

LITTLE STRANGER

Chapter 11: Malchi

The costume store smells funky.

Skulls everywhere. Hockey masks. Some blank faces. I contemplate the black one with the spider effect, but I want something more. The Jason mask looks like it's covered in years-old dust, and I squint at the corner of the store, where there's a row of three other masks.

Heavy boots take me there, the light above me flickering like I'm some sort of bad entity haunting the place.

My gaze falls on a black gas mask—two chambers on each side, rusty looking, the eyes covered in mesh. My lip curls at the corner, and I reach for it, feeling the weight of it in my hands, the rough texture of the design, imagining wearing it, my darling Olivia having no idea it's me behind the mask while she sucks my cock.

Nothing else here calls to me, so I pay for it and head back to my apartment. After I shower and cook some dinner, I sit at my desk. Screens litter the wall in front of me, showing everywhere Olivia goes, and I search each one to find her.

She's standing in her friend's kitchen, sipping from a mug and laughing at something Anna's husband is saying. Her friend rubs her pregnant belly, and Olivia presses her hand to it, her eyes widening. I see no reason to be happy here. Why is she smiling like that?

Babies are just reincarnations of the devil in my opinion, so I have no desire to ever become a father. I'd be terrible anyway. I wouldn't ever want a miniature version of me stealing my attention from my sister. I'm an asshole—why would I want another one of me?

When I filled Olivia up with my cum, I loved the way it dripped out of her

cunt. I wanted to spread it over her pussy and shove it back inside, not wanting to waste a drop. But I never wanted to get her pregnant—that would've been a fucking disaster.

The first year of my imprisonment, I thought Olivia's silence was because she was pregnant—that I'd got her pregnant from that one time, and I even started asking her in letters if the kid was mine, tricking myself into believing I had a kid out there that was taking all of her attention from me.

She wasn't visiting me because she had a bastard chained to her.

Thankfully, she's still childless and on birth control, so no pregnancies or babies or shitty diapers. Fuck, wait—what if her future husband wants to knock her up?

I sit forward and open up my search bar, hunting to see if there's any way to perform a hysterectomy safely at home, but I fail to find a single article. I huff and lean my elbow on the desk, fist to my temple, and wonder if I can drug the guy and hire a doctor to snip him.

Less invasive than doing it to Olivia. It's a win-win. My girl doesn't want to be a mother anyway.

Olivia kisses her friend's cheek, waves to the little girl in the highchair, then goes to her car. I sigh and watch her drive off, and wait until she drops into another screen. Ten minutes later, she pulls into her usual gas station, pays for her gas and some chips, then gets back into her car.

By the time she gets home, it's dark out. My lights are off as I stand by the window, watching her struggle to find her key to the entrance of her building. She drops her phone and stamps her foot, which makes me smile as I take a draw of my cigarette.

The little things she does make me feel all warm and fuzzy, and I need to

remind myself she's a snake with a pretty face and a tight pussy. She vanishes into the building, and I turn to watch the screens again, keeping the smoke between my lips while I zoom in on all the cameras in her apartment. She drops her keys on the table beside the door, freezing in place when she sees the box of chocolates.

Her bag slips from her shoulder, and I grin as she walks towards it slowly, lifting the box and reading the little note I left.

You look so beautiful today, sweet Olivia.

As usual, she tosses the chocolates in the trash and crushes the note before throwing it aside. "Leave me alone!" she yells, kicking her bag in annoyance, stopping when she sees her laundry basket tipped over and her clothes on the ground. She rolls her eyes and checks her apples—always ten, but I eat one daily, just to annoy her more.

The toilet seat is up too, so she slaps it down and groans to herself. "Fucking weirdo," she mutters, and my smile slips at the use of the insult everyone used to throw at me.

She opens her wine bottle, fills the glass with the drug-filled liquid, and I wait patiently for her to pass out on the sofa before I turn off my screens

and head over.

She's snoring lightly when I arrive, the wine spilled on the floor, staining her rug. I clean it up and wipe the drool from her mouth. I run her a warm bath, add some oils, and wait until it bubbles up, using

her fingerprint to unlock her phone and turn on the playlist she listens to while bathing.

