

LITTLE STRANGER

Chapter 7: Olivia

Breakfast is quiet—Dad is trying to talk to us about his working week and telling Malachi he needs to sort his shit out so he can take over his law firm. My brother ignores him and watches me while I eat.

Parker and Adam are brought up twice, because I've yet to choose, and both times, Malachi fists his hands and glares at his cereal.

I can still feel his fingers inside me. I keep staring at his hands, the veins, the muscles of his arms as he stretches them above him and cracks his neck.

Mom goes to work on the room beside mine again, and Dad goes to his office, leaving me and Malachi alone at the breakfast table.

He taps his bowl with his spoon, filling the silence, before I clear my throat. "Don't get mad at what I'm about to say."

My brother looks up at me and drops the spoon in his bowl, folding his arms in front of himself and arching his brow slightly.

"I'm staying at Parker's place tonight."

Why?

"Mom arranged it." I rub my hand down my face in exasperation. "There's no reason for you to be looking at me like I shit in your cereal either. I was only teaching you last night so you'd know what to do, and feel comfortable doing it, when you go on your dates. That's where the lessons end because you're obviously a natural."

They end when I say they end, he signs.

I roll my eyes. "You're unbelievable."

Come to my room.

"No," I scoff. "Why would I do that?"

Because I want you to show me... He stops and smirks. I want you to

teach me what it's like to have lips like yours around my cock. I stutter, nearly choking on my cereal, stuck and dry in my throat. "Jesus, Malachi."

"What did he do this time?" Mom asks, and my spine stiffens. "Are you annoying your sister again? Shouldn't you be fixing the bike you crashed last night and didn't tell anyone about?"

My eyes flicker to him, and he ignores Mom. I meant what I said, he signs, kicking his chair back and standing, before tossing the bowl into the sink and walking off.

We have staff in the manor, but they keep themselves busy. The cleaner— I refuse to call her a maid—hates when we leave stuff in the sink.

Mom puts her hands to her hips. "What was that about?"

I shrug, shoving a spoonful of cereal into my mouth. "Is the room nearly ready?"

She goes into a spiel about décor, and the way she wants the furniture to be arranged, and starts showing me pictures on her phone.

When she gives up and goes back to painting, I check my own phone.

Malachi: Waiting.

Me: Bite me.

Malachi: I already did. Move it, or I'll come down there and drag you up here.

I glare at my phone, fed up with his hot and cold. He just spent weeks blanking me, so he can have the same damn treatment. I call Abbi and ask her to go to the mall, then I run to my room, get dressed, and head down to the garage—but before I can climb into my car, Malachi grabs my plait and slams me against it.

I don't have a second to think before he kisses me. There's no romance,

no cuteness, just him ravaging me like he's a starved man while pulling my hair nearly from the roots. He slips his tongue past my lips and moves it against mine, grabbing the back of my knees and lifting me into his arms, slamming me against my car again.

He grinds against my core, already hard, his fingers digging into my ass.

"Malachi," I breathe as he tugs my hair again. "Cameras."

If dad were to look at the security system, he'd see his kids kissing, devouring each other like starved animals.

He breaks away from my mouth and pulls my hair to the side, tilting my head and sucking on my pulse beneath my ear so harshly, I know he'll leave a mark.

I kick my legs out, shoving against his chest, and after a long minute of fighting him, he moves his mouth down my chest, snatching my shirt down to take my nipple into his mouth.

My eyes roll, and I stop fighting, my pussy aching for his touch again as I relax in his arms, moving my hips to rock against his cock. I like that he didn't stop when I pushed at him; he only sucked my skin harder and gripped me more painfully, and it... excited me.

Sick, sick, sick.

My phone rings, and he pulls back, breathless.

"You don't need any more lessons on kissing," I say, panting, feeling him pressed into me. "Or how to suck on a nipple. Put me down."

Begrudgingly, he does, and I wipe the back of my hand across my mouth while steadying myself.

Teach me more.

