

Chapter 12 The Hidden Weapon

Mia

I was annoyed at the sight of him, hissed and was about to slam the door in his face but he reached out too fast and held it with his hand.

I wasn't even shocked at how fast he had moved. I knew he was a werewolf and already read about their fast reflexes. Moreover, he was a trained officer. There wasn't much strength a girl like me could have against him but I was willing to still try. As if I was ever going to give up when it came to them.

"Why are you here?" I hissed as he forced the door open and strode into my bedroom as if he owned it.

Well technically, I was still a guest in the house since mum hadn't gotten married to Albert and his father owned the house so he could lay claims to it. Even if the house had his name written on its document, he shouldn't be here.

As long as the room was given to me to stay in, he shouldn't barge in on my privacy regardless of what silly notions he had about house ownership.

He moved closer to me, his eyes smiling. "Your mum called me. She wants us to build a good sibling relationship."

I snorted at his choice of words. "When did she say that?"

"This afternoon when I ran into her in the garden."

"I'm sure she didn't tell you to approach me in my bedroom at night. My mum wouldn't have suggested that."

"As if there is another way to build a relationship with you except here. You are never alone, sticking up to your mum or locked up in your bedroom. Coming here in the afternoon when anyone could see me is the same as me shouting on my head and drawing unwanted attention."

"Because you know your intentions aren't good." I scoffed.

"And how would you know that?"

"Because you are Jack."

"You seem to think I'm the same Jack you knew from high school."

"Are you not?" I threw back at him, arching my eyebrows.

He chuckled. "Don't you know it's bad to hold grudges. If I was still the same bully Jack, would I have brought milk for you?" He said, dropping the milk on the table. "It's funny to judge people by their past, Mia. I thought you should know that already by now."

I snorted. What was funny to me was the way they tried to show me they had changed without bothering to apologize for what they had done.

"Leave." I growled at him, pointing at the door.

He chuckled. "I brought you milk for you to sleep well. Won't you even acknowledge my gift? Or do I need your mum's presence this time again to make you not say no?" He moved forward and sat on my bed, crossing his legs over each other as if he had all the time in the world. His eyes sparked with mischief and I got nervous at his presence in my room, my mouth suddenly running dry.

I narrowed my eyes at him. He was playing dirty but who was I fooling? They never played with the rules.

I got angry at his confidence and how he tried to bring my mum into our issues. I moved to the table, took the milk and drank it quickly in a gulp.

I set the cup down and glared at him, my hands folded on my chest. "I'm done drinking. Thanks for the thought. Now, leave." I barked, pointing to the door once again.

He chuckled and he stood up from the bed, his eyes on me as he walked towards me. "Not so easy, sister."

The way he called me sister sent goosebumps all over my skin and I wanted to bolt to the door. I stamped my feet down and held my stance. I wouldn't let anyone intimidate me, right in my bedroom.

"We should foster a good sibling relationship." He drawled as he moved closer to me.

"We shouldn't." I glared at him. "I will shout if you don't leave now, Jack."

"You wouldn't." He said, so sure of himself.

I sighed. He was right. I hated the attention that I would get from that.

Suddenly, he embraced me and leaned closer to my ear. "You know I miss you, right? It has been a long time since we last saw each other."

I snorted, kicking at him to let me go. "Well, I don't miss you. I didn't and I don't."

He laughed, his breath tickling me and making me more angry. "I would like to see you wearing a sexy uniform again."

"Go fuck yourself." I hissed at him as I turned and glared at him.

I was so mad that I had no idea of when my hand flew up with the intent to slap him. I hissed, my eyes flashing with anger as he held my hand, stopping me.

"You know what I miss more about you?" He chuckled, pulling me to him. "Your passion and the fire in your eyes."

"Then, you must be blind because there is nothing but anger and hatred that I feel when I look at you."

"Fine if that is what you tell yourself." He grinned, extremely confident of himself. "I don't think I am the only one who feels good about seeing you. You must be happy to see us too, you are just pretending not to. We had a lot of fun together then. Don't you think?"

I snorted at his wrong mindset. "Keep on deluding yourself."

"You think I'm being silly?" He scoffed at me.

"I know you are."

"Then let me prove it to you that you are the one being ridiculous. You find it hard to express your emotions. I will show you now that there is something between us and you also feel it."

I gasped as he suddenly pushed me on the bed, trapping me with his body as he laid down on me.

"No. Get off me, Jack." I groaned, struggling with him.