

### Hot Sister

Rick POV

"Congrats on the new f\*\*\*\*g sister," Axel teases me with a smirk as we sit in homeroom.

"Shut the f\*\*k up," I growl, not in the mood for his crap. I'm very anxious as it is.

Today's the day Quinn is released from the hospital, and as luck would have it, she's coming to live with dad and me.

Dad insisted, saying she needed a family and we had more than enough space. She was a beta's daughter to begin with, and he reasoned with Alpha Max that we would be the most perfect for her.

I'm a mixture of excitement and nervousness. I'm excited about getting to know the stunningly beautiful mystery woman, who I feel all this confusing intrigue towards. I'm nervous as hell because, well, for the same reasons.

I don't want it to seem like we are siblings now either. Axel keeps saying it like my dad is adopting the girl or something, but that's not the case. Dad made it clear to me that he wasn't adopting her. He told me to think of it as having a roommate. A very pretty roommate.

He didn't say the 'pretty' part, but that seems to be all I can think about. How pretty she is.

"Is your sister going to start coming to school with you too?" Axel continued to run his mouth.

"None of your business," I muttered, trying to make it seem like I was ignoring him as I opened my college algebra book to pretend to study for my next exam. I don't need to study, but I don't need to listen to Axel's crap even more.

"Is she hot?" He asks, his eyes sparkling with mischief.

I slowly turned my head, my eyes narrowing at my best friend. "Why the hell would you ask me that?"

Axel shrugs, "Just curious. My beta's new sister could be my f\*\*\*\*g prom date."

Oh, I wish I could punch him and get away with it. "You're not going to prom."

"I might if I could get a hot date," he grins, a plastic straw from lunch sticking out of his mouth as he chews on it.

"You looking for a hot date, Alpha?" Brea, a girl that has been trying to get on Axel's nuts for the past several months, takes the seat in front of him and bats her fake eyelashes at him, smiling seductively.

Axel curls his lip in disgust, icking the straw into the trash, "No. I'm not. If I was, it wouldn't be with you."

Damn. The man is merciless when you push him too far.

Brea looks agitated for a few seconds with Axel's continued cold shoulder, but recovers and turns her unnaturally nude colored lips up in a smile directed at me.

"What about you, future Beta? Are you still looking for a date to prom?" I almost laugh at how easily she turns her attention to an easier target. I mean, easier than Axel. Axel is always a rm no to any girl in our pack. I am too, as far as s\*x goes, but I will irt with the girls. Sometimes a little more depending on the situation.

Brea, though, is a hard pass for me. Who would want a try-hard barbie yapping in their ear all night?

Plus, I can't get the mystery Quinn girl out of my head.

"Nope. Hard pass," I said loud enough for half the room to hear and chuckle at Brea's expense.

"Seriously? Just two weeks ago you were saying you still needed a prom date," she retorts.

"That was before he got a hot new sister," Axel has to mumble, making me growl as he snickers.

"A sister? You don't have a sister. Are you talking about the little redheaded Gamma girl?"

"Eww," Axel and I said at the same time.

"She's like our f\*\*\*\*g sister," I groan.

"She is my f\*\*\*\*g cousin," Axel snaps, "but, now that I think about it, yeah. Courtney is my prom date, from this year until the year she graduates, so go apply some more lip gloss and ask someone else."

"Gross, Alpha," she scoffed, "You are really taking your little cousin to the prom? Isn't she, like, 10?"

"Close enough," I smirked.

"Seriously? She can't even get in."

"Sure she f\*\*\*\*g can," Axel says with a smirk, "Do you really think they will tell me no? Her only options for prom dates are me and Rick anyway, so better start with that precedent now. And honestly, I would rather dress Rick here in a f\*\*\*\*g dress and take him to the prom before taking you. He would look better in those spider legs hanging from your eyelids than you anyway."

Oh, ouch. I almost feel bad for this chick now. Not bad enough to go to prom with her so she can brag about having a date with a ranked member, but still a little bad.

"I thought you were going to be the one wearing the dress next dance," I puffed out my bottom lip, ghting to keep the smile off my face.

"f\*\*k that," Axel laughs, "I'll wear the spider legs on my face if you wear the dress."

"You do have prettier eyes than me," I laughed, "Oh, Alpha Axel, I just luuuh-ove your blue eyes," I snickered, making fun of what I've heard she-wolves tell him all the time.

He laughs dryly, "Your fat ass would ll in a dress better."

"I do have a nice dump truck, don't I?" I grinned.

"Mr. Kissinger and Mr. Anderson," the teacher snaps at us, "That is quite enough of your crass exchange. Some people are trying to study."

"Yes ma'am," we both say together, then send Brea dirty looks.

She's still sitting there, uttering those eyelashes at us, not trying to focus on one of us or the other. Whoever will take her, or at the very least, give her a bit of attention is the one she is planning on zoning in on.

I just lift my book so it's sitting vertically on the desk and use it to shield my face from her view. Her eyelashes look like venus y traps and it's creeping me out.

