

Su Ah's POV:

His tongue flicked, swirled, and then he sucked, hard, pulling a strangled whimper from her lips that she couldn't have stopped if her life depended on it.

Fire licked down from her breast to coil in the pit of her stomach.

His other hand slid up to cover her other breast, his thumb brushing over the aching peak, a maddening counterpoint to the exquisite pressure of his mouth.

Su Ah didn't even feel her legs moving. They were spreading, her knee nudging at him. She arched her back sharply, unable to sit up straight any longer and slip further back down into the sheets. His hands pinned her there, leaving her no means of escape or defense as he forced her to weather every bit of torture.

Not that she would, or would have, fought.

She wanted this. She had wanted this for so long. But her fantasies were nothing compared to this. The heat, the wetness, the sheer, undeniable reality of it all.

A whine came out when his mouth detached.

Her nipple was tight and hard and a deep pink from his attention, her skin flushed all the way down the smooth expanse of her ribcage. She gulped down some air as he shifted to the other breast, dragging his mouth to lick at the valley of flesh and laving his tongue over a perfect half globe.

Another suck. A nip at her pulse point that would definitely leave a bruise.

Su Ah found herself looking down to watch him, to see her body like she'd never seen it before, her breasts swollen, shiny and gleaming wet. He flicked his tongue against her nipple, scraping the delicate areola with his teeth before sucking hard and she felt the shot of sensation almost directly against her clit.

Another, too-loud groan was quickly swallowed back up. Her hips twisted in his lap, mindlessly grinding against his crotch. His hands, on her hips, stilled her.

"Easy now, don't rush this." He murmured, almost to himself, still touching her.

Ah—

He was driving her out of her fucking mind.

She hated that he kept his hands confined, his lips seemed content only exploring the delicate terrain of her breasts and nipples, because a part of her just wanted his hands on her.

But another part of her also felt a dangerous spike of thrill from having those same strong hands keep her in place and limit her movements, taking the choice of pace from her, forcing her to endure and yield control.

Perhaps both parts, subconsciously, wanted the same.

Suddenly his mouth pressed lightly to her chest, right over the center of her pounding heart. Then his lips dragged their way back up, followed by a brief flick of his tongue against her clavicle, making her squirm with its unbearable slowness.

She was so sensitive, everything he touched, everything he breathed on seemed to instantly turn hot and throb with arousal.

"Jae-il..." Su Ah complained breathily, but he didn't seem inclined to acquiesce to her urging.

Instead his warm tongue found its way up along her neck, then brushed her earlobe and the cuff of it, and the resulting shudder was almost strong enough to send her flying back off his lap. She bit back a groan as he slowly, agonizingly so, planted kisses against her neck and jawline, and she felt herself unwittingly lean into the sweet ministrations, until he was back where he began, her heaving chest.

Su Ah exhaled roughly, and the exhalation turned into another strained whimper the moment Jae-il's teeth tugged at her other neglected nipple. It felt like he was punishing her for being noisy; and so good, too.

In an instant, one of his hands reached down.

"God."

Su Ah shivered and clutched at the muscles of his arms, at the dark strands of his silky hair as a groan escaped her lips, at his shirt that he was still wearing.

Jae-il's head rose from her chest. A thin string of saliva stretched from her glistening nipple to his lips, snapping as he sat up. The sight was so shamefully lewd. His eyes traveled her form, her hair askew, his bite marks littered all over her body, her cheeks flushed red with a telling blush.

"Why are your pants still on?"

It was a husky, impatient inquiry that somehow sounded perfectly measured in that baritone voice of his. It should have grated on her ears; she shouldn't have found him being commanding or brusque hot or sexy in any way. On the same vein, she shouldn't have found her little brother touching her this intimately hot either.

She did. Oh, boy, did she.

Jae-il's fingers played with the buttons of her jeans before popping them open. His knuckles brushed her midsection in the process. He got a slow grin as he watched her twitch, then tug her jeans down the curve of her waist and shapely legs. Her slim thighs shivered with a strange shyness once the offending item had been removed, and Su Ah chewed on the inside of her cheek.

He was eying the sodden and transparent fabric covering the spot between her legs.

It was a lacy little piece of fabric, meant more for allure than functionality, and there wasn't an ounce of dry space in its damp surface, nor Su Ah's pussy underneath. It probably could've been ripped apart easily, and a part of her kind of wanted him to rip it.

"Someone is excited, huh~?"

A flush of mortification and a strange surge of defiance surged within her. "Shut up."