She's limp in my arms as I lift her, and I pause for a moment when her head flops into my chest and her hair goes in my face. I inhale, closing my eyes and burying my head in her shoulder, feeling that warmth again and wondering if she'd allow this if she was conscious.

Doubt it. "d be shocked if she didn't try to beat the shit out of me then call the cops for stalking and drugging her.

I press a kiss to her forehead and carry her to the bathroom, lowering us both to the floor while a Lana Del Rey song plays from her phone. I push the sleeves of her dress down her arms until the material is at her hips then unclip her bra, her perky breasts bouncing as I pull them free.

Ignoring the intense need to capture a nipple between my teeth is harder than my cock right now. I inwardly groan and yank the rest of her dress down her legs, pressing my forehead to her shins and breathing, trying to regain my composure before I sit up and hook my fingers into her panties.

I slide the fabric down her soft, smooth legs to reveal her pussy. Every single time I do this, I struggle not to touch her. She's perfection on the outside—beautiful, stunning, a work of fucking art that was born to drive me more insane than I already am.

My cock thickens even further, and I bite my lip, my thighs tensing. She's lying on the ground, out cold, naked, and I feel like I'm dying inside.

If Malachi was free, I'd want it to be him to make all my fantasies come true, she had written in her journal.

I spread her legs, closing my eyes again and counting to three, keeping my hand on her thigh. Without looking, I glide my palm up, letting out a shaky breath when I reach the apex of her thigh, my thumb on her mound. I

dig my fingers into her skin, and my eyes ping open as she whimpers. She's still drugged up and far from conscious, but her hips rock upwards a little, and she makes a soft noise when my thumb presses to her clit. Short puffs of air escape her lips as I rub the pad of my thumb over it, circling slowly, my mouth fucking watering as I bring myself closer.

She's enjoying this.

I should keep going.

I part her pussy with my other hand, opening her wide for me. My face dives between her legs and I inhale her scent, my dick fucking aching to be released from the confines of my pants.

I want to tell her how intoxicating her cunt is; that her glistening arousal on the tip of my nose is making me delusional, insanity running wild in my mind. If I could use my voice, I'd tell her how perfect she was, that I wish I could stay between her legs forever.

I won't talk. I can barely string a sentence together, even when I was training my voice box in my cell to produce four syllables without pausing.

Pathetic, in all honesty. Wanting to say Olivia's name and struggling to do so made me drive my fist into too many walls.

I know how to fucking talk. I do. But I just... can't without making a fool of myself. I stutter, and my tone is all over the place.

One or two words are fine. As long as they aren't a mouthful or tongue-twisters.

When the time comes, I will find it in me to tell her what I really think of her—how I feel when I look at her.

Olivia lifts her hips, trying to chase my mouth as I pull back. My girl wants me. She wants to be fucked while sleeping.

Her cunt is glistening from her arousal, and I ease my middle finger in,

her tight walls clutching as I sink deeper then stop circling her clit and replace my thumb with my mouth.

I hum against her as I suck on her clit, and her hips move slightly again, rocking her pussy against my tongue and finger. I add a second finger, curling them inside her while I flick my tongue.

Delicious, exactly like I remember. I fuck her with my fingers, sucking, biting, grinding my cock against her motionless leg. She cries out softly as she soaks my hand with her arousal, and I stop when I hear the water pouring over the side of the tub.

Sighing, I pull my fingers out of her and get to my knees, turning off the tap and releasing some of the water down the drain.

My anger knows no bounds, because I want to smash the tub up for interrupting us.

I unbuckle my belt and free my cock, fisting the base and giving it a stroke, watching the wetness on her thighs, her hole calling to my cock, begging me to come home.

My balls are heavy, needing a release, and I stroke myself again, my piercing sliding against my palm as I line up the head of my cock to her cunt, gasping as I push into her.

Fuck.

She's so damn tight—her pussy is gripping me like a fucking fist.

