had avoided being alone in the same room with me since *that day*, but with time she became okay with it as long as the door stayed open. For sure my room was a big No. No. She had never stepped a foot inside it since ... *that day*. And she was also avoiding making any contact with me, as in touching, not even a handshake – not like we ever used to do the handshaking thing, of course.

With all the guilt and the fear of losing her, still – nothing worked. I was still lusting after her... A lot. It was like I was cursed with some kind of spell. I couldn't fucking get her out of my mind! What I did was horrible, and I regretted it. Again, the guilt was killing me from the inside out, blah blah blah. But... I. Couldn't. Fucking. Help. It!

It was like her body was singing to me, calling my name, begging for me to worship it the way it should be worshipped. The way *I* wanted it to be worshipped.

My sister, my everything.

But was I going to do anything about it? Absolutely not! I was just going to fucking do whatever she wanted me to do, and maybe someday it would fucking work.

"What do you mea— Oh!" she said as realization hit her.

"Yeah ..."

"Okay, uh, I'll wear something else," she said simply, looking away from me.

"Thanks," I said with a small smile.

As I was leaving her room, she called out to me and I turned to face her. "Is there is something else about my clothes that makes you ... um, *uncomfortable?*" she asked.

Fuck! That's embarrassing!

I lowered my head, embarrassed and not knowing what to say.

"It's okay, Adrian, you can tell me," she assured me.

How about absolutely every fucking thing you wear? I couldn't tell her that, even if it was the truth. Everything she wore drove me crazy, but, yeah, there were some things she wore that drove me even crazier!

"Uh, short and um, tight things," I said, gazing at her to see what her reaction would be. Her face was blank; as a matter of fact, she seemed like she was in deep thought, like she was studying what I was saying.

She's actually considering me as a studying subject or project? You know what? Whatever! She wasn't mad and that was the only thing that mattered.

"Hmm... So, short and tight clothes. Okay, got it! Anything else?"

"Uh, yeah." I moved a hand through my hair and looked down again.

"It's okay, you *can* tell me."

"Uh... V-neck blouses, skirts, boots, tiny shorts, tight jeans, high heels, strapless dresses, strapless tanks, long see-through stockings, bo—"

"Oh, my God, Adrian! That's pretty much everything!"

"I know. I'm sorry."

She huffed.

"Just, please, try to stay away from white, God! Anything but whites! Please." White always made her look so innocent and pure, just so fucking desirable ... my weakness.

Actually, everything about her is my weakness.

"Okay, okay. No more whites!"

"Thanks, Lily. I really appreciate it." I offered her a small smile, and she just nodded, pressing her lips together to make a thin line.



After that day, Lily dressed as modestly as she could. She really was trying so hard, and I didn't know what I would have done if she hadn't been so understanding.

Not like her modesty was helping me at all – it just made me suffer *less*.



We were sitting outside of the school building, Ian, Elliot and I, smoking cigarettes and talking about whatever as we waited for Sean to join us.

Ian was giving Elliot the '*Ten Commandments*' about what to do and what not to do on your first date. Elliot had been head over heels about

Sandra since – well, forever. But he said that he didn't want to ruin their friendship by involving romantic shit, or whatever.

So he had been waiting since forever to be sure of his feelings for her before they moved on to the next level, because he didn't want to hurt her.

"When you feel that she's wet enough, you stick two fingers inside and feel for the really soft skin there," Ian said. I guess they'd passed the 'first date' advice now. Or maybe that was what Ian did on first dates – you never know!

"That's her G-spot," he continued. "You bend up your fingers and make a 'come here' motion." We both looked at his fingers as he made the motion to show Elliot exactly how to do it. "Trust me, she'll *come* right there." He winked.

I rolled my eyes at him, and at Elliot too for the matter. He was listening to Ian with everything in him, a gaping mouth like Ian was teaching him *Survival 101*.

"You'd better shut up now, her brother is coming. Something is telling me that he won't be happy to hear you talking like that about his sister," Elliot said.

"You bet your ass, he wouldn't," I commented.

"What's up, douche bags?" Sean greeted us.

"Nothing much," I started. "Ian here was telling Elliot what he should be doing on the first date," I said as I handed him a cigarette.

His hand froze for a second at the sound of my words, then he put the cigarette behind his ear and folded his arms in front of his chest. "Is that so?" he asked, looking at Ian, who'd turned yellow the second I'd spoken.

God! How much I love to fuck with Ian ... maybe a little more than I love him.

Ian just nodded, trying his hardest not to show how frightened he was that Sean might just punch his nut sack.

"Interesting. Let me hear it," Sean said.

Ian's eyes almost bugged out of his skull right then and there, and I failed to hide my snickers.

"Uh, it's nothing you don't already know," Ian said, trying to end the discussion.

"Yeah, it's not like I'll ever have a first date again since I already found The One and all, but still – let me hear it." Sean was fucking with him, I loved that!

"I was just telling him to take her to a nice place."

"Hmm, what else?" I lit his cigarette for him as he motioned for me to do so.

"I don't think you want to hear it," Ian spat, getting annoyed by how scared he was of Sean's reaction.

Ian never took shit from anyone. He was just worried about Sean's reaction, though it wasn't like he couldn't defend himself if they started getting into a punching contest. He just didn't want to upset his friend, knowing that Sean was so overprotective of his little sister. *Well, who isn't?*

"I do. Just go on and tell him."

"You know what? I will!" Ian dared him. I wonder if he'll tell him any other techniques about how to go down on his girl, right in front of her brother. That'd be fun.

"Look, Elliot," Ian started. "When you are talking to a girl and she does this '*moving a lock of her hair behind her ear*' thing, that means she's silently begging you to kiss her."

"Really?" Elliot asked.

"Yeah, trust me. Especially when she's all smiling and looking at you like the sun just rose up from your ass or some shit like that." He was using the sweet stuff in front of Sean. *What a rabbit!*

"Can I cop a feel to—" Before Elliot could finish his question, Sean slapped him right on the back of his head. "That's my sister you're talking about, motherfucker!" Sean roared.

"You, asshole, have been sucking my sister's face right in front of me for two very long years, and I acted all noble with you and said nothing about it, *sisterfucker!*" Elliot roared back.

I flinched at the curse Elliot just said but hid it with a laugh.

"Guys, guys, calm down." Ian stepped in between them.

Sean narrowed his eyes at me. "What are you laughing at, dick?"

"Nothing, I'm outta here," I said as I threw my cigarette and stepped on it. The bell rang just then, and all the fun was over.



The days passed dully and uneventfully – I hated my life so much. I did nothing aside from going to school and playing football. I studied every now and then, hung out with my boys, or with the whole gang, but life was stupid.

There was nothing new to do, nothing to look forward to. Nothing to make me get out of my bed every morning.

Speaking about getting out of my bed, I needed to take a piss! How much I wished I could hold it for the morning. I was too lazy to get up, but I didn't want to ruin my only kidney.

I sighed as I got out of my bed, rubbed the sleepiness out of my eyes, then went to the bathroom.

As I was washing my hands, I heard something coming out of Lily's room ... *Moaning?*

My first thought was that she was in pain, or something was wrong with her, and I freaked out! I moved quickly to turn the knob on her bathroom door, to see what was wrong with her and help her, but as I got closer to the door, the moans got a little bit louder.

And it wasn't moans of pain! *Fuck! Was she ... touching herself?* The thought—of course—made me hard on the spot.

I froze, my hand on the doorknob and my ear pressed to the door, panting as I felt like I was going to cum right then and there. Images from "*the time that shall not be spoken about*" flashed to my mind—her on my bed, legs separated, with me between them. Her moans that had filled my ears sounded just like the moans I was hearing right then.

"Oh! ... Ahh!"

God! The sounds she was making made me feel like I was floating. I couldn't think of any better sound than her moans. Not until I heard what came next.

"Oh, please, Adrian, don't stop, I'm gonna come!"

Fuck. Me.

8

Lillian

Adrian actually loved me, just like I loved him more than anything in the whole world if not more. But – he was lusting after me, and I didn't know if I could live with that, I didn't even know how to deal with it.

As the days had passed, I became more accepting of what had happened, deciding to move on. Humans were gifted with the bliss of forgetting, and I *was* trying to forget.

Of course it wasn't like I could block it out and wake up for a new day, remembering nothing about it. I still remembered everything like it had just happened yesterday, even if it was two months ago or a little longer.

It just didn't hurt as badly as it had done at first.

Maybe it was the fact that time had healed that wound, or, maybe it was the fact that my brother had told me his reasons. I had thought he just got the idea momentarily and decided to act on it, while not caring about my feelings and how it would hurt me, or not caring about my state of unconsciousness, but no... It wasn't like that at all.

He said that it had been long years of him suffering because of the fact that he couldn't – um, *resist* my body. I didn't know why he felt that way. I was as disgusted as I'd been the first time it happened, but the way he explained things, the way he apologized and asked for my forgiveness, made things less painful for me.

Maybe he loved me so much and his love knew no limits? Yeah, I liked to think of it that way. Less painful, remember?



Waking up with a start; I felt like I had too much energy, like I was ready to run a marathon. I looked at myself in the mirror, turned around and looked at my reflection over my shoulder, and then I went into the bathroom to take my shower.

I locked Adrian's door, though I left my door open; my room's main door was locked anyway, so it should be okay. I suffered while choosing

something to wear; Adrian had told me yesterday about the things he, er, didn't like to see on me. Or for a better description – he liked to see on me more than he should.

I dressed in blue jeans and a modest pink sweater. If that wasn't good enough, he would just have to live with it.

"Lily! You look so lovely today." Julia greeted me with a kiss on the cheek.

I blushed. "Thanks."

"I second that, L, you look so pretty!" Sandra kissed me, too.

"Thanks, Sandy. I do feel pretty," I smiled. I did feel pretty, but I didn't know why. Something inside me was happy, but about what? I didn't know. But, did I care? Nope! I was finally happy for the first time in a long time, and that was all that mattered;.

"Well, you are," Emma said.

Whatever! I almost rolled my eyes at her. "So, tonight is the night?" I asked Sandra, trying to ignore Emma. I didn't like her. End of story.

"Yes! Yes! Yes! Oh Em Gee! I still can't believe it!" Sandra squealed.

"I'm so happy for you, Sandy. Elliot will take good care of you," I assured her.

"I know he will." She blushed.

"I can't believe it, myself. They are actually going to give us some peace of mind, finally!" Julia sighed.

"Yeah! Finally we will stop hearing the '*we are just friends, I don't wanna lose him if things don't work out, we will never be a couple*' bullshit. Because all this time we've known that they'll start dating sooner or later." Emma had to put herself in the conversation. Of course.

"Oh my God! Do you guys think he'll kiss me?" Sandra gasped with a blush and excitement mixed with hope.

"Sure he will," I assured her. It was what she wanted to hear, and, it was what actually happened on first dates ... or so I'd been told. I sighed at the unlikelihood of my parents ever allowing me to have a boyfriend.

"You should totally skip shaving your legs today," Julia said.

"What?" we all demanded in unison.

"It's the only thing that will prevent you from having sex with him on your first date. And trust me, that's a big *no-no*."

"Julia Brown! You really think I'd give Elliot my flower on our first date?" Sandra put her hands on her hips.

"Sandy, darling, if you don't stop calling it 'your flower' no one is going to take it, okay? Not Elliot and not anyone else.

"And, yes, I do think that you might do just that on your first date. The sexual tension between the two of you has been building since the first day you met two years ago."

"You're mean! I wouldn't do that, no matter how good he treats me on our date, or how good his kisses feel," Sandra pouted.

"Yes, you will. Trust me, I know things." Julia stuck her tongue out at Sandra, and Sandra did the same.

"C'mon, change the subject now. I don't like to think about my brother's sex life. It is just... Eww!" Julia faked a gagging sound.

A wave of sadness hit me as we kept walking lazily in the hall, making our way to our classes. I stopped walking. Thoughts and memories flashed in my mind.

What Julia just said...

God!

I... Sometimes, I... No, I can't think about that... I just can't.

"Hey. Are you okay?" Sandra asked.

"Yeah, I'm fine."

"Do you need to sit down or something, Lily?" Julia asked, concern obvious in her voice. All of them worried about me too much; they just didn't get the part where I said I'm fine. It was always like that.

"No, it's okay."

"Hey, girls, what's going on?" Sean popped up out of nowhere.

"I think Lily is feeling dizzy or something," Sandra said.

"I'm really fine."

"She's not. Her face is so pale."

"So are her lips."

"And her legs are shaking a little, too."

"Would you please stop talking about me like I'm not here?" I whined.

"Should we get her to the nurse's office or something?"

"Guys, I'm fine!"

"She always feels dizzy like that, but she's too stubborn to even tell!"

"I'm right *here*!"

"You don't look okay, you shouldn't walk," Sean said, and before I knew it, he was carrying me on his back like some sort of big rice sack.

"Put me down, Sean!" I protested.

"Shut up!" Julia spanked me on my backside. So I did as I was told and shut up as Sean carried me on his back to the classroom.



Lunch was kind of quiet – well, for me, I didn't talk much. The boys were out for a smoke and they took so long, I didn't see Adrian at all. We shared all of the same classes, but he was sitting behind me today, so I hardly saw him. Hardly talked to him. He only asked me if I was okay since – of course – Sean had told him I wasn't okay.

I hated when I didn't see him... I missed him a lot.



By the end of the day of classes, I was really exhausted. Adrian was silent as we made our way to our cars. He didn't talk to me at all while we were in school... Not a word. Nothing.

I sighed as he stood there in the parking lot, hands in his front pockets, until he was sure I got in my car and started the engine, then he went to his own car.

When we made it home, he went straight to his room, ignoring Mom. Even if it was hard for me to do so, I followed him to his room, just telling my mom our day was fine when she asked from the kitchen.

I tried blocking the memories out, and it worked. I only saw my brother, and I focused on figuring out why he looked upset. That was all that mattered.

"What's wrong?" I asked, folding my arms in front of my chest. He looked surprised to see me in his room, but I ignored it, and he did too. He shook his head. "Nothing."

"Adrian! What. Is. Wrong?"

He looked at me, then he looked at the door, then at me, and then at the floor. I understood right then that it was something he couldn't risk Mom hearing. So, I closed the door.

"So?"

"What was John talking with you about after lunch?"

"Um, he was asking if he could take me on a date," I replied simply.

I saw his fists clenching and unclenching, and his whole face became red with ... anger?

"And how did you respond to that, Lily?"

"I said I had to ask Dad first. Why?"

"Do you think Dad will agree?"

"Yeah, I guess. I'm almost eighteen; it's about time he allows me to date."

"Oh! No. No. No," he said quickly. "Don't get your hopes up!"

"And what the heck is that supposed to mean?"

"It means Dad won't agree, so forget it, okay?"

"Well, you don't know that."

"Trust me, I know!"

"Adrian, you're being mean right now, all right?"

"Lily, you can't go out with some fucker. End of story!"

"It's not your freaking business, Adrian! I'm free to do what I want."

"Anything but that!"

"What the heck is your problem?"

"My problem is that I can't fucking see you with another guy. There I said it, happy now?" he yelled. His words shut me up on the spot. He was – *jealous?*

Why? What the heck is that even supposed to mean? That's not a brother feeling protective of his sister! That's... No! I can't think of that.

"You can't freaking tell me what to do! Live with it!" I spat.

"Oh! Look at you, all tough, you scare me!" he said sarcastically. "You can't even say a *fucking* single curse word!"

My blood started boiling in my veins. He couldn't make fun of me! "Yes, I can, *asshole!*" I said angrily. "And don't you *fucking* dare intrude into my *fucking* life! Got it?"

I can't believe I just said that. Oh my God! I'm a dirty girl with a dirty mouth now!

His eyes widened at the sound of my new words in use. *Good!* He had to understand that my choices were none of his business. I wasn't his freaking slave! I marched through the bathroom into my room, leaving him gaping in the middle of his room.



The silent treatment was what I gave my family for a week. My dad wouldn't give me permission to go on dates with anybody. So I wasn't talking to him. My mom supported his decision. So I wasn't talking to her.

My brother was all *hallelujah* that I still wasn't allowed to date. So I wasn't talking to him, either.

They could all kiss my butt. Well, Adrian couldn't. And, yuck! Dad, either. And sure as heck not Mom. *Darn it. I hate my life!*



He was spraying open-mouthed kisses all over my jaw line. It felt so good. I felt like I was dizzy. And when he touched the skin of my collarbone with his tongue, I almost had an orgasm right then and there.

I felt him, hard and hot, right on my center, rubbing himself into me, almost causing me to faint. It felt more than good. I moaned and moaned over and over again, maybe saying his name once or twice, encouraging him to do more, telling him exactly how good he made me feel. He touched my breast and ground himself into me one more time. I was so close, and I asked him to never stop. I told him I was going to come.

He ground his erection into my center harder. So freaking good!

Right before I finally had an orgasm, I woke up!

With the thought of how that wasn't fair, I sat up on my bed with a gasp. A man was standing just over my bed. Adrian!

Before I could ask him what the heck he was doing in my room staring at me, my eyes caught the answer to my unspoken question. He was standing with his peen in his hand. Stroking it from base to tip, and then all over again from tip to base, in a fast motion.

I watched him, watching me, still stroking his peen, and panting. *Stop looking at his peen! Just freaking stop looking at his peen.* But I looked at it. Actually I was too shocked to look away.

"I'm sorry. Oh fuck, I'm so sorry!" he breathed. Then all of the sudden he was – *coming* on my floor. I watched him as he ran out of my room through my bathroom door without saying a word.

What the heck just happened?! I stayed on my bed for few minutes, absorbing facts, and then I went to his room.

I found him sitting on his bed, his legs on the floor and his head buried in his hands. *Hope he washed those hands.* I wondered what he'd say this time!

Part of me wanted to yell at him and demand an explanation. Another part of me didn't want to embarrass him, knowing that he was probably feeling guilty.

Why does he do it if he knows he'll be all guilty right after? I'd never understand him.

"You're really just going to sit there and leave the mess you made in my room for me to clean up?"

His head shot up to look in my direction, but he didn't look me in the eye. Of course ... back to that again.

Without a word, he stood up and passed where I was standing right in the bathroom doorway, took a towel and a washcloth and disappeared into my room.

I waited for him to finish, not knowing what my next words would or should be. When he got back to the bathroom, he dropped the towel into the basket, and said, "Done." Then he passed me without another word to go into his room.

I grabbed his arm, and stopped him. "So that's it? You won't even explain? Like nothing just happened?"

He looked at me, with sadness and a hint of guilt, but all of that was mixed with – anger? *What the heck?*

"What do you want me to say?" he spat. "I'm attracted to you and the lust I have for you is like a fucking speeding train, I can't stop it, and I can't fucking help it? At least I admit it. I'm not living in denial like some people."

"What do you mean?"

"Nothing, Lily, forget it, okay?" He shook his head, and shrugged his arm out of my hold. I just stood there trying to understand what he was saying.

"I'm sorry. Now, excuse me. I need to get some sleep." He closed the door right in my face.



I thought about it a lot. I tried to find a solution to this. I was trying to fix my brother so hard. I wished that he would just get back to normal. I wanted him to be all right. I found just one thing to do. And I thought he'd agree to it.

"Adrian, can we talk?"

He nodded. He hadn't spoken to me since *that* night. Hardly talking at all. Even our friends noticed It wasn't like before when he was all feeling

guilty and acting so sweet to me and all – no, he was actually kind of mad at me. Me! Can you imagine?

"Uh, I wanted to ask you to do something. I think it'll make you – uh, feel better."

He folded his arms in front of his chest and gave me a questioning look. "I'm listening."

"I think you only feel, uh, stressed, and uh, it's normal to feel like that; we are teenagers after all." I let out a small nervous laugh.

He just stared at me.

"Um... So, I was thinking that you need to stay busy doing something new and should try to ... uh, release that stress. You'll get rid of it then just like that." I flicked my thumb and middle finger together to press my point.

"Oh! I see," he said. "And what would that be, Ms. Smith?"