I roll my eyes and open my car door. "Fine. But stop being a dickhead to

me. I sneak out of my window, two hours before Parker's due to pick me up, wearing a little dress that doesn't need a bra underneath. It's raining, so the ledge to his balcony is slippery.

I reach the balcony without falling to my death and find him watching me, leaning against it with a cigarette. He smirks when I try to climb over and slip, reaching his hand for me to grab. I throw my leg over, and he catches me, pinning me to the stone balcony by his hips.

I glance around, but the place is in darkness.

"It don't have long," I say. "What do you want me to teach you?"

He shrugs. Whatever it is you like. He blows smoke above my head and flicks the rest of his cigarette off the balcony.

I laugh. "If you want to learn what I like, then being in a bedroom isn't that. You want to chase me around a cemetery? The woods? Make me terrified while you fuck me?"

His pupils expand. If that's what you want.

"But not everyone likes that," I say, curling my fingers into the waistband of his shorts. "Some people like to be serenaded, pleased with love and words full of meaning."

I reach into his shorts, under his briefs, and his jaw tightens as I wrap my fingers around his cock. "Some people like to take things nice and slow, Malachi, because it builds trust." I stroke him, and he grows in my palm.

"Do you want me to teach you slow?" He shakes his head, thrusting into my hand, his chest heaving.

"Do you want me to show you what I look like on my knees?"

He nods, and I hum, twisting my wrist as I reach his engorged head, faltering when I feel the faint piercing there. More than one actually.

"Did they hurt?" I ask him, tracing my fingertip up the metal bars on the underside of his cock. Like a ladder to the tip.

No, he signs. Knees. Now.

I smile as I let out a puffed laugh. "Make me."

He grits his teeth, eyes searching my face as I graze my fingers over the head of his cock again, then snatches my throat, slams his mouth on mine for a brief kiss, and shoves me down to my knees. The balcony is wet, the rain pattering down, soaking my hair and my dress, but I don't care.

The forcefulness makes my pussy throb with need as I settle my ass on my ankles, looking up at him. His soaked hair drips down onto my face before he runs his fingers through it, making it stick up in all directions while he tips my chin with one hand and pulls his cock out with the other.

"I want to taste you," I say, my tone breathy and erotic. "I want to go to Parker's house, and when I kiss him, I want him to taste you on my tongue."

Angering him is stupid, but I love seeing the darkness taking over his eyes, the roughness of his grabbing my hair and making me open my mouth. I stick my tongue out, licking the tip of his dick and making it jerk in front of me.

His precum is leaking from him, and I lean up on my knees enough to wrap my lips around the head, tasting him, feeling the metal rub against my bottom lip—tletting out a moan as his fingers tighten in my hair as I suck

lightly.

I pop it back out of my mouth, running my hands up his thighs. "Does it feel good?"

With one hand, he strains as he signs, Yes.

"You're so big. I don't think I'll get it all in my mouth." I drag my tongue from base to tip, feeling the ridges of his piercing and wondering how they'll feel if he ever fucks me.

He lets go of my hair. I'll make it fit. Even if it hurts.

It's the only warning I get before he snatches my hair and forces his cock into my mouth, nearly knocking me over. The bluntness against the back of my throat has me nearly choking, gagging, but I adjust my throat and swallow around him as he starts thrusting into my mouth like a madman.

It does hurt, but the heat starts coiling at my core from how rough he's being—robbing me of air, my scalp burning from the grip in my hair, my eyes watering.

He throws his head back as he fucks my mouth, growing thicker and nearly crushing my throat. Thrusting, pushing further down my throat, pulsing as even more precum leaks out.

I dig my nails into the back of his thighs, pulling him closer to me even though I need space to breathe. He pants inaudibly, dropping his head down to watch me, releasing one hand from my hair and pinching my nose.

My eyes widen, my clit throbbing as my lungs start to seize. I can't breathe. I can't do anything but let him fuck my mouth.

