

STEPBROTHER'S PUNISHES ME EVERYNIGHT -

Chapter 4 #####CHAPTER 4

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MIA'S POV

I woke up feeling thirsty, like my throat dry as sandpaper. I tiptoed out of bed, hoping to grab a glass of water without bumping into anyone.

As I entered the kitchen, I spotted one of my stepbrothers Sean sprawled on the couch, fast asleep. His broad chest rose and fell with each peaceful breath. I hesitated for a moment, not wanting to disturb him, before quickly moving to the sink.

Oh no, I shouldn't be staring at him like this! I thought, panicking internally. I jerked my hand away, my heart racing, blood rushing to my cheeks. I could feel the heat spreading all over my body. Oh no, I touched him...

I filled my glass, the cool water soothing against my dry lips. Just as I turned to take a sip, I heard soft footsteps approaching. I glanced over my shoulder, and my heart skipped a beat. It was Nathan, and he was shirtless.

I could barely tear my eyes away from him. His abs were perfectly defined, every ridge and muscle sculpted like a masterpiece. His sweatpants hung low on his hips, revealing the sharp V-line that disappeared beneath the fabric. I felt my mouth go dry again, but this time it wasn't from thirst. The sight of him, his powerful body practically glowing under the kitchen lights, made it impossible to look away.

"Enjoying the view, little sister?" His deep, teasing voice jolted me out of my thoughts. I realized, with horror, that I had been openly staring. His smirk only deepened as he caught my eye. "It's rude to stare."

Shit! I turned away, my face burning with embarrassment. I needed to leave before I made a bigger fool of myself. But in my haste to escape, I bumped right into him, spilling water from my glass all over his chest.

"Oh no, I'm so sorry!" I gasped, my heart racing as I reached out to wipe the water away, my hands brushing against his rock-hard abdomen. The moment my fingers made contact with his warm, firm skin, I felt a shiver run down my spine. I froze, the realization of what I was doing crashing down on me like a tidal wave.

I quickly pulled my hand back, my cheeks flaming. My gaze was glued to the floor, too embarrassed to meet his eyes. "I didn't mean to—"

Nathan chuckled softly, the sound sending another shiver through me. "Did you like what you felt, kitten?" His voice was low, almost a purr, and I felt my face heat up even more. "It's not good to check out your stepbrother's body like that."

I opened my mouth to apologize, but no words came out. My fingers were still tingling from where they had touched his skin. He leaned down, his hand gently grasping mine as he moved it away from his chest, his gaze never leaving mine. The intensity in his eyes made my heart skip a beat.

"I—I'm really sorry," I finally managed to stammer, stepping back so quickly that I almost tripped over my own feet. My hands were shaking as I grabbed a towel and wiped the water off my fingers, trying desperately to calm the wild fluttering in my chest.

Nathan took a step closer, his smirk widening as he watched me fumble. "Don't apologize," he murmured, his voice like silk. "Just try not to make a habit of it." He leaned in, so close that I could feel his breath against my ear. "Unless, of course, you plan on drooling some more?"

My face was on fire now. I could barely breathe, and respond to him. I needed to get out of here before I melted into a puddle of humiliation.

Before I could move, the sound of another pair of footsteps echoed in the kitchen. I turned to see Sean walking in, his eyes narrowing as he took in the scene.

"What are you doing here?" Sean asked, his tone cool and a bit harsh. "We haven't exactly welcomed you yet."

"I—I was just feeling thirsty," I muttered, wishing I could disappear into the floor. And as if on cue, my stomach betrayed me with a loud growl.

Sean raised an eyebrow, and a ghost of a smile tugged at his lips. "Seems like you're hungry too."

"I was just going to grab some bread," I said quickly, my voice small. I glanced at the counter, where a loaf of bread sat, suddenly feeling like an intruder in my own kitchen.

Sean shook his head. "You should eat proper food if you're hungry, not just bread. Unless, of course, you're on some diet to attract boys?"

I blinked at him, taken aback. "I'm not dieting," I said quietly. "And I'm not trying to attract anyone."

Nathan, who had been watching silently, crossed his arms over his chest, his eyes boring into mine. "Are you dating someone?" he asked, his voice steady but with an edge that made my skin prickle.

I shook my head, my voice barely above a whisper. “No, I’m not dating anyone. I’m... I’m waiting for my mate.”

Nathan’s eyes narrowed, and he took a step closer, making me feel even smaller. “Good. I don’t want you dating anyone. And definitely don’t go around sleeping with random boys. We have a family reputation to uphold.”

My heart pounded in my chest as he leaned in, his breath warm against my cheek. “Did you understand, little sister?” His voice was almost a growl, low and dangerous.

I nodded quickly, not trusting myself to speak.

“Good, little kitten.” He straightened up, his lips curling into a smirk. “Now go. Unless you want to stand here and drool some more.”

I grabbed the loaf of bread and practically bolted out of the kitchen, my face burning with a mixture of embarrassment and confusion.

My heart was still racing as I made my way back to my room, the sound of Nathan’s mocking laughter echoing in my ears.

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