

LITTLE STRANGER

Chapter 6: Olivia

Malachi hasn't spoken to me in weeks. When he's mad at me, he punishes me by silencing himself around me. When we eat breakfast or lunch or dinner, he won't look at me, and when we go out on family days or nights, he either cancels, or he keeps his face in his phone.

His balcony door is locked every night, and he doesn't sneak into my room at all.

I don't know what to do.

I invited Parker over, thinking he'd at least sneak into my room to strangle him, but I just sat awkwardly next to Parker and pretended to enjoy his company while the cocky wanker spoke about his family business and practically sold himself to me, since he knows I still need to choose between him and Adam.

Malachi didn't show up. If anything, he's been more absent.

Abbi wanted me to go to a party last weekend, but I stayed home in the hopes that Malachi would get drunk and need me, need me to hold him in bed or even to watch me pretend to sleep but even though I didn't go out, he didn't come.

My mind likes to play tricks on me. The voices tell me that he regrets what happened in the tent, that he feels disgusted that he watched his sister masturbate before trying to kiss her.

But tonight, my worst nightmare is happening.

Malachi is on a date.

My brother, who's had zero interest in anyone since forever, hasn't ever had a girlfriend or boyfriend, and spends all his time in his room or smoking on his bike or at parties with his friends and taking drugs, is out right now with a girl. I wouldn't say I was a possessive person, but something about him hugging someone else makes me uneasy. I try to picture him watching someone else fuck themselves with their fingers, and my stomach recoils.

What will they even talk about? Does she know sign language? Will they be able to have a conversation? Will she be nice to him, unlike the way people talked behind his back while he was still in school?

Maybe there won't be much talking...

I bury my head into my pillow to try to banish the image of my brother kissing, touching, or sleeping with someone else. I know he's at an age that he'll be doing that stuff. I mean, he's no longer in high school. I'm about to graduate people our age do things.

We technically did things.

Things our parents would kick us out for.

I groan to myself and grab my phone, checking my messages from my friends. Everyone is either studying or with their boyfriends. Yet, here I am, in my bed at nine and worrying about Malachi.

I open his messages. He's ignored every single one I've sent since the night in the tent. Even while he lay in the sleeping bag beside me and I texted that I was sorry, he ignored me.

Me: How's your date going?

Then I slap myself on the forehead. He's on a date why would I message him at all? Mom told me that in confidence, since she saw him looking dressier than usual and asked him where he was going.

He told her he was going on a date, and she was so happy. One, because he'd replied to her for the first time in months. And two, because her son was going on his first date. I felt sick when she came to my room to tell me with the biggest grin on her face.

I think he told her on purpose. To fuck with me.

But I'm being hypocritical, right? Mom has been forcing me into dates for the past six months with boys who either want their dick sucked or want to get laid.

Getting out of bed, I puff and look around my room. I've already stress cleaned, my cheerleading uniform is ready, and my gym bag is packed. Even my vanity table is goddamn polished to perfection.

I walk into the bathroom and fill the tub, making sure it's extra bubbly.

Then I hunt through my bookcase for something steamy and settle on the monster romance Malachi turned his nose up at when he found it on my bedside unit one night.

I pull off my clothes then sink into the warmth and rest my head against the bath pillow, finding the page I accidentally dog-eared.

An hour passes of me silently worrying about stuff I shouldn't worry about before I get out, wrapping a towel around my body.

With the book back on my shelf, I nearly drop the material from me as I turn around and find Malachi sitting by my open window, his hood up, a cigarette hanging from his mouth. "What the hell?" I whisper-hiss. "You scared me!"

Parting his legs further, he perches his elbows on his thighs, watching me as he puffs.

"Mom is in the next room setting up for the new foster," I point out. "She'll smell the smoke."

Malachi doesn't listen though as he gets to his feet. He inhales a lungful of smoke, his eyes on me, dragging down my body as the orange tip burns bright. My skin heats, and I don't know if it's from the scare I got, or the fact he's like a shadow standing in my dark room, but a wave of tingling excitement comes over me. I'm reminded of the way he looked at me while

I absolutely cannot feel this way.

Nope. Not towards him.

The night in the tent was a mistake.