Okay, now he's making fun of me, too. I took a deep breath and tried not to yell at him for talking to me like that, even if it was the thing I wanted to do the most.

"I, uh, I think you should start dating."

He stared at me, his eyes widening. "Is that so? You think I should date?"

"Yes."

"So you think I should 'stay busy'—" he made air quotes "— fucking?"

"Uh, it's not my business what you do. But ... Uh ..." I couldn't say anything; I didn't know why.

He chuckled dryly. "I think you're right. Yeah, I should do exactly that."

"So, you're going to ... ask someone to go out with you?" Why did that make me nervous?

"Yeah, I'll do that. I'll ask some *girl* to go out with me. Tonight, actually."

"Oh! That ... soon?"

"Why wait? Call me whatever you like, but I do know some girls who have been dying for me to ask them out."

"Oh... Okay. Good luck." I gave him a small smile and walked to my room.

Why do I feel an unfamiliar ache in my heart knowing that he'll be with some girl tonight?

Why does it—hurt?

Am I jealous?

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9

Adrian

That night, I didn't know what to do. Should I stay in my bed and listen to those magnificent noises she was making, and maybe jerk off while I was at it? Or should I go in there and give her a hand? *Fuck!* I really wanted to do the latter!

Her moans grew louder, and I couldn't take it anymore. I had to get in there and just fucking... *Fuck, I don't even know!*

Without waiting for my thoughts to be sorted, I opened the door and went in there. She was lying on her back, her hands gripping her sheets for dear life. She was twisting and arching her back every now and then, and her moans made me want to cum right then and there.

She was sleeping... "Oh, Adrian!" And, she was dreaming about ... *me!*

Fuck me! Fuck me backwards! Sideways! Just fucking fuck me!

Her thighs rubbed themselves together to create friction to ease the sweet ache she must have been feeling.

Oh, how much I want to do that for you, little sister.

I wanted to touch her, oh so very much. But I couldn't. I promised her. I just couldn't.

My legs had a mind of their own as I walked to her bed. I was just few inches away, and if I reached out just a *little...* I would touch her.

God! I can't! I can't! I can't! I fucking promised!

It didn't take long before I found myself jerking off right beside her bed. Her moans made me jerk even faster—from tip to base and base back to tip—and I couldn't keep my own moans from escaping my mouth.

I was so close when a loud moan made its way out of my lips and caused her to wake up. But I was too far gone to run from her room or to even put my dick back in my pants. "I'm sorry, oh fuck, I'm so sorry!" I said as came in several powerful bursts.

I watched her watching me with wide eyes and a terrified look on her face. When I was finished, I ran out of her room like a bat out of hell. I felt

so bad when I settled down on the edge of my bed. I kept wondering why I had done that and why I couldn't control myself. Why was it so hard for me when it came to anything related to Lily's body ... or her *moans*?

Why am I so fucked up like this? Just... Why?

As I was scrubbing the floor, so many thoughts kept on roaming through my head. Ten minutes hadn't passed since I came, and my mind already was filled with lustful thoughts about her. I didn't know if it was that soft, delicious strawberry smell that filled the air and my lungs before going straight to my dick, or the fact that what had just happened kept on repeating itself over and over and over again in my mind, that made me want her even more with every passing second.

God! I fucking want her, so much! I can't fucking control myself.

She was dreaming about *me*! She was fucking having a *wet* dream about *me*! Her moans! Fuck! Her moans! She was calling my name! *My. Fucking. Name!*

The way she was... Wait a minute! She was calling *my* name! My hands froze on the floor as the thought crawled around my brain. Her dreaming about me that way meant that she was thinking about me ... *that way!*

She wants me too? My mind kept on going here and there. The memory of my head buried between her thighs, drinking her sweet nectar, made an appearance in my head, but it was more focused on her hands that kept pushing me in ... not out.

Back then when it happened, I'd thought that I gave her no time to think before I finished the job. Why I didn't think that maybe she didn't push me away because she wanted it, too? Why didn't I think about the fact that she didn't feel '*oh so betrayed*' until after she came?!

Then another memory flashed in my mind: the day when we kissed in the water. Yes! Actually, I said *we*.

I didn't just kiss her! *We* kissed! She fucking kissed me *back*! Why the fuck had I never thought about this fucking shit before?

My fucking sister lusted after me, too!

"What do you want me to say?" I spat. "I'm attracted to you and the lust I have for you is like a fucking speeding train, I can't stop it, and I can't fucking help it? At least I admit it. I'm not living in denial like some people." I was fucking mad; she was acting like there was nothing wrong

with her at all. What the fuck was the matter with her? Why wouldn't she admit it?

"What do you mean?" she asked, apparently having no idea that she indeed wanted me, too.

Yes, I was fucking sorry I did what I just did. Yes, I was fucking feeling guilty about it, but give me a fucking break. I wasn't the only one who was lusting after the wrong person, here.

"Nothing, Lily, forget it, okay?" I shook my head, and shrugged my arm away to make her lose her hold on me. It was fucking distracting, and I was... Well, I was mad at her.

She just stood there with a gaping mouth, which made me think of nothing but that mouth wrapped around me and what would it feel like.

Fuck! I'm getting a hard-on ... again!

"I'm sorry," I apologized. It was what she wanted to hear, and I needed some time to sort my thoughts together and see what I was going to do with tonight's revelation. "Now, excuse me. I need to get some sleep." I closed the door right in her face, knowing I had to do something about it.



Okay, so eventually, I didn't do anything about it whatsoever. I didn't know what to do. I mean, I couldn't just go to her and tell her, "Wake up, you want me too!" now could I?

After all, I was taking her dreams as my proof. *Dreams*. Not facts or realities. Maybe my first reasons were right after all; maybe I didn't give her an opportunity to do anything except to come when I was going down on her. Maybe she kissed me back out of habit...

Yeah, like she'd ever kissed anyone but you before—or after, for that matter.

Fuck... I didn't know. I really didn't know what I should do. So I just stayed silent; it was the best thing I could think to do.

"Adrian, you're awfully silent these days! It's not like you at all," Julia pointed out from Sean's lap. I just glared at her. *Why the fuck does she care?*

"Yes, Adrian, you are," Sandra said from Elliot's lap. I glared at her, too. *What is their problem?*

They looked fucking disgusting, the four of them. Why did they insist on dry humping each other right in the middle of the cafeteria?! Fuckers!

I glanced at Lily as we all sat at our lunch table. She looked away and busied herself with her food. I left the table without a word. I needed a smoke. It wasn't until I reached the playing field and sat on the green grass that I realized I was being followed. I didn't bother to turn around and see who it was. I didn't care. I took out a cigarette and lit it, mildly hoping it wasn't someone who could get me in trouble for smoking there.

"Care to share?" Ian asked from beside me. I gave it to him after taking a drag, without looking his way.

"Do you wanna tell me what's going on?" he asked as he handed me the cigarette back. I took another drag and replied with a small, "Nothing."

"Adrian, it can't be nothing; you can fool anyone else but not me. I've known you my whole life. There is something going on with you, and it's anything *but* nothing."

"I said it's nothing."

Ian huffed and lay back on the grass. "Okay, I'm gonna bug the shit out of you the rest of the day until you talk."

I knew Ian very well, and if he wanted to know something, he'd never stop trying until he figured it out.

I sighed.

"Spill the beans, Smith."

"It's about a girl!"

"Okay, you got me interested." He sat up and faced me, and I rolled my eyes at him.

"So, what about her? Who is she? How long? Spill!"

I didn't know what to tell him. No matter how strong our friendship was, I still couldn't tell him that that '*girl*' was my sister. I could never say that. "I don't know, Ian ..."

"Dude! You gotta tell me what is it, maybe I can help. I'm the expert here." He winked, and I rolled my eyes at him again.

"I want this girl so much, and—*God*—she's the last girl in the whole world I could ever have. I can't have her ever. Not in a million years. And, it's just so frustrating, Ian... I don't know what I can do to get her out of my mind."

"Who is she?"

"If you want me to continue this conversation, don't ask that again!"

"Hmm... Okay." He looked thoughtful for a second. "Why can't you have her? Is she taken? Oh, my God! Is it Julia? Sandra?"

"What? Hell no! They're like sisters to me!"

Okay, maybe not like "sisters," since that kind of bond didn't stop me from lusting after mine. But, eh... What I mean is that I could never see them that way; they were off the list.

"Phew! That's good! You scared me there for a second, man." He shoved my shoulder playfully.

If you only knew...

"So? Does she want you, too? Has she done something to let you know she has feelings for you? Does she *like* you at least?"

"Ah! She likes me, all right. I know she wants me too, but it's just not right—we *can't*."

"Adrian, I'm really lost here. Why can't you be together? I mean, any girl in the world would love to be with you; you're smart and have the looks and all that shit. I'd do you if I was into men." He chuckled. I smiled at his stupid comment and shook my head.

"We just can't."

"Dude! Is that rumor about you true then?"

"What rumor?" I asked, confused.

"That you're gay? Is that why you haven't dated until now—even though half the girls in the school are drooling over your ass?"

I looked at him in shock and disbelief. Were they really saying that about me? They thought that I was gay?

A small smile formed on the corner of his lips, then he started laughing so hard, you'd think he was going to choke to death. "Dick," I muttered, throwing the butt of my cigarette as far away as I could.

"That's not healthy," Ian commented, and I flipped him off.

"Hey, the boys are coming, we'll finish this later, okay?" he said.

"Whatever."

"What are you talking about, assholes?" Sean asked as he sat down beside us on the grass along with Elliot.

"Nothing," I said.

"C'mon, Adri boy, tell me what's going on with you?"

Why does everybody care so much all of a sudden? Fucking leave me alone!

"I said nothing," I repeated through clenched teeth. "I'm fine." I laid back on the grass and folded my arms behind me, then rested my head on them, closing my eyes.

"I think I know what's going on with him," Elliot said.

"Yeah?" Ian asked.

"Yeah! Adri here has been beating his meat too many times the last couple of years since he can't find a pussy to wet his dick. I'm telling you, his dick has started to fall off, that's why he's so *off*," Elliot explained.

"Shut up, bitch!" I said without opening my eyes as they chuckled.

"Oh my God! Is that true, Adri? Are you going blind, too?" Sean asked. I felt his voice closer and louder. When I opened my eyes, I saw him hovering on top of me. "How many fingers am I holding up?" he asked as he showed me his middle finger.

"Asshole!" I kicked him in the stomach with my foot, causing him to fall on his back.

They kept on laughing and it pissed me off even more, so I got up and left them. "Oh, c'mon, Adri, we were just joking, don't be such a girl."

"Fuckers." I flipped them off as I walked away. They kept laughing like the assholes they were. I shoved my hands deep in my pockets. *What do they know anyway? Bunch of suckers.*



"Hey, Dad." I entered my dad's office.

"Adrian! To what do I owe the pleasure?" he asked with a smile, after he looked up from his computer.

"I need some money."

"Ah! Of course. But can I ask why?"

"Yeah, I'm taking a girl out tonight, and I thought it'd be better if I had enough money to take her to a nice place." I shrugged.

"Oh! Taking a girl out as in a ... date?"

"Yep!"

"Adrian, you know very well that you can't date as long as your sister can't. It's only fair if you wait until she's allowed to date, too."

I sighed. "My sister is okay with it, Dad. I already asked her about it." *She asked me herself to date, Dad. She fucking wants me to fuck someone else into forgetting my feelings for her.* Well, she didn't say it in those words, but it was obvious.

I was so pissed. Did she think that I hadn't thought about that before? Of course I fucking did! But I could never hurt someone by having an emotionless relationship just to satisfy my needs. I wasn't Ian.

I wanted to tell her to fuck off and that it was none of her business, but I saw something flash in her eyes when I asked her if she was asking me to fuck someone until I forgot about her. I dared to think it was jealousy. My thoughts were confirmed when I told her that I was going to do exactly that tonight.

Fine by me. Maybe that was what she needed to see to know that she wanted me too. I'd fuck someone to get it into *her* fucking head.

"I don't know, Adrian. I have to hear it from her myself," Dad said.

I sighed and grabbed my phone, then started texting her.

Dad's office, NOW ~A

After a moment my phone flashed with her reply.

Say the magic word, asshole. ~L

Bitch!

I started texting again, very aware of my dad's frown as he eyed me while I typed.

Please. ~A

I heard the knock, right after I hit send.

"What's going on?" she asked.

"Hey, sweetie, I was wondering if you're okay with your brother going out on a date?"

The fuck?! Like I need her fucking permission!

She looked at me, and I sneered at her. "Uh, yeah, Dad. Sure. Why not?"

"Lily, I'm sorry, but this won't mean you are allowed to date, too," Dad explained, pressing his lips together in a tight, thin line.

Damn right she can't; I'd fucking kill the fucker.

"Yeah ... I know. Whatever," she said and left the office.

"Well, son, here you go." He stood up and handed me a hundred bucks and smiled, "Be a gentleman, okay? No funny business, and treat the lady well."

"Whoa, Dad! Thanks!" I smiled. "Will do."



My thumb kept on hovering over two names in my contacts. I didn't know who I should dial. This or that ... Sarah? Or Emma?

They were both blondes ... not my favorite type; I liked brunettes. But the only brunettes I knew who appealed even a little to me were annoying,

and I couldn't take their shit whatsoever.

Sarah had a voice that reminded me of that chick Janice from *Friends*... Ugh! I didn't know if I could stomach that. Emma wore too much makeup, and it was maddening to look at her sometimes... I thought I could live with that.

Sarah had green eyes, and I liked that. Emma had blue ones. I just didn't know. Sarah had freaky big tits. Emma had nice ones, which were similar to Lily's.

Bingo!

"Adrian! What a pleasant surprise!" I thought I heard her squeal a little on the other end of the line.

"Hey, Emma. Listen, I was wondering if you wanted to go out and, uh, have dinner with me?" I asked. *Why was my throat dry all of a sudden?*

"Uh, d-dinner?"

"Yeah,"

"As in a d-date?"

"Um, yeah... What do you say?"

"Oh my God!" she gushed, and I frowned into the phone. *"Um, yeah of course, yes, sure, yeah, I mean, okay, yes."*

"Cool. I'll pick you up in thirty."

"Now?!"

"Uh, yeah ... I mean, if it's okay with you?"

"Oh my God, yes, it's so okay, I'll be waiting."

"Great!" I said and hung up. I sat on the edge of my bed and buried my head in my hands. *What the fuck are you doing, Adrian?* I didn't like that! I didn't fucking want to be with anyone else. I only wanted *her*! And no one but *her* ... What should I do?

Dating meant dinners, kissing and fucking touching. And I didn't want any of that ... I never wanted any of that. But then again, what else did I have? Absolutely nothing, nothing at all.

It wasn't healthy to just sit there and wait for what I could never have, was it? Should I spend my whole life doing nothing but drooling over my sister? That wasn't a life. I didn't know what should I do, I was fucking lost!

10

Adrian

It became a little bit easier as the days passed ... Emma was a nice girl; there was no reason at all for me not to like her, I actually *did* like her, and she liked me too. A lot.

Our friends were happy with us dating, especially Julia, who loved Emma dearly. She said something like 'about time' when we announced ourselves as a couple, whatever that meant. Ian said that '*our talk*' made more sense now. He thought I'd been talking about Emma the other day, and that I said I couldn't have her because we were friends and it might ruin our friendship if things didn't work out. Whatever he wanted to believe, fine by me. Everyone was thrilled about it ... well, everyone but Lily.

If anyone knew how to read Lily, that'd be me. And one of those things I knew was when she was *faking*. She was all smiling and '*I'm so happy for you guys,*' but her eyes screamed, '*I'm faking it, I hate to see the two of you together.*'

I could see from the corner of my eye every time I kissed Emma that she was looking at us, closely. And every time I looked at her, she would look away and busy herself in whatever. I didn't like how she started to look. She wasn't eating well, and she became a bit skinnier, I didn't know if I liked to think that that was out of jealousy or not.

But seriously, jealous or not, I wanted her to stay healthy. I didn't want that – whatever it was – to affect her health by any means. But then again, maybe it was all in my mind, maybe I was delusional, and she wasn't jealous by any means. I didn't know anything...



A few weeks later, I was shaving when she entered the bathroom. I didn't lock her door when I went in there myself since I was only going to shave and take a quick shower. I really didn't expect her to need the bathroom that late at night.

She backed away the second she saw me, murmuring a small, "Sorry." We weren't talking that much, as had become our usual, other than a few words or curses every now and then. Though Lily was terribly silent these days, and it was driving me insane.

"Hey, you can come in, I'm almost done," I said as I looked at her reflection in the mirror in front of me, noticing the hairbrush in her hand.

"I was just gonna get ready for bed," she said quietly, and I shrugged. It was very late for her to get ready for bed; it was almost one in the morning.

She got in there and stood by her sink, opposite from mine. She looked at me in the reflection of her mirror, and when she saw me looking back at her reflection in mine, she looked away.

I watched her as she brushed her soft locks of hair, then tied it in a loose ponytail. Every now and then her eyes would catch mine while she washed her face and I continued shaving, or mine would catch hers. We would look away, then do it all over again.

She was brushing her teeth when I caught her staring at my reflection without looking away. "What?" I asked.

She leaned down and spit into her sink, rinsed her mouth, then dried her lips with one of the small towels on top of her counter. "Why are you shaving after midnight?"

I wanted to make a little comment about how it was none of her fucking business, but figured I had a better answer for that. "I'm going out."

"Going out?! Where?" She turned around, facing my back, and talked to me through my reflection in my mirror.

"Emma's parents are out of town for the weekend, and her sister just fell asleep. We've been waiting for a chance like that for weeks now, so ... I'm going to pay her a visit." I glanced at her, wanting to see her reaction to my words.

I saw nothing. Her eyes were fixed on the floor, her face was blank, and I couldn't tell what she was thinking. "Oh!" she finally said. "So, tonight is ... *the night*." She swallowed thickly, still not looking at me, and it came out more like a statement she'd whispered almost just to herself.

"Yeah," I said as I put on my aftershave. It stung like a bitch but I was too busy watching Lily's expression to care about the sting. She just stood there, frozen, looking at the floor and breathing heavily. I turned around and

faced her, leaning back on my counter and resting both of my hands on it, waiting for her to say something—anything.

Nothing.

"Is there is something you want to tell me, Lily?" I asked after what felt like two years of waiting for her to say something.

She kept on being silent, saying nothing. It seemed like she was having an inner fight or something like that. I saw her lips moving, but she was whispering something only to herself. I couldn't make it out, but I heard something that seemed similar to the words '*not normal*.'

I couldn't reply since I didn't know if she'd said those exact words or not. Maybe I'd heard her wrong, I didn't fucking know.

'*Not normal*' – fuck right, we were not fucking normal, hell, who in the world would talk to his sister about his upcoming night, wanting her to realize he's going to have sex, only to see if she'd be jealous because it would mean that she fucking had other feelings for her brother?

"Lily?" I whispered. *Just fucking tell me not to do it and I fucking won't!*

Her eyes moved slowly to meet mine, and I could swear I saw them glistening like she was on the edge of crying. "Have f-fun," she said in a whisper.

I felt like she had just slapped me in the face. Was that it? I nodded slowly after a moment, our eyes still locked together. The silence was so loud it almost hurt my ears.

"I will," I said, and before I knew it, Lily was in my arms. Her arms surrounding my neck, hugging me tightly to her chest, her head buried in the crook of my neck, and the part of her chest and arms that her small tank top didn't cover were flat to my naked chest.

It had been too long, too fucking long since I'd held her that close to me; my heart was pounding so strongly in my chest.

Will she tell me now? Will she? I couldn't hug her back. Even if it was what I wanted to do the most, I couldn't hug her, simply because I didn't know if I could ever stop if I did. I mean, c'mon! She was hugging me so tightly I could almost feel every part of her hot body, and it wasn't the innocent hug that siblings shared by any means – it was *more*.

And she was doing it so fucking willingly! *Fuck!*

I heard her, fuck, I *felt* her inhaling deeply, then she fucking nuzzled my neck with her nose, before her lips brushed my neck so ever lightly. I

about fucking lost it right then and there. My hands gripped more tightly onto the counter behind me, and I squeezed my eyes tightly shut it almost hurt.