Ill make it fit, I think to myself, pushing in a little deeper.

Olivia has a string of drool down her chin. I wipe it away with my thumb and move the hair from her face as I pull out a few inches and thrust back in to the hilt.

Her brows knit together, and I press my forehead to hers, breathing her in as I fuck into her, my balls slapping against her thigh the faster I go.

So wet, so fucking mine, even when she's not aware of it. I press my mouth to hers, slipping my tongue between her lips as I groan, pounding into her harder, faster, deeper, grabbing her leg and hiking it up to get a better angle than this missionary shit.

I can taste the wine on my tongue as I suck on hers, and I falter when I feel her kiss me back. Or try to. She's rocking against me lightly, nowhere near the way I'm hammering into her, breathing heavily while her eyes flutter.

"Malachiiii."

I pause, nearly releasing inside her from my name slurring from her mouth.

Her eyes are closed. I slap her cheek lightly, but she doesn't wake. Does that mean she's dreaming of me?

I draw back and pummel into her harder, making her inner walls crush my cock.

Fuck. I haven't had sex in eight years, nearly nine, and it all feels natural. The way I thrust, hitting her sweet spot with my piercings, dragging moans from her as I suck on her mouth. I drop my head and take one of her tightening nipples into my mouth, and she's arching completely off the floor, taking me deeper, letting out a strangled moan as she grows warmer, wetter, shaking beneath me.

She chokes on air as I sink my teeth into her nipple, biting hard, making sure it hurts, which only has her pussy clenching me repeatedly, her scream muffled as I fuck her into an orgasm.

It doesn't take me long to follow her. My balls tighten into my body, my legs tense up, and my spine goes stiff as I fill her with my cum, stilling my

cock deep inside her clenching pussy. I let her nipple pop from my mouth and kiss a harsh trail up her chest and jaw to her lips as she falls back into a fully unconscious state.

I pull my cock out of her, rid myself of the rest of my clothes, and lift her into the tub with me. With her back to my front, I lie back, listening to the music with my eyes closed, heart still racing.

Well, this is relaxing. Usually I'm in this position and trying to fight the urge to touch her. But since that's already been covered, I can just... relax.

Olivia's skin has always been soft, a few freckles dusting her shoulders, and I kiss each one of them while I wash her, soaking her hair and reaching for her strawberry-scented shampoo. I love the way her hair feels between my fingers, the way the shampoo lathers in my hands as I clean it.

I use her sponge on her arms and legs, and she whimpers as I drop it between her thighs and wipe away the evidence of me fucking her. I kiss her throat, feeling her pulse beneath my lips, before wrapping my arms around her.

Once I get her dried and into a pair of her silky PJs, I tuck her into bed and kiss her forehead, pulling the covers up to her chin. I stroke her hair, rubbing it between my fingers. It's a bit wet—I could only dry so much of it with the towel before I got fed up.

I clean the tub with a cloth, mop up our cum and the water from the floor, and make sure the small mat is exactly where it was before I fucked her on it. Hands to my hips, I tilt my head and look at the fluffy thing. Was it straighter? Will she realize it's been moved?

Huffing, I turn off the light and head to the kitchen, pausing when I see all the dishes in the sink. My eyes roll before I rinse them off then fill her

dishwasher and turn it on. I fix her apple stack, straighten out her mugs, then chew my lip as I glance around for anything else I might have messed with prior to her being drugged.

I already cleaned up the wine, but there's still a little stain on her carpet, so I get on my hands and knees and scrub at it until it's unidentifiable.

I empty the filter in her coffee machine, then empty her trashcan and tie the bag, leaving it by the door for me to take when I leave.

Really, where would she be without me?

Olivia is still asleep when I get back to her room, and I yawn and drop onto the bed beside her, exhausted from tidying up after fucking her.

I grab her phone, unlock it with her finger, and swipe through her photos. There's nothing new, but then I accidentally scroll back to her albums and find one labelled "M" that appears to be locked.

