

In Love With My Evil Stepbrother Chapter 18

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Chapter 18

Chapter Eighteen I don't know why I let him take me home. But maybe deep down inside, I know we have crosses that line and I want this as badly as he does.

He speeds all the way back. As soon as we step into the door, he presses me to the wall and hungrily captures my lips. I let myself drown in that wild kiss, hands holding on to his broad shoulder as those muscles flex under my palms. I take pleasure at knowing that my touch can bring pleasure to his body. His tongue slides into my mouth and tangles with mine making erotic watery sound. I moan between breaths and bring my upper thigh slightly higher to rub at his leg craving for more. I can't help it. I want his body on me and for us to be closer than we already are. He groans. "Fuck. If you keep doing that you won't be able to keep that dress."

"What?" I tease him giggling. "You're gonna rip my clothes again? With your teeth?"

I still haven't forgiven him for ripping off the tag that way in front of my mom and Alex. He raises his brows at me and suddenly with a hard pull those two straps behind my back are snapped into half.

"Ahh! That hurts!" I cry out. My shoulders become a bit red at that. "And that's one expensive dress!"

He should know since he paid for that.

"Sorry," He doesn't sound very apologetic though. "And I'll buy you more."

He lowers his head to lick my reddened shoulder. A surge of titillation rises from where his tongue touches my skin, sending electricity through my body. I lean back on the door panting while tightening my grip on to his soft hairs. It's the only way to stop my body from dropping to the ground. "You know I can't get enough of this right?" his voice low and husky. "How you shiver like that...and how damn wet you are." I am drenched. My pussy is still wet from our earlier finger sex and more juice is streaming out of me right now. Those broken straps can't hold my dress anymore and gives him an easy access. His fingers crawls inside from the hem and palm my chest.

Goosebumps appear all over my skin. His fingertips caress my sensitive area, thumb circles around my nipples and gently pinch on them. I gasp, my chest rising and falling faster and my body arches more to him. The tickling pleasure is killing me.

I want more and I want him to be rough with me.

As if knowing my thoughts, he increases pressure on my nipples. Rubbing it harshly, pressing

in and pulling out slightly. Then he lowers his body to catch one of my pink tops with his teeth and sucks it hard.

A broken cry escapes my parted lips. My mind is clouded by desire.

Suddenly the next second, he grabs my waist and lifts me up to his shoulder. I cry out, as he carries me and marches through the room.

“Put me down!” my head is dizzy upside down.

He slaps my butt. Not too hard but enough to shut me down. The faint burning sensation raises from my butt and sends a shock through my stomach until it settles in my pussy.

I bite my lips, slightly shocked at what he can do to me. He doesn't go into the bedroom, instead he carries me all the way outside to the infinite pool.

The next second, he drops me into the water. The water isn't cold at all, still carries the warmth from the summer sunshine. I gulp down a mouthful of water and end of coughing and choking. Luckily, the pool isn't too deep, so I manage to kick water and pull myself up quickly. He is still standing by the pool side, shoulders shaking by the laughter. “Fuck you.” I show him my middle finger.

He smiles a crooked smile so breathtaking that I almost forget my irritation. Then he unbuttons his shirt, slides it over his head and throws it to the side.

This is the first time I get a clear look at his body and it's every bit as pretty as I have imagined it. His shoulder is broad, and his waist is tight, well-built muscle covers on his beautiful framework. The dim pool-side lights illuminate his feature vaguely, making him almost godlike.

I stare him like an idiot, as he goes on to takes off his pants. When there's only a boxer left on his body, I got shy and look sideway.

Then I heard splashing water. He swims to me and pulls me into his firm chest. My feet leave the ground floating in water as his hot kisses fall all over on my chest.

My head is swirling.

On top of the myriad twinkling light of Boston, he is drowning me in his desire. His lips, his touch, his body...and this. Everything feels like a late afternoon summer dream.

“Hey,” his husky voice whispers into my ears. “You want to return the favor?” I bite down on my lips holding my rough panting. Yes, I want him, and I want this. But if he’s talking about sex...I’ve got to say, I’m still a little reluctant.

Everything is happening too fast. Half a month ago we were still basically strangers. He was my stepbrother and childhood playdate and nothing more.

How can things turn upside down in such a short period of time and flip my world so dramatically?

His dark eyes fix on mine, looking so deep into my soul. He presses his thumb on my lips and caress it. “Having second thoughts?”

“No.” I reply quickly. Then after a short pause, I finally admit. “Well, I mean...it’s a little too

fast.”

He falls into silence, which is a bit disconcerting to me.

He’s not getting mad at me because of this, isn’t he?

I know how guys hate it when their dates say “it’s too fast.” But I’m not his girlfriend anyway. Even if I am, I should get my own say in this. I hold my breath and wait for him to go rage. But after a short silence, by my surprise, his lips curve up into a casual smile. “Sure.” He says and shrugs. I can’t believe he just leave me off the hock this easily. I am even a bit...disappointed if it’s not too self-contradictory. “Really?” “Yeah,” He lets out a low chuckle. “And you know, there’s like a thousand ways for you to pay me back.”

Before I even understand what he means by that, he grabs my waist and pushes me to the poolside. Then he pushes himself up from the water and sits by the curb, facing me. I am still standing in the pool. My head is right about the same height as his damp wet boxer.

I gulp down and suddenly understand what he meant.

He puts both of his hands on the ground behind me, eyes cast down to my blushing face. His smile grows wider, as he commands me with a hoarse and sexy voice: “Take it off, babe.”