As she backed away, her left hand rested on my chest and the other touched my cheek softly. I opened my eyes to find hers staring at me – my eyes, my lips ... then my eyes only to go back to my lips.

I wanted to kiss her, so fucking bad, but ... I promised. I was not going to make the first move; I wouldn't! I fucking wouldn't!

I think she's already made the first move.

Shut up!

She moved her hand slowly down my cheek to my neck and smiled softly, a smile that didn't reach her eyes, then she fucking turned around to leave.

The fuck?!

I held her arm and stopped her. Her head snapped up to look at me, surprised, confused. "What the fuck was that?" I asked through clenched teeth.

"What? Ow!" She winced and tried to shrug her arm away from my hand, but I tightened my grip on her arm more so as not to let her go.

"You know what the fuck I'm talking about!"

"Ouch, you mean the hug? I was just hugging you good luck! Let me go!"

Hugging me good luck, my fucking ass!

"Really?!"

"Yes! Really! Let me go! You're hurting me!"

"Don't you fucking touch me ever again! Do you hear me?!"

She just stared at me, still trying to release her arm.

"I said, do you fucking hear me?"

"Yes! Let go of me, asshole!"

I let go of her. I knew it wasn't right to grip her like that, but I was fucking pissed! How could she give me mixed signals over and over again, every freaking once in a while? Why the fuck was she doing that to me? She knew very well what she meant to me, and what being close to her did to me.

So why on earth did she enjoy watching me suffer?

Fuck her!

You wish.

Shut up!



Maybe Lily was right after all, maybe dating was what I really needed. But then again, I still felt something missing. A big *something*.

Having Emma was like eating soy instead of beef: it kept you full, but never satisfied. Emma filled some of my needs, but it felt wrong. So wrong.

There was blonde where there should be brown, there was blue where there should be green, there was ... *Emma when it should be Lily*.

God! Am I never going to get over her?! I became more accepting of the fact that I could never have Lily, I mean, with Emma and me together and all. Maybe that was how I should live, hell, it *was* how I should live; it was the right thing. To be with anyone but my sister.

Emma wasn't so bad; actually, she wasn't bad at all. Yeah, sex wasn't that perfect at first, but we were both virgins. We learned how to *make things* together, and it was getting better over time.

But she wasn't Lily...

I stopped giving Lily a hard time about whatever. She didn't seem to be doing very well after that night in the bathroom, and I really hated what I did to her so very much. I shouldn't have gripped her arm like that, but she made me so fucking mad!

I now had a clear vision of Lily's point of view when it came to us being together as more than just a brother and sister. The jealousy and annoyance in Lily's eyes, every time she saw me doing something as simple as holding hands with Emma, made me sure that she had other feelings for me.

But she was doing what she thought was the right thing. Well, what she was doing the right thing, but I didn't like it. I wanted to do the wrong thing. She wanted me, but she knew it wasn't right to be with me.

Well, fuck her for denying us both the happiness we could be living in right now!

And, maybe I was just being delusional again, just wishful thinking, it was all in my head anyway, no proof.

"Adrian, please, please, I wanna ride this too, please?" Emma begged for what felt like the millionth time. It had started to become annoying.

"Emma, please, I said no!" *How many times do I have to tell her no?*

"But, honey, it's so much fun, and Lily will be okay!" she whined.

"I'm not leaving my sister standing all by herself here, okay?"

"It's okay, Adrian! I'm fine," Lily said.

"Shut up!" I shushed her.

"Idiot." She started walking away.

"Lily, fucking wait, don't walk on your own!" I called after her.

"I'm not a child!" she spat over her shoulder.

"Emma, please, go ride with Ian, he won't mind. I'm sorry," I said in a hurry and left her pouting, after I patted her cheek.

"Would you slow the fuck down?!" I yelled, causing many people to look at me, frowning. Maybe I flipped them off, I might add.

"Lily, wait!" I finally reached her.

"I don't want you to babysit me, Adrian!" she spat, her voice cracking a little at the end.

"Why are you being so fucking dramatic?!"

"I'm not, so fuck off, okay?!"

I let out a long huff and sighed in frustration. She was really being unbelievable!

Everyone but her was having a good time. The carnival we'd all been waiting for, for a long time was finally here, and we all went there, to do what? Have fun! But of course, Lily had to be such a fucking drama queen and act all bitchy with the seven of us, not just me like always. I didn't know what was wrong with her.

When it came to the rollercoaster, she just lost it. She yelled at everyone not to ride it. They didn't understand her, but I sure did. No one listened to her, of course, they all got in line. But I couldn't just leave her there and ride with Emma.

I knew very well she wouldn't ever join us, not in a million years. You see, Lily had a phobia of rollercoasters!

When we were kids, someone stupid told her a scary story about them. I didn't know why the fuck she still believed it. She was almost eighteen, for fuck's sake!

"You know very well that I'm not leaving you," I said quietly as I followed her. She just huffed and kept on walking.

After a while her steps slowed down and we walked awkwardly. I hated to follow her like a lost dog, but I couldn't fucking do any other thing.

A few moments later we sat on one of the benches. She didn't acknowledge my presence at all, and I didn't say anything about it.

I got up and saw her keeping an eye on me out of the corner of my eye. I thought she was somewhat afraid I'd leave, but of course I would never do that, at least not before the guys got off the fucking thing and we could go on with our fucking night.

"I brought you cotton candy!" I said, smiling.

Peace offering...

Her eyes lit up like a kid on Christmas morning and she smiled brightly, murmuring a small, "Thanks."

Women!

I watched her as she took piece after piece of the pink fluff and put it into her mouth. A few bites later, I figured it'd be better if I looked away, watching her all sweet and tender like that made my heart ache.

"Do you want some?" she asked.

"Not gonna eat girly stuff, thank you very much!"

"C'mon, it's just sugar." She took another piece and held it in front of my mouth. I looked at her, then at her hand, and she nodded in encouragement with a smile.

How can I say no to those eyes? I took it from her hand with my mouth, trying my hardest not to touch her fingers, but failing a little.

Her eyes watched me as I did it, her lips slightly parted. Then in one second she shrugged away that expression, whatever was it, and just smiled.

I reached for the cotton candy and took a small piece, then offered it to her. She took my hand that was holding the piece and smiled, her eyes watched mine watching her as she darted her tongue out and tasted the candy. Then her lips wrapped around my fingers, and ate the cotton candy off of them. I almost lost it when I felt her tongue touching my fingertips.

I swallowed thickly when she backed away and offered me another fucking sweet smile.

"Do you want to go for a walk?" she asked.

"Sure,"

I got up and tried awkwardly to adjust my hard-on through the material of my jeans, then followed her. We were far away from the rollercoaster, but we still could see it since it was so high and all. Lily stopped and looked at it.

"I still remember the last time I rode one, you know?" she said.

"Yeah, me too,"

"It was fun," she said in a soft voice.

"It was, we could have joined them, you know?"

"You know I can't, not without you," I knew very well what she meant. Lily still rode it every now and then, but not without me. Her only condition to ride it was for me to be with her in the same seat, beside her.

"I would've still been there beside you,"

"Yeah, and leave your girlfriend alone." She rolled her eyes and looked away, not believing me.

"Who am I with right now, Lily?" I asked as I touched her chin and forced her lightly to look at me.

She looked up at me, and just stared, not saying anything. I dropped my hand, but stayed close to her, never breaking my eye contact with her. She looked so fucking beautiful.

"I always feel safe while you're beside me, Adrian," she whispered, moving a lock of her hair behind her ear, still looking at me with so much sweetness in her eyes.

My eyes widened slightly as Ian's words came rushing back into my head.

"When you are talking with a girl and she does this 'moving a lock of her hair behind her ear' thing, that means she's silently begging you to kiss her."

Could it be true?

"Yeah, trust me. Especially when she's all smiling and looking at you like the sun just rose up from your ass or some shit like that."

Fuck!

Without a second thought, I crushed my lips to hers.

God! How much had I wanted to do that? How fucking long! I kissed her with all the passion I had for her, hard. I wrapped my arms around her body and pressed her into me.

She brought her hand to my neck and I thought it was to push me away, but to my surprise she buried her hands in my hair and pulled me into her lips. I fucking died!

I parted my lips slightly and tasted her lips, somewhat still afraid she'd pull away, but she fucking let me in! My tongue played with hers in a slow, sweet dance. She tasted like fucking heaven. My hand roamed all over her back, and I heard her moaning as I sucked on her bottom lip.

When breathing was becoming much needed, we broke our kiss. I really didn't care if I suffocated; dying while kissing her would be the best

way to go, *ever*.

I rested my forehead on hers. We both were panting heavily, and I swore my heart was really trying to bust out of my fucking chest. Moments later, we parted. I hated it, but she pulled back.

She stared at me for a second, her face now clear of any emotions. Then her eyes widened a little and a gasp escaped her.

Her hand was suddenly in front of my face like she was ready to slap me. *Are you fucking kidding me?* I held her hand before it touched me.

"Hold on there, little sister," I snarled, " Enough with the denial! You want me just as much as I fucking want you!"

11

Lillian

It wasn't normal.

The things I was feeling ... they weren't normal. It was shameful to even think about it, but every time I saw him with *her*, I felt that unfamiliar ache in my chest. I was jealous.

Like really, really jealous. I never knew what jealousy felt like until the day I saw them together. I didn't know why, but every time I saw them kissing all I wanted to do was to jump on her and pull all her freaking hair out. One by one.

I came to realize that it wasn't just the fact that it was *Emma* who was with him and not any other girl – since I didn't like Emma and all – no, I knew I would feel the same if it was any other girl, I acknowledged that. Not to mention, the reason why I didn't like Emma in the first place was because she always flirted with Adrian nonstop. I just didn't pay attention to that before.

The jealousy had been eating me from the inside out for months now. I started to put two and two together, but part of me still didn't want to believe it—simply because it couldn't be. It couldn't be that I... h-had other feelings for him.

It wasn't normal.



Why on earth was I so freaking excited about the whole freaking carnival thing?! I knew it was supposed to be fun, but all I did there was walk behind the '*happy couple*' and watch them as they laughed together, held hands and gave freaking stuffed animals to each other. I looked stupid walking alone like that, completely feeling like the freaking third wheel—or the seventh.

It wasn't fair! They should've thought about my feelings, but who was I kidding, even my stupid, stupid brother didn't care.

You'd think that I could at least walk with Ian since he was forever single and all, but of course not. He wasn't wasting any of his time; I swear I saw him flirting with about four different girls in a couple of hours, and making out with two of them in half of that time.

Ugh! Such a man-whore!

And then, to add more water to the dirt and make more of a muddle in my already messed-up head, they wanted to get on a freaking rollercoaster! *A rollercoaster!* Didn't they know what it did to girls? They were all a bunch of idiots.

A few years ago I wanted to ride one, but I was too freaking short to be allowed to. I was crying and screaming my head off, desperately wanting to have fun, too, when an older girl with short red hair came to me and told me that I shouldn't get so upset like that. She said that I should consider myself lucky, and then told me a horrible story about her last time on a rollercoaster, when she was hanging upside down for hours and hours from her hair before they rescued her by cutting it.

Well, I knew that it might be a made-up story, since she kept laughing when I almost peed my pants while I was listening to her, but you never know. I was freaking scarred for life.



"Hold on there, little sister! You want me just as much as I want you!" he snarled. I just stared at him with wide eyes, parted lips, and a frown.

Has he lost his mind?

—It isn't true!

Is it?

—Of course not.

Do I?

—No... No, it couldn't be.

His hand was still clutching my forearm, preventing me from slapping him. How could he do that? How could he kiss me like that?

He'd lost his mind!

He gripped my hand tighter and pulled me to him roughly; again our lips found each other's... uh, I meant *his* lips found mine. He kissed me so hard, so deeply, and so passionately. And, I kissed him back! What the heck was wrong with me?

"Get a room!" someone said. His or her voice was clear, but it felt like I was hearing it from underwater. For some reason my legs buckled and I felt dizzy, but his hands held my body firmly and didn't allow me to fall.

I heard a whistle from a passerby, and that was what woke me up. I pushed him away with all of my strength. He didn't want to pull away, but eventually he did after I told him: "Adrian! People are watching!" My voice was full of panic; it wasn't right.

It wasn't normal.

"They don't know us. I won't let go before you say it!" he growled. He wasn't kissing me anymore, but he was holding me tightly by the arms, his eyes holding hot fire.

"Let go of me, please!" My voice was low, and my throat felt tight all of a sudden. It felt like I was choking.

"Not before you admit it!" he roared. "Tell me that you want me, too!"

"Let go!"

"Say it!" he demanded. "Loud and proud!"

"No!" I yelled and pulled myself away from his hold.

"Is everything okay here?" some guy asked. I looked up and saw that he was one of the security staff.

"Everything is fine," Adrian replied.

"I still have to hear it from the lady. Miss? Are you okay?"

"Yes, I'm fine," I choked out. "Nothing is wrong."

The security guard eyed us suspiciously, but then he nodded and left, and I sighed in relief.

"Let's go!" Adrian said, and gripped my hand as he started to walk.

I shrugged my hand away, I was confused as heck. I didn't even know what I was doing or what I should do, all I could think about was what I actually did, and I was disgusted with myself. "Don't touch me, okay? If you touch me again, I swear I'll fucking scream and I won't say I'm fine when they ask."

Adrian still had a hard time believing I was able to curse, but it seemed like it was the only way I could make him believe I was serious. He let go.

I need a ride, I'm outside. ~L



"If you'd just tell me what's going on!" Ian said.

"I just wanna go ho-ome!" I sobbed.

"Adrian was being a dick to you again, wasn't he?" he asked.

I replied with another sob.

"Means he was ..." he sighed.

"Do you guys do anything but fight?" he asked again after a moment.

Yes, actually, we do. He goes down on me when I'm asleep, and I have sexual dreams about him like all the time... Oh, yeah, and we make out sometimes. I wept harder at the thought and started the ugly crying, with loud sobs and all. What was wrong with me? What was wrong with us?

"God! Come here, sweetie," he offered me his arm, keeping his other hand on the steering wheel. I moved a little so I could rest my head on his chest where I cried some more as he rubbed my back soothingly.

When Ian dropped me off at my house, I went to my room right away, changing into some shorts and a tank top. Then, I cried myself to sleep.



I turned in my bed to find my pillow, I hugged it tightly as rubbed my cheek over it slightly. It felt so soft and warm. I hummed in comfort and hugged it some more, but something felt abnormal about my pillow ... it had a heartbeat?

I jerked away immediately to hear *him* chuckling and it kinda pissed me off. He was lying down on my bed with his arm behind his head, his hair was slightly damp, and he was looking all ho— ... *ahem* ... he looked stupid.

"Sweet dreams, little sister?" he asked with a stupidly beautiful grin written all over his face.

I panicked, thinking I had talked in my sleep, but then I whipped the concern away from my face and tried not to freak out; maybe I hadn't said anything and he was just asking.

I didn't say anything... I didn't say anything... I didn't say anything...

"What are you doing here?" I asked in annoyance.

"I brought you breakfast," he said with a crooked smile. He reached for the small tray on my nightstand and brought it in front of me, where I saw a glass of milk and some pancakes on it.

I gave him a questioning look.

"What? I can't bring my sweet little sister breakfast?" he smirked, and I didn't reply. "Eat."

Before my breakfast, I asked him politely to hand me my purse that was on my desk. My insulin pen was in it, and used it before I took the glass and drank some of the milk, which was a tiny bit sweet – just the way I liked it. I wanted to smile at him for the nice gesture, but something in me refused to allow me to do so. I mean, c'mon! The last time we'd talked, it was actually kind of a fight, and I didn't even want to think about it.

"Please eat some, little sister." He offered me one of the pancakes. It was really close to my mouth, like he wanted to feed me, but I took it from his hand and ignored the sigh of disappointment that he let out – *what was his problem?*

He watched me as I ate, and I flinched when he moved a stray lock of my hair behind my ear, which caused a frown to appear on his handsome features... Uh, I meant his features—*just* features.

"Was it okay?" he asked when I finished eating and drinking my milk.

"It was really good, thank you." I offered him a small – slash – awkward smile. I just couldn't help but feel that there was a very big pink elephant in the room that kept staring and sticking its pink tongue out at me.

"I wanna talk about last night." He took the tray from me with one hand and placed it on the nightstand. He then readjusted himself on the bed to sit facing me.

"Uh, I...uh... I had fun at the carnival," I said, ignoring what I knew he really wanted to talk about.

"Lily, you know very well what I want to talk about, and it has nothing to do with the carnival itself. It's about what happened there."

"I... I, uh... I don't know what you're talking about."

He drew in a long breath, then he slowly let it out as if he was trying to calm himself down or something.

"Lily, last night, in case you didn't notice, we *kissed*," he said slowly, as if he was talking to a little kid and wanted him or her to get the words right.

"It's okay, I— I forgive you," I said with my eyes fixed on the sheets that I'd been twisting in my hands since I finished my breakfast.

He suddenly grabbed both of my hands in his, which made me look at him in shock. He didn't look as calm as he did when he first started talking, though he didn't look angry.

"You listen to me, little sister," he said with a slight hiss. "The words 'I forgive you' are not what I'm looking for, okay? We kissed last night, that

means I kissed you and you kissed me back. *I* didn't force you into anything, and *I* want you to say something else instead of '*I forgive you*' – something like '*I want you*' – now what do you say?"

"Adrian, I didn't kiss you ba—"

"That's fucking bullshit and you fucking know it!" he roared, pressing harder on my wrists. I didn't reply, again; I didn't know what to say.

I heard him take in another deep breath. "Okay... Let's not talk about last night." His voice was a little calmer. He released my hands and smirked. "How about we talk about the fact that you've been having some dreams about me?"

Oh, snap! How does he even know that? I did talk in my sleep, didn't I?!

"Uh, I—"

"Don't deny it!" he warned in a serious tone.

"So what, Adrian?" I snapped. "I see you every single day and night, so it's pretty normal to have dreams about you."

"Is that so, little sister?" he sneered. "All siblings in the world have *wet* dreams about each other then?"

I felt the heat creeping all over my body as I flushed what I was sure was a dark shade of red. "Adrian, I don—"

"Just fucking stop with the fucking denial and let's have a fucking real conversation!" he spoke through clenched teeth.

"Fine! I do have ... *those* kind of dreams! So what?" I folded my arms in front of my chest.

"So, you admit it?"

"Yes!" I sighed in frustration.

"You're such a hypocrite. You've been having wet dreams about me since God only knows when, and you're saying, 'So what?' after making me feel like shit because I touched you without '*your permission*'." He made air quotes. "That goes the same way, little sister."

"You're kidding me, right?" It was my turn to sneer. "You're seriously trying to compare dreams that nobody has control over to real actions? Are you even sane?"

He frowned.

"You've never had a dream where you did something stupid like walking naked in the street? Or hitting some old guy or stealing from some old woman? Any crazy dream about something you'd never do in reality?"

Any stupid thing you did in your dreams that you felt like hell because you enjoyed doing it when it's so wrong in reality?"

"So you enjoyed it in your dreams?" he leered.

"Adrian! I'm trying to have that *real* conversation you wanted!" I ignored his question. "How would you feel if people judged you based on your dreams? The bad ones? Would that be fair? You'd be stupid to compare what you did to me while I'm unconscious to the dreams I had while I'm *unconscious*, without any kind of control from me."

He was silent for a moment, taking what I just said in, I guess, then he nodded carelessly. "Okay. I guess you're right," he sighed.

I sighed too.

"But ..."

Oh, no!

"Don't you think that you had those dreams because your body wanted to give you some kind of a message?" The smirk was back on his lips again, and then he raised a hand and touched my cheek with the back of his knuckles softly. I absently closed my eyes and leaned a little into his touch. He reached down to my chin and pressed on it slightly with his thumb and the side of his pointer finger. I didn't know what he was doing until after he did it – he was trying to release my bottom lip from between my teeth. I didn't even know I was biting it.

