

Chapter 6 The Hiding Werewolves

Mia

I was shocked when his eyes suddenly softened at me, gazing at me with affection unlike the cold ones staring back at me a while ago.

"What?" I asked, tired of all the confusing emotions that they wrought in me.

I wondered if they had a particular gift for that. Making people like them and hate them at the same time. I wasn't confessing to liking them, I was just annoyed. After all, what was there to like in them?

I would be a fool if I ended up liking the boys who had bullied me and treated me like I wasn't worth shit.

His eyes gleamed with amusement. "Are you still angry?"

"Don't I have the right to be?"

"It happened years ago, Mia." He said as if I didn't know. "You should have moved on. We have."

I snorted. "Easy for you to say."

Easy for them to do. I was the one bullied, it wasn't them. I was the one with sleepless nights and nightmares and not them. I bet that they slept fine on their beds. It wasn't like that for me. I couldn't sleep unless the bed was soft enough and even if the bed was soft, I needed to have a bath before sleeping.

"Mia." He sighed, running his hand over his hair, giving him a ruffled boyish appearance.

Not that I noticed. I heard that they were in the navy and I must admit that was where fitted them. I hoped that they met with men who were stronger than they were who could give them a taste of their own medicine and bully them, just as they had bully me.

I doubted that was possible though, I thought, looking at how ripped Quinn's muscles were. His brothers' were like that too, looking strong and heavily muscled. I could bet that they were treated with respect and admiration in the force, just as they had back in high school.

"What are you thinking of?"

I snorted. "It's none of your business. Could you let go now?" I said, reminding him that he had me pinned to the wall with his body.

I was annoyed I had to remind him as if he didn't know. It wasn't like I was that tiny that he wouldn't feel that he had someone pinned down, even if he was huge compared to me.

He raised his hand to my face and started caressing it. "I'm glad we met again." He said, his voice soft unlike the gruff one I was used to.

What was he playing at? I stiffened at his touch, cringing in fear and disgust. I was transported back to the gym in high school where Jack had tried to force himself on me and they had all been laughing.

For all I cared, he could be Jack again trying to take off from where he had stopped years ago. After all, they all looked identical.

I tasted fear at the back of my throat and I didn't like the bitter taste.

"Let me go." I spat at him.

He sighed. "Let's get along this time, Mia."

"You wish." I struggled against him, trying to break free of his hold.

"Mia," he called my name again, exasperation in his voice.

"Why are the three of you unbelievable two-faced hypocrites? Presenting one image in public and acting differently from it in private. One would think that you are angels with the way you act in public. You might have your dad and my mum fooled but not me. You can't fool me, I know what you are like. I know the real you."

He snorted. "You are still angry about what happened years ago and you are letting it cloud your judgement." He said, pinching my face.

"Cloud my judgment?" I snorted in disbelief. "I only told you what you are really like. The three of you are nothing but devils in disguise."

How could he even dare to tell me that my judgment of them was clouded when he still behaved as they had years ago? He pinched my face and expected me to believe that he wasn't what the bully I thought he was. Did he think that was adorable?

He sighed. "It would really be nice if we can get along. We are all grown up, Mia. You shouldn't hold on to childhood memories."

I snorted. "That would be impossible."

I was annoyed that they could have easily forgotten about what had happened in high school. They were trying to make me the bad person here for not moving on after what they had done to me.

He moved closer and I could feel his body digging into mine. "What of for our parents' sake?" He whispered, breathing in my ear. "We are family now, Mia."

I hated how close he was to me. I could smell his cologne and body scent. I could feel his body pressing hard against mine, his hard ridges covering up my soft form. I could....

I hated everything about him at that moment and wanted to break free from him. I tried to push him off but I couldn't. He was as immovable as a rock and his strength terrified me.

"Stay still." He growled. "Don't move, Mia." He said, his voice gentle once again.

I snorted. As if I would listen to him. I kept on struggling. Suddenly, he grabbed me by the hand and forced me to stay still, pressing deep into my body. Before I knew what was happening, he had his lips on mine and was kissing me like a long lost lover.

I was stunned, but not for long as anger filled me up. How dare he kiss me? I bit hard on his lips and then pushed him away before running off to my bedroom.

I took some satisfaction in the way he had winced and groaned in pain when I had kissed him, even though I knew that he would retaliate and was afraid of what he would do to me.