

# LITTLE STRANGER

## Chapter 9: Olivia

Are you sure you're okay, angel?"

I sigh, walking up the grand staircase. "Yeah. Just a rough day. I didn't mean to worry you." I'd called him as soon as I hung up on Malachi, in tears, my heart breaking, but when he answered, I froze, not knowing what to say.

I don't want my dad to be disappointed in me, and as much as I despise Malachi, I don't want him getting into trouble for manipulating his little sister into doing sexual acts with him.

I sniffle, and he huffs. "You're lying to me, but we'll talk when I'm home."

"Okay," I whisper. "I love you, Dad."

"I love you too, angel. Go get some rest. I'll bring home some takeout for you and your brother."

My jaw rolls, and I plaster a fake smile on my face. "Thank you."

He hangs up, and I close my eyes, standing at my door and pressing my forehead to the wood. My heart is sore—is that a thing? I feel like I've been cheated on by a long-term boyfriend, or someone punched me right in the gut and ripped my heart out.

When I get into my room, Malachi is sitting on my bed with his back to me, his hood up, flicking his lighter, so my dark room—he's drawn the curtains—glows.

I freeze in the doorway, standing aside. "Get out," I grit. "I don't want to even look at you."

He turns to face me, but I avert my gaze, refusing to look him in the eye. "Leave, Malachi." A huff, and I slouch against the door, exhausted from crying. "Whatever we were doing is over. I want you to leave my room, and

don't ever come near me again." He's signing, but I'm not looking at him.

His motorbike boots quickly come towards me, a grip on my chin forcing me to look up at him, but I keep my eyes to the side. I don't want to see his face or learn what bullshit excuse he's going to come out with. I want him gone from my life—or at least from my fucking room.

"Can you please leave?" I ask, my voice breaking, cracking in two like my heart. "You hurt me, and I can't look at you."

He cups my face between his hands, pressing his forehead to mine, breathing heavily, but I pull back when he tries to kiss me, my hand moving before I can think and slapping him across the face. "Get the fuck out!"

He tries to communicate with his hands again, but I stop him, grabbing his fingers to halt whatever he's going to say. It's the worst, most belittling way to treat him, to silence his only way of talking, but I don't care. He hurt me, and I don't want to hear his side.

I shove him in the chest and walk to my vanity, grabbing the largest perfume bottle there and throwing it at him, hitting his shoulder. "Leave!"

He shakes his head and comes for me, signing, Let me fucking explain.

"Fuck you," I seethe, slapping him across the face again when he gets close enough, his cheek red. "I hate you; do you understand that, you fucking freak? I hate you for tricking me. For manipulating me into doing things for you."

Malachi tries to sign again, but I grip his fingers, twisting them, making him grit his teeth with discomfort, but he doesn't stop me. It's like he's enjoying the pain, the way I'm hitting him, the voice I'm using as I scream at him.

And that dark little voice in my head enjoys it too. I shove at his chest again and again and again, until he snatches my wrists and pushes me into the wall. His mouth opens, as if he's trying to say something, his lips shaping, no sound coming from them until he's whispering, "Ol... Ol... N-N..."

I shake my head and duck under his arm, grabbing the door handle. "Go," I say sternly. "Just... just go, Malachi. There's nothing to resolve here."

We were going to be each other's firsts, he signs, his eyes searching my face erratically. We were—

I turn away from him and laugh, leaving my bedroom and speed-walking down the hall, shaking my head. "I'm not a fucking virgin, Malachi. I haven't been since I was sixteen!" I spin around to face him again to see his defeated hands by his sides. "And apparently neither are you!"

I'm not a liar, he signs. Believe me.

"I'll never believe you again."

I turn away from him, but he grabs my hair and spins me back, slamming his mouth down on mine. I slap at his chest to push him away, but I'm pinned against the wall as his tongue pries between my lips, his arm around the small of my back as he tries to kiss me.

My nails drag down his cheek, and he hisses into my mouth.

I try to knee him, but he grabs my leg and hikes it to his hip, and I'm not sure when my hands start raking through his hair, or when I start kissing him back, but it's mind-numbing, and I can't stop the hum I release.

Malachi traps me under his devious spell as he devours my mouth, probably knowing it's the last time I'll ever let him kiss me. It feels different. I'm not the only person he's kissed, and he lied. He lied, and he

tricked me, and I should hate him. I shouldn't grind against him, feeling the pleasure rush through me, or enjoy the way his tongue darts forcefully against my own.

He nips and sucks on my tongue, tightening his hold around the small of my back while his hand palms my ass.

Little puffs of air gasp into my mouth as I sink my teeth into his lip—hard —making sure to hurt him. "I hate you," I pant, easing back to look him in the eyes. He watches a tear slide down my cheek, catching it with his tongue before dipping his head to my throat, sucking against my pulse and making me moan.

My hand drops between us, under his waistband, and I wrap my fingers around his cock, feeling the piercings running up the underside. I stroke him while he marks my neck, his grip on my ass growing painful as he thrusts into my hand.