"It's not true!" I swallowed thickly. "I don't want it," I whispered. I felt a little lightheaded as the back of his hand traveled down to touch my throat softly.

"You kissed me back," he said softly, his hand still touching my neck slowly. "Every time I kissed you, you kissed me back."

I opened my eyes lazily to look at his face. He was watching me closely, his face just an inch away from mine.

"I didn't know what else to do." I was pretty sure that he wouldn't have heard me if he wasn't so close.

"Don't deny us this, Lily," he whispered. "We could be something really good; don't deny us the happiness we would both feel."

I couldn't open my eyes anymore; his words, his breath on my cheek, his hand...

Oh God! His hand! Too much!

His hand surrounded the side of my neck, and he brought me even closer with it, then his lips were firmly pressed to mine. He kissed my lower

lip first, then pressed another soft yet so passionate kiss on my upper one, then tugged on my lower lip with both of his lips. I felt his tongue as it ever so slowly made a swift lick over my lips.

His tongue pushed its way inside my mouth, and I let him explore. I won't lie, it felt amazingly good! And so wrongly right!

I didn't know that he was pushing me slightly into lying down on the bed until my back hit the mattress – and Adrian was on top of me.

"Adrian!" I breathed once he left my mouth to move down my throat and collarbone. I didn't know what I wanted to say, but it felt good to say his name. I think he agreed, too, because I was pretty sure I heard a low groan escaping his mouth and into my neck.

His other hand — the one that wasn't still on my neck with its thumb rubbing my jaw line softly — made it to the hem of my small tank top. I felt his fingertips touching the bare skin between my waistband and the start of my top ever so slowly, ever so carefully, ever so *wonderfully*.

My head was spinning as I felt his hot breaths on my neck. My hands, as if they had a mind of their own, made it to his hair. I pressed him more into my neck as my fingers buried themselves deep into the mess of his hair.

"I can make you feel so good," he breathed into my ear. "Just tell me you want it, too."

I wasn't in any state of thinking clearly by that time, feeling the softness of his voice, feeling his hot breaths, and the sound of his words. *Too freaking much!*

His hand made it to my right breast from under my top, and both of us moaned as he squeezed it—*hard*. I saw ...I didn't know ... something really good that I couldn't even name firing behind my closed lids.

"Oh, God!" I gasped when he brushed his thumb over my nipple.

"That's right, *baby*," he whispered.

Baby?

And that was my wake-up call. I didn't know where I got the power from, but I pushed him off of me, feeling the loss immediately.

"We can't!" I panted as I sat up on the edge of the bed, looking at the floor.

I heard him huffing.

A few moments later, our breathing became steadier. He was still sitting behind me on the bed, then I felt him get up to kneel in front of me.

He took my hands in his, softly this time, brought them to his lips and kissed them, one little kiss on each one. "Why can't we?" he asked calmly.

"You have a girlfriend!" It was the best I could come up with.

"I'll break up with her— *tonight* if that's what you want," he replied simply.

"I don't care ..."

Even though I really do!

"Why we can't then, little sister?"

"Because of just that, Adrian! I'm your sister."

"But we both want more."

"No, Adrian! Not me! I don't want that! I don't feel like that about you; you're my brother!"

He shook his head and released my hands, then he moved both of his hands through his hair in frustration. Moments later he stood up, and I thought he was going to leave, but he had other plans for me.

12

Lillian

Both of his hands held my jaw and forced me to look at him. My own hands came up to the hands that were gripping my jaw, trying to release it, but all my tries were in vain, as he was holding it too firmly.

"I think I said more than one fucking time, stop with the fucking denial!"

"Let go!" I tried to pull his hand away, but nothing.

"Remember the way your tongue licked my fingers yesterday? Huh? What was that? Were you trying to seduce me or not? Huh?"

I didn't! Did I?

"Remember that hug in the bathroom, little sister?" he growled. "The night I told you I was going to *fuck* Emma, huh?"

Even with the shock I was in from Adrian's actions, I still had it in me to cringe at the sound of his words.

"Answer me!" he demanded and pressed more on my jaw.

"Yes!" My voice was nothing but a choked whisper.

"What was that about? Huh? And don't fucking give me the '*hugging you good luck*' bullshit, because I don't buy it!"

"I—uh, I wanted to do something for you to remember me with while you were with her," I blurted out.

Oh, no! What did I just say?

He froze for a moment, his eyes staring right into mine, then he spoke again.

"Is that so, little sister?" he sneered, then he let go of my jaw. I rubbed where his hands were – it kind of hurt! "Then I'll give you something really good for you to remember *me* with." He took off his shirt.

Before I even got the chance to think, I was on my back, both of my hands held with one of his behind my head, not forcibly – I could easily loosen his grip on them if I wanted to – but with enough pressure to keep them in place. He was on top of me, his weight pinning me to the bed.

He was kissing all over my face and neck like a crazy person, while his other hand was holding my breast.

"Tell me to stop, Lily." He challenged, "Tell me to stop and I will."

But I couldn't say it, I didn't know why. Maybe I was enjoying it, and the thought of it being something I enjoyed disgusted me. But I still said nothing.

"Adrian!" I gasped at the sensation. I couldn't believe that he was actually doing this. He didn't reply, instead he moved the hand that was holding my breast to my leg, hooked it over his back and ground his erection into my center.

I couldn't help but let out a small moan as the friction he created hit me just in the right spot. His grip on my wrists tightened even more at the sound of my moan, and his wet kisses became more frantic, yet I knew I should say something to stop it.

"See? You want me, little sister, you just won't admit it!" he groaned into the top of my breasts.

"I. Don't. Want. It." I said through clenched teeth.

He stopped for a second, one hand still holding my wrists, and his other one still squeezing the back of my thigh while holding it still over his back. He stared right into my eyes.

"Are you telling me that if I touched that sweet little kitten of yours I wouldn't find it wet and waiting?" he asked. His hand started to travel the short way to my womanhood! I hated it.

It felt so disgusting to hear those words from him. In one second I got the strength to do what I knew I *could* do, but didn't want to, because I hated to hurt him – though he had it coming!

The leg that was trapped between his made its way to his crotch, where I hit him hard with my knee.

He groaned loudly and winced as he rolled off of me. The sound broke my heart, hearing him in pain that *I* caused, but I couldn't just lie there and let him do that or speak that way to me without me doing anything about it!

"Fucking asshole!" I yelled as I got out of the bed. My voice was cracking and it was so obvious that I was hurt, though I didn't know what hurt me the most – what Adrian did, or the fact that I'd hurt him.

I made it to the door of my room, and as I was walking I was kind of grateful that he didn't touch me down there. I couldn't handle the humiliation of him discovering how wet I really was. It was so wrong. I

found that my door was locked from the inside, and I couldn't help but wonder if he just really wanted only to talk and things got out of hand, or if he'd planned this all along.

Tears started to stream down my cheeks as I closed the door behind me, still hearing his curses and moans of agony and pain, not really knowing what I was crying for – it just felt the right thing to do.

In the guest bathroom, I cried some more for God only knows what, then I washed my face and left, glad to remember that Mom had plans for the day and had probably left long ago before I even woke up. Or before Adrian woke me up to be clearer.

I silently prayed with everything in me that he wouldn't still be in my room when I made it back upstairs. I didn't know how I would act if he was.

He wasn't. With a sigh of relief, I locked my door behind me, then went into the bathroom and locked his bathroom door as well. I needed a long time to think...

I was being a bitch and I knew it, I should have just told him to stop without hurting him, but I was so confused and mad. Maybe at myself more than at him. Mad at him for touching me, and mad at myself for liking it and not stopping it when I was able to.



Two weeks had passed since – *that day*, apparently the not-speaking-to-each-other thing was what we did best.

What. Ever!

We spent the whole day at Sean and Sandra's house, since it was the last night for all of us together before Sean had to leave for college. Julia was his same age, but she missed a whole year of school before she moved to Seattle with her family. Something bad had happened to her that I hated to even think about which caused her to spend a long time recovering. They all ended up moving here for her sake.

It was pretty clear that she wasn't completely okay with him leaving her. They cared so much about each other, but he kept on assuring her that he'd come home whenever he could, which still wasn't good enough thinking about how far New York was, but, eh, he'd get to play football on the college team and Julia had to swallow it for his sake. She was happy for him, but *the distance hurts* – her words not mine.

"Lily."

The sound of my name startled me from my thoughts, and I looked up from the floor to Elliot. "Truth or dare?" he asked.

"Truth," I said. We were playing Truth or Dare. I didn't know who the idiot was who suggested it, but we were bored stupid to be honest, plus Sean and Julia really had to have some distraction for them to take their hands off of each other.

"Who did you share your first kiss with?" Elliot asked from the small paper in his hands.

My stupid luck! "Uh... I-I've never been kissed!" I blushed as I replied in a quiet voice, glancing at Adrian to see him not looking at me, though he was clenching his jaw tightly.

Like I can say it was Adrian!

"Ian!" I said after a long pause of uncomfortable silence, trying to get the game going and for the all of them to think about something other than the fact that I was almost eighteen and had never been kissed.

If they only knew the ugly truth! Not that I was going to enlighten them by any means, of course!

He looked up at me. "Truth or dare?"

"I'll take a dare!" he answered with pride.

Okay... This is going to be interesting!

I picked up a small paper from the "Dare" pot and opened it. To my surprise it was in Ian's horrible handwriting. I shook my head as I read it, and then I tried to cover my smile as I read it out loud.

"Go ask the neighbors for some salt, wearing only a bra and a short skirt!" I said and the rest busted out laughing while Ian stared at me with wide eyes. Knowing what a pervert he was, I was pretty sure that he meant the dare for one of the girls to do, but karma was a cruel B.

"I'll take a truth!" he blurted out, and it sent everyone in a new round of laughter.

"Too late, bro!" Sean said through his laughs.

"I'm not gonna wear a bra!"

"Don't forget the skirt!" Elliot laughed.

"Shut up, dick!"

"Guys, c'mon, just ask him a question, Lily, and let's get it over with." Julia whined.

"Okay," I picked another paper, from the Truth pot this time.

"Have you ever had sex in public?" I asked, and blushed again.

Ian's whole face lit up with a huge grin. What a pervert! "Hell, yes! I stopped counting after the hundredth time, babe," he winked.

Gross!

"Pig!" Sandra murmured and he laughed.

"Sandra!" Ian said and she glared at him.

"Truth." she said without waiting for him to ask.

"Who did you lose your virginity to?" he asked with a smirk.

Sandra turned around – as she was leaning her back on Elliot's chest since we were all sitting on the floor in a circle – and kissed him. They looked so sweet together.

"I'll lose it to Elliot, but we're just waiting for the right time." she replied with a smile. I saw Sean rubbing his forehead, clearly not comfortable hearing this, but he sucked it up.

"Julia!" Sandra smiled. "Truth or Dare?"

"Truth."

"How old were you when you lost your virginity?" Sandra asked, and I guess it was without thinking.

Oh, crap! "Oh, my God!" Sandra gushed. "I'm so sorry, Julia, I wasn't thinking!" I think Sandra was about to cry.

"It's okay," Julia said in a low voice. Sean kissed the top of her head and rubbed her arm soothingly. "I think you all know the answer already."

"Shhh, honey! I love you!" Sean kissed the top of her head again.

"Adrian!" Julia called, ending another awkward silence. "Truth or Dare?"

"Dare!" he said. He had been asking for dares over and over again, nonstop.

"Make out with your sibling, using tongues!" Julia read with a disgusted expression.

Oh, no! "Who's the sick fuck who wrote this?" Sean yelled and took the paper from her.

I think I have a pretty good idea!

"Capitals!" he said, apparently 'the one' who wrote it was trying to hide who he was.

"Ian!" Elliot said.

"What?! Don't look at me! I didn't!" he laughed.

"You're the only one who wouldn't be hurt from it, idiot!" Julia said, and he laughed some more.

"Yes, true! If it went to any of the siblings in here, it'd hurt four people not just one – well, three in our case since Lily doesn't have a boyfriend and all," Emma noted. *Yes, rub it right in my face, you stupid thing!*

Everyone was pointing a finger at Ian but he was just laughing. It didn't go unnoticed by me that Adrian and I were the only ones not protesting, and that he was giving me side glances every now and then as they fought.

"I'm not gonna do it, would you all just shut up!" I yelled, sending them all into silence as they stared at me. "This game sucks!" I stood up and walked away to sit in front of the TV.



A while later Ian came and out of nowhere he kissed me a lightly on the lips. "Now you'll never have to say, 'I've never been kissed before,' again." I think he thought of me as a charity case, but before I knew what happened, Adrian shoved him to the floor and off of me. Everyone started yelling and screaming, and Ian kept on telling him to calm down and chill because it meant nothing.



When it was time to say goodbye to Sean at the airport, I looked at Sean and Julia as they said their goodbyes. They kissed so sweetly through their tears, and he whispered some things in her ear that made her smile sadly at him.

It was heartbreaking to look at them, and so sweet at the same time. I couldn't help but think how thankful I was that Adrian and I were the same age, and we wouldn't have to face something like that. I couldn't help but feel a big ache in my chest to imagine that we could ever be separated like that someday.

I was thinking that way about my brother, not my lover or even my boyfriend.

Was that normal?!

13

Lillian

Adrian took every chance he had to make my blood boil in my veins with jealousy. He kissed Emma in front of me more times than I had hairs on my head. And I wasn't talking about chaste kisses, I was taking about sloppy ones, with tongues, groping and even some under-the-clothes actions.

I hated him!

But, could I do anything about it? Absolutely not!

My life was boring; he wasn't talking to me whatsoever. I tried once to talk to him, asking him politely to pass me the milk as we were having breakfast a few days ago, but he simply showed me his middle finger without even looking at me.

I hated it!

It seemed like the only thing Julia could do lately was cry because she was missing Sean so much. Not even a week had passed yet since he left for college, though she made it sound like two hundred years or something.

I hated that!

Sandra kept talking only about Elliot and how happy she was with him and... *ugh!* My head hurt just thinking about it! Don't get me wrong; I loved to see how happy they both were with each other, but it was just another reminder for me about what I couldn't have.

And... I hate this!

I never thought the day I would ask Sandra to take me shopping would ever come, but apparently it actually happened. I, Lillian Claire Smith, asked the mighty fashion-freak Sandra Jean Moore to take me shopping. That had never happened before, and I mean *never*.

Sandra always dragged me against my will to the mall with her, where I ended up with a headache and swollen feet. But that seemed preferable to staying home with Julia, to pat her hand every two seconds so she would stop crying. Or to going out with Elliot when Sandra was busy doing some new thing with her hair, and hearing him go on about how much he loved

Sandra and how he was so sure she was the one. I mean, *okay, I get it, would you just shut up?*

I was even tired of hearing the broken CD that Ian played every single time he saw a girl. It was actually boring, and I had no idea how girls fell for the crappy lines that he picked up from old movies!

And things got a little awkward between the two of us after he kissed me. I didn't know why he'd been acting all weird around me; it was just a little kiss, for God's sake! A little kiss that actually ended the same moment it started. And let's not forget that it was for charity, so why all the fuss? Was it possible that he liked me?

Anyway, I bought some new clothes for the new school. I was so excited to go back to school the next day and finally find something to do with my stupid, boring life.

When I got back home after Sandra dropped me off, the house was empty, as it was most of the time. Mom was busy decorating a mansion. It was her first time to decorate a mansion and she was so excited about it. She'd hardly been home in almost two weeks, just like Dad who was hardly home since ... well ... ever!

I sighed as I made it up to the second floor, noticing that there was light coming from Adrian's room.

So, he's here? Whatever.

I started filling the tub with hot water, adding bubbles then my relaxing oils after I inhaled a long sniff from the bottle. Then I locked Adrian's door and started undressing.

The water felt amazing, and I felt my body start to relax. I rested my head, which was wrapped in a towel, behind me and let myself relax some more.

"What is it?"

My head shot up immediately to look in the direction the voice was coming from. My eyes nearly bugged out of my head as I saw Emma coming into the bathroom followed by Adrian.

"Just wait," he replied.

I sunk a little deeper into the water. I knew they couldn't see me because I was behind the curtain, but you never know, it was slightly open after all. But what the heck was I supposed to do?

"What is that smell? Jasmine?" she asked, and I panicked. It was my oils, and I was so afraid they'd find me.

"Lilies," he answered simply. Then he kissed her hard on her lips, making her back up a little to his counter.

"Oh!" she breathed. "Is that why you brought me in here?"

"You didn't think I wanted to show you my new toothbrush, did you?" He kissed her again.

My heart dropped to my stomach, this couldn't be happening. I couldn't watch this. *Oh, my God! What should I do?* I couldn't just sit there and watch, or close my eyes and listen. I freaking couldn't!

"You and your kink!" she smiled.

"Turn around," he ordered her nicely. She did as she was told and turned around with a grin on her face. I sunk a little deeper in the water, afraid that she'd see me, but she was looking at the floor.

This was so embarrassing! I watched as Adrian moved a little from behind her as he scanned my counter with his eyes. His gaze landed on something, and he reached over and picked it up. It was my hair tie.

Oh no! no! no! no! No funny business with my hair tie!

He moved a hand through Emma's blonde hair and brought it together, while the other hand was still holding the tie tightly as if it was going to escape his hand somehow. Then he brought it to his nose and inhaled deeply, closing his eyes. He then tied her hair with my hair tie in a loose ponytail. He reached for the back pocket of his jeans that he was wearing alone with no shirt and brought out a small item which he then ripped open with his teeth. A condom.

Oh, crap! He's actually going to do this? Here? Now?

Emma's body was blocking my sight, so I didn't see him while he rolled the condom over ... *himself*. And, I really didn't know why I was disappointed that I'd missed that. He then started stroking himself. I couldn't see that either, but it didn't take a genius to figure out what he was doing either.

"Bend over," he commanded as he rubbed her backside, and she obeyed right away without a word. I wondered for a brief second what had been going through her mind in the past few moments since he'd asked her to turn around, but then I thought: *I really don't care*.

Adrian raised her skirt. She was still fully dressed with her tight red sleeveless blouse and denim miniskirt, but he didn't undress her at all. He moved her panties to one side and moved forward a little so his body was pressed to hers.

That was when it *really* hit me! *OHMYGOD!* Adrian was going to have sex with Emma, right in front of my eyes! My blood ran cold, and I felt it draining from my face at the realization. How could I handle something like that? I got jealous just from watching them kiss; I thought I might die watching them going at it.

Emma let out a moan when he pushed himself inside her, but he didn't go in and out like people do – What? I wasn't that naïve, I knew what happened during sex – he twisted her ponytail around his hand and gripped it, causing her head to fall back a little. From the expression on her face and the squeezing of her eyes, he'd pulled hard. Then it happened.

Her moans filled the bathroom along with his pants. He was thrusting really hard in and out of her and it was driving *me* insane. The whole jealousy I was feeling, even though it was too much, was slightly covered with the ... *desire* I felt. Yes, desire.

I couldn't help but ogle the muscles in his arm clenching and unclenching as he gripped her hair more and more, and the sweat that formed on his forehead as his thrusts became even harder.

His face was another thing; I couldn't even begin to describe how perfect and ... *erotic* his features looked. He was something else. I found myself ever so slowly rubbing my thighs together, but thought better of it when it made a little noise with the water around me – which by the way was beginning to get cold, though my body was warm enough.

It was like Emma didn't exist in that moment, it was only Adrian and my imagination of being in her place that turned me on. It was like that for a minute, I completely forgot she was there and the jealousy that filled me at the thought of them together.

As his thrusts continued, he bent a little closer to her head and buried his nose in her hair, right on my hair tie, then inhaled deeply.

"Fuck, that smells too fucking good," he breathed.

"You like my new shampoo?" Emma asked breathlessly.

"Quiet!" he groaned, and she obeyed right away.

"I'm close!" he announced in a pant. "You better come now,"

Her moans became louder as his thrusts became harder, and I found myself drooling at the sweet frown that formed on his forehead – and I didn't mean only my *mouth* was drooling.

Suddenly his eyes caught mine. I didn't blink. I stared. He stared. Then he came. And I *melted*.

