

# LITTLE STRANGER

## Chapter 8: Olivia

Before I go to cheer, Mom wants me to go shopping with her to buy furniture for the new foster—a five-year-old girl called Molly. She was taken from her mother after doctors found drugs in the little girl's system. The parents were given many warnings, but they didn't even try for the sake of their child.

My dad was given her case when the father was being charged for raping his wife—and Jamieson Vize being Jamieson Vize knew he had to save the girl with a story nearly identical to my own.

She joins the family next week.

Malachi doesn't care—he hates children and will probably stay far away from her. The past three months have been... fun. When we aren't sneaking into bed and continuing our "lessons," we're hiding in places around the house while either one of us practices our oral skills or kissing until we're satisfied.

Which is never.

Mom has given me some freedom, if I can even call it that. Adam is the one she wants me to marry now Parker is out of the picture, but she told me to take a year before the arrangement goes ahead. So I can enjoy the "single life" until I inevitably become Mrs. Adam Peckham.

Me being the great daughter I am, I agreed.

Malachi isn't happy about it at all; that much is clear from the way he glares at Mom whenever she's around, and even Dad had been keeping his distance from her since he found out about her secret payoff she gave to Parker.

He's done nothing but apologize to me. He tells me he'd never sell his daughter's virginity and that he's contemplating divorcing Mom for her

actions, but he still loves her, so he won't. Not that I want them to separate. "I'm going to Abbi's tonight," I announce. "She's having a little party for her nineteenth."

My brother's eyes slowly lift to me, and he shakes his head. No.

I screw my nose up. Don't dare try telling me what to do, I sign back while Mom's back is turned. I'm staying there, and you won't stop me.

I will.

I scoff and shake my head. Fuck you.

I'll do that too.

The blush on my cheeks betrays me, and I kick him under the table, making him cough through a laugh while he eats his cereal. Just being honest, little sister.

I'm fed up with everyone running my life, so I glare and blank him and grin at my mom. "Can you drop me off? I don't want to have any drunken urges to drive home under the influence later."

Malachi straightens. He doesn't like it when I go out drinking. We're not going out out, since we're not twenty-one and don't currently have fake IDs, but it's so easy to get booze for house parties.

"Of course, sweetie. Have you decided where you want to go for your nineteenth? We could go camping again, or maybe Florida? Oh, wait, did you not say you wanted to visit Europe?"

"Maybe Paris," I say, tilting my head from side to side. "I'll ask Abbi to come with us."

Once I finish eating, I head up to the second floor to go through my mom's walk-in closet, hunting for the shoes she stole from me. I click on the light and jump when I see someone standing behind me in the reflection of the mirror.

"Dammit, you idiot! Don't sneak up on me like that!" Malachi leans his shoulder against the door frame. We should do more lessons. We've been stuck on the same one for months.

Popping my hip out, I cross my arms. "Because you said you wanted to stay on oral for a little while longer for extra practice. Honestly, you don't need any more lessons. I'm sure you can navigate the rest on your own." I smirk at the rage taking over his eyes. "It's more of an instinct thing from here on out. Your wooing sexual skills are... fine."

He narrows his eyes and takes a step into the walk-in closet, making my nerves tingle. Fine, he signs, raising a brow. Just fine?

To be an asshole, I smile. "Yep. Now fuck off. I'm busy, and you're the last person I want to converse with after telling me not to go to Abbi's tonight. What's with that anyway? You think you can get me on my knees then tell me what to do in my life?"

Malachi rapidly eats up the distance between us, and my stance falters as my back hits the wall, trying to keep him as far away as possible. Mom and Dad are home—they could easily walk up the stairs and see us. It might not have stopped us before, loving the thrill of being caught, but I'm trying to be mad at him, and I want to stay mad.

Does that stop him though? No, of course not—he leans in, bringing his nose just above my ear to inhale the scent of my hair while his cologne distracts me. Always smelling my hair, always rubbing it between his fingers. The tip of his nose grazes the shell of my ear, and I tense all over as he nips my lobe between his teeth. My pussy throbs, and I know my mood is about to vanish, and the next lesson might commence at any moment.

He bites lightly, and I tilt my head to the side to give him more access,

elongating my throat so he can kiss down the expanse of it and suck my skin in that way that has me shaking, hot waves of pleasure throbbing between my legs.

His tongue licks against my pulse, and I feel it pump erratically as his hand takes my hip, pinning me in place while his other hand slips under my cheer uniform, gentle touches against the soaked material. I can see the words in his eyes. So wet, little sister.

My lips part on a moan as he applies pressure to my clit, but it's gone as soon as he does it—he pulls his hand away, caressing his palm against my chest, between my breasts, over my heart, probably feeling it nearly bounding from my ribs. It's beating like a drum for him. Hard thumps, matching my pulse, and he holds it there as he captures my mouth with a searing kiss.

He breaks away, and I'm breathless as he presses his forehead to mine, holding my hip, his other hand still over my thrashing heart. The heart—I fear—that may already belong to my brother.