I unlock it with her thumbprint, and loads of images and videos pop up of me, us, the family who raised us, and I spend the next hour swiping through them. She was always taking pictures or recording me. She even has pictures of newspaper clippings from my arrest, the headline that my sister testified, that I nearly broke my lawyer's face when he told me Olivia had turned her back on me.

I didn't hold back when she was in that witness box—my interpreter translated everything I signed. I let the world know how much of a whore my sister was, how she was always on her knees for me, that Mom sold her virginity, fucking everything, but I was silenced and labelled as a madman, though I refused to plead insanity.

Those few days of the trial were like a blur. I was so mad at Olivia, but I do kinda regret letting it all out. Not that anyone believed me—again, madman and all. But what we had was real. We fucked, maybe in a little bit

of a messy situation, but we'd covered all boundaries, and I was fully prepared to tell everyone what she meant to me, but then the cops came, and it ended.

I waited for her in that cell—day after day. But it's okay now, because I'm here.

I grin as I shut off her phone and stare at the ceiling, my hand behind my head. Despite everything, I got to have sex with my sister again. It only took nearly a fucking decade.

Turning on my side, I open her drawer and pull out her journal. Total invasion of privacy, but it allows me to see into her head without needing to split open her skull and inspect her brain with a magnifying glass.

She touches a lot on sexual activity—how inactive she is, which makes me smile. After tonight, we are officially actively fucking, my sweet Olivia. Ill be doing this every single night now. She came all over my cock, whimpered my name, and moaned, so she definitely liked it.

What kind of a brother would I be if I didn't give her more?

A few times, she's mentioned the guy across the street—me by the way. She writes about watching me, wondering what I look like without my helmet, and once, she wrote she thinks it could be me but quickly backtracked, because if it was me, surely the last thing I'd be doing is living across the street and giving her space—if it was me—then she'd probably be dead.

Ridiculous—I don't want to kill her; I want to crush her. There's a difference.

She wants to gather enough courage to talk to the biker. She wants to give him her number and somehow ask him out. Which, again, is fucking

hilarious and annoys the shit out of me, because she has no idea who he is. He could be a ninety-year-old man or have a face covered in warts, or worse, the biker could look like that fuckwit Parker.

In her recent journal entries, she talks about being lonely and that the marriage Mom's set up terrifies her. She doesn't find her future husband attractive from all the photos Mom emailed her and thinks he'll most likely cheat on her like her brother did.

Firstly, I didn't cheat. And secondly, we weren't in a relationship either. I was her secret little fuckboy; someone she could teach what she loved.

My eyes fall on the stack of letters I wrote to her—she has them strapped together with a rubber band in the drawer. Some of them are severely crumpled. As if she's gotten mad and scrunched them up, only to try flattening them once again.

I drop her journal and pull the top one out and unravel it. It's the first one I ever sent her. I read over it, shaking my head at my idiotic younger self.

Words like "missing you" and "I didn't think it was possible to be without you, and now there's a huge wall between us" and "will you visit me? I'm sorry for yelling at court" and my least favorite, a very dark time for me, "I'm not comfortable around these people. They call me a weirdo like the kids at school did because I won't talk. Please don't leave me in here," yet she didn't reply, even when my letters grew more desperate. No reply. Not to this letter, or the one after, or the fifty-odd after that.

I even begged her in some of these letters, demanding to know why she hadn't come to see me, if I'd done something wrong. I was in a state of confusion for so long, wondering—no, calculating—what error I'd made in the last few years.

I even told her, in a very messy letter—one of my last—that I had no idea

how to control the way I felt about her, and that if I had got her pregnant, I'd step up even though I had no idea how to be a good father, that if she'd visit with my son or daughter, let me see them, I'd do better.

She didn't reply to that one either.

I must've been a depressed asshole.

I twist to look at my girl, my little sister, and brush my fingers through her hair. I hope she isn't sore tomorrow, but at the same time, I hope she's in fucking agony.

When she wakes, she'll be confused, probably think she had a bad dream, and I'll be watching her, either from the shadows or behind my computer

screens, waiting for the next opportunity to strike.