His eyes narrowed slightly but he kept them open. I didn't know how long it lasted, but my first blink was after Emma started re-adjusting her clothes and he walked to the trash can then washed his hands.

What the fuck just happened?

They kissed once before they left the bathroom, and he 'thanked her' for the 'quickie', she was grinning like an idiot.

And as he was closing the door behind him, he *winked* at me.

He freaking winked!

I was pissed when I got out of the bathroom. I wrapped my bathrobe around my body and flopped on my bed, face down. I forcibly yanked the towel from around my head and threw it to the floor.

How could he? Why did he do that? Why did he keep hurting me?

I kept on punching my poor pillow over and over again. I was so freaking pissed that I wanted to break something. Suddenly I felt like I was choking. I wanted to cry, but I was too pissed. The air was leaving my lungs and I wanted a breather.

I went to my balcony, which surrounded the whole of the second floor of the house – the back of it to be clear, including mine and Adrian's rooms, as well as my parents'. None of us went out there much, though it had a great view.

And of course, since I was so lucky and the world was always smiling at me and all, I saw Emma's car pulling out of the garage as my dear brother stood nearby. He leaned down to kiss her when she stopped beside him. Then, he reached for her hair and pulled m— ... *the* hair tie, then fixed her hair sweetly. I wanted to smack him.

He put it in his pocket as they smiled stupidly at each other while she finally made it out of my freaking house.

I hate her! With a passion.

I buried my head in my hands as I stood there resting my arms on the railing of the balcony, closing my eyes and trying to calm myself down. A nudge on my shoulder made me even more pissed.

I didn't respond to him; I didn't even move. I didn't want to see him or even hear his voice.

He squeezed my shoulder gently. "Lily?" he called in a low voice. I didn't reply.

"You shouldn't be standing here in the air wearing so little after a warm bath," he started. "You'll catch pneumonia and die."

I chuckled dryly at his words. "Yeah, like you care."

"You know I do." He squeezed my shoulder once more, and I shrugged his hand away.

"Yeah, right! As evidenced by the finger you show me every time I try to talk to you."

"You made it clear that you don't want me near you," he huffed.

I said nothing, I didn't have the energy to argue; I didn't even want to speak at all.

"Please, get inside."

"Leave me alone!" I spat over my shoulder.

"Fine." I heard him starting to walk away, then he stopped. "Oh! I almost forgot, you dropped this,"

I turned to see what he was talking about and found him holding out my ... *the* freaking hair tie for me. I yanked it from his hand and threw it at his face, thinking it might help remove that stupid smirk from his face, but it only made him chuckle.

"Asshole!" I spat again.

"Oh! I'm sorry, are you mad or something, little sister?"

"Only disgusted, dear brother." I wrapped my arms in front of my chest.

"Is that so? You look a little jealous, though."

"Ha! You wish you had that kind of effect on me." I was using my serious tone, but I couldn't help but panic a little as he took slow steps toward me.

"So you enjoyed the show then?" he asked as he rested his hands along the railing on either side of me.

"More like threw up in my mouth a little about three hundred times!"

He kept looking so deep into my eyes. He was so close to me that I didn't know if I wanted to slap him or kiss him. It was like he was daring me into saying something, and although I wanted to, I didn't at the same time.

Do I make any sense? No? Yeah, thought so.

"W-why did you do that?" I asked hesitantly.

"I was horny," he replied simply with a shrug of one shoulder.

"T—that's not what I meant and you know it. Why in front of me?"

"Well," he started, and slowly brought his hand to move some of my wayward locks behind my ear. "I needed some ... *inspiration*." I swallowed

thickly as his hand crept slowly to my neck, and into the naked hollow between my breasts that my bathrobe didn't cover. "And what inspiration you give me, my sweet little sister," he whispered as his lips touched my neck and left a tender kiss there.

I took in a sharp breath, and the embers inside me were doused.

"Get off me, you fucking asshole!" I pushed him away. "You smell like her!"

I couldn't help the tears that kept streaming down my cheeks as I closed my balcony door right in his face. I flopped onto the bed once again, but this time I was crying like crazy. It didn't escape my mind that I was deeply hurt because of what I witnessed a while ago.

It also didn't escape me that it wasn't only jealousy I felt – it was something more. Betrayal, maybe.

I hated the fact that she could give him something that ... *I couldn't*. I hated the fact that he went to her to fill his needs instead of *me*. I hated the fact that she was sharing something with him ... something special that I could never share with him. I hated to think that she was more important to him, more than ... *me*.

I started getting into the really ugly crying.

I heard my mom gasp as she stepped inside my room. "Oh, dear God! What's wrong?"

I couldn't answer.

"There, there, sweetie. Everything is going to be okay... Shh." Mom sat beside me on the bed and took me in her arms, moving her hand through my hair soothingly, which she knew I liked. I loved the way she held me and assured me that everything would be fine as I cried on her chest.

"Do you want to tell me why are you so upset?"

What do I tell her? Do I even know? Do I even know why I'm so upset? I don't know... confused, and just... I don't know!

"I want to have what they have!" I blurted out.

"Who are they, sweetie?"

"Everyone, Mom! Every freaking one is dating but me! It's so not fair!"

"Shh, I want you to calm down, sweetie, so we can talk. Can you do that for me?"

I nodded as she wiped my tears.

"You already know why we don't want you to date, Lily. Don't you?"

"Yes, Mom, I know! But I'm really fine, and I'm old enough to know how to choose the one I'm going to date."

"Of course you are, sweetie, but that's not it. The guy you go out with could be a really nice guy, but would he know what to do with you if you passed out suddenly? Or if you needed your shot and you couldn't even talk to him to tell him how to use it? That's the only reason why your father and I are not allowing you to date. We fear that – God forbid – something bad might happen to you while you're with him and away from the rest of us."

"Mom, I know I need medical care every once in a while, but it rarely happens when I'm taking my medications the way I should. I promise you that I'll teach him everything about it, I promise, please! Just give me the chance," I begged.

"I don't know, Lily, you lied to us before about taking your shot regularly, and you know what happened."

"Mom, please, I'm begging you! You don't know how it feels to go out with my friends and watch them loving each other 24/7 while I'm the third wheel. It's like I'm the ugly duckling or someone who can't find herself a boyfriend."

"You're not anything like that, sweetie, don't say that! We just want you safe."

"You don't know how bad it feels, Mom, even Emma rubbed it right in my face the other day and made me feel lik—"

"I'm sure she didn't mean it, sweetie. Emma is a very nice girl."

"No matter if she meant it or not, people will make those kind of assumptions about me as long as I'm not dating!"

My mom sighed and took a long pause. "I promise I'll think about it."

"There's still Dad. He won't agree!" I huffed.

"I'll see what I can do about it," she smiled.

I hugged her tightly. Maybe it would really work, and I'd find the right path through this whole thing.

I was tired of being so confused about... *it*. Maybe I could find someone who would make me get my head out of all of this and just live my life as I was supposed to.

But what will Adrian think about it?

Whatever!

"Now get ready for bed, you have a busy day tomorrow." Mom smiled and stood up.

"You had fun shopping with Sandra? Bought something nice?"

I nodded, smiling.

"Great, have a good night, sweetie."

"Thanks, you too, Mom."



I woke up very early on the first day of school. I was so excited. At least I'd be busy, and simply find something new to think about, or at least distract me a little.

I did my hair and applied some makeup after I took a quick shower – making sure that the door was locked this time – and pulled out some of the new clothes I'd bought yesterday.

I choose a lovely sundress which I fell in love with the moment I laid eyes on it – as did Sandra of course, but eh, that's Sandra, she falls in love with everything that has a designer label.

It was kind of short, barely covering my thighs, and it was strapless. It hugged my breasts just right so that I didn't need to wear a bra underneath, and the top ended with a loose skirt that moved beautifully with every step I took.

It was chilly as always in Seattle, so I was going to add few things to it. I was planning to wear t—

"What the fuck?!" Adrian's voice interrupted my thoughts. He was standing by my bathroom door with a gaping mouth.

How on earth did he get in there? I freaking locked his bathroom door!

"What?" I asked, planting my hands on my hips.

"What on the fucking earth are you wearing?" he groaned.

Uh-oh, apparently my dress didn't appeal to him. Or, more accurately, it appealed to *him* a little bit too much.

Had I mentioned that the dress is white?

14

Lillian

"It's a dress! Are you really too stupid to know that, or have you simply gone blind?" I rolled my eyes at him.

He was dressed in a gray shirt and black jeans, looking perfect as always, he had already taken his shower before me, for I'd found the walls were wet.

"I know it's a fucking dress! But shit... You... You... I thought we talked about this before, Lily!"

"I really have no idea what're you talking about, and whatever it is – I'm not interested. Would you piss the fuck off now so I can finish dressing?"

"This fucking dress is a mix of everything I told you not to wear!" he yelled.

"Oh, yeah! About that – Eat shit, Adrian. You can't fucking tell me what to wear and what not to, okay? I'll wear whatever I like, whenever I see fit." I folded my arms together in front of my chest.

If it was possible, I thought Adrian's head would burst into flames right then. He looked so pissed; his teeth and jaw were clenched, and he was *red*!

Whatever, he brought this on himself.

I didn't care what made him comfortable and what didn't... Not anymore. Not after what he'd done.

Wait! I'm not going to even think about that; I'm working on blocking out that terrible memory.

"Lily. Please! Just wear something else. *Please!*" he said slowly as if talking to a child.

"Hmmm," I tapped my chin slightly with my pointer finger, mimicking that I was thinking about it. "Nope!"

"You can't go out like this!" He looked like he was about to burst into tears or something.

"And it's none of your business!"

"It'll give guys some ideas about you..."

"So?"

"You want that?" he asked with wide eyes.

"Maybe ..." I shrugged one shoulder. Before I knew it, I was pressed to the wall next to my dresser, and Adrian's body was pressed firmly to mine. Both of my hands were held in his tight grip above my head, and his sea-green eyes stared right into my identical ones.

"You want guys to think about fucking you?" he roared.

"Let me go." *I'm really tired of this.*

"Do you know what will they think when they see you dressed like that?"

"Not everyone is a pervert like you."

"You really have no idea at all, do you?" he smirked darkly.

"At least I'm not their sister. Let go of me, Adrian. I'm serious."

Unexpectedly his lips were on mine. He kissed me so hard; it was rushed and frantic, and felt – so freaking good.

The hand that Adrian wasn't holding my hands – pressed hard on my left hip, and he aligned his whole body to mine in the process.

The power he had over my body every time he touched me? I hated it. I hated how my body responded to his closeness like it was the best thing on earth. I didn't want to feel so weak; I wanted him away from me, though I said nothing about it.

I tried kicking him in the balls just like last time ... *well, maybe a little softer this time*, but his right leg was pressed tightly into my knee, preventing me from moving it at all.

"Not this time, *little sister*," he sneered against my cheek. "I learned my lesson."

My mouth went dry, and I swallowed thickly as his lips hovered over my throat and collarbone. I didn't say anything; I was shocked, and *kind of* waiting to see what he was going to do next. A bit of excitement ran through me.

"Do you know how much they're going to fantasize about you?" he growled into my neck, as his free hand made it to my waist, fisting the material of my dress.

I said nothing.

The next thing I knew, the top of my dress was being yanked down to rest on my hips, leaving me completely topless in front of Adrian's hungry

eyes, my breasts pointing in his direction. I felt the heat of my blush creeping from my chest to my face. I was so embarrassed, so shy; I'd never been this nude in front of anyone.

"They'll think about how to get you out of this dress." His voice was hardly above a whisper, but still rough and serious. "And this is one of the many ways." His breath was on my neck still, while he didn't move at all to look at my breasts like I'd thought he would.

But he didn't make me wait too long. His hand touched my bare ribs, softly making its way up to my breast. Just as he was about to touch it, he stopped.

I opened my eyes, just *waiting*... I didn't know what he was up to, what he had in store for me, and that in itself was kind of terrifying and ... *exciting*.

He backed away just a little until he was looking straight into my eyes. We held each other's gaze for a moment; by then I was completely sure that I was red like a tomato. And for some reason, I wanted him to look down at my newly uncovered flesh ... just to get it over with ... nothing more. Nothing more ... at all.

He stared into my eyes a little more, and I'd give up an arm to know what was going through his mind right then. His eyes finally traveled lower, to my lips, my neck, my collarbone, and then they rested ... *right there*.

His eyes went dark, and suddenly, it seemed like there was no hint of green in them, just black – pitch black, though it was still perfect green. I found myself ready to give up *both* of my arms to know what he was thinking. Did he like them? Too small for him? Too big? My nipples didn't look stupid, did they? Why wouldn't he touch them?

Oh, please just do it! NO! NO! NO! I didn't just think that! Did I?

I heard an undeniable groan coming from deep in his chest, like he was trying to muffle it, like he didn't want me to hear it.

But why? What is he thinking?

"They'll think nonstop about this perfect set of tits." His voice was hoarse, and he didn't look at me as he spoke. He hadn't even blinked since the very first moment he caught sight of my breasts.

So he thinks they're perfect? I didn't know why, but the thought didn't disturb me as it should have – as a matter of fact, it gave me some kind of self-confidence.

"So fucking beautiful," he whispered to himself, but I was still able to hear.

His hand squeezed my left breast a second after that, and I couldn't help but moan and throw my head back to rest it on the wall.

The way he rubbed, squeezed and kneaded each breast was wonderful beyond words. His erection, which he'd been grinding against my hip all along, was something else entirely. My head was spinning, and all I could do was moan.

"Fuck!" he breathed and squeezed my breast a little bit harder. I then felt wetness on my nipple. I opened my eyes, only to find Adrian's lips on me. I gasped and moaned in pleasure, as Adrian moaned around my nipple, squeezing his eyes shut as he sucked and licked it like his life depended on it.

My knees buckled, and I couldn't stand up straight. I was so grateful for his tight grip on my hands and his body that held mine firmly pressed into the wall.

So new to me. Never... Never, ever I had felt something like that before. I didn't want him to stop. I wanted to scream. I wanted to moan louder. I wanted to tell him how good it felt. But I couldn't... It was too much to admit! Too *wrong*!

He stopped his attack on my nipples and I fought the urge to scream at him to get back to it again. Thankfully his hand replaced his mouth, and he moved his tongue to my neck and jaw, leaving frantic wet kisses, before his lips settled on mine.

Hunger.

Yearning.

Desire.

Lust.

Not just from him ...

Oh, God! Not just from him ...

His grinding on my hip sped up, then he trembled slightly, his lips trapping my bottom one between them and pressing and sucking hard. I was sure he'd draw blood.

For just a moment, he was kind of quiet before his hunger and lust took over again, after he froze for just those few moments.

His hand was on my thigh, fisting the skirt of my dress. My dress was now just a pile of white cloth around my waist.

"Adrian!"

"I can't get enough of you. Do you want me to touch you more?"

I bit my lip and nodded.

"That's what they will think about, too!" he said breathlessly, and then his hand cupped my sex through my panties and squeezed.

We both groaned at the same time. My head dropped down, resting on his chest, as I was unable to hold it up anymore after he let go. I felt my panties being pulled to one side and his middle finger was suddenly inside of me.

"Oh, my God!" I gasped.

"Fuck!" he gasped back.

I felt him pushing his erection into my hip again. It seemed to get even harder, after I'd felt it going a little soft before he put his hand on me down there.

"So fucking wet! So fucking ... *tight!*" he groaned into my neck, rubbing his erection against me again.

"Adrian!" I gasped. "We can't do this!" My breathing became hitched as I felt his finger starting to move in and out of me.

I moaned at the strange feelings. Nothing had ever been in there before, not even my own fingers.

"Yes, we can," he breathed. "And we're doing it!"

I was struggling by then to stay on my feet. I was failing miserably, with only Adrian's body keeping me standing. "T-this – oh God! This is wrong!"

"But it feels so fucking right!" he said. He did something with his finger, touching a spot inside me that made me feel faint.

"Oh God! What are you doing?!"

"I'm finger-fucking you, little sister," he panted into my neck and rubbed his erection harder into my hip. "And fuck me if it isn't the best thing I have ever felt in my whole fucking life!"

Me too. Oh God! Me too.

My moans couldn't be kept inside or quiet any longer. Every time I moaned it seemed as if it drove him crazy, but I just couldn't help it.

"Open your eyes!" he demanded in a whisper. "You have to see this. Look at me! Look at who's making you feel so good."

I couldn't.

"Open them!" His breaths were on my face – hot, minty, and so freaking amazing.

I did. "We shouldn't..." I panted as I looked into his eyes through my lust-filled ones.

"You see, little sister," he started, still whispering, still thrusting, still rubbing. "You keep telling me '*this is wrong and we can't*' but you never tell me to stop! You know I would stop if you told me to!"

I'd really never told him to stop. God... How much I didn't want him to stop! But, it was *wrong*.

His thrusts became a little bit slower, and I didn't like it. I wanted him to go faster.

"Oh, please!" I pleaded.

"Please what? Tell me what you want, baby!"

Just. Don't call me baby!

"Adrian!" I gasped as he touched that spot again.

"Just say it! Tell me you want more!"

I can't! I can't! I can't! Too much.

"God! Oh, God!" I moaned. My orgasm was just an inch away, and his thrusts were faster now as if he felt it nearing.

His breath hitched, and he trembled slightly as he ground faster into my hip, then his fingers stilled inside me.

"Tell me you want more!" he whispered into my ear.

"I can't," I cried. "Please! Don't make me say it!"

And his finger along with his hand were gone.

"I won't ever force you into anything, but I know you'll come around, Lily!" He backed away from me.

"Adrian!" It was more like a plea. I hated the loss I felt once his body was no longer pressed into mine, and I was too freaking *horny*. I didn't want him to go ... not just yet. The wall was the only thing that kept me on my feet.

He can't leave me like this! I tried standing and fixing my clothes, sure that he wouldn't come back to me again.

"Oh! By the way," he turned around. "Maybe try to take a little nap before school. You still have a little time, and maybe you'll feel better after a little dream. Or just try some self-loving." He winked.

"You bastard," I spat, feeling anger consume me. He was playing with me.

"If I'm a bastard, then you're a bastard, too!" he said over his shoulder as he almost made it back to the bathroom. "And remember I'm always here if you ever want to say it, huh? I'll be more than glad to help you with your – condition!" He snickered evilly.

"Or I can simply start dating and find someone appropriate to do it for me!"

He froze.

"What did you just say?" he asked after he turned around. Angrily.

Bingo.

"You heard me, fucker!" I walked a step to my dresser and grabbed my hairbrush to start brushing my hair as if nothing had just happened.

"I dare you!"

"Go fuck yourself!"

"I'll kill any fucker who'd even think about touching you."

"Repeat: Go fuck yourself!"

"I think you're the one who needs to go fuck herself in here. *And*, Dad won't ever agree!"

"Oh, you wanna bet?"

He abruptly gave me the middle finger, then he sucked it with his smirking eyes still locked with mine, and then he went into his room, closing the door.

I walked to my bathroom door and slammed it shut. I was pissed. I was done with him.

I was tired of him doing this to me and never being convinced that it was wrong. I was tired of him manhandling me like that. I was tired of how his touch could affect my body while I hardly said anything about it, as if my brain was useless.

I was just done.

I didn't know how much time I spent sitting on my bed, trying to gather my thoughts and decide what should I do. But eventually, I realized that dating was really my only way out.

I needed someone in my life.

I needed a boyfriend.

Maybe if I had one, I'd stop thinking about how good my brother made me feel sometimes, or stop dreaming about him, or thinking about the stuff he did with his girlfriend.

I had to do it.



I was pretty scared of what my father would say to me when I asked for his permission, and I seriously didn't know what I was going to say to him anyway.

I made it down the stairs, spotting Adrian right away standing by the staircase. He was ogling my whole body as if it was the most wonderful thing on earth. I caught myself wondering why he was like that.

Why couldn't he just forget about me? He could have any girl he wanted, and he had everything a girl could ever dream about... Why me?

When his eyes caught mine, I glared at him, and he only licked his lips in response. Slowly. My thoughts went somewhere else, back in time to when he used that tongue to drive me insane with lust.

