

# LITTLE STRANGER

## Chapter 5: Olivia

The cuddling in bed alters after that night. The way he looks at me is still the same, but there's something else there now something like a deep need or hunger, or maybe it's revulsion at what we nearly did? I'm not sure if he's mad or confused about what happened, or regretful of his actions.

I mean, he did try to put his sister's hand down his shorts. But then again, I did rub myself against him.

I inwardly facepalm when I think of that night two months ago.

We still hang out all the time, and I still refuse to go anywhere near his furry spider, and when we fall asleep either in my bed or his, the cuddles are warmer, our legs are tangled, and I always have a better sleep when I'm with him.

We both know it's frowned upon. Our parents would be mortified if they knew we were this close.

Malachi knows this too. One morning, Mom knocked on my door, and he had to roll off the bed and hide under it while she talked to me again about trying to get him to therapy as if we were plotting against him. And then thanked me for going on dates with both Adam and Parker, and asked which one I felt more suited to.

I could've smacked her when she said she'd seen me kissing them.

He didn't talk to me for nearly two weeks after that, and it was horrible and lonely and boring.

Then I went to Abbi's for a sleepover and woke in the middle of the night to find Malachi climbing in her window. He shoved his hand over my mouth and made me leave with him. We ended up in my bed, and he fell asleep, but I lay awake for hours, the urge to touch him stronger than ever-hard and pulsing right between my legs while he lightly snored in my ear. With only myself as a witness, I kissed his cheek while he slept, laced our fingers together, and when I let curiosity win out-gently let my hand slide from his chest, down his defined abs, so I could dip my fingers under his waistband.

I didn't touch him not really. I grazed my fingers over the soft skin, felt him twitch as I wrapped my fingers around his girth, and yanked myself away when he shifted. But I wanted to touch him more. I wanted to touch him and not worry about the consequences.

Is that bad? That I touched my brother while he slept? Am I out of order and latching on to him?

My phone buzzes, and I let out a huff when I see who it is.

Parker: Where is it you're going on your trip? Think you can sneak away for a few hours?

Me: I'm eight hours away.

Parker: When do you get home?

Me: Monday. But I'm busy all week.

Parker: I guess I'll see you when I see you.

I shut off my screen and shake my head, looking out the window as the city lights and buildings turn into trees and woodlands.

Malachi sits beside me, all the camping stuff packed into the trunk and sleeping bags rolled up between us. We're going away for the weekend to some spot Dad is desperate to visit in the mountains, and we had no choice but to go too. Family time and all that shit.

You'd think with our parents being rich, with a fancy home and numerous cars, they'd have an RV or at least take the truck to fit all the things into, but nope-Dad wants to try camping the normal way, crushing us with things in the back in the process I'm exhausted-I didn't sleep well last night since Malachi went out with his friends and didn't come home until this morning. He climbed into my window at six in the morning, smelling like booze and cigarettes, his eyes bloodshot as he staggered towards my bed.

He turned on my lamp and signed to me, but it was so messy that I didn't understand him. He stood in the middle of my room, swaying and running his hands through his hair in annoyance as he kept trying to communicate with me and failed.

I just helped him out of his hoodie and pants, gave him a glass of water, and slept on his chest while his arms encircled me. He was gone when I woke back up hours later to Dad hammering his fist on my door and demanding I pack for a long weekend of camping.

The. Worst.

My phone buzzes again, and my jaw rolls.

Malachi: Hold my hand.

I reread it three times, then glance at him, but he's looking at his phone.

Malachi: Don't make it obvious.

Me: Why do you want to hold my hand?

Malachi: Do I need a reason? Give me your hand, or I'll tell Mom you touched my dick while I was asleep.

I choke on air, and Dad peeks over his shoulder. "Are you okay, angel?"

"Yes," I reply. "Perfectly fine."

Me: You were awake?

Malachi: I'm always awake. Give me your fucking hand.

Me: Not when they can see.