"I found your cameras by the way. I threw them in the trash. Pervert."

Not all of them, he signs.

"What?"

He leans against my window, blanking me, blowing more smoke out, and I can't help but think about what his night entailed. Did he kiss her? Touch her? Does he know how to, considering he has no social skills and rarely tries to communicate with anyone other than me? He didn't touch me intimately, but he wanted to, and he tried to kiss me. Maybe he does know?

Dammit, brain.

I close my eyes and press my hand to my forehead. "You need to go to your own room. I need to get dressed." Then I drop my hand. "You can't ignore me for weeks then just crawl back into my life, Malachi. It isn't fair."

Instead of leaving, Malachi inhales another lungful, blowing it straight at me this time. I don't flinch, even as he takes a step towards me but I do gulp harshly as my breath comes out in bursts.

"I'm not interested in your push and pull anymore. You can't pick and choose when to speak to me. Take your other hidden cameras, go to your own room, and leave me alone." The tilt of his head is miniscule, but it's there as he takes another step, causing me to back away. Another, and another, and the back of my knees hit my bed-I sit on the mattress while keeping my eyes on his.

The warmth between my legs is improper-I shouldn't like the way he's looking at me, or the way he comes even closer, his cologne filling my senses and sending my thoughts haywire.

He's not signing; I'm not sure he will either as he pulls down his hood, revealing his messy black hair, then tugs off his motorbike gloves and tosses them on the floor with the cigarette in his mouth. I don't smoke-I hate it but for some reason, I like it when he does.

Stubbing the cigarette out on my vanity table, he wets his lips and glances at the bedroom door. I tighten my towel around my body, and for some reason, I say, "It's locked. No one can walk in."

My nipples are hardening under the towel. I can smell the sandalwood on his clothes, mixed with cigarette smoke and the outside air. His cheeks are a little red from how cold it is outside, and I have a sudden urge to wrap my body around his to heat him up.

I'm betraying myself, because I'm mad at him for kicking me out of his bubble, yet I want him to crawl back into my life-I'd welcome him with open arms and...

But then he pulls off his hoodie, tipping his head towards my pillows.

"You want me to lie down?"

Malachi nods slowly as he kicks off his boots, his eyes not leaving mine as I chew my lip and look between him and the pillow. "I'm in a towel."

You could remove it?

Gulping, I shake my head. All he does is shrug and move to the opposite side of the bed like he hasn't been a ghost in my life recently the side he always slept on when he used to sneak into my room to hold me. Sometimes, I used to pretend I had nightmares I'd either send him a text to come cuddle me until I fell asleep, or I'd go to his room and sleep against his chest, him smelling my hair like it's a drug to him.

Before he shut me out.

Is it wrong to feel like he's betrayed me by going on that date? I don't think any of my friends do that with their brothers.

They definitely don't imagine fucking them.

But for some reason, I don't care. I don't care that it's forbidden to want to lie in his arms and feel the heat from his body to want to watch him when he isn't already looking at me, to feel butterflies when I hear my window slide up or my door creaking as he pushes through it.

Sick-I'm sick for wanting my brother.

Malachi pulls down the duvet, and I shimmy under it, keeping the towel around me. My bare legs are smooth under the fabric, and my heart thumps as he slips his belt off and pulls down his biker pants, standing in only his briefs.

Mom has music playing next door-"One Way or Another" by Until the Ribbon Breaks is louder than necessary, and she keeps repeating it and belting the words out, probably using a paintbrush as a microphone.

She's so goofy sometimes. I love my mom.

My eyes stay on Malachi, his large presence changing the energy in the room.

I hope he doesn't see how badly he's affecting me my pulse is hammering, and my mouth is watering as I try to gulp silently. I think there's a puddle between my legs.

I should be mad, but I'm a little blindsided right now. I'll be mad again tomorrow and make him apologize for being an asshole to me for weeks.

My clit aches as I watch his body move. He pulls his shirt off as well to reveal his sculpted torso the abs he works on every day, the newer ink designs on his chest and shoulder, crawling down his bicep-gilded by the moon shining through my window.