I felt the heat of my blush making its way to my face so I looked away. Yeah, I knew he had major power over my body, but that didn't mean I wouldn't try to hide that from him. He must not know.

My parents were sitting by the kitchen table. Dad was sipping his coffee as he read the newspaper, while Mom was spreading some butter on her French toast.

A perfect family. I mentally snorted at them. Here they were looking like the most perfect family on earth, living as if nothing was wrong. My mom was young and beautiful – you'd think I was her sister, not her daughter. My dad was one of the most successful surgeons in Seattle, who hardly had time to breathe. They had the perfect kids, a boy and a girl who never made less than an A on any exam.

If they only knew what their "Perfect Kids" were doing just a few minutes ago ...

"Daddy?" I started, maybe using a little of my *spoiled daddy's little girl charm* in my voice – God knows I need it.

"Hmm?" He looked up from the paper in his hand to face me.

"I ... um, I want to talk to you about something," I said while looking at the ground, willing it to open up and swallow me whole. I was so embarrassed for some reason.

"Sure, what is it?"

"I ...uh, ... I ..." I looked at Mom, begging her with my eyes for some help, but she just looked confused. I glanced at Adrian, and he had the same

confused look on his face as Mom. The idiot really thought I wasn't going to do it.

"Do you want to go to my office, Lily?" Dad asked, placing the paper on the table.

"Uh, no ...It's fine, I just ... Uh, well, I'm going to graduate soon and—" *God help me!* "...uh, there is this guy in my school, h—he asked me out more than one time and ... uh, ... I want to say yes," I lied.

"Lily, sweetheart, we've talked about this before and you know the rule."

"But, Dad, I'm almost eighteen; I'm not a little girl anymore. I'm the only one my age who's not allowed to date."

"Lily, I—"

"Dave," Mom started, "I think Lily is mature enough to make good decisions."

"But, Beth, she's not even eighteen yet."

"Honey, it's just a matter of a few months until she leaves for college. It's better that she starts dating now and learns more about the kind of relationship she wants before she starts a new period of her life. Don't you think?"

Way to go, Mom! I freaking love you!

"Sweetheart, I don't think it's—"

"Please, Dad, even Adrian is allowed to date and we're the same age. It's not fair." I pointed in the idiot's direction without looking.

"I'm older!" he huffed.

"By ten minutes, asshole!"

"Language, Lillian," Mom warned.

"Sorry."

"The only reason I don't want you to date is that you're so innocent, and I don't want someone to break your heart, sweetie."

The only reason, my butt!

Yeah, right! Not the whole age crap again; we all know that's not the real reason why I can't date... You just want your perfect family to keep on looking perfect—not to mention your poor sick daughter.

"I'm old enough to know how to choose, and I'm big enough to take the responsibilities of my choices, Dad."

My dad let out a long sigh, then I saw the hint of a smile forming on his lips.

Yes! Yes! Yes!

"Okay."

"So... That's a yes?"

"Yes, Lily. *You* can say yes," he smiled.

"Thanks, Dad! You're awesome." I bent down and kissed his cheek.

"You're welcome, sweetie."

I did the same with Mom. "Thanks, Mom." *A million thanks!*

I walked over to Adrian and stood right in front of him, taking his orange juice in my hand, challenging him once again, only with my eyes this time.

"I'll take that if you don't want it," I smiled.

He was red. It made something in me happy.

I leaned forward again, my lips just an inch away from his face. "I win, *dear brother*," I whispered, then placed a kiss on his cheek.

When I was about to back away, he gripped my forearm and whispered back, "Over my dead body, *little sister*."

We'll see about that! I sent him a look that said, '*whatever, I don't care*,' and went to my room so I could finish dressing.

I was really happy that I finally took the reins. Such a relief!

One thing was bothering me though... I had no idea who on earth I was going to force into dating me!

15

Adrian

I was *not* a jerk!

Well, not a *complete* jerk ... *just a little bit*.

So frustrating. I tried everything I could with her, everything I fucking knew. I tried being nice. I tried being good. I tried being ... well ... a jerk. *Nothing!*

I stayed silent for a long time, too fucking long. I had known since the very first start that I couldn't be with her, so I sucked it up. Maybe I didn't move on as I was supposed to – because that's what normal people would do, they'd move on and live – but I sucked it up.

I had suffered for too long, watching her *every fucking day*, looking attractive as hell – so innocent, so beautiful and so fucking sexy. Yet, I settled for beating the shit out of my dick *every fucking day*, sometimes up to five ... *or maybe seven* times, and I sucked it up.

But I just couldn't take it anymore; there was only so much I could take. I mean, she was all smiling up at me and playing with her hair, kissing me back, dreaming about me, looking as jealous as ever whenever I touched my girlfriend. It was all there.

It was as bright as day that she felt something for me, too. I'm going to be honest here: yes, I hated how I'd been treating her, she deserved better, but she was driving me insane. Sending me all those mixed signals, pulling me in then pushing me away, only to pull me back to her again, Then, not too much later, she'd push me away once more. It was so fucking frustrating.

I didn't get it!

I wanted her, and she wanted me too, so what the fuck was her problem? Just fucking let me in already. When I told her all about it that morning after the carnival, she still denied it. I wasn't going to force myself on her – I would never do that – but I wanted to turn her on, touch her until she was a limp noddle in my arms. But she didn't give me the chance. Instead, she kicked me right in the balls!

I knew that fucking Emma in front of her wasn't a very good idea – *well, not good at all*. But she'd brought it on herself.

She'd hugged me that fucking wonderful hug in the bathroom the night I lost my virginity, and it was because she was jealous. And I wasn't blind, I saw the way her face changed every time I touched Emma in any way.

Jealousy was doing things to her. I wanted to do something *major* to make her just snap the fuck out of it and stop with the fucking denial. But, no chance.

I didn't know what I was bringing down on myself by that; she became more furious and hostile to me than ever. And the fucking white dress. *Oh, fuck me!*

Was she using it as a punishment? If so, it fucking worked! I had jizzed my pants two times in a row like a fifteen-year-old while grinding into her hip.

But, fuck it if it wasn't the best two nuts I'd ever busted in my whole fucking life. Worth the whole changing my clothes again and more. The shirt though made it back to my closet; it had touched her fucking beautiful tits, and no way in hell was I going to wash that off of it. The shirt would stay safe *and unwashed* in my closet forever ... or maybe just until I replaced it with another.

Her tits. *Oh, sweet Jesus!* They were what brought me to my knees in the beginning. How many times had I fantasized about them, how soft they would feel, how good they would taste?

My imagination did them no justice ... *at all*. I wasn't planning on giving her too much, just a little. I wanted to hear her beg. I wanted her to ask me for more, but I couldn't resist the argument of sucking her perfect pink nipples into my mouth. And a little more touching.

"C'mon, sweetie, you're going to be late!" Mom's call to Lily brought me out of my thoughts.

She'd gone back to her room to finish getting ready for school after she got her fucking permission to date. She really had no idea that it would never happen, *ever*.

"I'm coming!" she called back.

Well, most likely not, since I left you high and dry... Well, high and wet to be more specific. I huffed at the thought. I really didn't like the way I had left her; I wanted her to feel good, too. I wanted her to know that *I* could make her feel good.

Yet, I knew she wouldn't get to that point easily and let me touch her willingly. Yes, I knew she wanted me deep inside her, or she wouldn't kiss me back and never tell me to stop when I touched her. But she still wanted to live in the, *'oh, it's his fault, he's making me do it without me saying I want it too, I have no hand in it'*.

I couldn't work with that. I needed her to confess to it. I needed her to tell me in a spoken word that she wanted more.

And making her frustrated like that was the only way I knew how. I could only hope it worked.

I got a text from Ian.

—*I'm at the Browns. ~I*

We had a habit which started almost three years ago: on the first day of high school, our group all rode in one car together. Ian was picking us up this time. It had been Sean for the last couple of years, but he wasn't here now, so Ian agreed to drive since he owned a Jeep which would fit the seven of us.

I heard Lily coming down the stairs, and assumed that Ian had sent her a text, too. I looked up and saw her. She never failed to amaze me with how much more beautiful she could be in just a few minutes. She was still wearing that white demon of a dress, but there were white tights and a denim jacket as well. I felt like a douche for going all caveman on her like I had, thinking that she was going to go out wearing just that little dress only, leaving her legs, arms and cleavage bare for assholes to ogle and jerk off to.

I huffed again as she passed me, completely ignoring me like I wasn't there. She started moving her hand through her hair – which she'd left swaying freely over her back and shoulders – in front of the mirror beside the front door.

"Oh, sweetie. You look so beautiful!" Mom called from the kitchen.

"Thanks, Mom." Lily smiled at her, blushing a little.

—*Just picked up Sandy. ~I*

I saw Lily put her cell phone away as I did the same. Ian was telling us to wait outside since Sandra's house was just three minutes away.

"Ian is almost here, Mom. We're going," I called.

"Okay, honey. Have a nice day at school. Say hi to the guys. I love you both!"

"Love you too." We both murmured.

As we waited outside, Lily was busy with her cell phone, texting God only knows who. "You look beautiful," I said to her, because *hell*, she did look more than beautiful.

She looked up at me, then she smiled sweetly. It wasn't a real smile, it was a fake one, I could easily tell, then suddenly she did something I had never seen her do before. She flipped me off.

My eyes almost bugged out of my skull. It wasn't like Lily at all to do such a thing, which meant only one thing: she was really mad at me.

"C'mon, dick, we're gonna be late!" Elliot's voice brought me back to reality. I found myself standing alone and saw that Lily had already made it to the car. She hopped in the passenger seat, leaving me to sit in the seat behind her, as Sandra and Elliot were in the back seat.

"Where is Julia?" I asked.

"She took her car. She wouldn't come with us while Sean isn't here," Sandra replied. "Too emotional for her." I'd never get what went through women's heads. It wasn't like he'd fucking died or some shit.

I nodded.

"Go get your princess!" Ian sang like the girl he was a few minutes later.

I hopped out of the car when it stopped in front of Emma's house. She was just coming out the front door as we arrived, and smiled brightly when she saw me. I knew I should kiss her, but I was still tasting Lily on my fucking lips, and I didn't want to give up that taste just yet. So I just kissed her on the cheek, completely ignoring the pout she showed me.

"What?" Lily's voice welcomed me as I got back in the car. She was talking to Ian, and I could hear the smile in her voice.

He smiled back. "Nothing!" I frowned, unsure what was going on.

"Are you gonna move the fuck already or are we gonna stay here all day?" I growled at Ian.

"Easy, dude!"

"Fucker!"

Emma was talking about something, but I wasn't really paying attention. My focus was with the asshole who kept giving my sister side glances every now and then.

"ADRIAN!" Emma yelled, startling me.

"What?" I yelled back.

"Have you even heard what I was saying?"

"What?" I asked again, sounding like an idiot.

"I asked what you think of my new outfit!"

"Uh, sorry, honey, I was thinking about something," I apologized. She huffed and looked out the window. I felt like shit. "You look stunning!" I leaned in and kissed her on the cheek. She offered me a small smile, but didn't say anything else, making me feel worse.

"Seriously, what is it?" Lily asked Ian again, bringing my attention back to her.

"It's just ... you look—"

Say the word 'hot' and you'll spend the rest of the day picking up your fucking teeth off of your precious car's floor, dickhead!

"... uh ... nice."

"Oh," Lily blushed. "Thanks, Ian. You don't look so bad yourself." She smiled.

"Ow!" Ian winced when I slapped the back of his head. "What the hell, Adrian?"

"Watch the road, asshole!"

"Douche!"

When we finally made it to school, we actually had to yell at Elliot and Sandra to bring them back to reality; they'd been in "sucking faces land" since ... *forever*.

"Lily!" Julia, who was still in the parking lot, sang as we hopped out of the car. "You look so fucking sexy!" she commented in a loud voice, bringing all eyes on my sister.

Bitch!

Lily made a comment on Julie's outfit, then, as Emma and Sandra made it over to them, they started all the, *'ohmigod, I love that skirt, I adore those jeans, I'm so jealous of your top'* bullshit.

Girls!

All fucking day long I did nothing more than snarl at every fucker who eyed my sister with fucking hungry eyes. At lunch, I saw Lily talking with that asshat John. They were smiling and giggling, and I wanted to rip his fucking throat out.

But instead, I elbowed him once – or *ten times* while we were at practice at the end of the day. He may have gotten slightly bruised ribs in the process. Fucking asshole deserved it!



The days passed with the same rhythm. Lily was driving me insane with her clothes. I did nothing about it, giving her the message that I was keeping my word and I'd wait for her to tell me herself that she wanted more.

I *knew* she wanted more. I kept my hands to myself – well, to my dick, to be clearer. I'm telling you, I seriously began to think that my dick was going to fall off from yanking on it too much.

Every guy who I even *slightly* thought, just for a second, might be thinking about asking my girl out, I made him think twice. I was like a mad dog who scared everyone away from their owner's house.

And all of that, I did wordlessly – an elbow in gym class, or while practicing, or just while simply walking in the lobby. I might have kicked someone in the balls as well, apologizing right after it for thinking he needed help with carrying his books and my knee got stuck between us somehow.

We made a new friend, Peter, an Egyptian exchange student. He was cool and funny, and his girlfriend wasn't so bad either. It all went somehow sort of okay for the first couple of months. Lily was boyfriend-free and that was all that mattered to me.

I didn't know that my world was going to turn upside down the night I made it to the house after my football practice and Lily wasn't there. At first, I'd thought she was up in her room, studying or doing whatever, but when Mom served us dinner and she wasn't at the table like every fucking day, I knew something was off.

"Where is Lily?" I asked.

"Oh, honey, you don't know? She went out." Mom replied, looking all excited and smiling. I suddenly felt a serious need to vomit.

"Went out, where?" My voice became louder for some reason. It was like I already knew what she was going to say, but my mind wouldn't believe it just yet.

"Oh, Adrian, you should have seen her, she looked stunning," Mom squealed. "I can't believe she just went out on her first date ever!"

I felt like I had just been hit by a car – no, by a bus. My vision became blurry, and I wasn't hearing what my mom was babbling on about with my Dad. I felt like I was underwater.

Who was the fucking bitch who dared to take her out? All I've done was in vain? Where the fuck did he take her? What is he going to do with her? Who the fuck is he?!

"With whom?" I didn't recognize my own fucking voice.

"Ian." Mom frowned, confused that I didn't know already.

Ian! The fucking son of the bitch! He's fucking dead!

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16

Lillian

It was like he wasn't the same person any more. Everything about him has changed. I hated it. But, sadly, I couldn't fix it. Looking back at the past few years makes me wonder: What really happened to him? How did he become like that? I even Googled it, but was not offered any valid information.

Adrian... The one who once swept my tears away was now the one causing them.

I was trying really hard to understand what he was going through, having those kind of ... *thoughts* about me and all. Yeah, I understood him trying to get away from me. That was the Adrian I knew and loved. But he stopped doing that; now, he was only trying to touch me and be intimate with me, one way or another. And I was really tired—bored with trying to push him away.

"Tired and bored" or are you really just enjoying it?

I don't know...

I really don't know.

I had spent so many days, weeks and even months doing nothing except being confused about the whole thing. I won't lie, at first I shrugged him away with all of my might, because it was the right thing to do. But now, I didn't know how I felt any more.

I liked the way he touched me. He made me feel things I'd never felt before. He touched spots in my body that I never knew existed. I loved the way he paid attention to my clothes and how I looked. I still remembered the first day he told me about the kind of clothes I wore that made him uncomfortable – that day I felt really pretty.

Every other day, I dressed modestly so as not to *bother* him. I felt pretty because I was thinking about why I was dressing that way. The answer was that there was someone who suffered if I dressed otherwise because he thought I was so pretty and sexy.

Maybe I didn't know it back then, but I knew it now. I liked the way my brother made me feel. Physically and emotionally. But then again, it

was wrong.

Adrian was acting like "*I want you, you want me, let's have fun.*" He thought there was no problem as long as we both wanted it. But it was *not* right.

There were lots of things to consider about whether or not I was really up to going along with what he was saying and just ... go for it. So many things...

There were people. There was God. Culture and religion. Manners and beliefs. Morals and taboos.

I couldn't ignore all of that just because my brother—and my body—were telling me to do so. I had a brain that I should involve in all of this, and my brain and mind were telling me that I couldn't. That it was wrong. That it was not right!

I didn't know how Adrian could just forget about all of that? Didn't he at least think about our parents? And how if they found out something like that it would break their hearts into pieces?!

And above all of that, I didn't like the way he had been treating me. I tried to stop it, that was why I considered dating. Thinking maybe, just maybe, if he saw that I wasn't *available* any more, he'd just move on with his life and forget about me.

But of course, most likely not... I really didn't think about dating John; maybe last year, yeah, but not anymore, he was weird. I just flirted with him a little only to piss Adrian off, nothing more. I didn't like him that much anyway—not at all, for that matter.

Adrian had hit him that day. He'd made it look like an accident, but I knew it wasn't, and if I'd had any doubts about it, they were gone a week later when he hit one guy after another by '*accident.*'

I stopped flirting with guys eventually; it was just causing pain to others, and I couldn't keep on doing that. Though in the last few weeks, I'd begun to feel new things toward Ian. Not the things I felt for him before, no, it was something else.

I'd known Ian my whole life. We'd met in the first grade and had become best friends in no time, though he spent way more time with Adrian than with me, doing boys stuff and whatever.

Maybe Sandra took me away a little from our *triangle* when she moved in with her family in fifth grade. But Ian had always had a special place in my heart, no matter how many friends we made through the years.

It didn't take me long to realize that those feelings I had for Ian were something more than friendship. It all started with that small kiss he'd given me the other night. He had changed, he started making comments about how nice I dressed or how beautiful I looked. He wasn't that silly boy who acted silly and most of the time talked to me like I was just "one of the guys." I was now "*beautiful*" or so he called me.

When I made the decision to go out with Ian, I didn't feel so bad about what Adrian might do to him. Ian was a big guy; he could take care of himself, and above all I was now doing it for a reason. I liked Ian, and I wasn't just doing it to piss Adrian off.

One thing was bothering me though: How would that affect their friendship? Would he hate Ian now and just think about how to get rid of him or push him away from me? Or would he just let it go because it was his friend and ... *I really don't know what I'm thinking any more.*

Ian was shocked when I asked him out. Heck, *I* was shocked when I asked him out; I didn't know where I got the courage from. But I'd been hinting about it for a long time and he wouldn't just do it already! And then he kept asking, are you sure? Will Adrian be okay with it? Blah blah blah.

Eventually, I told him that we would try, that Adrian could go bang his head into a thick wall or something for all I cared. It was my life and I made my own decisions, not anyone else's.

I didn't tell Adrian. We weren't talking that much anyway. He would just show up in the bathroom every now and then while I was brushing my teeth or my hair before bed, wearing nothing but his boxers which mostly didn't leave much to the imagination, putting that muscular chest and back on display for me to drool over.

Not like I was ogling or anything. I wasn't. At all.

He would brush his teeth, too, and then just leave. The lock was a lost cause; it wasn't working any more for some reason.

To be honest, I was afraid of how he'd react, or that he might do something to prevent me from going out with Ian, so I told Ian not to tell our friends until we saw how our first date went. Little did I know that me, dating, would be a huge tipping point for Adrian.

It was really a nice date. Ian took me to a ridiculously expensive restaurant. I felt stupid for not wearing something more appropriate, just a plain blue dress, but of course Ian made sure to tell me how pretty I looked every two seconds.

He was really sweet and such a gentleman the whole time, opening the car door for me and standing up every time I did during dinner. *So sweet!* It was really easy to talk to Ian, though it had always been like that. Nothing new, yet it felt anything but usual. I had a great time.

As I'd suggested, Ian had his cell phone switched off just like mine. I told him that it would be better if nobody bothered us with their calls. And you do know who I meant when I said *nobody*.

When Ian walked me to the front door, my heart was pounding so hard, I could almost hear it, just because I was thinking that he'd probably give me our first kiss. I was really excited about it, but I didn't know why the image of Adrian was in my mind.

