

Chapter 162: The Plan Unfolds.

Mike POV

Something was wrong. Chase seemed tense despite the banter. I narrowed my eyes at him as he made his way over to me, his lips twisting into a smile as he sat in my lap like I was a fucking chair.

"Hey, hot stuff, is that a banana in your pocket or are you happy to see me?" He cooed over his shoulder, blowing a kiss my way, but his eyes remained dark and filled with something that made me a little nervous.

"Get off me!" I growled, my eyes tight on the blonde freak's face. I knew I was playing with fire, but I didn't want to lose face in front of those assholes.

"Come on man, I am OK with a little sword crossing." Chase winked, but I bucked my hips trying to get the heavy bastard off, but the air filled with his laughter.

"Put your cock near me, and I will rip the fucking thing off." I snapped angrily, my eyes flaring with fury.

Chapter 162: The Plan Unfolds.

"Not if I put a ring gag in your mouth first." He grinned menacingly over his shoulder. "Besides, I ain't sitting on that couch, it has Liam's name written all over it and Adam will want the desk so that makes you my only option honey bear." He grinned, and I couldn't help the eye roll that was brewing.

"Don't worry though, monkey, I haven't eaten dairy today, so you are alllll good from any unexpected surprises." He flashed a pearly smile before turning back to look at his brothers.

"Get off him, you fool, before his wolf turns you into a damn chew toy." Liam scoffed, tugging Chases' shoulder and pulling him off my lap, before pinning me with a hard warning stare. 1

"Plus the fucker probably has fleas, filthy bastard." He added, bunching his nose up at me in disgust.

"More like fucking chlamydia or syphilis given the number of women he fucks behind our sister's back." Adam barked in a laugh that felt fake even to my ears.

"Sorry, what?" I rushed out my mind whirling with confusion. I had heard everything Anthony had

Chapter 162: The Plan Unfolds.

declared earlier and knew Lottie was not Anthony's daughter, but instead a Royal.

"Aww, what's up, stud muffin? Has no one filled you in?" Chase smiled down at me as he rose from my lap and turned to look at me, his face twisted with unexplainable hatred.

"Lottie, your ex, the girl you fucked around on, cheated on, treated like shit... That's OUR sister." Chase grinned smugly, tapping his chest.

"Flint?" I asked my wolf, hoping he had some information for me, because I found myself suddenly wondering who I should fear more; Astaroth or these three psychopaths.

"I don't know what she has been telling you, but she does like to tell a few fibs. I have never.." I tried to say, but my words were cut off by a fist flying into my face, knocking me backwards onto the floor, the chair creaking under the weight, but not breaking.

"Fucking hell." I spat as blood dribbled from my lip, along with a fucking tooth, that was to be the second I had lost because of this piece of ass.

"If you think what we did to Anthony was bad..."

Chapter 162: The Plan Unfolds.

Adam remarked as he checked his fist out for signs of blood like I had the fucking plague. "You are in for a right treat with what we have planned for you."
"

I could feel my heart pounding in my chest, the sense of impending doom growing stronger. My desperation was so palpable, and it was starting to seep into the room, exposing me for the weakling I was. I didn't know what Adam, Chase and Liam would do next, but I knew it wouldn't be good.

"But that can wait." Chase smirked down at me as he lifted his foot and slammed it down on my head in a blow that should have been painful beyond belief, but as the darkness took over my vision all I felt was peace.

"You're welcome." Astaroth's voice burst through my mind, making me jump but explaining why the blow had been painless.

"What the fuck man?" I heard Liam grunt in the back of my mind. But my eyes remained lost in the darkness. "Why did you knock them both out..?" So Anthony had been relieved of his senses too. At least I wasn't the only one to have been shit on.

"Yep, except I left him to suffer pain. I don't like

Chapter 162: The Plan Unfolds.

him." Astaroth muttered dismissively.

"But you like me?" I asked Astaroth curiously, while I listened to the conversation forming behind my conscienceness.

"No, but I hate you less than him." He replied, his voice sterile and bored.

"So what's up brother?" Liam asked, and I heard the couch shift under his weight.

"Kane and Knox plan to send Lottie home with us." Chase spewed his voice tight with pent-up anger.

"You can't be serious?" Adam gasped, his voice dripping with fear of his own. My breath came in shallow, controlled gulps, every muscle tense as I listened intently.

"Very!" Chase grunted, exhaustion apparent in his tone.

"Are they stupid? They would be painting a target on her back." Lying on the cold, hard ground, I played dead, straining to catch every word of the conversation unfolding nearby.

"I am aware." Chase's voice cut through the tense silence.

Chapter 162: The Plan Unfolds.

"This is crazy!" Liam and Adam, Lottie's apparent brothers, reacted with stunned disbelief.

"No one there will want her." Liam's voice was sharp, filled with brotherly concern.

"Sebastian's Dad has made sure our father's memory is all but forgotten. Bringing Lottie back is dangerous." Adam added, his voice low and troubled.

"We don't have a choice. It's the safest place for her now." Chase's determination was evident. Their words sent a jolt of shock through me. They were taking Lottie away from the pack? No! I wasn't done tormenting the bitch!

"Liar." Flint groaned as fear gripped my heart, tightening like a vice at the thought of losing her forever. I had to keep my breathing steady, my body still, as the weight of the situation settled over me.

"I know it's risky, but we can protect her. Together, we can keep her safe."

Chase continued, trying to reassure them.

"I hope you're right, Chase. Because if anything happens to her..." Liam sighed heavily. Adam cut

Chapter 162: The Plan Unfolds.

him off, his voice filled with quiet determination.

"We'll make sure nothing does. Lottie is coming with us, and we'll do whatever it takes to protect her."

As I lay there, pretending to be unconscious, my mind raced. I couldn't bear the thought of Lottie being taken away, of her being in danger. I needed to find a way to stop this, to keep her close, no matter the cost. So, I stayed motionless, absorbing every detail, every nuance of their plan. The room felt colder, darker, as I realized just how desperate our situation had become.



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