

In one motion, the world tilted on its axis.

Su Ah found herself pressed into the familiar softness of her duvet, staring up at the suddenly intimate geography of her own ceiling.

The bed shifted once more. Su Ah sat up, in a daze, watching as her younger brother walked up to the door and slid the bolt of the lock, barring anyone else's access with the simple slide of that latch.

"I don't want to risk anyone walking in, though I hope you're not as loud as Mia Noona tends to be when she gets going."

Her thoughts screeched to a halt, her mind trying to catch up, not understanding what had happened or why things ended up in the way they did.

Did he just...

"What? Wait, what are you—"

In a blink, Jae-il was upon her, crawling on the bed, his athletic body easily reaching her at the other end. His long legs traversed the expanse of sheets in an instance, until Su Ah found him close, *too* close.

She gasped in surprise and the sound hung between her and Jae-il's answering huff.

She hadn't been expecting this quickness, or this boldness; he'd always been so quiet and restrained, like a still lake, its waters peaceful and smooth. The picture-perfect younger brother. But that lake was currently an ocean at high tide.

It wasn't just the change in perspective that rattled her, it was also the change in balance of power.

Jae-il hovered over her, one knee planted firmly between her thighs.

Before she could chart this unexpected new territory, his hand caught hers, and dragged them upward to press them together above her head, stretching her out in a taut, writhing line beneath him.

Suddenly, he was holding her in place, right where she'd always, *secretly*, wanted to be.

The swiftness, the certainty, the firmness of his grip—so unyielding—was thrilling.

Her fingers curled as she gave him an instinctive shove, testing the waters, and her arms met with solid resistance.

The air felt so thin between them, making her heave like she'd been running a marathon.

An undignified blush colored her cheeks.

"Oh, isn't this exactly the type of scenario you've been imagining all this time, Noona~"

The softness of his baritone could've been mistaken for sweet consideration if it weren't so smug and self-assured.

And it did *things* to her.

Her spine bowed sharply, trying to get his knee off, but the tip of it still dug in hard, hitting a spot between her legs with a very satisfying jab. An unwilling sigh broke through teeth she'd clamped shut. Right there. If he slid his knee a little deeper, it'd completely *break* her.

"Jae-il..."

Su Ah's eyes glinted with amusement as she attempted to free herself. A task in which she obviously failed, resulting in him simply shifting the weight and pushing her into the bedding further, rendering her unable to struggle.

She liked it rough, especially from the only male sibling that shared her last name.

He gave her a thoughtful look before a smirk cracked that handsome, egotistical, ridiculously confident face. "Hmm? Noona, you know that you leave me with no choice, right? You know exactly what to say to make me comply, to make me believe this is about just writing. Even though that's not what this is really about. And I keep telling you we shouldn't, even though I keep yielding."

Su Ah snorted, looking up at him. "Who cares about the 'why' when the 'what' is about to happen right now~?" She shot back, her own smile wide and taunting. "You talk as if you don't like it, as if you're not rock hard for me right now."

She could feel it, a hard, rigid bulge pressing right into her upper thigh. And it was an extremely big, extremely heated bulge.

Jae-il smiled. "It's not like you're any less wet for me. Are you, Noona?"

She let out a breathless chuckle. "Well, only one way to find out..."

"....."

She saw him lean down, her eyes immediately drawn to his full, pursed lips.

"Then I won't complicate things any further, Noona." Jae-il said, the ridge of his thigh pressing harder, sliding just enough to drag a thin, helpless sound out of her throat before she could choke it back. Her nails dug crescents into her own palms where he still pinned her wrists.

A fever-like warmth was rapidly rising up the column of her throat, along her cheeks, settling somewhere around her ear lobes.

"Is this to your liking, Noona? Having your little brother in charge? Is this the kind obscene smut you want to write about? Hmm?"

She opened her mouth to reply, and realized he'd leaned down close enough for them to share the same air.

A little breath escaped. It caught in her lungs before the exhalation could emerge into an inhuman keen when Jae-il pushed himself down with his chest, driving his knee directly onto where it hurt so good and fucking perfect.

"Ah—"

"No talking."

