

The room tilted into a silence so sudden it'd have made me ashamed of myself, if I had any shame left to my name. Having already crossed that unthinkable threshold with Mia, having felt my cock slide between another sister's eager lips, had burned the lines of morality into ash.

The second time, there was barely a frisson of wrongness. It felt... *natural*. Almost rehearsed, though Su Ah's particular blush and the subtle differences in the tentative, uncertain ways she approached what Mia had tackled with greedy ferocity made this encounter distinct.

A repeat performance that should have been impossible, but here we were, and my body didn't care about sisterly details—it only saw Su Ah as a woman.

This said a lot about where my moral compass pointed these days, straight down incest lane without a second thought. Turns out getting blown by your own sister does wonders for rearranging your ethical framework.

In spite of the self-flagellation, I couldn't hold back a content smile. It's funny how sex with a woman—no, two women—was starting to have that effect on my mental well-being. Or was the orgasm so potent it melted any lingering regret I had? It didn't really matter, either way. I was fucked and *loved* it.

I slowly caught my breath as I stared at this blood-related nymph of mine. May God have mercy on me, because I doubted either of my sisters will.

Su Ah lay across her disheveled bedsheets, her chest rising and falling in short bursts as if she'd just surfaced from a deep plunge in freezing water. Strands of dark hair plastered themselves to her flushed cheeks, her red lips parted softly as she panted. I allowed my gaze to descend.

'I can't unsee this.' I thought as my eyes tracked how traces of me caught the light along her jawline, her chin, and down the side of her neck. It trailed up her collarbone, a viscous rope, thick, pearlescent ropes that went over her breasts and the valley between. *'I could not forget about this no matter how many centuries would pass...'*

How many brothers would be willing to watch such an indecent sight? How many would be willing to witness this and remain lucid, collected and even... coherent enough to muster a satisfied smile, as if for a job well done.

Definitely not the majority. I wasn't a saint, my mind may have lost a few screws, but at least I could appreciate how perfect Su Ah was.

It was the least I could do, after ruining her ashen innocence.

Su Ah peered back at me, her mouth working to get enough air, her expression an echo of mine, almost dazed, hardly able to believe we had just done that. "Did... that feel good?" She asked in a quiet, shy voice as her big dark blue eyes caught me in their captivating beauty.

"No. Terrible."

"... what?"

I smiled, eyes crinkling. "Just kidding, Noona. That was fantastic. Proof of it is, well, all over you."

"Nerd..."

"Dweeb."

Then again, I didn't even think Su Ah heard the last half, which, to me, sounded more like an automatic retort, spoken on reflex than as any true, deliberate comeback.

She licked her swollen red lips, which she had yet to realize were also shiny with my cum, and it took more strength and effort than I could possibly give not to let my softening piston get reenergized at the mere memory of those lips stretched around my length.

I clenched my teeth and tore my gaze away before the view tempted me to sin again.

Then Su Ah looked up at me. Her face was absolutely, undeniably the personification of an adorably bewildered virgin.

"D-Do you mind grabbing me some tissues from over there...?" She gestured.

I rolled my eyes and, as Su Ah busied herself on fixing the chaos I'd rained over her, did exactly that. I carefully fetched the box of tissues for her, opened one pack, and proceeded to use some on myself, but even then it didn't feel anywhere near enough.

Nevertheless, my half-boner remained persistent and unrelenting, while the feral part of my psyche celebrated the accomplishment. The pleasure alone was more than enough, but the sight that came along... it almost felt surreal.

Post-nut clarity tends to hit harder when you cum in your older sister's mouth.

I helped Su Ah wipe herself clean, all while making mental notes of every inch and curve; first time seeing Su Ah naked, here. Just like Mia, every square inch of her flesh was without flaw or imperfection. No uneven skin tone. No cellulite. No blemish, mark, or scar, just supple, snowy white skin.

"W-What are you looking at?" Su Ah spoke self-consciously. "Stop looking at me!"

"Why?"

"... It's embarrassing."

Her words, half-hearted at best, reached my ears. "Don't you know how gorgeous you look?"

The dark haired girl froze, caught like a deer in the headlights by my sincerity, then looked away, her bangs hiding her expression. "Jae-il... I didn't tell you to be corny and romantic as well."

"Well, I thought that—in your story, of course—the male lead should at least show some effort at wooing his woman. I may not be much in terms of knowledge of the dating industry, but it can't hurt to try being honest."

"W-Well." Su Ah uttered in response. "I suppose."