The realization breaks me, and my eyes start to water as I look at him. His brows furrow, and he tilts his head questioningly as a tear slips down my cheek.

"I can't marry you," I whisper. "Mom is going to make me marry some asshole, and I won't ever be able to have you."

Is that the wrong thing to say to him? He most likely isn't feeling the same way. He's not capable of those emotions—but I need to be honest with myself, even once, that this could be, or is, more than just me teaching him how to be sexual with someone.

He admitted he felt different, something he couldn't control. So there's a

chance he cares about me past being his teacher-sister. Stupid feelings. Why can't I have feelings for Adam? Why Malachi? Why my brother?

Wordlessly, he slides his hand from my heart, up my chest, and wraps his fingers around my throat before slamming his mouth down on mine.

The kiss is brutal and hard and firm, his hand finding its way back under my skirt so he can skim his fingers over the wet spot of my panties.

"I'll ask Olivia if she wants to come," Dad says, but I'm too drawn into the moment to care what they're talking about as Malachi slides the fabric aside and drives two fingers home, making me huff a violent breath into his mouth. "Where is she?"

"I think she's in the main closet getting a pair of her shoes."

Just as the heat starts to build, the heavy footfalls of my father reach my ears, and I gasp and push my brother away from me, fixing my panties back into place as I hurry out of the closet, closing it with Malachi still inside. "Hey!" I say, far too excitedly, considering his son just had me pinned to the wall and was kissing me with his fingers in my pussy. My thighs are still trembling, soaked, with my need for release. I think my eyes are crossing, and they're definitely red.

We've been doing these lessons for months, but Malachi was a natural at kissing and using his fingers from the start.

Typical for Malachi Vize to be an overachiever, even when it comes to fucking around with his little sister and making her whimper his name and praise him while eating her out.

Dad's fixing his tie while saying, "There's an open day at the firm next week. I was going to ask if you wanted to come with your brother."

Oh, those words. Yes, I would love to cum with my brother. Maybe he'll take me

somewhere on his motorbike and eat me out on it. Or better, bend me over

it? No—sick. Sick, sick, sick. Dammit.

"Sure," I reply. "I'll make sure I don't have practice."

"Great, angel. You've always been a good girl. Hurry along before your mother gets bored and burns the house down while trying to bake another cake."

As much as she loves to cook, she can't bake to save herself.

I run down the stairs, swearing to myself since I left the shoes I was going to wear behind. I settle for the ones I have on and grab my purse, about to leave just as Malachi walks into the main lobby, his eyes on me as he licks his bottom lip.

"Did you clean out your tarantula's bed?" I ask as a cover.

He nods, and I shiver. I still hate spiders—I run out of his room whenever he decides to play with the fluffy monster.

Who even plays with a damn spider and finds it fun?

He's insane.

Mom leaves first, and Malachi's chest is still rising and falling harshly, his hungry eyes raking down my cheer uniform as he grabs my wrist before I can go after our mother. Come to my room when you get home later.

My smile is blinding, and I bite my lip like my high-school crush is flirting with me. I glance around to make sure no one can see and lift to my tiptoes, giving him a chaste kiss. "We'll move on to our next lesson," I whisper. "And I want to hear your voice while I'm bouncing all over your

cock, big brother." His nostrils flare, and I step back, certain his dick is already getting hard as I skip out of the manor, giggling when I hear my phone vibrate with a text I know is from him.

Malachi: Since you're teaching me everything else, will you teach me how to say your name? I might fuck the pronunciation up a few times, but I want to know how to say it.

I expected something dirty from him, but my brows furrow as I reread the message, my heart racing in my chest. The warmth it sends through me has me fighting a grin, a blush all over my face. He hasn't spoken a word once since coming to live with us—but he wants to say my name. What does that mean?

I reply with a "Sure," and close off my screen as Mom turns on the radio of her SUV and heads to the mall.

After Mom drags me through far too many stores and has me carrying all her bags, she drops me at Abigail's house. We cheer together—we have since we were thirteen. She's the funny one between us. The one who sees the light in every bad situation. She's also quite short compared to me, and has purple, bobbed hair to match her personality. We're kind of opposites, but maybe that's why we're best friends?

She's forever complaining that her hair never grows to the length of my brown curls but then she goes and bleaches it every other week, so what

does she expect? She walks out of her front door, huffing and giving her father the middle finger when the door slams shut. "Asshole," she mutters. "Are you still staying over tonight?"

"Sure," I reply, even though I want to say no. That I changed my mind. I want Malachi to sneak in through my window, to wake me up, or maybe not wake me up, while he buries his face between my legs.

Thoughts of waking up in the middle of that scene has created the perfect vision in my head—something I'm going to bring up with Malachi. Maybe he'll be into it, maybe not, but I want him to be the one to live the fantasy with me.

I'm not sure if it means anything, but I've always liked it rough. Abbi thinks I'm a BDSM whore, but I'm not. I don't like gags and whips, but the idea of being chased? Degraded? Taken against my will?