Su Ah gritted her teeth. Her fingers strained against his grip as the spike of pleasure short-circuited her brain momentarily. It took every ounce of self-control and effort she had left not to squeeze her thighs around his muscled leg, not to roll herself shamelessly into that torturous pressure between her legs.

"Damn you, Jae-il—"

His scent dowsed her nose.

Her eyes widened when his lips fell, sealing hers, the sharp inhale of his breath fanning her.

His kiss was as rough as the hand that now descended and sank into the small of her waist, pressing her further into him as he ran his tongue across the seam of her lips, coaxing, before taking her completely with the sort of possession and ownership she'd craved after only being able to imagine it.

The room went deafeningly quiet, and Su Ah felt as if she were liquefying into a gooey puddle.

Jae-il kissed like his body was built to do this, like he had been molded for it, just to hold her like that, just to have her tongue chase his.

The wet sounds of their mouths, their ragged breaths, the clicking of saliva and the stuttering cries she tried her best to stifle. At some point, her tongue was being sucked and teased inside her younger brother's mouth.

She arched against him, greedy, chasing every shudder. Her panties felt uncomfortably wet.

When he let her breathe again, it came in shaky, stilted exhales and hitches. She wanted him to dive back down again, to stay like this until time dilated, but before that could happen, he pulled his knee away, freeing her at the same time he released her.

She groaned in disappointment and irritation. Like, what the hell?

Her thighs rubbed against each other, a phantom ache flaring hot, too acute, missing the pressure he'd been deliciously providing.

Her entire body felt hypersensitized.

"What are you doing—why'd you stop?!"

"Well, let's start this little tutoring session." Jae-il innocently tapped a finger to his lips before using it to playfully tap at her heaving chest. "Take this off."

Su Ah blinked, slowly adjusting herself back up in a sitting position.

His smile grew a touch impatient, eyes taking her in. "Strip, Su Ah Noona."

Embarrassment swept over her, that she had somehow lost track of the actual purpose for which she had called Jae-il to her room.

The love scenes for her stories. That had been the pretext behind inviting him up, though it hadn't even been ten minutes in her room and here she was, in the middle of what basically amounted to dry-humping her little brother's thigh.

Not that she minded.

Still, now that it came down to it, suddenly self-conscious about actually baring her body, her heartbeat spiked.

This wasn't even how she envisioned it.

Su Ah hooked her fingers into the hem of her sweater. She pulled it over her head in one swift motion, her dark hair tumbling free around her shoulders, exposing a simple, modest black bra.

Her skin, milky pale, prickled in the cool air.

Jae-il's eyes slowly roamed over her torso. It was the kind of look that made you wish you were wearing more, and at the same time, made you wish you were wearing a lot less.

"You're beautiful, Noona."

Su Ah's chest tightened. She hadn't expected such a direct, simple compliment.

"....."

She averted her gaze to the duvet, her fingers fiddling with the clasp of her bra. This was it. Her hands were trembling, her fingers seemingly unable to work the simple mechanism.

This sudden bout of stage fright was so unlike her, and it irked her to no end.

She felt the bed dip again as Jae-il leaned in closer. His hand covered hers, stilling her fumbling attempts. "Let me."

His fingers had no such problem, and with a soft click, the bra came undone.

He slid the straps down her arms. Su Ah let the garment fall off. Her breasts, pale and full, were now exposed to the cool air, her nipples pebbling instantly.

Jae-il didn't make a sound, but she could feel the weight of his stare.

He didn't touch her again, at least not yet, and Su Ah had to fight the impulse to cover herself. That would be weak. That would be backing down from the challenge she herself had thrown down. She tipped her chin, drawing her shoulders back to enhance her silhouette and fully bare herself to him.

Her jaw tightened. She could do this. She would do this.

Still, that bastard was mute...

"Y-You not saying anything?!"

"Noona." His smile was immediate. It grew, dimpling his cheeks, deepening.

"Shouldn't you be taking notes? This is all for research purposes, isn't it?"

".....?"

Before she could form a coherent retort, Jae-il leaned in, until his mouth hovered above one peaked nipple. Then his hot, wet mouth closed over her nipple, and Su Ah's entire body arched off the bed as if her entire spine had become a perfect semiconductor for lightning.

A ragged gasp tore from her throat, somewhere between a choke and a sob of pleasure, her fingers instinctively tangling in his dark hair.