"Malachi!" Dad yells, and he stills, keeping his cock deep in my throat as I gag. He leans over the balcony, but I can't see. "Take whoever that is into your goddamn bedroom! Jesus Christ!"

Malachi looks down at me, grinning as he pulls out a little for me to gasp

in air, then fucks into my mouth again. He signs, I wonder what he'd think if he knew his precious daughter was the one sucking his son's cock like the filthy little fucking whore she is.

One more thrust, and his cock swells as his eyes roll to the back of his head, Dad still shouting down in the yard, but he keeps going until he stills, the warm liquid hitting the back of my throat as his dick twitches in my mouth.

He pulls out completely, and snatches my jaw, keeping my mouth open. With my tongue out, he stares at his cum pooling in my mouth, capturing some of it spilling from the corner with his thumb and wiping it across my lips.

My eyes widen as he slides two fingers into my mouth, forcing them to the back of my throat and making my gag and swallow every drop.

I fall forward, gasping in the rain, filling my lungs as he steps away. I look up to see him tucking his dick away. Go kiss your future husband, little sister. And when you do, you better think about me and all the ways I'll fuck you in his blood.

Parker sits beside me, his friends all laughing and drinking around us on the

sofas. We're in one of their basements, and what should have been a date has turned into him guilt-tripping me into being here, since I was making him miss out on a good night.

I did try to go home, but he insisted I go with him, mentioned his old man

would be mad at him if he fucked me off for a party. He's taken four lines so far, and his friends are all idiots.

His arm is behind me, his fingers grazing my shoulder, and I'm very aware of his intentions. He's a fuckboy—known for being the type of guy to sleep around and get praised for it. His shaggy blonde hair falls over his eyes, so he keeps needing to bat it away to see, and he smells like vinegar. I don't think he's even showered after working out.

With that cocky attitude, you'd think he'd at least be good in bed, but I was bored to death, trying not to fall asleep while I stared at the ceiling the entire time.

This is the guy Mom paid to fuck me. My father's business partner's idiotic son. My potential future husband.

Yack.

I have no interest in him—I'd rather kiss a poisonous frog. Or maybe Malachi's spider Spikey?

Honestly, I want to yell at my parents for forcing me into these arrangements. Not only is he five years older than me, but he also keeps calling me "kid," even when he was inside me. He's kissed me twice, and I felt like I was making out with a lampshade.

No sparks whatsoever. But then again, I have been kissing Malachi.

Parker's voice slithers near my ear. "You want to go to one of the rooms?"

I should say no, but he might tell my parents I'm not being cooperative, so I unenthusiastically nod.

One of his friends stands. "Parks!" he cheers. "Think your girl will suck me off?"

He laughs. "Probably. She's easy enough."

My face falls, and I pull away from him. "What the fuck?" Faking a pout, he nips my chin. "Don't act all innocent. I bet if I told you to, you'd suck every single one of us off."

I scoff and cross my arms, trying to feign confidence even though my bones are shaking with fear. "I don't think so." Then I turn and head for the basement door. "I'm going home."

A hand knotted in my hair stops me. "I have three more hours with you, so do as you're fucking told."

Parker spins me round and slaps me across the face with the back of his hand, sending a searing burn across my cheek. My hair falls over my face, and I look up at him.

He just... hit me.

I gulp down my anxiety, not daring to throw anything back at him. I'm not stupid. He's way taller, and the rest—all ten of them—start to laugh at me. All drugged and drunk and watching me like I'm some whore they paid to fuck.

"Unless you want the world to know your mom sold your virginity to me for five grand, I'd open those pretty little lips of yours and stick out your tongue," Parker whispers against my ear. "Sit your pretty ass down while I grab us drinks."

My eyes water, and when Parker and his friends all go grab more drinks, I climb back onto the sofa and slide my phone out, opening Malachi's contact details and sending him my location.

Screw the consequences.

The location is received, and I don't have time to send anything else, not even a warning that there are loads of them here, before Parker sits back down beside me.