Malachi shifts beside me, and I glance over to see him pull his flannel off and drop it between us, and my breath hitches as he pulls my hand under the garment and laces our fingers together, our parents none the wiser as my cheeks heat and my throat goes dry.

He squeezes his fingers around mine, and I squeeze back, averting my eyes when Mom turns down the radio. "Did you pack the sandwiches I left on the table?" she asks me.

"Yeah. They're in Malachi's bag."

"And the toilet roll?"

"Yes," Dad says. "We have everything. Stop overthinking."

"But we're so far from home. What if we get an emergency foster?"

"Then we drive back. We'll have a phone signal, so don't start panicking about that either, baby."

He always calls her baby, and it always catches me off guard. I don't remember much of my life before coming to the Vizes, but the name baby always makes me uncomfortable, and I think it could be a trigger for me, so I'm glad I don't have memories past being afraid of the dark and the yelling.

Mom sighs then turns to look at my brother. "Where were you last night?"

He stares right through her, not letting go of my hand.

When Mom knows she's not going to get any response, she rolls her eyes and looks forward again. "It's like talking to a wall sometimes. He wasn't in his room."

She turns again. "Were you out with that blonde?"

I flinch and try to let go of his hand, but he grips me for dear life, ignoring Mom.

"No, he didn't ever go out with her, remember?" Dad reminds her. "She was too afraid of him." Relief floods through me, and I look over at Malachi, who's studying my reaction.

"You don't need to be an asshole to them," I say under my breath. "Where

did you go last night anyway?" I lower my voice. "Before you came to my bed."

I miss the contact as soon as he pulls his hand away and signs, I was out with my friends. I told you that already.

Since Dad turns the volume on the radio up, I sign back, Did you have fun?

Not really.

Why? I ask.

He smirks and looks away again, pushing his hand under the flannel between us-waiting. His smile grows when I put mine under too, and we hold hands in silence, Mom singing along to an Isabel LaRosa song.

He's typing on his phone again, and mines dings.

Malachi: You got mad. Why?

Me: I don't know what you're talking about.

Malachi: Was my baby sister jealous?

I grimace and shut my screen off-then glance over to see him silently laughing, smiling, his dimples poking inwards.

I mouth, Asshole, when our eyes connect.

I'm not sure when I fell asleep, but I jump awake when the car comes to

an abrupt stop in the middle of nowhere, and Malachi's thumb is running

over the top of my hand, now atop his thigh, the flannel still hiding our hands from Mom and Dad.

We let go, and he signs, I heard you snoring. Even over Mom's ridiculous singing I narrow my eyes. "I do not snore."

"Yes, you do, angel," Dad says, chuckling.

"It's quite unladylike, dear," Mom adds.

Fuck everyone in this car.

"Okay," Dad starts, unclipping his belt and turning to us, and I sit up straighter. "Malachi, do you want to share with me or your sister? We have two two-man tents."

It's a little weird for him to ask. Why would he share with the dad he doesn't get along with? They don't talk often, if ever, so instead of signing, or even looking up from his phone, he points at me and goes back to typing with his thumb.

"Okay. The kids together. And me and you."

"Why didn't you buy one big tent?" Mom asks.

They then fall into a debate about tents, while I try to look at the group

chat Malachi is talking in, but from my angle, I only see emojis and a meme one of his friends has sent. They're all quite scary to talk to. I picked him up once when he was

drunk, and they had heavy metal music playing, their hair spiked up, and piercings all over their faces.

I stood in the driveway in my cheer uniform, and they stared at me like I was the one who didn't fit in. Not like when we were all at school and they were the outcasts.

Malachi punched one of his friends who tried to flirt with me that night- now they all steer clear of me like I'm a disease. He can be quite... violent.