He slips under the duvet and pulls it over us, and I tighten my hold on my towel, even as it opens at the front, exposing me but he can't see my bare skin. He can't see the goosepimples all over me, and hopefully he isn't some sort of lycanthrope and able to smell my arousal like they can in romance books.

"How was your date?" I ask, hoping there isn't a touch of jealousy in my tone.

Before he can respond with his hands, I shake my head in annoyance and force out more words.

"And don't think by me talking to you that I forgive you for being a jerk. If you need to sleep in my bed, fine, but we will talk more about it tomorrow. So, yeah, how was your date?"

You're mad at me, he signs, stating the fucking obvious.

"Not at all," I say sarcastically. "How was your date?"

It was over as soon as it started, he signs, very messily given the way he's positioned. Why are you mad at me?

Is he for real? "Because you shut me out after what happened in the tent," I say, a blush creeping up my neck and cheeks. "You said you wouldn't touch me, and you tried to kiss me!" I hiss, throwing my hands upwards and forgetting about my towel. "And then, poof, you're gone. Not a word. You haven't come to my room, and it's been really lonely." I glance at him, seeing the silent chuckle as he grins. "Why are you laughing at me?"

You're cute when you're mad.

A huff, and I cross my arms over the duvet. "What do you mean by 'it was over as soon as it started'?"

I'm not... His hands freeze, his eyes searching my face before he continues. Experienced.

"Liar," I snap. "You didn't seem inexperienced in the tent with me. In

fact, you seemed to know exactly what you wanted."

From you, yeah, he signs. I only felt comfortable doing that with you.

"Oh," I say, my brows knitting together. "Did you at least kiss her?" The words are like poison on my tongue, and I'm inwardly begging no... pleading that he didn't. But there's no reason for me to be annoyed if he did. Again, hypocrisy, because I've had to date Parker and Adam.

No, he signs. I'm not experienced with that either.

"You haven't kissed someone before?"

He shakes his head, and I sit up, holding the covers to my chest. "But you tried to kiss me."

What part of me feeling comfortable around you don't you understand? Have you kissed someone before?

Debating whether to reply truthfully or not, I decide honesty is key. I nod, and something dangerous flashes behind his eyes. "I don't see why this is a shock to you. Did you forget Mom has been sending me out on dates for months?"

His jaw hardens, and I swear he looks mad for a second before his expression softens. Can you show me how?

I blink at him. "Show you how to kiss?" His chin lowers to his chest slowly in a nod.

"Didn't you hear what I said about the tent situation? I'm your sister," I whisper, remembering Mom is next door setting up the room with the song on a quiet part. "We would get into so much trouble with our parents."

No one needs to know. I kept quiet about what happened in the tent, and all the times we've slept in bed together.

"But it's wrong."

So?

My body burns with anticipation, even though I'm fighting against this. He's so close, and the proximity is creating a heaviness in my lungs as his gaze drops to my mouth before he gradually raises it back to my eyes.

I would only be comfortable with you teaching me how.

"Are you fucking with me right now?"

Smirking, he shakes his head.

"You promise not to tell anyone?"

He raises his pinkie between us, and I sink my teeth into my bottom lip to suppress a smile as my pinkie hooks around his. The touch of our skin sends shocks of electricity up my arm, down my chest, stopping between my legs, and I try to steady my breaths as I keep our pinkies hooked and shift forward, making sure to fix my towel with my free hand to cover myself.

Malachi is a lot larger than me, in both muscle and height, so he always dominates me when we cuddle in bed he's the perfect big spoon. But this is different. This isn't lying in his arms and fighting my demons, or us watching a movie while his knee randomly bumps into mine, or him carrying me on his back while we jump around the water in the pool or at the beach on vacation. This is more-I never knew I needed more from him.

I lean up with one straight arm as he rests on his back, so my body is halfway hovering over him. "Are you sure? It doesn't bother you that we're brother and sister?"

Stupid question, considering. He raises a brow in response. Stop saying that.

My hair falls around my face, long enough for him to wrap a curl around his finger and tug a little, bringing me closer to him-making my bare legs press against his, sending tingling sensations up my spine and heating my cheeks.

"Remember Mom told us not to kiss on the lips when we were younger? You said we were allowed to because we were siblings, but it got us into trouble. This will, undoubtedly, get us into even more trouble."