I thought maybe because I really wanted Ian to kiss me, desperately waiting to see if it'd feel the same as Adrian's kisses, that someone else could make me feel the things that Adrian made me feel, that I could live my life normally.

Yeah, I really thought that was why I was thinking about him when I was about to have my first appropriate kiss. Ian had both of my hands in his as we stood by the door. We were both smiling and I was blushing like crazy.

"I really had a great time, Lilla." Ian smiled, looking into my eyes and brushing his thumbs over the back of my hands slowly, softly.

"Me too, thank you so much." I smiled shyly and looked away.

He tugged on my hands a little, pulling me toward him, and I felt like my heart was going to burst out of my chest somehow. Just as our lips were an inch away from each other's, I heard the door opening abruptly.

Adrian stood under the doorframe, eyes bloodshot and face flushed. I got worried about him for a second – he looked as if he was sick or something – but it was just for a second, then I realized he wasn't sick or anything, he was *madly* angry.

His eyes were fixed on Ian's hands in mine, then turned to glare at him. If looks could kill, Ian would have been a dead man right then. "Get inside!" he roared, his eyes still on Ian, though I knew he meant the words for me, of course.

"Hey, Ad—"

"Shut the fuck up, dickhead," Adrian interrupted him. "I'll deal with you later. Get inside, Lily!"

It was the first time I had ever feared Adrian. It was like he wasn't himself, like he was drunk or high, and the only emotion he could show was rage.

"Uh, can you give us a minute, please?" Ian asked.

Uh-oh!

"You'll leave my fucking house right the fuck now if you want to keep your fucking dick attached to your fucking body."

"What is yo—"

"Ian," I interrupted, "It's okay, we'll talk tomorrow, okay?" I tried to minimize the damage.

"But, Lily—"

"Please?" I begged. "Please."

Ian huffed, nodded once, and left.

We watched him as he got back to his car and drove away. Abruptly, Adrian grabbed me by the arm and dragged me inside the house, then closed the door. I winced when my back hit the closed door as he shoved me against it.

"What the fuck has he done with you?" he growled; his voice was somehow scarily low.

I didn't reply to him. I was frozen with shock and fear.

"Did he fuck you already?" His eyes would be shooting fire if they could. "Answer me." He shoved me again.

"Ow!" I knew I could defend myself, I knew I could push him away, and I knew I should at least reply. But I didn't.

I felt so bad for the way he looked, knowing that it was all me. I had caused it.

"WHAT DID HE DO TO YOU?"

"What is that noise down there?" It was Dad. "Adrian! What the heck are you doing? Get your hands off of your sister!"

In just one moment my Dad was behind Adrian, trying to move him away from me. Adrian wasn't snapping out of it, and he wouldn't pull away.

"Adrian! Let go of your sister, right now!"

Eventually, my Dad was able to make Adrian lose his grip on my shoulders, and he shoved him with one hand to the wall beside me. I winced because of the sight and because the blood was rushing back to where his hands had left, and it hurt.

Dad hugged me with his free arm. "Are you okay, sweetie?"

I nodded, and looked down.

"What the heck is wrong with you, Adrian? Have you lost your frigging mind?"

"Ask her the same question, Dad." he replied angrily. "She didn't even tell me!"

"Tell you what? What on earth is going on here?"

"She went out with that douchebag and I had no fucking idea about it!"

"Watch your language, Adrian!" Dad warned. "And what's that? You want her to get your permission before she goes out or something?"

"I would've told her he's not a good guy."

"Your best friend is not a good guy? What's does that say about *you*?"

"Exactly! He's my best friend and I know him better! He's a fucking manwhore, Dad!" I flinched at the sound of his voice and his words as well.

"I'm not telling you again to watch your tongue, Adrian. And it's not any of your business to tell her who she can and cannot go out with. She's old enough to make her own decisions."

"He's fucked every fucking girl in our school except for our sisters and Emma! And now he's messing around with *my own* fucking sister?"

"That's it! You're grounded."

"Whatever!" He shoved my dad's hand that was still on his chest away.

"Apologize to your sister," Dad ordered.

"In your dreams." he said as he walked away.

"Adrian!" Dad yelled, but he was only met by the sound of Adrian's door being closed roughly.

He sighed and rubbed my shoulder as I sobbed in his arms.

"Are you okay?" he asked me again.

I nodded into his chest.

"I'm sorry about that," he apologized. "Ian is a good kid, your brother is just being overprotective of you. Do you want to talk about it?"

I shook my head *no*.

"Okay. Go get some rest, and maybe we can talk about it in the morning, okay, sweetie?"

I nodded again, unable to say anything. As I walked into my room, I wondered where Mom had been all of that time, but figured it might be one of those nights when she couldn't sleep except with her sleeping pills.

I needed to cry a little on her shoulder...

That night, I cried myself to sleep, Adrian's words echoing back in my mind over and over again.

It wasn't like I didn't know how Ian was, but I liked him, and I knew he liked me, too. I knew he could be different, and it wasn't like he was cheating on me with those girls or anything. The way Adrian reacted was another story.

Will it always be like that?



Breakfast was something really stupid, no one was talking. I only spoke when Mom asked if I wanted to talk to her – of course Dad had told her. I politely declined her offer and just went to school, not bothering to even look to see if Adrian was following behind me with his car like every other day.

We didn't talk at all during classes. I had one class with Sandra and I did my best not to show how upset I was. I knew that I wouldn't see Ian except at lunch, and I was anxiously waiting for it. I wanted to see if he was okay, and if Adrian had said or *done* anything to him.

I spotted Emma and Julia as I carried my tray while I was dragged by Sandra. I didn't want to go to them, but Sandra left me no choice. The guys were nowhere to be found though; I figured they were out for a smoke or something.

Emma had a pink nose, and silent tears were streaming down her face as she talked with Julia. She looked so upset.

"What's wrong?" I asked, because it was the thing I was supposed to say.

"What's wrong?" Julia repeated angrily. "Your son of a bitch of a brother is what's wrong. He's been treating her like trash and this has to stop!" Her hands were flying everywhere as she ranted.

Sandra gasped.

I pressed my lips together. "You do realize that that bitch you're talking about is my mother?"

"Whatever!" Julia huffed and looked away.

"Julia!" Sandra warned.

"It's okay, Sandra. I'm going."

I wasn't in the mood to deal with Julia. She could be tough, but I knew she had a kind heart. She'd come around. I threw my food tray with all of

the untouched food on it into the trashcan and left to get some fresh air.

A few minutes later, I felt a nudge on my shoulder as I was sitting on one of the seats outside.

It was Julia. "I'm sorry."

I offered her a small smile, patting the hand that was on my shoulder, but didn't say anything.

She sat beside me. "Emma is really important to me, Lily. You know that, right?"

I nodded.

"She's been with me in my darkest days. I don't know what I would've done without her. I want to be there for her, too." She went on and on about how much she loved Emma. I really didn't need to hear it, but I just nodded and assured her that I wasn't upset with her and I just came outside because I needed some time alone.

She took the hint and left.

"Hey, beautiful," I heard Ian saying from behind me.

I smiled. "Hey."

"Do you want to go for a walk?"

I nodded and took his hand. We walked hand in hand around the school. We did that often, though it was different this time.

"Have you seen Adrian yet?"

He sighed. "Something like that."

"Did he say anything about us?"

"Well, he's not happy about it."

"Yeah... I know he isn't," I huffed. "I'm sorry," I said after a moment.

"For what? I already knew he wouldn't take it lightly. I know how overprotective he is when it comes to you." He moved a hand down my cheek, as we were now standing by a tree.

I nodded and looked down, blushing.

"Look, Lily, if you have second thoughts abo—"

"I don't," I interrupted. "It's just... I know he won't let us be, he won't go easy on you."

"It's okay. You're worth it." His thumb rubbed my cheek softly. "There is something I've wanted to do for a very long time." His thumb brushed my lips. I hummed softly and closed my eyes.

His lips captured mine, and he kissed me ever so softly. It was nice and tender, warm and wet, and he made sure to make me feel how much he

liked me in that kiss.

When he pulled back and smiled, I knew that it meant a lot to him, and I wasn't just someone he wanted to mess around with like my brother had said. It was more.

I also knew one more thing after Ian kissed me...

Adrian had ruined me for any other guy.

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DEAD! DEAD! DEAD! The asshole is fucking dead!

"Adrian!" I heard Mom call after me as I abruptly left the dining table. "Where are you going?" She yelled her question, but I ignored her; I couldn't find it in me to reply.

"Adrian!" I didn't reply to Dad either, I just got in my car and roamed the streets, not really knowing where I was going.

I tried calling her cell phone, but it went straight to voicemail. I tried the asshole's – same thing. I spent God only knows how much time going from this cinema to the other, trying this restaurant, or McDonald's, or maybe they went to the mall? I tried every-fucking-where I knew, trying to get a hold of her, to know where she was. Nothing!

The next thing I knew, I was sitting in my car, punching the wheel and cursing the air, scaring the shit out of any passersby.

How could she? And with Ian of all people? God! God! God!

The thoughts of what he might be doing with her haunted me like a fucking ghost. Everything I knew about Ian screamed at me that he'd try anything imaginable with her.

I felt my heart burning from the inside; I was choking! Breathing was so hard, I gasped and choked on air, then gasped some more. The mental image of them being intimate together was strangling me unmercifully.

Everything after that was hazy. I remember a police officer returning me to my house, talking with my dad, and Dad telling me that it was a panic attack.

The fuck do I care!

He was trying so hard to get me to talk to him about what was bothering me, but I fucking didn't say a word. Seriously, what could I say? I shrugged him off and told him to leave me alone. He said that he'd be awake for a while if I needed anything.

Just fuck off already!

I paced my fucking room back and forth, waiting for *her majesty* to come back home. She took too fucking long. It passed ten o'clock and she still wasn't there; it was a fucking school night for fuck's sake! I thought I was going to go bald from all of the hair gripping I was doing. I was fucking dying with frustration, worry and anger.

I'll kill the motherfucker. I swear I'll kill him.

At eleven o'clock I heard a car approaching our front yard.

She's here! My heart pounded hard in my chest.



I didn't kill Ian that night after all; I scheduled it for later. Though I really messed up with Lily, I couldn't help it, I couldn't control myself. I was really mad and I didn't know what I was saying or doing.

My parents paid me a visit in my room the next morning, scowling at me about what I had done, telling me I was grounded. *The fuck do I care.* I simply rolled my eyes at them and went downstairs to the kitchen, arguing with myself and fighting really hard not to flip them off.

Emma was annoyingly all over me at school. I had told her I wasn't feeling well more than one time, yet she kept bugging me, talking nonsense. I had to tell her to fuck off. That made her shut the fuck up at last.

Not very nice, I know, but I was anxiously waiting for the fucker to show up so I could give him a piece of my mind. And I did.

Let's just say it was ugly – not as ugly as I wanted it to be since his pretty face was still unharmed, but it was something anyway. The dickhead dared to tell me that it wasn't any of my business when I demanded that he stay away from my sister.

Fucking douche!

I never saw them kissing, thank fuck for that. I don't know what would I do if I ever witnessed something like that. Though the fucking holding hands and the side glances and the fucking blushes and the asshole's winks were driving me crazy.

Every time I saw something like that, I just wanted to break something. Or Ian's nose. *Fucker.*

I was kept late after practice doing some pushups the coach required as punishment for punching Ian in the stomach again as we passed the ball to each other, so the asshole and Elliot were already in the changing room when I got there.

"But you seem to be head over heels for Lily. Am I right, or am I right?" Elliot's words stopped me in my tracks.

They were talking about my sister! I stepped back so I could hear what the asshole was saying, without them knowing I was there listening.

"Are you kidding? I think I passed the head over heels thing with levels, man!" Ian answered.

"Whoa! That's new!"

"Yeah ... " Asshole sighed. "It feels so different with her. I only know that it feels like the sun coming out after a rainy day every time I see her smiling."

The fuck?!

"Wow!"

"Yeah, I'm officially whipped!"

"I noticed," Elliot said. "Well, at least you're not pussy-whipped! That's something!"

"How can you tell?"

"I just know ..."

"Seriously, how do you know we haven't had sex yet?"

Oh! Thank God! Even though I already knew they hadn't, it felt good to have that confirmed.

"Okay, but if Sandra finds out I told you anything, I'll be a dead man – but I'll kill you first!"

"Shoot!"

"Sandra and Lily made this virginity pact thing together. They decided to lose it the same night. So since I'm not getting any – you're not either."

Oh! Better not be getting any anytime soon then, you dick!

"Oh! That's ..." Asshole said, then stopped.

"Disappointing?"

"I don't know, man. It's been eighteen long ass days since the last time I had sex, do you know what that means for me? Sex is like my oxygen!"

"So you're basically suffocating!"

"Exactly!" Asshole chuckled and Elliot joined him.

I couldn't stand there anymore and listen, no matter how much I wanted to stay. I went to the showers without even bringing my towel with me, which was why I'd gone there in the first place.

Asshole was gonna die real soon.



DEAD! DEAD! DEAD! The asshole is fucking dead!

Another fucking date! She went on another fucking date! And still she told me nothing. Fucking nothing!

He was no doubt going to sleep with her this time. I was sure of it. Why would he wait any longer? I felt my blood running cold, then I felt it boiling inside me. Everything around me was spinning; everything around me was foggy.

He can't touch her. He just can't. She's mine. Mine! Mine! Mine!

Elliot and Sandra. *Yes! Fuck! How could I forget?* If they weren't out together, then my girl was safe.

"Hey, it's Elliot, you know what to d-" The fucker didn't answer; it went straight to fucking voicemail.

"Hello?"

"Sandra!"

"Hey, Adrian."

"Are you with Elliot?"

"Um, yeah!" Oh, fuck! *"Look, it's not a really good tim-"*

"Shit! Shit! Shit!"

"Is everything okay, Adrian?"

I hung up.

They were going to do it tonight! Or already had done it, for all I knew. I went to Asshole's house, but he wasn't there. It was the only place I could think of. I didn't know where else I could search.

He wouldn't take her in his car, would he? *God! God!* I felt so much pain, it fucking *hurt!*

It felt like someone was taking my soul away from me, ever so slowly, and I had no control over it, or any power to stop it. *Yes, my soul. Lily is my soul.* And she was slipping out of my fingers.

"Hey, baby!" Emma answered on the second ring. I called her, only because I didn't know anyone else to call.

"Where are your parents?"

"Uh, they're still outside. Is ever-"

"Good! I'm coming over. You'd better be fucking wet and ready." I don't know how I got to her house, or how I made it to her room, but I knew it took me less than five minutes to make it there.

"Hey, are you okay?" she gasped. "Oh my God, are you crying?"

I'm not crying, what the fuck is she talking about?!

"Bend over!" I said as I slipped off my jacket and started working on my belt.

"What's wrong, Adrian?" She looked all confused and worried, and her fucking annoying questions were driving me crazy.

I huffed.

"Okay, can we just kiss first, at least?" she came closer and her hands touched my chest, "Let's make out, touch me."

"I said bend the fuck over, Emma!"

She didn't say anything else. She just did as I told her and went to her bed, then posed on all fours, facing away from me.

I yanked her shorts down and left them hanging by her knees, then I stroked myself a few times before I put on the condom and put my dick on her entrance.

"Ow!" she winced.

"I thought I told you to be fucking wet!" I spat in my hand and tried to lubricate her before I thrust into her again. .

"Adrian!"

Would the asshole be doing this now?! Would he fuck her hard? Would he take her innocence and pureness?

"Ah, Adrian, slow down a bit!"

Would he taste how sweet her skin is? Would he feel her tits and how perfect they are? Would he make her come?

"Adrian, please!"

Will she moan his fucking name?

"Adrian! Please, stop! You're going to hurt me!" Emma cried.

I froze.

Her pleas and soft cries finally got through to me. I had heard them all along as I was thrusting into her like a mad man, but my mind didn't register them.

I looked at my hands and found them digging deep into her hips. When I removed them there were deep shades of red forming on her skin.

I did this?

Emma fell onto the bed face down once I removed myself from her. I couldn't believe what I had just done. I only wanted to feel something other

than the pain I was feeling in my heart, and I ended up hurting the only girl that truly cared about me and would do anything for me.

I'm such a lowlife!

I didn't say a word, I just stared at her. She wasn't moaning or anything, but she had a disapproving and shocked look on her face. Yet I didn't try to comfort her. I just zipped my pants up, grabbed my jacket and fled out of the room.

Shit!



The next thing I knew, I was lying on my bed, fully clothed including my shoes, and the sun was burning my skin through the open window.

I guess I didn't close it last night.

When did I get here anyway?

Or ... how?

The fuck do I care.

I went straight to the bathroom and stripped, then got into the shower.

The hot water was doing wonders for me. My head was pounding like a motherfucker, but it still felt so relaxing to be under the hot water.

Mom was in the kitchen when I got there, baking or cooking or whatever she does on Sunday mornings at eleven o'clock.

"Good morning, honey. Sleep all right?" she asked cheerfully.

"Mornin'," I simply answered, ignoring her question. I certainly was not in the mood for morning chit-chat!

"I can make you some pancakes," she offered as I grabbed the orange juice.

"Nah, it's cool."

"I didn't have anything today except coffee. Dad left early, and Lily didn't feel well enough to come downstairs. We can have breakfast together."

I choked on my juice and spluttered. My mom was by my side right away patting my back.

"She didn't feel well?" I choked out.

"Yeah, something she ate while she was out last night didn't go well with her stomach," Mom explained. "But don't worry, Dad checked on her and gave her some meds. She should be fine by nighttime, or maybe before."

You really believed that bullshit, Mom? She couldn't come down because she's fucking sore from all of the fucking she did last night.

"Are you okay?"

I didn't answer.

"Where are you going?"

I let the door reply to her as I slammed it fiercely behind me.



I'm sick of feeling the anger consuming me like a demon. I'm sick of being a jerk to everyone I care about. I'm just sick of this whole fucking life. But what should I do? Where should I go? I'm so fucking tired. Desperate and destroyed. I need to fix myself before I hurt other people.

"Hello!"

"Hey, can I come over?"

Silence.

"Emma?"

"My parents are home."

"It's fine. I just want to talk."

Silence.

"Is it okay if I stop by?"

"Okay," she sighed.

"Al right then, see you in a few."

"See ya."



I have no fucking clue how I'm going to fucking do this.

"Emma, I'm sorry about last night. I don't know what came over me." I apologized, trying to do the right thing for *once*.

She just nodded and looked away.

I held her hands.

"You're a very nice girl, Emma. You don't deserve anything but the best of the best."

"Thanks," she whispered, still not looking me in the eyes.

"You're so good to me, and I don't deserve you."

That was when she looked up and stared into my eyes.

"I'm – not sure I'm following," she frowned.

"I'm breaking up with you," I finally said, feeling like shit for hurting her.

It was the right thing to do, and I should've done it a long time ago. As a matter of fact, I should've never dated her in the first place. It wasn't right to get involved with someone when you know you can never truly give them any of your feelings. I liked her. But that was *it* for me. I could never do anything, or offer her anything other than that.

The silence in the room was too loud for my ears. She didn't say anything; she just kept staring at me. Blue to green. And it really made me feel like deep shit when I saw a tear escaping her eye, onto her cheek.

"You're breaking up with me?" she whispered.

"Emma, please, I don't want you to be sad about this. It's the right thing to do, you deser-"

"Why?" she interrupted me. "What have I done?"

"You didn't do anything, really. It's not you, it's me."

"'*It's not you, it's me?*' really? You're giving me that crappy line and you want me to believe it?"

"It's really me. You're truly amaz-" she interrupted me once again by shrugging her hands away from mine and walking away.

I stood up from her bed and followed her to the window she was standing by, not really knowing what else I should say.

"After all the things I've done for you?" she said into the air. "Do you realize how shitty you have treated me all along? Do you realize I never once complained about it? Do you know why? Do you know why I took it all and shut up about it?"

I didn't reply, I just hung my head, and looked at the floor.