Is it weird that I like it when he's angry and beating people up for me? Except Adam he did nothing wrong, and he's been very sweet on our dates. Nervous, but sweet. I still have no idea why Malachi attacked him. Once we have both tents set up, a little fire built between them, and our designated toilet spots organized, we warm up around the flames, darkness falling over us as the stars shine bright. The cracking of the wood fills the silence. Mom has a sleeping bag wrapped around her shoulders; she smiles as she watches me and Malachi try and fail to toast marshmallows on the fire.

His thigh is pressed up against mine, and I'm so aware of it. I wonder if our parents can see it too. But they don't say anything if they do they just chat between themselves while Malachi helps pick the largest marshmallow and puts it on the end of the stick for me.

"Who wants to take a walk?" Dad asks, and Mom's hand shoots up. "Come on. I think we can get a better view of the stars near the cliff. Are you coming, kids?"

We're eighteen and nineteen, and he still calls us kids. We both shake our heads. As soon as they're out of view, Malachi pulls out his cigarettes and lights one- blows a cloud above our heads and leans his elbows on his parted

knees. You aren't allowed one, so don't ask, he signs when he sees me looking at the cigarette between his lips.

"I don't want one. Smoking is bad for you," I say, as if he hasn't been smoking for the last two years. "It's like paying to die."

He laughs silently and takes a long drag.

Silence, and then as if something switches within him, he flicks the half- smoked cigarette away and stands. My eyes follow him, and he doesn't give me a second to think or move before he grabs my hand and yanks me to my feet, pulling me towards the tent we're sharing.

I nearly trip up, but his grip on me keeps me on my scurrying feet. He keeps my hand in his as he unzips the tent, holding it open for me to go in first.

"What's happening?" I ask, glancing around to see if our parents are coming back.

Get in, he signs, or I'll drag you in.

I huff and cross my arms, arching a brow at his threat. "No, you won't."

He follows through with the threat as he snatches the front of my sweater and throws me inside, dropping me on the sleeping bag.

"Jesus, Malachi! Do you need to be so damn rough?"

Yes, he signs. You never listen, stubborn ass.

"Rude. What are we doing in here? Are you still hungover and need to sleep?"

Maybe he wants to cuddle? He always wants to cuddle to sleep. I don't think I've ever heard of anyone's brother being so needy and constantly having to sleep beside their sister, but then our dynamic changed drastically when he placed my hand on his cock, the same cock I'd ground my ass against reminding me that I enjoyed the forcefulness of him gripping my hand over the impressive length of him.

Oh God. I keep forgetting that happened and then my cheeks get all warm and tingly.

The torch is on, so I can see him lower to his knees in front of me, signing, Can I see you?

"You can see me?"

He shakes his head and comes closer, tugging at the collar of my sweater. Without this. And then he drops his hand to my thigh, nipping the material. And these. My eyes widen. "Why?" I ask, feeling his breath hit my face from his proximity.

I want to see you, he signs. I promise not to touch you.

"I'm sure you've seen plenty of girls without clothes on." I internally groan. Why did I need to sound like a jealous weirdo? "You don't need to see me."

"You haven't?"

No, he signs again. Plus, it's your body I want to see. Why won't you show me?

I fidget with the zip of the sleeping bag. "What if our parents catch us? You know it's wrong."

They won't. We'll hear them coming.

"But... I'm... Really?"

He blankly stares at me.

"I'm your sister."

And that's your war cry. Take your clothes off, Olivia.

I chew my lip. "I'll do it, but under one condition."

He looks intently at me, waiting.

"We make a game of it." I smile and tip my head, leaning back on my elbows as if my heart isn't about to beat out of my chest. "I ask you questions, and if you answer them honestly, I'll take something off. If you don't answer, or I know you're lying, then you take something off."

Fine, ask me something.

I sit up, hugging my knees. "Did you take drugs last night?"

He silently sighs. Yeah. Some of my friends were trying it, so I did too. He plucks the sleeve of my sweater. Take this off first. "I think I get to decide what item of clothing comes off first, thank you very much," I reply, kicking off one of my shoes. "And don't take drugs. They're bad for you-way worse than smoking cigarettes."

