

# Their Secret Obsession

by Pippa Moon

## Chapter 10: She Will Be Mine!

### Kane POV

“I’d rather fuck you!” I mused, watching her walk away, her blue silky dress clinging to every curve of her pert little ass. Smirking to myself, instantly, knowing that she would be mine.

And my brother, and whoever the fuck that other male was, would soon learn. That Kane does not share well with others.

I admit, it had been years since I’d seen Charlotte; she had grown up, no longer the pimple-faced brat who whined at every turn. Or argued at every move we made to keep her safe! Instead, in her place, a beautiful, strong, clearly gorgeous, but still moody female that had just decided was mine.

My lips twisted into a smile, watching her walk over to Lilly. Clearly, they were still close, which made it easier for me to spend time with her. I made a mental note

to speak to Lily and find out what I had missed where Charlotte was concerned.

“Brother, having fun!” I grinned, feeling him come to stand beside me.

“You know me!” He shrugged, and I knew without turning to look at him his eyes were locked on Charlotte.

“Who was the male?” I asked; despite my better judgement, I had to know what he had found out.

“No one important!” He lied smoothly, turning to face my arrogant brother, my dark eyes trained on his playful hues.

“I asked who the male was!” I repeated myself, something I rarely did. Sighing, I watched his lips curl and knew he didn’t want to share, but ultimately he would.

“He is her boyfriend, apparently! Although I do not give the male much stock. His name is Mike Green; he is a favourite of our fathers and hers to boot.” Knox shared reluctantly;

perhaps he thought that he got a free pass because the kid was one of my father's favourites.

He would be wrong!

"Well, it's not like her father has great taste or his opinion matters at all." shrugged, my eyes trained on Charlotte, seeing her snake her arm around Lilly, the pair smiling at each other like they used to when they were children. Only they not longer were! Lilly was married, and Charlotte was anything but a kid!

"True, but still, from what I hear, they have arranged for her to be betrothed to the fucker!" Knox informed me, a snarl curling to my l\*p at the thought. "She just does not know it yet; they are to be married on the next full moon, a secret agreement between the families arranged by Pops!"

"I see" I murmured.

Well, that wouldn't be fucking happening.

"And why has nobody told her? It's not like it doesn't involve her?" I asked curiously more than anything.

"Fuck knows!" Knox scoffed.

"Then find out!" I snapped, dismissing him and walking off to sit at the bar. I pondered my brother's findings. Women within our pack were used to being told what they did, where they went, and who they married. They were often governed by a firm hand. Usually by their fathers or brothers, unless you are Charlotte and had grown up under the care of our father and mother after her mother had passed away, and her father gave zero shits. Simply because of her lack of a penis!

Knox and I had always taken an interest in her, wanting what was best for her and Lilly; she was family! Kind of!

So, we should have been informed if a wedding was on the horizon, given a say, which told me that there was more to this than met the eye. That was probably why Lottie had no clue about her upcoming nuptials. But one thing was for sure- She would you be marrying that bastard over my dead body and clearly Knox's?

Knox knew better than to wind me up; I watched him making the rounds and chatting to people, including Charlotte's father, no doubt already getting the info I had requested. We may be twins and be equal. We may both be promoted to Alpha when my father dies, but I was in charge! Me!

I was the strongest, the smartest and frankly, the most level headed; my brother was short-tempered, impulsive and ruled by his heart- not his head. It wouldn't surprise

me to know that Knox had already tried to woo Charlotte just because of the insane change in her!

No longer a snot-nose brat! But a beauty with white blonde hair, blue eyes, and fair skin I knew would draw him in, whereas what I felt for her was more than lust; she was my mate!

And I would not put up with his shit this time around.

We had shared women before, fuck we had shared men before, neither of us caring. We may be siblings, but Sex was Sex! If it was good for the Egyptians, the Greeks, fuck, it was good for the Targaryen's! And it's not like they didn't thrive; the bastards had dragons.

Dragons we may not have, but our bond is unbreakable, even where Charlotte is concerned, so I am certain he will step aside for me! At least, I hope he will!

Leaning back against the wall, I watched Charlotte for a while. She was currently surveying the room, enjoying the endless flow of alcohol that Mother had put on, something she would not be allowed to do after tonight!

My eyes flicked to my brother, seeing he was settled talking to trailer trash visiting from another pack while heavily flirting with anything with a pulse; as I said, it was lust when Charlotte was concerned,

The only thing my brother loved was getting his dick sucked and fucked was his fucking reflection; nothing else really mattered, so I knew it would only be a matter of time before his infatuation with the blonde girl stood beside my sister, giggling innocently, evaporated. I would bide my time getting to know her before I made my move because, although I sensed that she was my mate, it was clear she hadn't got a clue.

"Son!" My father announced, slapping me on the shoulder. "Doesn't your sister look like a queen!" He gushed emotionally.

"Perhaps lay off the booze pops!" I muttered, not understanding the need to put that shit in your body and allow yourself to become vulnerable. Scoffing, he finished his glass and nodded for another to be made available for him. I watched the server rush to fill his drink before scattering off nervously, her eyes flicking to mine apologetically.

"Come, let's introduce you to the mating party!" My father grinned, heading towards Lilly and her mate. He was a large male, almost matching me in size, but something alarming hid behind his eyes, making me question my father's choice for my sister. She was sweet, innocent and deserving of an actual prince; not this jumped up ponce.

“Kane!” Lilly gushed, wrapping her arms around my neck, her body flinging at me. “Wasn’t it perfect! Can you believe I am mated!” She squealed, loud enough to make the fucking dogs bark.

“Are you home long?” She asked, stepping back and leaning into her mate’s side. I watched as his arm instinctively wrapped around her, landing on her hip. My eyes hovered on the spot he had chosen to keep his hand and had to fight the urge to smack him in his fucking ugly face for touching my kid sister.

“Kane, you know we are mated, right? Which means he will be doing a lot more than touching my hip later!” Lilly provoked. My father, choking on his drink, flushing red, tried to keep his composure but failed miserably. Narrowing my eyes on her and her mate, I shook my head, not taking the bait.

“That’s usually how this shit works, Lilly!” I snapped, not giving her the satisfaction.

“Oooo, I know how it works!” She purred, sending my father into another round of gasping for air. She was amusing, I’d give her that! I smirked, watching her lean up to k\*ss her mate, who paused momentarily, having the good sense to look at me.

“Hurt her, and I will destroy you!” I announced as he leaned in to k\*ss my sister. “And I don’t mean theoretically; I mean not a single piece of you left to burn! I will obliterate you and then move on to anyone you love. Clear?” I nodded; seeing his eyes flash with amusement and approval, I decided to give him the benefit of the doubt.

“You are so lame!” Lilly muttered. My father, still recovering from Lilly’s comment, finally was looking less flushed and more alert. “When are you going to get mated?” She added, laughing at Pops.

“Soon!” My father announced from my side, pissing me off!

“Really? Arranged a marriage for me, too, Pops?” I snapped, walking off towards Charlotte, who was standing to the side of us, checking her phone; her face twisted into a frown as she swayed from the alcohol. Taking the phone from her hold, I pocketed it and shook my head.

“What the hell!” She growled, staring at me with squinty eyes that reminded me of childhood tantrums.

“When did you get a phone?” I snapped, shaking my head. “Plus, it’s a wedding; being on your phone is rude! Come and socialize!” I grumbled. Her pretty blue eyes narrowed on me, flaring with rage.

“Please!” I sighed, realizing I had been a little harsh, maybe!