She made a move to cross her legs, a last-ditch attempt at reclaiming some semblance of modesty, but he was quicker. His hands clamped down on her knees, a firm, unyielding pressure that held her open. "Nuh-huh." His eyes had that lazy, insolent glimmer in them. "No need to hide, Su Ah Noona, I just want to take a peek at what my elder sister's got hidden in there..."

"....."

Su Ah gritted her teeth and looked away.

Jae-il dipped a single finger inside, the panties providing a minimal, almost frustrating barrier. The fabric soaked through instantly, molding to the shape of her.

That same digit spread apart her outer labia, revealing her already hard, red, throbbing little clit.

An embarrassing noise wedged in Su Ah's throat, halfway between a gasp and a choked sound of protest. Her hips bucked, trying to get away from the intense stimulation, or maybe get closer, she wasn't quite sure.

Jae-il laughed. He hooked a finger in the fabric and tugged her panties down and off her ankles, tossing them onto the floor somewhere next to her jeans.

Su Ah tried closing her legs again, this time to preserve a little shred of her modesty, to salvage just the slightest amount of shame that remained after a month-long longing.

Unfortunately, she didn't get very far.

Jae-il kept holding her knees firmly in place, still baring her privates to him while wearing that easygoing grin.

He was now staring at her completely bare body.

The blush on Su Ah's face intensified. She'd never felt so utterly exposed, having someone's gaze on her most intimate place, and to think that someone was her own brother.

She wanted to say something biting, something sarcastic and detached to cut through the thick haze of her own arousal. Her brain scrambled for a witty retort, her usual armor, but all she came up with was a strangled noise that sounded suspiciously like a whimper.

She saw Jae-il swallow, saw the subtle flex in his jaw. He was affected, too.

Then he lowered himself down onto her front, hooking her thighs over his shoulders, and her heart began beating erratically against her chest.

Wait, was he...?

"Jae-il?"

"....."

"H-Hey..."

Jae-il inhaled deeply, right over her slick, swollen folds, before he flattened his tongue and dragged it slowly from her entrance up to her clit.

Su Ah's hips jolted so violently she almost smacked her brother's head, but his firm hand on her stomach kept her pinned down.

A long, drawn-out whimper left her lips. Her toes curled and her hands fisted in her hair as she threw her head back against the pillows.

Oh, god, god, god.

Never in a million years would she have imagined such a sensation, much less having Jae-il, her younger brother do this to her...

With him eating her pussy, Su Ah had lost the ability to speak; the best she could manage were garbled versions of Jae-il's name. Her abdomen and groin clenched reflexively. A single, thick string of juices coated her opening, drooling past her brother's eager tongue, which darted in and out with languid swipes.

"Nghh, shit—"

Her head fell back as her thighs shook.

Then, one of his fingers, impossibly slender yet somehow thicker than anything Su Ah's mind had imagined, pushed inside. She clenched around it instinctively, the sensation something altogether different from any other sexual experience she'd ever had—not like she had any, to begin with.

Her world shuddered to a halt, her mouth opening and closing silently in voiceless screams. Her chest heaved, her throat felt hoarse despite uttering not even a single sound as her lower region started spasming involuntarily.

It didn't seem possible that just one of his fingers would fill her up like that, her entire body so tiny in comparison.

Pleasure spiked from her core up through her belly. Su Ah clawed the duvet, grasping blindly.

She somehow mustered enough strength to peer down. Her eyes rolled up with the way he looked from beneath her mound, the intense concentration on his handsome features.

A shaft of sunlight bathed his face.

His eyes met her, and the two held their mutual stare for several excruciating seconds as he began pumping his finger inside, his tongue continuing its leisurely assault.

She fisted his hair, clawing at his scalp, pulling him closer, and trying not to think too much on the fact that she was now suffocating her baby brother with her pussy, no matter how sexy it seemed at this point.

"Aghnn—s-shit—m-more—"

Those words were somehow both an order and a plea.

When that other finger breached her, she gasped and felt her inner muscles contract around him. She felt as if she'd break, his fingers thicker and bigger than hers.

How the fuck was it possible to feel this good?! How did Unnie handle this day in and day out? It was incredible! Su Ah would willingly sell her soul for her younger brother's fingers on a daily basis.

Her back arched, another sensation creeping its way to her nerve-endings.

"Aaahn—"

Her thigh muscles were stiff and trembling. Another curse, another shudder of pleasure. Jae-Il curled his fingers just so, hitting a spot deep inside her that she hadn't known existed, and Su Ah came so hard her vision almost whited-out.

Her feet flailed aimlessly.