He soundlessly laughs.

I wish I could hear it. I'm certain it would be deep and rich. Going by his smile, I just know that hearing it would melt my heart or send me to the woods to slip my hand between my thighs.

"Do you remember how to talk?" I ask. "Like, do you know how to pronounce words and stuff?"

A little. I haven't spoken out loud for a long time.

He rolls his eyes when I kick another shoe off.

"Is your voice deep?"

He tilts his head from side to side. I think so.

I slip off the sweater, revealing my tight shirt, and his pupils expand; he's

looking at me like he hasn't seen me in just a shirt before. I sleep in a nightdress sometimes, so why is he looking at me like he wants to eat me?

"Can I hear it?" Chancing my luck, I add, "Even just say my name. Or, like, laugh."

I stay still, and he leans in, nudging me with his shoulder. You need to take something off.

"You said no, so you take something off."

I answered your question honestly.

I snort a laugh and shake my head, pulling a sock off—he narrows his eyes at me, and I toss the sock away.

"Do you see me as a sister? Because a lot of my friends have brothers and they're... different than what we're like together. I can't imagine themcuddling in bed or playing this game, for example. So, yeah, am I a real sister to you?"

Biting the inside of his cheek, he shifts in place and slips off his flannel, dropping it on top of my sweater. The contrast of my baby pink against his black is like a symbol of us the innocent cheerleader and the tall, mysterious smoker whose clothes always match his black hair, the person everyone steers clear of or stares at when we're out in public.

When our parents are with us, we do look like siblings who are just opposites, but when we're alone just me and Malachi-we look odd together.

I gawk at him with uncertainty. "You won't answer my question?"

No. He spins his rings around his fingers then signs, Your questions are boring.

I roll my eyes even though my insides are like lava from him refusing to answer my question. Either he thinks it was inappropriate, or he has a secret like me.

"Do you have any piercings?" Silly question, considering his face is clear, his ears have none, and I don't think he has any nipple-

Yes.

I frown, my eyes raking over him. "What? Where?"

He reaches for the back of his neck, snatching off his shirt, messing his hair in the process. He doesn't try to fix it as he throws the shirt at my face. The strong scent of his sandalwood cologne fills my nostrils, and I try not to make it obvious that it drives me a little wild, my cheeks growing hot.

I can't help but let my gaze fall down his chest the tensed abs from the way he's sitting, the tattoos.

Why are you staring?I tut. "I wasn't."

Liar.

"Mom and Dad are going to be so weirded out if they walk in and see us."

He shrugs. Ask me something else.

His dismissal of the chance of us getting caught is kind of annoying. He might not care about the consequences, but I actually have a conscience and care what they think.

Especially as Mom wants me to choose between Adam and Parker as my suitor. I mean, both are a huge no, but I need to pick.

"Why do you want to see me?"

I already told you. I want to look at your body.

My face heats with a blush he can definitely see. "Why? You've seen me in swimwear, and there was that time you walked in on me in the shower."

I'd screamed, but he hadn't seemed at all fazed as he'd grabbed one of my towels and leaned against the sink, waiting for me to finish. He had his own bathroom, but we'd just woken up, both of us covered in sweat from our interlinked body parts, and he couldn't be bothered to go to his own room. I want to see all of you.

Those seven words send my body into overdrive, and my brain short-circuits, blood pounding in my ears. Hesitantly, I pull off my shirt and drop it beside his, hating myself for wearing a sports bra and not some lacy red number that makes my breasts look at least a little better.

He shakes his head. Another. I answered two.

The logical thing to do would be to remove my pants so I'm sitting in my underwear, but it seems I'm going down a dangerous path as I pull my sports bra over my head and hold it to my chest. Give me it, he signs then tries to take the fabric concealing me, but I hold it tighter.

My nipples are hard, and I'm not sure if that's because of the cold weather up in the mountains, or if I'm just heavily turned on that I'm stripping in front of my brother. If I give him my bra, he'll see the stiffness of them, the blush creeping up my chest, and as much as I want him to look, I could be calculating this entire game wrong.