His precum is leaking all over my hand, and I shove at his chest enough to drop to my knees, pulling down his biker combats as I go. His cock springs free, hard and long and thick, right in front of me.

Looking up at Malachi, I grip the base. "I hope when you see others on their knees for you, you see me, your innocent baby sister, with your cock in her mouth. I hope when I'm out of your life, you miss this sight, because as soon as you finish down my throat and I swallow all your big brotherly cum, you're going to pack all your shit and leave."

He swallows, his palm pressing to the wall above my head. "Do you understand?" I push, digging my nails into his cock, making him flinch and grow harder.

Nodding, he fists my hair with both hands and thrusts into my mouth, gagging me as the piercings slide against my tongue, the hoop at the tip

hitting the back of my throat. I lap up his precum, swirling my tongue around the tip as he rests his forehead on the wall, panting, sweating, his grip on my hair near unbearable.

I gasp for air after a few minutes of him hammering my throat, and when he swells more, he pulls out, drool connecting my lips to his cock. He looks down at me, fury in his eyes, and spits in my face.

The next thing I know, Malachi pushes me onto my back, lying on top of me, forcing his tongue into my mouth while thrusting his hardness against my jeans.

He groans inaudibly and reaches down, unbuttoning them and yanking them harshly down. He hauls them off my legs and tosses them behind him, making them fly down the grand staircase we're at the top of.

Leaning over my half-naked body, he signs, Tell me you're in love with me, little sister.

"No," I grit.

He punches the ground next to my head, and my body seizes. Say you love me. Say you feel the fucking same way I do about you!

I tip my chin up. "I don't love you, Malachi. I could never love someone like you."

His jaw tenses. Because I can't talk? Because I can't tell you how fucking breathtaking you are every second of every day? Because I can't breathe without being near you? Someone like me... I'm different—I can't be normal for you. I can't defend you without using my fists or my bat, and I can't touch you at the same time as telling you that you're everything to me. I can't whisper sweet nothings into your mouth and I can't fucking marry

you because not only am I your brother, but I'm defective. He pushes up to his knees, his hands going nuts as he signs quickly, his eyes red with a mixture of heartbreak and rage I have no idea how to contain for him.

Believe me or don't, but you're the only person in my life, and you always have been. And when you take your last breath, or I take mine, that won't fucking change. You. Are. Mine. My goddamn property, do you understand?

A beat passes. Another. And another, and I gulp as I whimper out a soft sob. "You can't even feel love, so everything you're saying is another lie." I cover my face as my body wracks with each cry, my heart broken for the brother I can never have.

I don't look at him, so I can't see what he's signing, then he's tapping my arms to make me look, but I refuse and cry some more.

Until that cry turns into a moan, and Malachi has his mouth over the mound of my pussy, slipping his tongue through my entrance. I still don't move my hands from my face, even as I chase his mouth when he pulls back, flinching as he spits on my clit and suck on the tender flesh of my folds. He parts my lips with his fingers, and thrusts his face between my legs, cutting off his oxygen.

My back bows, and I cry out, leaking my juices all over his tongue as he fucks me with it, his hand pushing my legs apart to open me more for him.

"Oh God," I moan, shivering as an orgasm already builds. "You're going to make me cum, Malachi. Fuck. Fuck, fuck, fuck," I whimper, trying to grind my hips up, but he's holding me in place, capturing my clit between his teeth and spitting, sucking, my eyes pinging open as he sink a finger into my ass at the same time as thrusting two fingers into my pussy.

I tense everywhere as he pulls his fingers free and grips my thighs as his

tongue fucks into my entrance, lapping up all my juices as my inner walls flutter.

"Angel?"

My dad's voice comes from the bottom of the stairs, and I somehow manage to perch on my elbows while Malachi bruises my thighs with his grip, Sweat coating my skin as my dad stands with my discarded jeans in his hand, mortification all over his face.

"Daddy?" I whisper, my eyes rolling, falling back as my spine tingles, my breasts turning tender as my brother keeps eating me out, despite my dad being present.

He rushes up the stairs, stopping when he sees who's destroying his baby girl's pussy. "Malachi!"

Dad grabs his shoulder and tries to pull him away from me, but my brother's grip doesn't falter; nor do the strokes of his tongue, and we're both dragged across the floor while Dad tries to get him off me.

My brother doesn't stop, and my eyes close as my dad tries again. His mouth disconnects from my pussy, and I whimper from the loss, and the next thing, Malachi is being dragged off me, and Dad punches him.

Malachi's nose is bleeding when he stands up, gathering something in his mouth before he grabs Dad's jaw and spits in his face. Your daughter tastes fucking delicious, he signs. Too bad she's all mine.

Realization hits, and Dad grimaces and wipes at his face. "You disgusting

piece of shit!" He launches himself at Malachi, who's grinning as he drives his fist into our father's face over and over again.