He kissed me while sitting at the piano, a soft peck, and it was something we always did, especially at nighttime, before we went to sleep. I always thought it was normal, until one day when we were playing a board game with Mom and Dad, and I pressed my mouth to his while cheering that we won, and our parents lost their shit.

Still, Malachi doesn't give me any sort of reply; he just plays with my hair, bringing it to his nose to inhale the strawberry scent like he always does. He has a fascination with my hair he always needs to touch it, smell it, play with it.

I know those little interactions are wrong but it doesn't stop me enjoying them.

He pulls a little harder on my hair, making me lower my body to his, both of us breathing the same air as my nerves kick in. I lick my lips to make sure they aren't dry. "Malachi," I whisper, my body starting to shake. "Are you sure?"

He lifts his hand to the front of his mouth, clamping his fingers together. Sign language for "shut up."

Glancing at my door again, making sure the shadow of our mother isn't lurking and watching us, I shift my hips closer to him, lowering my face and trying not to overthink this.

Malachi's finger stops twirling my hair, and he's holding his breath, the moment dragging in, my mind screaming at me to stop and go at the same time.

I lower more, our noses bumping, then tilt my head slightly and press my mouth to his.

The second our lips touch, the world stops turning, my heart stops beating, and the thoughts telling me I'm twisted, twisted, twisted skid to a halt.

I softly claim his mouth, showing him how to give chaste kisses that

aren't like the ones we used to do when we were kids. He copies me. When I kiss his bottom lip, he kisses my top lip gently. I suck on the plump flesh of his bottom lip, tasting the faint hint of his chewing gum and cigarettes, scraping my teeth on it as I pull back to look at him. His pupils have taken over any trace of blue.

"Will I keep going?"

You aren't allowed to stop yet, he signs, his sleepy, hooded gaze flickering to my mouth. Keep going, little sister.

Our faces are millimeters apart once more, our noses touching as we fight for air, and I wrap my fingers around his wrist. "Put your hand here," I say, placing it on my cheek. "Or you can put your hands on their hips or in their hair. People like touch, especially while being kissed."

He pulls his hand away and I halt, thinking I've done something wrong, but then he moves both to communicate with me. What do you like?

My lips move, but no sound comes out; I'm still on cloud nine from this moment.

The depravity going through my mind right now... I like things that are frowned upon. I have fantasies I return to again and again, and my pursuer always has the same face.

I'm staring right at him.

But then I snap out of it and take his hand again, his eyes following my movements as I place it on my neck, putting pressure over his fingers so they clamp around my slender throat. Enough to make me need to crush my thighs together with how large his hand is, and the way his pupils expand; the sight of him tightening his jaw and narrowing his hold.

"I like to be choked," I admit, feeling miles more comfortable with him than anyone else. "I like rough kisses that hurt."

I let out a shriek as he pushes me onto my back and slams his mouth on mine his grip on my throat hard enough to stop me breathing and make me see stars behind my eyelids.

My lips part, and he doesn't need any lessons on how to shove his tongue into my mouth, or the way he sucks on mine and devours me. He kisses me like I'm his like I've belonged to him since I was seven and he was eight. I hum into his mouth, tasting that mint and smoke and him. His teeth nip at my lips, stinging, and his grasp gets firmer.

Needing more, I wrap my legs around his hips; my towel creates an annoying barrier between us, but I can still feel the hard length of him pressing against my inner thigh.

He nips my lips more, sucks on my tongue, and uses his free hand to pin my hands above my head, pressing them into the pillow. He captures both in one grip, the other robbing me of air and making the dizziness start to take over.

The number of times I've imagined Malachi doing this when I've been with someone else is embarrassing. Kissing someone but tricking my mind into believing it was my brother, every touch and lick and suck and the way my orgasm rushed through me it was all for him.

I have an illness. And usually someone would try to treat it, or find ways to help, but the only thing I want is for Malachi to pull his briefs off so I can feel him inside me.

Which is insane, considering this is just practice for him.

As soon as the underside of his cock grazes over my aching pussy, I whimper and fist my hands, sinking my teeth into his lip, hard, and making him bleed-the copper taste filling my mouth.