He might instantly assume I'm horny and be weirded out. Yeah, he wants to see me, but maybe he's just curious about the female anatomy. Or maybe he's trying to fuck with me.

I read that people with ASPD like to play games with people's heads. Is that what Malachi is doing with me?

"Promise you won't laugh?"

Why the hell would I laugh?

"They're... small."

Show me, he harshly signs. Or I'll make you show me.

I think I'd like that. "Stop being a caveman."

My sports bra drops onto my lap, and I avert my gaze, keeping it on the torch dangling from the top of the tent, my face most likely going the reddest shade of red-like a strawberry or a tomato.

He's right in front of me, and my breasts are free. My nipples are pebbled, and I'm starting to shake but I don't think I can blame the cold. I ache between my legs, and as I bring my eyes back to his, I glance down and see the hardness of him through his pants growing more rigid.

His hands are shaking nearly as much as I am as he signs, Ask me something else. I want to cover myself, hike my legs up to hug my knees something I do a lot when I'm nervous-but I dig my nails into my palms and try to think. My mind isn't working at all, especially with the way his naked chest is rising and falling under the torchlight.

Fucking ask me something, he pushes.

If I ask him something easy, then I'll be nearly naked, so I go deep, knowing he won't answer and will need to remove another item of clothing -maybe his sweats.

My voice betrays me, cracking as I ask, "Why did you attack Adam in the gas station? We were just talking, and you stormed in and went crazy."

He was trying to take what was mine.

"I'm not yours," I reply and regret it instantly as a shadow falls over his face.

"I'm your sister-that's all," I add to make things worse, to anger him further. "We're the Vize kids."

No. You were mine when we were kids, and you're mine now. You'll always be mine.

"Do you see me as a sister?" I ask him again.

Don't cheat your own rules. I already answered a question.

My heart stutters in my chest. "Okay," I whisper.

His nostrils flare, his jaw clenched as his gaze flicks to my pants, and I take a deep breath, hooking my fingers into my waistband and sliding them off, inwardly praising myself for going for a wax with Mom a few days ago.

I'm only in my little pale-pink thong, the straps barely visible against my nude skin. I press my thighs together the temperature in the tent is rising, and I'm seconds from ruining this game and our relationship and throwing myself at him. "I think you need to start asking questions," I say, gulping through my nerves. "I'm one answer away from being naked and that's not fair."

He raises his shoulder. If I asked you to touch yourself, would you?

Blinking, I crush my thighs together more, caught completely off guard

by his question. If I don't answer truthfully, I need to take my thong off, and if I don't answer at all, I'll still end up naked.

The only way for me to see more of his skin is if I'm honest.

I've watched you before, he signs with stiff fingers. You fuck yourself with your fingers a lot with your curtains open.

"You've watched me through my window?"

And with cameras in your room.

My eyes ping wide. "You have cameras in my room?"

Yeah. Stop changing the subject. You didn't answer my question. If I asked you to touch yourself, right now, would you?

"First, you'll remove the cameras!"

He shakes his head, and I slap his shoulder. Answer.

"I think I'd do anything you asked of me," I reply, chewing the inside of my cheek, hoping I don't sound idiotic. "Under the condition that it stayed a secret."

Oh God. Was that wrong? Oh shitting God.

He's not saying anything not even blinking as he looks at me.

His silence makes my anxiety skyrocket. Did I say the wrong thing? Was he checking if I wanted him as more than a brother? What if he is testing me? What if Mom was right and he is a psychopath and trying to play mind games with me? But the psycho just said he had cameras in my room and has watched me pleasure myself, so why is this all so confusing?

I reach for my clothes, but he knocks my hand away and gets to his knees, tugging down his sweats over the growing bulge in his briefs, sitting back and kicking them from his inked legs.