I bend my knees to hide myself, backing up against the wall as he grabs the lapels of my father's suit jacket and slams his head into his face so

harshly, Dad falls back. "She's your goddamn sister!" Dad bellows as he tries to get up, smearing blood on his face, and Malachi silently laughs, wiping the back of his hand across his mouth, spreading the blood dripping from his nose, then kicking him in the face.

"Stop," I bark. "Don't you dare hit him again."

His eyes snap to me, and I shrink on the spot.

But then he fists his hands, his jaw tensing as if liquid rage has been injected into his veins. He grabs Dad by the hair and knees him in the face, knocking him back, then climbs on him, landing fist after fist, punch after punch, on his face.

"Stop!" I scream, trying to pull Malachi off him, but he shrugs me away and drags our dad to the stairs before picking him up and kicking him down every single step.

He smacks his head on the way, and as I try to run down to him, Malachi grabs me by the hair at the back of my head, forcing me to trail down after him instead. I slap at his arms, scratching him, yelling at him to let me go, but when we get to the bottom of the staircase, my dad lies limp on the floor, blood leaking from his head.

"No!" I run at him, and Malachi lets me. I cup Dad's cheeks between my hands, blood soaking his face. "Daddy? Daddy, can you hear me?"

A presence behind me makes me freeze, and I glance over my shoulder to see Malachi getting on his knees behind me, stroking his cock from the base, up over all his piercings, twisting at the tip. His bottom lip is captured between his teeth, and I gasp as he shoves my shirt up and over my ass.

I try to sit up, but he snatches my nape and keeps me on all fours, pushing my head onto my dad's chest. His heart is beating so fast, like a drum, as

Malachi lines the head of his cock up to my entrance. He's not going to...

Against my inner turmoil, and the fear that my dad might be dying, my pussy aches for him. It's vile and wrong and sick, but I need him inside me.

He rubs his piercings against my core, spreading my arousal, his fingers digging deeper into my nape as he eases the head in, inch by inch, and my breath hitches from the thickness, the way my body can't accommodate his size, his girth nearly splitting me open as he sinks in to the hilt.

His breaths are stilted, and I bet if he used his voice, they'd be deep, pleasurable moans as he eases out, fucking back in like a hammer on a nail. I'm struggling to breathe with how intense it feels. Warm liquid gathers around my knees, and I know it's my dad's blood.

My body lunges forward each time Malachi thrusts into me, and I feel so dirty for enjoying it. I'm enjoying my brother fucking me on top of my father's limp body. His heart is beating, but blood is still puddling around me, and I yelp as Malachi slaps my ass and goes harder, faster, jerking me and my dad on the floor as he wraps my hair around his fist and uses it to drag my head back.

Hips snapping into mine, he pants, holding my hip as his thrusts become even more powerful. The metal lining his cock rubs on my sweet spot, and my eyes roll, my nerve endings sizzling as I whimper.

"Harder," I moan, ashamed that I'm loving the feel of his cock filling me up. "Go harder, Malachi."

He does. Each punch of his hips has my lungs threatening to catch fire, and the pain on my scalp from him tugging my hair has my spine twisting so pleasantly, I see stars forming in my vision.

My brother bends forward, plastering his front to my back, and tilts my

head so he can kiss me. It's brutal, bruising, and he fucks into me as he swallows my moans, my gasps for him to go faster, deeper, to make me cum all over his cock.

He breathes heavily into my mouth as he slows his movements, going deep and dragging the metal against that spot that has me tensing everywhere.

"Are you going to make me cum on my big brother's cock?" I whisper.

He nods, mouth open as he inaudibly groans and lets go of my hair, sliding his hand up my ribs, between my breasts, so he can squeeze my throat.

My words are cut off, along with my air, and my eyes feel the pressure as Malachi grinds into me. My inner walls clutch around his dick, and the pleasurable heat shoots from my curling toes, all the way to my core, as I silently scream and cum all over his cock.

I clench around his thickness repeatedly, my back arching, and he stills, finding his own release as he fills me with each drop of his forbidden cum.

He only stays in place for a second before pulling out and shoving himself away from me. He's standing as I push up onto my palms, seeing all the blood I hadn't realized had soaked into my face and hands and chest.

My hands shake, though nowhere near as much as my legs do as I sit up on my haunches, and I glance over at Malachi as he tucks his cock away, wiping his face, his chest rising and falling. I stare at my father's body, bleeding and twitching, my wide eyes lifting to Malachi again. He doesn't seem to care as I reach down to check my dad's pulse, which is weak but present.

"Dad, stay with me. I'm going to get you to hospital," I say with a shaky voice as I pull on my panties and jeans, Malachi's cum already leaking out

of me. I shoulder past Malachi and run to the kitchen, slamming my fist on the emergency button on the wall, sending signals to the nearest cop car and ambulance.

I glance up at Malachi as he follows me back to my father's body. "I'll give you a head start," I snarl, trembling, the sirens already sounding

nearby. "Run, Malachi."