

## In Love With My Evil Stepbrother Chapter 19

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Chapter Nineteen I flinch slightly at his words. I wish I have enough courage to rip his boxer off and and make him moan so hard like he did to me.

But the few experiences I had have proven that I'm not so good at that sort of things.

You stink in bed. In Zack's exact words.

And as he had eagerly reminded me, that's exactly why he left me for another woman.

I won't let that jackass ruin my sex life. But in my imagination, the next sex I have will be with my next boyfriend, someone who treats me dearly and I'll be able to overcome my own shadow with him.

Not with my fuckboy stepbrother for sure, who may laugh at me the second I do something wrong. "What's the matter?" he asks, still waiting for my next move. "Umm..." I hesitate, careful with my word choice. "I've never...well I don't exactly know how to-"

"What's so hard about it?" he shrugs. "You put your mouth around it and you suck it."

I'm pissed. So "patience" is definitely not in his dictionary. "Well then just forget about it," I snap. "It is hard for me!"

He bites his lips to stifle a laughter. Clearly my irritation somehow appears amusing to him. He places one hand on the back of my neck, thumb gently rubs my earlobe. "Hey hey I'm sorry. I wasn't laughing at you," he apologizes and then suggests. "How about we start one thing at a time? You can take off my boxer?"

I gulp. Surely I can do that.

I reach out both of my hands placing them on the hem of his boxer and start taking it off. He lifts his hips slightly off the ground to help me with that. Then with one pull, his boxer is off and his whole body is present in front of me.

Wow it's huge. Way more bigger than I expected. It's already half hard and it's getting harder and bigger under my gaze. His breathing becomes faster on the top of my head. Then his hand travels up to the back of my head, fingers thread into my damp hair and add pressure to it, quietly urging me.

I hold my breath and move closer. My hand trails up from his inner thigh to his crotch. Then gently palm his dick.

He groans, chest rising and falling.

I think he likes the way my hand wraps around him, so I gently tighten my grip and start moving my hand up and down. "Fuck. Yea...like that."

His voice crack as if he's restraining himself. I like the way he sounds, completely filled with desires.

I want to hear more of his voices. So without him telling me, I lean in and bury my head between his thighs.

Open my mouth to take him in.

It's too huge for me to swallow the full length. The taste is not bad through, kind of salty. I lick its top with the tip of my tongue and decide that I like the way it tastes. He takes in a sharp inhale. "Fuck do that again...move your head up-and down..." I do ask he says. Tongue circling on its top while my head starts moving up and down. Pulling out a bit and then sucking it all in.

His panting becomes faster and faster. His dick swollen even bigger in my mouth. He sits up and holds my head in his large hand, fixing my head between his legs.

He sounds like he is going through something extremely pleasurable but also torturing.

The way I take control of his body makes my heard racing wild. I don't even need him to teach me what to do to upgrade the pleasure, as I add in my hand and work the bottom half.

"My god Natalia... You are unbelievable," he gasps.

I look up at him through the bottom of my eyelashes. His face is twisted with desire. Eyebrows frowning, lips parted, veins straining against his skin. He is so unbelievably hot and beautiful. "Fuck." He curses and lets out a low chuckle. "This is going to be my dream for the following week...you holding my dick in your mouth looking at me like that." I decide to punish him for his teasing words. So I slightly squeeze his balls and successfully earn a groan from him. "Naughty," he comments, and I giggle. "Go on babe. Make me come with your mouth." His voice is such a turn on for me. So I oblige, picking up the speed with my mouth and work my hand all the way around his balls and bottom half. His body tenses, hips bucking off the ground to meet my mouth. He's totally losing control. I repeat the action again and again. My mouth is sore, but I can also tell he's getting closer. Finally, he suddenly grabs my hair and pulls me away. The warm liquid shoots out in short spurts and spills half on my shoulder and half on the water surface.

I widen my eyes and blurt out. "The pool..."

That's gonna be hell of a clean work.

He's still recovering from the rough panting. Yet immediately he burst into laughter.

"That's first thing you say after a blow job? The pool?"

I let him know. "I'm not cleaning that."

Zack used to make me change the sheet after the sex. Woman's work as he said. I just hate it to my gut.

"The cleaning lady got that," he laughs.

I hesitate for a moment and decide to keep my comments to myself. Poor cleaning lady.

"Hey." He jumps into water again and pulls me into his arms. "Now can we go back to romantic again?"

My lips curve up involuntarily. I rest my head on his chest and ask, "you like that?"

"Fuck yeah. But why did you tell me you haven't done this before?"

I frown and look up at him. His gaze is appraising.

"Because I haven't. That's why." I tell him.

He raises his brows and seems genuinely surprised. "Seriously? That's the first time you give a blow job?"

I'm a bit embarrassed by that. "If you mean that as a criticism, just save it."

"God no. It's a compliment for real. You are awesome. I'm getting hard again just thinking what you did earlier." I can't stop myself from smiling, as he plants soft kisses on my forehead. "Hey you up for a swimming contest?" I challenge him. He seems stunned again and then burst into laughter. "I thought you want some cuddling and kisses after what happened?" "I'm good," I shrug and incite him. "Unless your legs still shaking?" A crooked smile appears on his face. Suddenly he shoves me aside and dives into water, taking the lead. I yell in protest and catch on immediately.

We swim several laps, and he manages to beat me every round. It isn't fair. I've deliberately picked the timing to challenge him after the oral. He should be weak after that. I know I won't be my best self after sex. But his energy is unbelievable. Afterwards, we both float in water and talk randomly about things. This is the first time I learn that he

wants to work in art after graduation. It shocked me really. I have never known him as an art person. But judging by his huge collection of antique it's also possible.

I wanted to ask him about his relationship with Valerie. And about us.

But the summer breeze is so relaxing, the water is so warm, and the atmosphere is just right. So I swallow it back eventually.

I'll find some other time to deal with that.

We go back inside after it's too late. We both go into shower. Of course, I've to fiercely refuse the thought of sharing the same shower with him, which seems to disappoint him a lot.

When I get out of the bathroom, he's still inside. So I collect my stuffs and ready to leave. The dress is all ripped up, so I'll just have to borrow his hoodie to cover my body. Hopefully mom

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isn't waiting in the living room when I get back. "What are you doing?" his voice comes behind me when I pick up my shoes. I look back to see him standing by the bedroom door, arms crossed in front of him. His face falling "Umm...I'm going home?" He raises his eyebrows. "So you're just using me like a sex toy and take off?"

I gasp at his wild choice of words. How can he say that? I mean, even if it's like that, it should be the other way around.

He strides toward me and grabs my arm. "Drop your shoes," he says sternly. "You aren't going anywhere." "But where am I going to sleep?" "For god's sake," he rolls his eyes at me. "Here. On my bed. Besides me. If you hate cuddling so much, I'll keep my hands to myself. But you're not leaving tonight."