"Are you out of your little mood?" I accept the beer, but I don't drink it. "You just offered me up to all your friends."

"Yeah, I did. Is that a problem?"

I grit my teeth and stare forward, flinching as he brushes hair from my shoulder. "I asked you a question, Olive."

"My name is Olivia."

"It doesn't really matter what your name is though, does it?"

My chest heaves as I watch the clock. Malachi knows I'm out with Parker —he made sure his cum was coating my mouth and throat before I left, kissing me harder than ever before to prove a point. When I got to Parker's, he forced his mouth on mine, and the only positive was that he would've had my brother's taste on his tongue.

Asshole.

There's a disturbance outside the basement door, and Parker sits up straight to see, but someone comes smashing through it, knocking the door off its hinges, and everyone jumps to their feet as five masked men walk in swinging bats.

I feel myself smile as the one in the middle, his face covered with a balaclava, twirls the silver bat between his fingers. Malachi's eyes find me, and he tilts his head towards the broken doorway, telling me silently to get out.

I run without giving it a second thought, shrugging off Parker's hand when he reaches for me.

I stop beside Malachi, whose gaze is now fixed on Parker. "Thank you," I say. "He was going to make me blow him and his friends."

Parker lifts his hands as Malachi raises the bat and storms towards him.

"Hey, man. She's a goddamn liar! She—" He's silenced by the bat smashing into the side of his face, knocking him sideways. I run out of there just as I see my brother grab Parker by the hair and punch him hard in the nose, breaking it instantly.

"Olivia? Malachi?" Mom's panicked voice reaches my ears as the front door opens, gentle, bloody hands on my shoulders as my brother walks me in. "Jamieson! Jamieson! Malachi is covered in blood!"

Heavy footsteps, then I hear my dad. "What the hell happened?"

"The next time you pair me up with someone, make sure he isn't a piece of shit," I snap at her. "Parker and his friends were going to attack me. He said that if I didn't agree to it, he'd tell the world you paid him to take my virginity."

Mom presses her hand to her chest. "Did he hurt you?"

My chin trembles as tears slip down my cheeks, and I shake my head. "T sent Malachi my location, and he got to me before they could do anything. Him and his ten friends were going to—' I stop, my stomach twisting. "Don't ever pair me up with someone like him again."

"Ten of them?" Dad shouts. "That piece of shit."

But then Malachi's burning, fuming gaze lifts to Mom, as if it just hit him what I said. You paid someone to fuck my sister?

It takes her a second to realize he communicated with her. "Don't speak

like that," she scolds. "And I did it to help you, Olivia. I never intended for him to attack you."

Dad steps up beside her, glaring. "Wait. Did I hear that right? You paid Parker fucking Melrose to sleep with my daughter?"

"He said no to the arrangement! I had to make him say yes! She was a virgin, and he didn't want someone innocent!"

Dad's jaw ticks, his nostrils flaring the same way my brother's do when he's mad. "I'll speak to you later about this."

He gives me a warm smile. "I'm going to fix this, angel. No one tries to hurt my child and gets away with it." He walks away, shouting over his shoulder, "Malachi, grab your baseball bat and meet me in the garage."

"Oh, he already got them."

Dad stops, turning. "What?"

"They're all dealt with."

I got them, Dad, Malachi signs, and my eyes widen. He never talks to him. Ever. Never mind calling him Dad. It hits my father, and I can tell he wants to hug my brother, but he won't.

"Good one, son. If any cops show up, I'll deal with them." He gestures to the stairs. "Go shower. You're covered in blood, and it's staining your mother's carpets."

A short while later, I stand in the shower and let the water roll down my body, listening to "In Flames" by Digital Daggers down low from my little speaker.

Malachi is sitting against my sink, silently watching me. His knuckles are all split open and bleeding, and he keeps fisting his hands and rubbing his face as he shakes his head. He broke Parker's legs with his bat and shoved the handle of the bat down one of the other's throats, dislocating their jaw

and making them vomit blood. His friends got the rest.