"Are you smiling?" I tried to catch her expression, but she managed to move away faster. "You must be smiling!"

"I-It's a nervous twitch!"

"Noona." I managed a smile as I collected our clothes. "Do you perhaps like it when I compliment you?"

"Shut up."

xXx

We both headed downstairs with the kind of glow only the carnally active could maintain.

Mia had a most displeased expression as she slouched on the couch in the living room, one bare leg hanging over the backrest, an arm extended over the edge to graze the floor, her face buried against a pillow and her hair messy and slightly tousled, the other hand playing with her phone. She was the only person there.

The instant she spotted us together, her mood plummeted into the very bowels of Hell itself. I could sense the miasma radiating off of her.

Su Ah pretended not to notice and strode straight into the kitchen, while I, deciding to appease my older sister's dark and festering emotions, acted as casually as one could when it came to things like this. I meandered over to my favorite lilac, sitting myself as comfortably as I could beside her. "Mia Noona, everything okay? You look grumpy."

Understatement of the year; the woman looked downright murderous.

I let my knuckles brush her leg as casually and not-casually as I could. I expected her to slap the hand away, perhaps smack me for being so shameless, cross her arms, huff in a grumpy, indignant way, maybe even say something sassy—

She didn't.

"... A bit." Mia mumbled, a petulant little thing.

She was glaring at Su Ah.

Well, not quite a direct, angry glare, more like a deathly calm sort of stare. And that was scarier.

"Any reason why?"

It's not like I didn't know what had set her off, still—

Mia's jaw tightened as she glared daggers at Su Ah's back. The silence hung between us for a long moment before she finally answered.

"Bitter jealousy." She deadpanned. "I could strangle my sister right now... and *you* as well."

Oh.

That wasn't her typical hyperbole-filled joke—Mia was definitely upset right now.

Not that she didn't have a good reason to be, honestly.

I was partly at fault, as I usually was when it came to either of these two. They might've approached me first, but I relented all too easily to their advances.

And I'd never admit that having a psychotic, hot older sister for a lover, one that wasn't afraid of getting... murderly and jealous with a dash of obsession thrown in for good measure... well, to be frank, was *hot*.

Terrifying, sure.

I'll freely admit, and always do, that Mia had a crazy streak in her a mile wide.

I couldn't tell whether she'd really, *actually*, kill someone, but knowing that the potential was in her, that I was just toe-curling close to that line, it was a little... exhilarating.

Maybe it was just my good 'ol penchant for danger getting all hot and bothered, but with each jab at that cute monster awakening inside my eldest sister, I knew I had less and less chances of escaping my sweet, sexy, murderous lilac's grasp.

Oh, Lord... I was fucked, wasn't I?

"Why?" She murmured, lips pursed into a pouty, cute little scowl, her pale cheeks reddening and her cute snub nose wrinkling as well. "Aren't I good enough for you?"

"....."

Now, to avoid Mia committing sororicide and incurring the wrath of God, I'd better appease her.

However, I might just be playing into the hands of a deluded narcissist, and those are the kinds of women that only one type of treatment is effective: flattery and flowers and poetry, and compliments on how lovely and radiant she is and how she is the most beautiful and prettiest woman on earth.

Or something like that.

Maybe just the usual clichéd corniness might suffice, since Mia's eyes are getting misty and I'm clearly about to die, so—

"You're my comet."

Mia looked at me. A blush rapidly crept across her face, and I thought I'd broken her for a moment. Then, her mouth twitched a bit, and she sank her head. "Hn."

"You really are the cutest Noona. You are the best. The absolute, undisputed, most number one Noona in the whole universe of Noonas."

"....."

"If all the stars were out, I'd have chosen your eyes to steal light from."

And this, children, is how you handle an agitated, psycho bitch.

".....!"

"If you could take a strand of your hair and turn it to gold, you could have all the riches in the world, and that wouldn't amount to half as much as what you are to me."

".....!!"

She exhaled, her breath puffing, looking the other way, her lips twitching harder.

Oh, not enough?

I stroked my chin in thought, mustering every bit of reincarnated brainpower. I didn't need cheesy poetry to actually make it work, the simplest of things could probably do the trick—

I gently stroked her calf, feeling her squishy muscles clench in reflex. I leaned in, nearly bowing, enough so that Su Ah wouldn't see me even if she turned around right in that moment. "More than a Noona, you're the best *girlfriend* I could've ever asked for."

".....!!!"