Brea huffs dramatically, but doesn't take the hint and move. I peeked around the book at Axel and he had that same disgusted look on his face.

"Teacher," he raises his hand and stands to his feet without waiting for a reply, "I'm going to go to the gym and training since I have no homework."

"Okay, Mr. Kissinger," the teacher sighs, clearly not in the mood to argue with him.

"Me too!" I hopped up and threw my book in my backpack before I slung it over my shoulder. The teacher just shakes her head, clicking away on her computer, probably glad to be rid of the two distractions disrupting what was supposed to be her quiet study hall.

"f\*\*k, that girl is annoying. It's like she doesn't understand f\*\*\*\*g English," Axel complains as we walk down the hall together. None of the teachers stop us. Being the top two students, and the future Alpha and Beta comes with some perks.

"She's got her eye on the prize, which in this case is your family jewels," I snickered.

"Yeah. Not going to f\*\*\*\*g happen. I'm not sleeping around in my own damn pack. Even if I was, it wouldn't be with her."

"Yeah," I grimace, "I wouldn't either."

Axel smirks, then shoves my shoulder. "No? Your new hot sister is a different story, huh?"

I growl, thinking over and over again about all the reasons I can't hit this jerk in the face. For one, it would barely hurt him. It would just be like angering the beast. Second, I can't outrun him. He is usually in charge of our training in the mornings too, when his dad or Uncle Nate are busy, and he would use me as his demonstration dummy for the next month.

"She is not my sister," I snapped back.

He chuckles, "Maybe one day my dad will bring back me a hot sister too."

Consequences be damned. I'm going to punch him.

I swipe my leg under both of his, making him fall to the ground with a loud thud and a long string of creative profanities that would make a sailor blush, and right before I'm about to hit him and make a run for it, the ocd door beside us opens and out comes my dad and the mystery girl herself.

While I'm distracted, Axel grabs my leg, twisting it, forcing me on the ground beside him. Worse than that, I screamed like a girl the whole way down.

"Little b\*\*\*h," Axel says, elbowing me in the stomach while I'm already winded before picking himself up.

"Asswipe," I gasped, water lling my eyes and running from the corners. s\*\*t, I look like such a wuss, and in front of her.

"Glad to see you're both not slacking off in your school work," my dad chuckles.

"He f\*\*\*\*g started it, Uncle Archie," Axel grumbles like a two-year-old."

"No I didn't! You were saying that...."

My voice dies out as I look up at the beautiful girl standing awkwardly next to my dad. s\*\*t. I can't repeat what Axel was saying in front of her.

"What?" Axel grins, "What was it that I was saying?"

I narrowed my eyes at him. "Nothing."

"Asshole," I tell him in the mind link.

He responds by blowing kisses at me, making me growl as he helps me up.

"Well, I'm glad you both are here. I can introduce you to Blue Cliff High's newest student," dad grins affectionately at the girl, making her smile shyly back before looking at us with warily. "Boys, this is Quinn. She will be staying with us for the time being, at least until she graduates. Quinn, this is our future Alpha, Axel," Axel gives her a half wave and a huge annoying smile I want to knock off his face, "and this is my son, Farak, but everyone calls him Rick. You two will be getting to know each other really well now, since you will be living with us. Rick, make sure you look out for Quinn here and help her get adjusted to the pack. You too, Axel."

"Sure thing, Uncle Archie," Axel elbows me, "We don't mind looking after Quinn, do we, Rick?"

"No," I shook my head and smiled at her, "not at all."

"Thanks," she mutters, her eyes more beautiful than I imagined they would be. She blinks nervously, biting her bottom lip before looking at the ground.

She's gorgeous. Even with the scrapes and scars still healing on her face, her natural beauty is far superior to any other girl I have ever met. She's perfect and it takes Axel elbowing me again, and coughing loudly to make me realize that I'm gawking at the girl. I can't help it. She's that fascinating.

I look at my dad and see him smirking at me weirdly again. Crap, my face is going to turn bright red if he keeps looking at me like that. I'm embarrassed enough because of Axel.

"Well, I'll let you boys get back to skipping class. I'm going to take Quinn to get set up at the warrior center now. See you at home."

He places a hand on Quinn's shoulder and starts to usher her alongside him down the hall.

"Bye, Quinn!" Axel grabs my hand, forcing me to wave, "See you later."

"Dude, f\*\*\*\*g stop," I growled at him, pulling my hand out of his. When I look back up, Quinn has her head turned, looking at us and smirking, looking like she's laughing slightly. She turns her head back too quickly for me to really tell.

"Damn, your new sister is hot," Axel snickers.

"That's it," I growl, punching his arm right in the place that will make it go dead. I sprint off to the gym, hoping I will make it to the eyes of a teacher before he catches me.

"You better f\*\*\*\*g run," he snarls, "You wanna f\*\*k with my pressure points, get ready for me to f\*\*k with yours."

"You deserved it, asshole!" I yelled back at him. He needs to quit calling Quinn my sister, because that is the last thing I want her to ever be.