I moan again, and Malachi pulls back, staring down at me while he keeps sliding his cock against my core. A thin line of blood drips down his chin, and he looks like a psychopath, his eyes burning as he thrusts harder, rubbing against me.

He has to let go of my throat and cover my mouth with his palm to stop me alerting our mom that her son is currently driving her daughter into an orgasm just by dry-humping her through a damn towel.

My eyes roll as he keeps going, and I moan into his hand, meeting each rock of his hips and tensing all over as my high builds, my spine twists, and the coiling sensation burns deep within. I nearly scream as he sinks his teeth into my neck, my ceiling blurring in and out of focus with a mixture of pain, pleasure, and almost passing out from his tight grip.

Before I can reach my orgasm, he flips us again, the towel gliding from my body completely. Naked, and extremely soaked in his lap as I straddle him, I grab fistfuls of his black hair and crush my lips back down on his while his hands explore my body-touching, grasping, caressing my hips as I rock them forward absently.

For being inexperienced, he sure knows how to make me feel like I'm falling from a damn cliff just by kissing me, feeling his hardness through his boxers, searching for the friction that had me oh so close to erupting seconds ago.

His gusts of breath would be audible if he'd never chosen to keep his voice to himself. Each rock of my hip, I feel the silent groans, the gripping hands, and the thickening cock.

He's so reactive to me; everything I do to him, he reciprocates, following my lead as I gasp into his mouth and tug at his wavy strands. He fists my hair at the back of my head, using it to drag me down against him, his fingers slipping to my nape, holding me there.

I should stop-I'm his sister. We're siblings, whether by blood or not, we

are the Vize children, and we shouldn't be dry-humping while our tongues tangle, tasting and devouring like we're each other's favorite meal.

But against all the alarm bells ringing in my head, I need more I want more.

His mouth connects with my throat, replacing his hand, and I groan.

"I can show you how to do this," I say, grabbing his hand and pulling it down between us, spreading his fingers then pressing two of them to my clit and circling. He pauses kissing my neck, breaks his mouth from my raw skin, and looks down, watching the way he rubs my sensitive spot.

"Have you done this before?" I ask, because he's picking up the technique really fast, but he shakes his head, watching his fingers.

"Girls love this," I breathe. "Do it while you kiss them. If you do it right, you can make a girl cum on your fingers." A whimper pours from my mouth. "Fuck, yes. Just like that, Malachi."

He nods once, twice, wetting his lips as he watches his fingers. Malachi grabs my throat with his other hand and hauls me forward, robbing me of air while his tongue sweeps over mine. His touch isn't gentle-not even slightly. He applies more pressure, circling faster, and I tremble above him while crying into his mouth.

"Faster," I moan. "You're doing so good."

Drool drops from our mouths, landing right where his fingers are driving me insane, making me drenched and circling faster.

"Malachi," I gasp against his lips. "You're making me so wet."

I grind against his fingers as they slide down and over my entrance, soaked and needy and desperate for touch. Malachi lets out a harsh breath, which I can only assume would be a deep moan if he used his voice, as I sink against him, making his fingers edge inside. His cock is still concealed within his boxers but completely tented, rock solid as he pushes another finger inside and thrusts the head of his dick up the crack of my ass.

I want to touch him, but he doesn't need a lesson on how to be touched- he wants me to teach him how to do things to someone else.

The strangled moan I let out is cracked, and as another threatens to spill out, Malachi grips my throat so hard, no sound comes out. Mom's music is at its loudest, and I'm sucking in my brother's tongue while he fucks me with his fingers, his cock rubbing against my ass.

He pulls back, his hands occupied, and he looks like he wants to say something to me, but when he releases my throat, he struggles to sign with one hand, so he grits his teeth and jerks my mouth back to his by grabbing the back of my head. The force of it has my palm slapping the partition wall above his head, making the surface shake and one of my picture frames fall to the ground.

"Fuck," I pant. "Keep going."

I freeze as a knock sounds on the door a minute later. "Sweetheart? Are you okay in there?"

I try to get off Malachi, but he holds me in place by the hair, pushing me back enough that he can capture one of my nipples in his mouth while sinking his fingers in to the knuckles and curling them just as he sucks- hard.