"Because I loved you! I truly did!" she cried. "Do you realize how many times I told you that I love you and you never cared to say it back to me? Not even once? Do you realize you never ever made love to me? Not even the night I lost my virginity to you?"

She was right about everything she was saying. I had treated her like trash.

"Don't you know how much it hurt me that almost every time you *fucked* me, I had to be facing away from you? Like you were *disgusted* to even look at my face!" she sobbed. "Yet, I still said nothing. And here you are breaking up with me, because '*I'm too good for you.*'" She made air quotes.

"Emma, I'm so sorry. You really deserve better than m—"

"Save it, Adrian," she stopped me, wiping her tears away. "I've known since the beginning that you never truly cared about me. I was just hoping that som- ... no, I was really mistaken."

"I'm sure you'll find anoth—"

"I don't need your pity," she spat with bloodshot eyes and a miserable expression that wanted to appear strong. "Get out of my house!"

"Em—"

"I said get the fuck out!" she screamed, more tears covering her face. And I did.



The next day at school, I avoided absolutely everyone, including Lily. I hadn't looked at her at all for two days now, not even once. I didn't know what I would do if I looked at her and saw how she had changed from a girl to a woman.

Lunchtime was another story. I had to go and sit at our table like every day, and something was telling me it wasn't going to be good.

There were at least three people at that table that I didn't want to have any contact with. But what could I do? Eventually I went there.

They were all sitting there, including Peter and Sally – his girlfriend. Emma looked wretched, making me feel even more shitty than I already felt.

This is so awkward!

You should have thought about that before you started dating one of your friends, jerk.

"Hey," I said casually as I sat down.

Immediately Julia stood up, bringing Emma with her.

"Julia, where are you going?" Elliot asked.

"I'm not sitting at the same table as this dickhead," she spat.

O-kay!

"Julia, c'mon! We're still friends, after all," Ian commented.

"I'm not friends with assholes. Lily, are you coming?"

"You're serious about this?" Lily asked.

"Of course I am."

"I'm sorry, Julia. But if you think I'm going to put you above my brother, then you're truly mistaken!"

"Really? Okay fine! Elliot?"

"Julia, you're overreacting! It's not like it's any of our business!"

"So she will stand by her brother and you'll leave your sister *and* cousin on their own?"

"Ugh!" Elliot let out a frustrated sigh as he stood up. "Sorry, man," he muttered to me.

"Sorry, Lily," Sandra said as she left with her boyfriend.

"Hey, Adrian. I'm sorry about all of this," Peter said.

"I don't need your sympathy, thank you very much!" I got up and walked out of the school building.

I walked away.

Away.

I did one thing that I knew was right, and now I was completely ... alone.

The fuck ... I do care!

18

Lillian

It killed me to see him suffering like this.

It's so hard to watch the one you love more than anything in the whole world wither in his own damned pit of loneliness and self-loathing. Especially if you can't do anything about it.

I knew Adrian well enough to know what he was really like. He was not a bad person; he was a real sweetheart, and I'm not just saying that. It was true.

And knowing that made me feel bad, because I knew he must be feeling like trash over wanting something as low as what he wanted.

I overheard Mom and Dad talking the other day ... they were worried about him, saying something about panic attacks? *God!* That broke my heart. And thinking that it could all be related to me? That was something else.

I knew I could make him feel better. I knew I could wipe that sad, miserable look off of his beautiful face –he seemed to be able to wear nothing but that look nowadays. I knew I could make it all better for him.

But ...

How could I?

It's like you have this person who's bugging you, annoying you, making you angry every time they talk to you or are around you; everything in you tells you to kill them, kill that person and get it over with, kill that person and you'll feel good, you'll feel better. But you still don't kill them.

Why? Because it's not right!

It was the same thing between me and Adrian. I couldn't be with him no matter how much everything in me told me to do it. It wasn't even a question to me.

You know what to do, and what you don't do.

It just broke my heart that I didn't know any '*right*' way to help my brother.

Since he broke up with Emma, he wasn't the same – walking around like a zombie, hardly talking to anyone, and never making eye contact with me.

No matter how much I tried to talk to him in any way, he didn't respond to me. He didn't even acknowledge my presence – like I wasn't there, like I didn't even exist. I kind of wished that he would even just flip me off when I talked to him; it'd be better than nothing.

I missed him.

I didn't know if he was like that because of Emma or if there was something else. I mean, if it was Emma, why would he break up with her in the first place?

I wished that Sean was around; at least he'd have somebody to talk to since Ian was no longer an option and all, and Elliot was the brother of Miss Drama Queen, doing what she said in order to not upset her.

He had nobody, and he was so lonely.

I wished that he'd talk to Peter; he liked him, and they'd become friends in no time, but he still didn't let anyone in. Even when our parents talked to him, he just nodded or shook his head. Sometimes he replied with just a few short words, but that was about it.

Oh, Adrian! If you'd just forget about all of your foolish thoughts and illicit desires, everything would be just fine!

Christmas came and went, and he was still the same. No emotion appearing whatsoever – just a blank face, and blank days for me. Because it was like he wasn't there at all.

Mom asked me more than once if something had happened at school, but I told her there was nothing, just the drama with Emma and that was it.

She wanted to talk to Emma, can you believe it? Mom thought that she was the one who broke up with him, so she wanted to tell her how miserable her son was without her – maybe she would feel sorry for him and take him back.

Seriously, how pathetic is that?

I told her that Adrian was the one who broke up with her, so she let it go, but then she kept babbling on about how close we used to be, and now I didn't even know something as simple as what was bothering my brother.

I did know. Well, sort of. But what could I tell her?

The fact that he was so quiet all the time was driving me crazy. I even thought about wearing something tight, revealing and white – just to get

him to say something to me, even if it was just cursing. But I really didn't want to press his limits.

I heard the water running in the bathroom; he was in there, probably brushing his teeth. I missed him so much, and I vowed to myself that I'd make him talk to me today, no matter what it took, so I left my bed and went to the bathroom.

Like I had expected, he was brushing his teeth. When I opened the door, his hand froze and his eyes caught mine, then they roamed over my body for just a split second through the mirror, before he looked away and continued what he was doing before I entered, like nothing had happened.

"Good morning, Adrian," I said, smiling, even though I knew he wouldn't see it.

He didn't reply; he didn't even roll his eyes or glare, just acted like he didn't hear me at all.

I sighed, then I made my way to my own sink and grabbed my toothbrush. Before I even got the chance to pick up my toothpaste, he was gone.

I sighed again, brushed my teeth, took off my olive tank top and black panties, then got into the shower.

The whole day I tried talking to him. Nothing. Still.

Do you want a sandwich? He left the kitchen.

Do you want to watch a movie with me? He put his earphones on.

Do you want to go for a walk? He grabbed his guitar and started playing something.

So frustrating!

It wasn't until dinner that I actually saw him talk for practically the first time all day, and I somehow wished that he hadn't.

Mom cleared her throat, and I knew she had something to say. Something that was really important, to the point that it couldn't wait until after dinner. I knew that because she always made a big deal about it if any of us talked about anything that wasn't important while having dinner.

"There is something important that I want to discuss."

Ha!

We all stopped eating, and Dad gave her hand a gentle squeeze, encouraging her to go for it.

What is the big deal?

"I, uh, I was putting some supplies you kids needed in your bathroom, and – while I was at it, I found something in Lily's tampon drawer!" She looked at Adrian.

Oh, crap!

I peeked at Adrian, and he was frowning – confused, of course.

"The thing I found was – a condom." she choked out.

My dad patted her hand, then squeezed it again, giving Adrian a disappointed look.

This is not happening! Not happening! It can't be.

I could see Adrian's hand with the corner of my eye as he held the knife so tightly, pressing it hard into his plate. I took another glance at his face, but he wasn't looking at me, he was looking at the knife in his hand, his jaw clenching – and I think I heard some teeth chattering, too.

Earth, please, can you open up and swallow me now? Pretty please?

"I know very well that times are different now and everything," Mom started. "But I saved myself for marriage, and – I'd love it if you two did the same."

Seriously?

"It's never too late to pick the right road, Adrian," she pleaded. "You still can think about it, honey."

There was silence for a few moments. Silence before the storm.

"Are you finished?" Adrian asked in a low voice, still looking at his knife, stabbing his plate.

"Uh, I just want the best fo-"

"So you want me to stay away from sex until marriage?" He spoke to her with some sarcasm in his voice.

This can't be good.

"Yes, honey, it wasn't so hard when I did it, and – "

"And because your life was – is – so perfect, you want me to do the same, right? Even though you ended up with another guy and not the one you 'saved yourself for', " he made air quotes, his voice now so full of anger.

"Adrian! Watch your mouth." Dad warned.

"For your information, dear Mom, I started having sex long, oh, a very long time ago."

Mom let out a muffled sob.

"So there is nothing left to '*think*' about. Okay?" He dropped his knife with a loud clang and left the dinner table.

Mom was too shocked by his words to say anything. It was too important to her for her kids to be just perfect, in everything. And I mean *everything*.

And hearing Adrian say those words was – of course – heartbreaking.

"Oh, by the way –" He stopped midway and turned around, and I knew it was because he wanted to go through the last bump. "That condom you found is so not mine. I keep mine in the drawer of my nightstand beside my bed if you want to check. Seriously, why on earth would I keep it in my sister's tampon drawer? I wouldn't touch that thing with a stick!"

Mom gasped, and Dad's eyes got so wide, I thought they were going to bug out of his skull.

"Oh yeah, your sweet little daughter is not that innocent after all. Surprise!"

And then he went to his room, slamming the door shut with force.

Earth?

Now please?

Please?



I woke up the next day a bit late, not like every other morning. I liked to wake up early, very early, even if it was Sunday, I didn't really care.

Mom had kept me up, telling me everything she knew about physical relationships, protection, blah blah blah.

She made sure that I got the message of her being so very disappointed in me ... and my brother as well. She didn't actually say the words, but it didn't take a genius to figure out what she was hinting at.

She didn't leave my room until after I told her that there was nothing to worry about, and at least I was responsible enough to think about precautions and so on, and how I was over sixteen, which was the age of consent in Washington

She was really making a big deal out of it, and it was really a pain in the butt to see her that sad about her '*Perfect Family*'. I mean, c'mon, it's not 1900, for God's sake!



Since I'd failed miserably at keeping the vow I'd made with myself yesterday, I made a new vow.

I had a few hours before I had to go have lunch with Ian, so I spent a good half an hour taking a quick shower, my meds, my shot, brushing my hair, dressing in a nice loose skirt and a blouse.

Adrian was already at the kitchen table having his breakfast, while Mom was busy with the coffee machine.

"Good morning," I said as I sat at the head of the table.

"Oh, good morning, sweetie. How was your night?" Mom asked her usual morning question.

"It was good, I slept well," I smiled, sort of glad that there wasn't any tension between us after last night's conversation.

"What do you want to have for breakfast?"

"Um, nothing, I think I'll share that orange juice with Adrian. You don't mind, Adrian, do you?" I asked him with a smile, but of course he didn't reply.

Before my mom had time to say anything, her phone rang and she said she had to take it outside. I just nodded.

"Adrian?" I tried, but he just kept texting and said nothing.

I nudged him in the knee with mine, trying to get him to look at me, but he just huffed and didn't even glance at me.

I took his glass and sipped a little. The taste wasn't so amazing while I could still taste my toothpaste, but I didn't show it. I had no idea how on earth he drank it every morning for years.

I put the glass back and kept watching him, thinking maybe if I tried being annoying he'd give up eventually and talk to me.

My staring didn't work.

I took another sip, put it back, stared. Nothing.

"Would you just talk to me?" I pleaded.

Nothing.

I nudged him with my knee again.

Nothing.

Again, and again, then again some more. That was when his hand gripped my upper thigh, right under the table – and *under* my skirt.

I froze.

His eyes slowly made it to mine, and he glared.

"Quit acting like a child!" he snarled quietly.

I stuck out my tongue, because I didn't know what else to do, or say. I thought maybe he'd laugh and all of this silent treatment would stop, but no, it didn't go like that.

He squeezed his eyes shut and groaned, like he was mad or something.

Uh-oh! What did I do now? What do I do now?

His eyes opened slowly, then he glared at me once more. His hand moved slightly up my thigh and he squeezed.

I gasped.

"What the fuck do you want?" He moved a little higher.

"I, uh, I – I just want you to talk to me," I whispered, my throat suddenly dry, and my stomach in knots, all because of his hand.

"And I don't want to talk to you, so can't you just let me be?" His face was so close to mine as he leaned in a little to move his hand a little higher on my thigh. I could feel his breath on my face.

"Uh, why? Why won't you talk to me?"

"Why do you want *me* to talk to *you*?" His hand was an inch away from my sex, and I couldn't help the wetness between my legs.

I didn't reply. I didn't know how to talk. *How does a human form words anyway?*

"Your douche of a boyfriend is not enough for you? Can't you just go and talk to him and leave me alone? Or is it that when you're together you get so busy that you have no time for talking?" he asked in a low tone, yet the anger was clear in his voice.

"I, uh ... Oh God!" I gasped again as he cupped my sex with his hand and squeezed a little.

"What is it you say, little sister? I didn't hear you."

"I want you, uh, to –"

"You want me to do what? You've been bugging the shit out of me nonstop. What is it that you want, huh?"

"I just want you to talk to me," I moaned softly as he rubbed me through my panties with pressure.

"I don't think that's the only reason, little sister. Is this what you want from me?" He moved my panties to the side and moved his finger along my slit.

"Oh, God!"

"So wet!" he whispered. "What? Your douche of a boyfriend is not doing enough for you?"

"Oh, my God!" I gasped as he plunged two fingers inside of me.

"Fuck!" he groaned. "You're so fucking tight! I see he still didn't take that away from me!" He moved his fingers in and out of me, causing a little pain as he stretched me.

"Still nothing made it in here, huh? What is it with the condom then, little sister?"

"God!" His fingers curled inside me, and I almost fainted because of too much pleasure.

"Stop praying and answer my fucking question!"

"I ... uh ... God – oh God!" I still couldn't form words. I gripped the table hard with one hand while the other made it to cover my mouth, and tried my best to muffle my moans, aware that our mom was just a few steps away from us.

I had bought the condom a long time ago, even before I dated Ian. I wanted to piss Adrian off with it, and make him find it *accidentally* among my stuff, but I didn't know where I should put it. Then things happened and I forgot all about it.

"What? Something's wrong?" he asked, acting like nothing was going on under the table.

"I'm – oh – I'm so ..." I couldn't say it, too embarrassed.

"You're so what? Close? Yeah I know, I'm pretty aware of it. Do you want me to make you come?"

Oh my God! This is so embarrassing.

I can't say it! Just can't.

I nodded, barely able to open my eyes.

"Oh, I'm gonna need more than that. Say the words!"

I can't! Damn it!

"Say it!" He pushed his fingers harder.

"Oh, God!"

"Wrong answer!"

Then his fingers were gone, and he left the table.

I hate my freaking life!



I had tried lots of things with Ian, and I was ready to try more. I couldn't remember how many times we were so close to having sex, but we didn't.

He refused every time.

Yes, *he*, not me.

He said I wasn't ready, and I needed to be sure, and we should wait for the right moment, blah blah blah. I just wanted to do it and get it over with.

But then again, I knew he was right. I wasn't ready. And I was aware of the fact that I only wanted to do it with him because I wanted to get it over with. Just to get it over with.

It's not like Ian couldn't turn me on. He could. Very well could. But every time I was with him, I felt like something was missing, something big. And I felt that twisting in my stomach, that ache in my chest, voices in my head making me feel like I was cheating.

It was so hard to be focused with Ian, when I was always thinking about Adrian.

I just wanted to see if it'd feel the same during sex, or if sex would free me from all of those forbidden feelings I had toward my brother.

And I was wishing with all of my heart that they would go away.



"Ugh!" I sighed in frustration.

I thought my hoo-ha was broken or something. I couldn't get myself to come. So maddening!

Ian wouldn't go any further than second base with me today. He said he wasn't sure if he could control himself if he did.

The hell do I care if he couldn't! Just get inside me already, or at least get me off!

I didn't know why Ian was so careful with me like that! It was like *he* was the virgin, not me. So annoying!

I tried to touch myself again. Then again. Eventually I put my pillow over my face and screamed at the top of my lungs.

You can't do that, Lily. Stop thinking about it. Don't you dare. It's wrong. Don't even.

After a long inner fight, I walked to the bathroom. Took a shower, brushed, dressed in shorts and tank top, then ...

I knocked.

I can't believe I'm doing this!

I knocked again, then again.

I hadn't knocked on that door in a very long time, and I really couldn't believe I was doing it now. I was about to go back to my room when he

finally opened the door.

He looked me up and down, but said nothing.

I stepped in and closed the door behind me.

"To what do I owe the pleasure, Miss Smith." He folded his arms in front of his bare chest; he was only in his boxers.

I looked at the floor. "Uh, I ... Can I sleep in your bed tonight?"

"Oh! You want to sleep in my bed?"

I nodded.

"And why is that? Something wrong with *your* bed?" he asked.

"Uh ..." *What do I say? Why didn't I think about this before I came in here? "I'm cold." And an idiot!*

"Cold? I'm so sorry about that. Use an extra blanket." He reached for the door and tried to open it.

Darn it!

"Please, Adrian. I'm ... uh, I'm scared. Let me just spend the night in here," I begged, stopping him from opening the door.

"Of course you can spend the night in here." *Yay!* "Only if you say the real reason why you're here." *Oh, crap.*

I chewed on my lower lip and didn't reply, looking at the floor.

"Go back to your room!" He reached for the door again, but I stopped him this time, holding his arm.

He stood still for another moment, giving me some time.

"What brought you here, Lily?" he asked in a low voice.

I decided to just yank the band-aid and get it over with.

"I want you to make me come!" I said, not looking at his face.

I just said that?

Oh, kill me! Kill me now!

I heard him take in a sharp breath.

Silence.

"Why do you think I'd do that?"

Oh, God! Are you freaking kidding me?!

Silence.

"Go back to your room, Lily."

"Adrian, please! I'll do anything!"

How pathetic! I sound desperate even to my own ears.

"Really?"

I nodded.

"You'll do anything?"

I nodded again, still chewing on my lip.

"You'll let me fuck you?" he whispered; suddenly he was so close to me.

"Please, Adrian... Anything but that!"

It was too much for me. I couldn't just let my brother take my virginity – this was messed up enough.

"Hmm ... all right then. I won't." He stepped back.

I looked up at him, and he was just standing there, arms folded in front of his chest, as if he was waiting for me to look at him before he spoke.

"Strip!" he ordered.

Crap! Can't he do it for me? It'd be less embarrassing if he did.

"Lily?!"

I didn't reply, I just stood there, frozen.

"Maybe this is a bad idea after a—" he started, but I interrupted him as I started undressing.

Yes, I'm that desperate!

"Hmm ..." he hummed as my tank top reached the floor, followed by my shorts and panties.

I didn't look at him the whole time I was taking off my clothes, but I was aware of his breathing changing.

He took a step closer, then he walked around me. I felt like my skin was burning under his gaze, and the heat of my blush was almost unbearable.

"So beautiful," he whispered as he stood behind me.

When he made it back to stand in front of me, I saw the obvious bulge in his boxers. I still looked down, couldn't look at his face.

"Look at me."

I slowly moved my gaze up the floor to look into his eyes. They were dark with desire, making my stomach turn, and my girly parts to get even wetter.

"On your knees, little sister!"

About The Author

Rose is a loved mother, wife, and a stay at home lawyer. Writing is her passion, and reading is her obsession. Music is her best friend and sarcasm is her speaking trend. One of her joys is bringing happiness to others and her biggest wish is that they stay true to one another. Through her stories, she wants to spread nothing except understanding, peace and love.

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Illicit Needs (The Illicit Series, Book 2) April 2016

White Locks (The Colorblind Trilogy, Book 2) June 2016

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Teaser

Illicit Needs (The Illicit Series, Book 2)

"I would never hurt you, never." He kissed my neck. "If you let me fuck you, I'll be so very gentle, you will feel no pain, I promise."

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