I don't think any of them will bother me again.

Parker's definitely not going to be reaching out anytime soon. Even Dad had a go at Mom for the secret money slip, until she cried and apologized.

The agreement with Parker's family is over—I'll probably be forced to marry Adam.

Stupid.

At least I know Adam wouldn't ever hurt me. He's too delicate and soft; even when I had to sleep with him, he was shaking so badly and apologizing over and over because he couldn't get hard.

I don't want to get married—ever.

My brother slides open the shower door and climbs in. My eyes follow him as he soaks his hair under the water, and I gasp at the blood streaming from his black hair.

It's not mine, he signs. I'm not sure whose blood it is. The place was a bloodbath.

"You know..." I start, clearing my throat as I glance down at his shorts, which are getting soaked by the shower. "Usually people shower naked."

He blinks then stares at me as he continues rubbing the blood from his hair and the back of his neck.

"How exactly did you get so much of someone else's blood in your hair?"

It got messy, he signs. Are you alright?

I shrug. "Shit happens. I should've known not to go there."

He tilts his head, frowning. You know none of that was your fault, right?

"I kind of put myself in that position by going there. If I hadn't got my

location to you..." He sighs silently. Forever blaming yourself for shit. And you aren't going out with anyone else. Tell that other dude to fuck off.

"I'm afraid that's not your decision, big brother."

He groans and closes his eyes, signing, Don't call me that right now.

"Why?" I ask when he keeps his eyes closed.

Because I want to do things to you, and you calling me that makes me want to do even dirtier things to your mouth.

My mouth closes, and I stop breathing. He gets turned on by me calling him my brother? Is that... allowed? Wrong?

I don't think I really care.

"Do you even need lessons anymore? You seem like a natural."

He doesn't respond, rubbing soap on his chest and licking his lips as he frowns at me.

"Or..." I stop, sliding my hand up his chest, layering it over one of his and feeling his pounding heart. "I could teach you something I really want you to do to me."

He nods, and I slide my hand up to his shoulder, keeping my eyes on his as I apply pressure, pushing down, and when he tilts his head, I say, "Get on your knees for your little sister, Malachi."

His cock jerks between us, hitting against my navel, and I quirk a brow at his silence.

One at a time, he drops to his knees, my hand still on his powerful shoulder, taut with the muscles he's been building since he was sixteen. I cup his jaw, holding his chin, then I lean down and press a kiss to his mouth. "I want you to taste me," I say against his lips. "I want your mouth

on me. Do you want me to teach you?"

His lips part, pupils expanding as he nods. I don't think he's even breathing.

I straighten, and his darkening eyes are on me, dropping down to my navel as his palms slide up my thighs, the water running all over my body like a fountain.

He's waiting for instructions, the clueless look in his eyes making me giddy—Malachi Vize, innocent only for me, on his knees for his sister, looking like I own him.

I do own him.

"Use your tongue first," I say, parting myself with my fingers to show him my clit. "Right here. Lick me."

My brother's blue eyes burn into my soul as he brings his face closer to my parted pussy, his warm breath hitting me and making me tense all over. He flattens his tongue against my clit, and I release my lips to slam my palms on the wall on each side of me.

Keeping myself upright on shaky legs, I glance down as he swipes his tongue against my folds, sucking them lightly. Licking from entrance to clit slowly, he has me tensing with each flick of his tongue, the tip slipping against my entrance.

He eases back, and I already miss his mouth on my pussy. Am I doing it right?

"Yes," I breathe. "God, yes. So good, Malachi. Keep doing it, and suck on my clit too," I whisper, putting my hand on the back of his head and guiding him back to my pussy.

He smirks, but barely—and I'm thrown back into bliss as he buries his face between my legs, only giving my clit attention with licks and sucks

and the faint graze of his teeth. His fingers are digging into the backs of my thighs, bruising them most likely, as he sucks my clit into his mouth and swirls his tongue around it.