All I can do is bite my lip, splitting the skin to stop myself from crying out.

She knocks again and jiggles the handle, my heart stuttering in my chest as he moves to my other nipple, sinking his teeth in enough to make it sting -yet the pain makes me wetter, the taste of my own blood in my mouth mixing with his fingers fucking me, his cock rubbing against my ass-I explode.

I cum all over his fingers as the coiling at the base of my spine blows, black spots behind my eyes as my pussy grips his fingers over and over, my nipples hard in his wet mouth, tight, and painful as

I ride my orgasm to its pinnacle. Malachi pops my nipple from his mouth and softly kisses me, leaving his fingers inside while I spasm around them, clutching at them with each pulse. His tongue slips into my mouth, and I kiss him back. It's slow, sensual, and I keep pausing to try to breathe.

I push against his chest and lean back, putting a little distance between us as I pant him watching me with a drunk gaze and puffy lips from kissing me.

"No, I think she's snuck out with Parker. I'll be calling his parents to tell them that we're setting them up for an arranged marriage, not to fuck around at all hours. Plus, she was with Adam last weekend, remember? I had to go get her the morning-after pill." Silence, and then... "Is Malachi in his room?"

"I'll go check," my dad says, and my eyes widen.

I roll away from him and jump out of the bed, snatching my towel up.

"Go!" I mouth, pointing to my window. "Hurry before Dad gets to your room."

Everything within me heats all over again as Malachi sucks his fingers into his mouth while rising from the bed and walking towards me.

Why did you need the morning-after pill? he signs.

When I stay silent, he pushes me until my back hits the wall. Fucking answer me!

My body rattles as I hug myself, covering my breasts. He hadn't spoken to me in weeks, so when would I have had the chance to tell him that our parents arranged for me to sleep with Adam. Or that I had no choice but to go along with it?

I didn't refuse I didn't feel like I could. He didn't even want to do it-he doesn't like me that way, but when we said we'd pretend, his maidoverheard and ratted us out, so we'd been forced to have an audience.

He wasn't my first.

Parker was. Dad's business partner's entitled, pain-in-the-ass son-

offered no argument when they told us to go to the room together. In fact, he asked for money first, and Mom being Mom, she paid him to take my virginity.

Malachi has no idea about any of this; all he knows is that I'm going to be shoved into a marriage set up by our parents.

I love my parents, but I also hate them.

He steps back and snatches his shirt from the ground, pulling it on, then

signs, Will I go out there right now and ask them why you needed a plan B? I take a deep breath. "They wanted me to sleep with him to prove my loyalty."

What?

If I mention they did the same with Parker, he might go out there and lose his shit. "Don't look at me like that. You know what they're like when it comes to me being partnered up with some wealthy asshole. I wasn't going to tell them no, Malachi," I hiss. "I don't have that luxury."

His jaw tenses sharp enough to cut through leather. His lip is swollen at the side from me biting it, and I can feel my own lump from his nipping mine, and I want to go back to two minutes ago, because now he's mad. His eyes flick to the door, his knuckles cracking.

Was Adam your first? The one who made you realize you liked to be choked?

My mouth drops open. "No," I reply.

No to which part, Olivia?

Malachi looks like he wants to murder me. You fuck him again, or anyone else, and I'll kill them.

"I'm supposed to marry one of them," I argue.

He eats up the distance between us, and I flinch, readying for him to hit me for the first time ever, but he just tucks the stray strands of hair behind my ears and presses a firm kiss to my lips before grabbing the rest of his clothes and disappearing out the window.

I take a second to breathe, my nerve endings still on fire, barely able to

walk straight as I kick his motorbike gloves under my bed and hold the towel around me.

Unlocking the door, I open it enough to pop my head out, making sure to make myself known so she doesn't actually call anyone's parents. "What's wrong?" I ask, rubbing my eyes.

Mom turns and presses her hand to her chest, paint splashed over her face from decorating. "Oh, I thought something was wrong. I heard a bang."

I rub my eyes some more. "I just woke up."

She smiles, and I feel bad for lying to her for coming all over her son's fingers two minutes ago.

"Go back to bed, sweetie. I'll make some breakfast in the morning before you have practice."

I nod. "Night, Mom."

"Night."