Should I be looking at my brother's dick like it's my favorite meal? Probably not.

I lick my lips, imagining the thickness of it sliding down my throat, making me gag as he forces each thrust, silencing my cries, robbing me of air as he slaps me across the face and growls at me to take every inch.

I want him to take, take, take.

"Should we get dressed?"

Not yet, he signs, and that was another question, which I answered. I flinch as he hooks his middle finger under the strap on my hip, and a burn sears across my pussy as he rips the underwear from my body.

I gasp. "Malachi!"

He covers my mouth the same way he did when I screamed in his room, but he isn't pressing his body to me this time-he's pushing me onto my back and smacking my legs apart.

Stay still, he signs, shifting so he's kneeling between my legs, his eyes fixed on my pussy, which is soaked and pulsing. I try to close my legs, but he grips them open, glaring at me.

"You said you wouldn't touch me," I say in a soft voice, despite my body turning into an inferno.

Is he going to fuck me?

Am I about to be fucked by my big brother? Exposed I'm so exposed and needy and loving that Malachi looks drunk as he places a soft kiss on the side of my knee, making me flinch. Can I taste you?

My mouth drops open, heart coursing through my veins. "You said you wouldn't touch me," I repeat, my toes curling slightly from the intensity of his gaze, the place he kissed on the side of my knee sparking all the way to my core.

Then touch yourself.

I stare at him, my mouth opening and closing, and then: "Really?"

Yes.

"You're not trying to mess with me?" I ask. "If you're fucking with me right now, Malachi, I will hit you."

He smirks. If I'm not allowed to touch you, then you need to do it yourself.

"What if I say no?" He digs his fingers into my inner thighs, and I let out a shameless whimper. "Okay, okay, okay. But you need to promise not to touch me."

He lifts his pinkie, and I grin as I curl mine around it. "And don't tell anyone. This isn't what siblings do. We'll be in a lot of trouble."

I won't. Our secret, little sister.

I screw my nose up and bat his hands from my legs. "Please don't call me your little sister right now."

He smirks, the dimple indenting deep. But you are my sister. My dirty little sister who's going to touch herself in front of me. Show your big brother what you sound like when you cum.

All the oxygen in the tent vanishes, and my breath freezes in my chest. My inner walls clench, and I think I'm already soaking from his taboowords alone.

Swallowing my nerves, I slide my hand down my front, parting my legs a little more Malachi's eyes follow my hand, the way my fingertips attentively part my pussy lips, my back arching as my middle finger dips into my wetness, bringing it up to my clit and circling. The freshly painted red acrylic nail scratches at my tenderness, and I bite my lip.

I've touched myself thousands of times, but having him watching me is making it more intense. I've never been so eager to feel a dick inside me.

I go faster, the coiling sensation at the base of my spine curling around each vertebra, my eyes closing as I lose myself in my own touch and

imagine it's someone else.

Someone who shouldn't be watching me.

Someone who should be mortified by me doing this.

My eyelids slide open a little, and Malachi is leaning in, watching me as I pleasure myself. Can I touch you?

"No," I pant. "Please don't."

Why?

I sink two fingers inside, ignoring him, dropping my other hand to circle my clit while finger-fucking myself in front of him.

When my eyelids fall open again, my breath hitches as I see his gaze is still glued to my pussy and the way I'm pleasuring myself-grinding my hips upwards as I search for more, but his hand is over his cock through his boxers. I almost want to moan his name, but I stop myself midway and make it sound like a muffled cry.

My inner walls clutch at my fingers repeatedly, and I'm breathing rapidly, a light layer of sweat on my skin. If I tell him to fuck me, will he?

Do I want that? Would he hurt me?

If I told him that I wanted him to chase me, pin me down, and take whatever he wanted, against my wishes or not, would he?

Lunacy runs in my veins at this point, because I want my brother to fuck me, and I want him to fuck me hard enough to make it hurt.