I open my legs wider, my mouth gaping on silent cries, my back sinking against the shower wall, as I ride his tongue, desperate for the warmth of it to push deep into my pussy. For him to stand up and fuck me.

I brush my fingers through his black hair and pull, using my hold as leverage to fuck his face, whimpering as his tongue nearly enters me—but he keeps focusing on just my clit, and I want more.

"Stick your tongue out," I order him, and he glances up at me through his long and thick dark lashes, doing as I tell him. I move against the rigid tongue, and when it enters me slightly, I need to cover my mouth to muffle the moan as Malachi understands what I want and forces his tongue inside me, sucking and devouring and thrusting it in and out as he cups my ass with both hands, parting my pussy from the other angle.

"You're going to make me cum," I moan. "Keep going. You're doing so well, Malachi."

This pushes me more, and as his fingertips part my back hole, he alternates between sucking my clit and fucking me with his tongue.

I reach behind me, down to my ass where his hands are, and gasp as my body starts to light up, my nerve endings sparking, my eyes rolling.

"Use your fingers," I order—and nearly scream the manor down as he pushes a fingertip into my back hole instead of my pussy, but I don't stop him.

I ride his face and finger as it eases in and out, going deeper as I push against the back of his hand, moaning aloud and not caring if our parents

can hear us. "You're doing so well, Malachi," I praise, grabbing his other hand and wrapping my fingers around two of his. "Push these inside my pussy while you suck my clit. Fuck both of my holes with your fingers."

His teeth graze my clit as he pushes two fingers inside, just as the other finger slips back into my ass—and I cover my mouth on a scream as everything smacks into me.

The orgasm my brother draws out of me has me rolling my eyes, barely able to stand as my knees buckle through the intensity. He's holding me up by pushing us both against the wall, still fucking both ends with his fingers and sucking on my clit so harshly, I think he might bruise that too.

I grind against his mouth with each pulse, each grip of my inner walls around his fingers, and he licks up my juices as he slowly slips his fingers free. I flinch as he forces his tongue inside me again, sucking and swallowing me, not once taking his eyes off me.

His bottom lip drag from my entrance, all the way up and over my clit, stopping at my navel. Good?

I blush at the way he's smiling up at me, the light in his eyes returning, his hands lowering to clamp delicately at my thighs to keep me up, still on his knees as the water soaks him. His lips are

raw, and as I nod and grin, leaning down to kiss him, I yelp as he drags me down to the shower floor and kisses me until we're even more breathless.

I end up on my knees again, feeling his piercings with the flat of my tongue as I swallow his cock, and he pounds into my mouth with a painful grip of my hair.

He spills into my throat, not my mouth, and I swallow every drop before we get out of the shower, kissing against the sink wrapped in towels, his

hands holding my face as he tilts my head to kiss me deeper, hungrier, biting at my lips and tongue until we're both dry. Then he carries me to bed and drops me on the mattress, and I giggle.

He bends down to kiss me. The annoying part of my brain has me lifting my hand to stop him, pressing my fingers to his lips.

His brows knit together. What's wrong?

"I'm scared that if we keep doing this, I'll start falling for you. And we... me and you... it's impossible."

He sits on the edge of my bed. These were just lessons for you.

Not a question—a statement. One that might have been true months ago when he asked me to show him how to kiss, but now? I can't even think about anyone else without his face, his hands, his body infiltrating my mind.

"Were they more for you?"

I don't know, he signs, and he genuinely looks dumbfounded. I don't understand the way I feel. It's different. Like I don't have any control.

His diagnosis comes to mind, and I reach for his hand. "Maybe we should stop before it gets more confusing. Would you be comfortable with someone else now that we've... done things, or do you still want lessons?"

Can I not just be comfortable with you?

"I'm your sister."

And?

I snort a laugh. "Do you want to give Dad a heart attack?"

He gives me a look that says he absolutely does want to do that—then I pull him into bed with me, and we kiss again, completely exhausted as we

both fall asleep.

