

Our Secret Obsession (Book 2)

Chapter 3

Chapter 3: I Should Care, I Don't.

Knox POV

I sat at the bar, nursing my fifth drink of the day. The White Flag was a sleek, modern joint just outside pack territory, a haven for all supernaturals. The bar had a sophisticated vibe, with plush leather seats, ambient lighting, and a polished mahogany counter that gleamed under the soft glow of chandeliers. It was a place where everyone was welcome, as long as they followed the two rules: no fighting! And leave the drama at the door.

Around me, vampires, werewolves, and even a few fae mingled, their conversations a low hum of different languages and dialects. The air was filled with the scent of expensive colognes and perfumes, mixed with the unique musk of supernatural beings.

I took another swig of the bar's special liquor, a potent blend designed to get even the strongest werewolf drunk. It burned on the way down, but I welcomed the pain. It was better than the emptiness I felt inside. I missed Lottie. Each day without her felt like a fresh wound, and Connie, my "new mate", was only making things worse with her incessant neediness.

"Another one," I muttered to the bartender, sliding my empty glass across the counter. He raised an eyebrow but didn't comment. He knew me well enough by now. I have been here all day, every day this month, after all. He poured another generous measure of the amber liquid and pushed it towards me.

I stared at the drink, my mind drifting back to Lottie. Her smile, her laugh, the way she made everything seem okay. She was my anchor, and without her, I was adrift. Connie's clinginess was suffocating me. I just wanted to drown my sorrows and forget about all the mistakes I had made.

"Rough day?" A tall, dark-haired vampire took the seat next to me, glancing at me with curiosity.

"You could say that," I replied, not really in the mood for conversation.

"Want to talk about it?" he pressed, his eyes glinting with a mix of interest and boredom.

"No," I expressed flatly. "Just want to drink." He shrugged and ordered his own drink, leaving me to my thoughts.

"Another?" the bar staff asked. When had I drunk my drink? I wondered as I looked at my empty glass.

"You know it." I grinned pushing the glass towards him. Waving him off I nursed the drink and let my mind drift to Kane. I knew I had fucked up by not going to the meeting with him. Dad was probably furious,

"Fuck em!" I snorted, earning a few glances from those around me, shrugging them off, I went back to my drink and anger. Kane could keep up the facade that everything was fine. But I couldn't. I wouldn't pretend. The pack, the responsibilities, all of it felt meaningless without Lottie. And Connie... she was just a reminder of everything that had gone wrong.

"To mistakes," I muttered, raising my glass in a mock toast to no one in particular. I downed the drink in one go, the alcohol dulling the sharp edges of my regret. I could feel the eyes of the other patrons on me, some curious, others indifferent. The White Flag was a place of refuge, but even here, I couldn't escape my own mind.

My phone buzzed in my pocket, and I knew it was probably Kane trying to reach me after kicking him out of my mind. I ignored it. He could handle the meeting without me. He always did.

I closed my eyes, trying to shut out the world. The conversations around me blended into a dull roar, and for a moment, I felt a semblance of peace. But it was fleeting. Lottie's absence was a constant ache, and no amount of alcohol could truly numb it.

"I miss you, angel," I whispered softly, as I choked back an alcohol-induced sob.

"Hey," the vampire next to me said, breaking the silence. "You sure you're okay?" I opened my eyes and glanced at him.

"No," I admitted. "But I will be. Eventually." He nodded, seeming to understand.

"To eventual peace, then." He grinned his fangs glimmering in the strobe lighting.

"To eventual peace," I echoed, clinking my glass against his.

"Brother." Kane's voice boomed from behind me, causing my momentary smile to drop from my lips.

"Or not." I muttered, throwing the drink back in one gulp and sliding the glass across the counter to the bartender. My eyes lowered to the glass in his fingers and then to the bottle, glimmering with hope.

"Another productive day, I see." Kane grunted as he took the seat to my right. I refused to raise my eyes or meet the pointed stare he was surely pinning me with.

"Is SHE coming home?" I asked, leaning over to tap the rim of the glass to get the barkeep's attention.

"Not yet." Kane sighed, his hand reaching out to push the glass just out of my reach. Closing my eyes I swallowed the anger I felt brewing and instead leaned over to the bottle the barkeep had tucked on the other side of the bar and lifted it to my lips with a triumphant smirk.

"Then I am only just getting started, brother, so either join me.. Or fuck off." I growled, hoping for the latter as I lifted the bottle to my lips and took a sizable shot of the sour-tasting liquid.

"Cut him off." Kane's voice was shrill and starting to sound as whiny as Connie's. I debated telling him so, just to piss him off, but honestly, I couldn't even be assed to insult him. He, after all, was the reason I was miserable and forced into a life I did not want.

"Have you seen Connie today?" He asked me, my lips curling around my gums at the meaning behind his question. Had I bothered to show her any attention, given that she was my mate, and I was MEANT to give two shits about her? But I honestly couldn't be arsed with her either. The pair of them could go fuck themselves.

"Nope." I muttered, making sure to pop my P, just like Lottie did. The familiarity had my heart aching, but it was worth it to hear him sigh.

"You promised to take her shopping for the ball next week." He pointed out as if the ten thousand messages that gold-digging bitch had sent me hadn't reminded me enough.

"And, I promised to love Lottie till the day I died.." I added finally turning to look at my brother. I couldn't help but register how tired he looked, how he had seemed to age overnight.

I should care.

I don't.

"Seems, I am made to break promises," I added with a shrug, refusing to let Kane's misery affect me. The bastard brought it on himself.

"Knox.."

"Kane." I replied, cutting him off as I waved the bottle before his face. "As you can see. I am busy, if taking that pampered cunt out and about is so important to you, how about you do it?"

"She doesn't want me to do it. She wants to spend time with you." Kane inserted, pulling a groan from my throat.

"And I want to spend time with Lottie... We don't always get what we want, brother. Unless we are called Kane, of course." I laughed bitterly.

"You think I want this?" He asked, his voice rising enough for those around us to start to pay attention. Shrugging, I didn't bother to glance at him. "I fucking miss her too." He growled, grabbing the bottle from my hand and without warning he lunged it against the wall behind him, fragments of glass shattered down the wall as the amber liquid ran after them.

"Gentleman, please." The barkeep snapped, tapping a board above his head. Which stated the club rules in bold font.

'No drama, no fighting.'

"Yeah, Kane." I mocked, arching a brow. "We all know how you like to stick to rules, right? So how about you take your anger elsewhere... maybe to the mall with that witch while I stay here with... Aaron" I winced as I read the barkeep's nametag. "And drink until I can forgive you!"

"Knox." Kane sighed sadly, but I shook my head, unwilling to listen.

"I will be here a while... 'brother'. So have fun with the gold digger, I suggest taking our gold card."

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