The thought alone drives me into an orgasm, and I sink my teeth into my

bottom lip as I moan, my back arching off the sleeping bag as I orgasm all over my fingers, throbbing and convulsing beneath him.

I see stars around Malachi, his lips parted, breathing forcefully while he palms himself.

With my fingers still inside me, I pant as I ask, "Do you still want to taste me?"

He nods, and his pupils blow as I lift my glistening fingers to his lips, swiping them across them. He captures my wrist and sucks them into his mouth, my fingers sliding against the warmth of his tongue as he takes them to the knuckles, sucking hard, and I tremble as he bites lightly. If he used his voice, I know I'd hear him hum right now with the way his eyes roll closed, his other hand gripping himself.

My fingers fall from his mouth, and he lunges for me. Before he can catch my lips with his, his body molding over mine, I cover his mouth with my palm. "No," I gasp. "We didn't agree to that!"

His brows knit together, the hardness of his cock poking my thigh, and he grabs my wrist and pulls my hand from his mouth then snatches my face, attempting to kiss me again, but as his lips layer over mine, I move my head to the side. "No, Malachi."

Yes, Malachi.

Keep going, Malachi. Take, Malachi.

Why am I like this?

He sits up, pissed off and still hard as a rock, and just when he goes to sign, I sit up too and turn away from him. "Let's just go to sleep," I say, turning off the torch so we're bathed in darkness. "We're obviously not thinking straight."

But the torch is flicked back on, and I freeze when Malachi grabs my throat and pulls me up to my knees in front of him—my airway cut off. There's pressure behind my eyes, and my lungs struggle for air. He releases me, but I stay put, trembling from the orgasm, the fear, and the need for him to take.

Don't silence me like that, he signs furiously. Don't ever fucking silence me, Olivia.

My brow furrows in confusion. "I... I didn't."

He points to the torch. I can't fucking talk to you if you can't see me.

My facial expression softens. "Oh," I say, rubbing my throat. "I'm sorry. I didn't realize I did that. Just... We can't kiss it's not what siblings do. Regardless of what just happened. Please don't make this awkward."

I don't move away as he yanks me to him by my hair, my breasts pressing to his naked chest.

You used to always kiss me.

"When we were kids, and the kisses were innocent. No, Malachi."

No? You just He stops, confused as he drops his hands, not knowing what else to say.

"Mom has me going on dates with guys for me to marry them, Malachi. I can't chance being caught kissing you."

You aren't fucking marrying anyone! As much as I want to really, really kiss him, it would be a colossal blunder. My lips are crackling from the soft brush of his mouth against mine, electricity zapping all over my body from the way he grabbed my face and then my throat, but if I didn't just stop him, we would've made a huge, huge mistake.

"We can't," I whisper. "You're Malachi Vize and I'm Olivia Vize. We're sister and brother."

Stop saying that. We aren't blood related. You aren't my real sister, so what's the goddamn problem?

For some reason, those words sting, and my eyes burn as I pull the sleeping bag around my nakedness. "This was a mistake."

"Are they already sleeping?" I hear Mom's voice coming closer, and I rush to grab my clothes and throw them on, Malachi just staring at me, not bothering to put his own clothes on as the footsteps draw closer.

I dive into the sleeping bag in a panic, my heart beating so fast while I pretend to be passed out.

"Are you guys asleep?"

I peek at my brother as she tries the zip-I didn't notice he'd put a small padlock in place to stop it from being opened. Malachi's eyes are on me-I can tell he's mad, even with the torchlight down to the lowest setting and shining on half of his handsome face. His hands are fisted, and his cheeks are red, the rigid length between his legs still masted.

He just tried to kiss me, and I refused him.

I'm already regretting this entire night.

The footsteps leave again. "They must be asleep. Since when are we the ones staying up late? Grab the beers!"

Dad chuckles deeply, and I grimace when I hear them kissing. Then their tent zips sounds, and silence falls again. I glance up at Malachi; he lifts his hands then drops them and shakes his head, turning away from me.