I like the thought of being fucked savagely. To run from them—him. To be terrified while orgasming. I want to be choked until my vision blurs while Malachi fucks me with his fingers—while he forces his cock in either hole and makes me bleed and cry and scream for God.

Is there something wrong with me?

Maybe it's the family I came from—exposing me to a vile life at such a young age before I was rescued. But surely something like that couldn't cause me to have such fantasies, right?

Should I ask my brother if he feels the same, since we have similar backgrounds?

No. I think Malachi would be mortified if I ever told him the things going on in my head—it felt bad enough putting his hand to my throat, even

if the way he robbed me of air made me even wetter. But then again, he aims to please, and having him destroy me sexually would more than please me.

The hour of practice drags. I want to go home and lie in bed—watch a movie and eat junk food—not get drunk around loads of college kids. We try numerous pyramid stances with me as the flyer, where I'm thrown forward to flip onto my back. Anna nearly drops me, and she apologizes over and over—but I pat her shoulder. "It's fine. Just be more focused."

Her cheeks heat.

Anna, the blonde Malachi went on a date with months ago. Well, I wouldn't say a date, since he freaked out and left, but still... he agreed to the date. Does that mean he's attracted to her? Does he still talk to her?

Anna is beautiful—and to add to my list of things to be jealous about, she's also a lovely person. The best of both worlds—someone with a great soul who looks like she was born to be a supermodel.

She's slim and tanned. Smart. She was also prom queen, so it makes no sense for her to want to go out with Malachi, considering he's still seen as a freak. The weird kid who never had friends until he left school—the smoker who drives around on a motorbike and needs his sister to show him how to kiss.

We finish up and go into the locker room to shower and change—I head to my locker at the back of the room, away from everyone, then I grab my things and set them on the bench, brushing my hair while they all talk opposite the locker.

"Are you coming to Abbi's party tonight?" I hear one of the girls ask. "I heard she invited loads of guys."

"I have my eyes on someone," someone else replies. "Do you think Malachi Vize will be there?" "The hot mute guy? Looks like he wants to murder everyone while giving off big dick energy?"

I pause as I go through my gym bag, eavesdropping like I'm listening to gossip. Even as my heart rate picks up its pace, I focus on their muffled words.

"Yeah, him. He was the one Anna was in the room with a few months back. I think she gave him head or something."

"Really? I thought they fucked?"

I frown and drop my shirt, curling my hair over my ear as if it'll help my hearing.

"Did Anna say that? Maybe they did. Hey, do you think he moans? Or would it just be like... breathy? Should we ask her if the rumors are true, and he has his cock pierced?"

I grit my teeth and shove the rest of my things into my bag, my eyes already burning.

The door opens before I can make my presence felt, and more of the girls come in.

"Oh, Anna! I have a question about the mute. Did you fuck him a few months ago at the party? And if so, does he moan?"

"Shhhhh! Olivia is his sister," Anna hisses. "I don't want things to be weird on the team if she finds out I'm screwing her brother."

"So you're still screwing him? Give us details! Is he big? Dominant? Does he carve a satanic mark into your body with sheep's blood while he fucks you?"

"Damn, Danara, calm down."

"I'm asking what y'all are thinking." I've had enough—I finish stuffing my things into my bag, tie my hair back, storm from the lockers and shoulder past the girls—Danara especially. I ignore them as I march out of the locker room, burning tears starting to slide down my cheeks.

The betrayal hurts.

I hear someone call my name but fuck them. Fuck all of them for talking about my brother like he's some weirdo. And fuck my brother for lying to me.

He snuck into my room and asked me to teach him because he freaked out on his date with Anna, but all along, he'd fucked her? Was still fucking her?

Is that why he was such a natural in everything he was doing to me?

While I storm to the bus station, refusing to drive with Abbi, I pull out my phone, my fingers shaking as they type his name to bring up his contact details. I never call—it makes no sense to call since he doesn't talk. He probably won't answer. But he doesn't need to say a word—the asshole just needs to listen.

Three rings then silence, the call connecting without that usual greeting. I don't mean to cry, but tears drench my cheeks as little puffs of air escape from my lungs, audible enough he'll know I'm upset.

"How dare you, Malachi. How fucking dare you? You lied to me. You... Y-You lied. You lied and tricked me into teaching you everything, you goddamn freak. I thought I was helping you, and I was falling for you in the process, yet all along you knew damn well what to fucking do! What sort of sicko does that? I'm your sister! And I... I was..."

I cover my mouth with the back of my hand and crouch in the parking lot, sobbing into my hand. "I hope screwing Anna was worth ruining whatever

fucked-up relationship we had. You'll never get near me again, Malachi." I shake my head, my jaw jittering. "Never. I hate you. I h-h-hate you so fucking much."

I can hear him breathing heavily on the other end, a message coming through.

Malachi: Where are you?

"Fuck you," I spit before hanging up.