

Their Secret Obsession

by Pippa Moon

Chapter 19 Cavity Search

Kane's POV

“Can we get more tequila for the room?” Charlotte asked, her eyes sparkling with excitement. How was a guy meant to deny those blue sapphire eyes when they shone like that?

“We can get whatever you want, angel!” Knox smirked, bending down to grip her legs and throw her over his shoulder, his hand gripping her tightly as he turned to wave at Mike, forcing Charlotte to come face to face with my grinning face. “See ya, Mike.” Knox grinned as I seized the opportunity to lean in, my thumb landing under her chin and lifting her head to force her to look at me. I could see she was fighting the attraction she felt; I guess it was nerves or maybe the alcohol.

But I wanted her to know she was in control, and we would only go as far as she wanted. But she would be staying with Knox and me tonight because something told me this shit stain in front of me was not going to give her up easily, and I didn't trust him not to sneak into her room tonight, and I doubt very much he would be as respectful as Knox and I.

“Don't drink too much... I want you to be sober enough that you remember tomorrow everything I have done to your b*dy.” I nodded to her, my l*ps curling into a smile, seeing her blush with the innocence I knew she possessed despite her attempts to come across as tough and experienced.

“It’s ok, bro. If she forgets, we have the rest of her life to remind her.” Knox laughed; he was still facing a rather red-faced Mike, who growled viciously at my brother’s comment. Which only served to make him laugh. Seemingly, the jumped-up twat did not approve of our choice of words.

“Charlotte, if you would rather sleep in your own room tonight, you can!” I declared. **Knox** spun around to look at me, the disappointment clear on his face. But **his** eyes shone with emotion, wanting to challenge me and my words. In truth, I was confident that I knew what she would say, but Knox’s show of emotion had meant Charlotte was snow-facing Mike, who could fully see her reaction to my question.

“I mean it,” I stated more for Knox than Charlotte. “If you want to sleep alone or with Mike, that is ok.” I continued, ignoring the way Knox’s face twisted in anger.

“I...I don’t want to be on my own.” She admitted slurring her words slightly, again most likely from the nerves and the alcohol.

“You can come back to the apartment with me, baby girl!” Mike spewed desperately. She would never be going back here, but he could dream!

“I don’t want that!” Charlotte whispered.

“What do you want?” I asked her, needing her to say it. But I was met with a wall of silence.

need you to say it, Charlotte. I don’t want anyone thinking I forced your hand.”

“I want...” She started to say. I watched Knox tense, readying himself for the rejection that he feared was coming, but she paused, clearly worried about saying what she wanted in case people judged her.

“You and Knox...And tequila!” She finally uttered, a smile splitting Knox’s face as he visibly relaxed.

“Good!” He grinned, slapping her ass that hung over his shoulder. “What my girl wants, she gets!” He added as he repositioned her and carried her from the room. Turning, I watched the pair leave; her head lifted to look at me, her eyes flashing with excitement that had me smiling like a fool.

F***, could you fall in love this quick?

“Play with her if you must, fuck her for all I care, but make no mistake, she will be my wife before the month is at an end.” Mike’s smug voice echoed in my ear, ruining my good **mood**. Clenching and unclenching my fists, I turned slowly, trying to contain the anger I felt brewing in my core.

“I mean it, Kane, the deal is done!” Mike laughed arrogantly like she was property to be traded.

“What deal?” I asked, my eyes levelling on his, a smirk playing at the corner of my l*ps, seeing the faint glow of a bruise under his eyes and the crooked line of his nose, no doubt a gift from Knox.

“Perhaps you should speak to her father.. or yours.” He continued to laugh like this shit was funny.

“What. Deal?” I hissed through clenched teeth, stepping closer to him on the dancefloor, not caring who saw and heard. With a dramatic sigh, he closed the gap, his chest pressing into mine in an attempt to humiliate me.

“Speak to your father.” He grinned, his white pearly teeth shining at me; they had cost a pretty penny from what I heard and were as fake as he was. Bringing my head back, I smacked my forehead into his mouth, feeling his expensive veneers shatter under the blow as blood pooled around his face and dripped down my face.

“What the fuck!” He growled as he stumbled back to the floor, his hand covering his bloodied mouth. Standing over him, I pressed my foot to his crotch, pressing it on him with such force a yelp left his l*ps as he withered under my boot.

“You won’t be marrying her.” I laughed, bending down to place my face close to his. I lowered my voice, not caring for the blood I felt dripping down my head. “Take this as a warning, Mike, keep pursuing her and pushing the subject, and I will let Knox kill you. Am I clear?” I asked, slowly pressing my foot into his dick, feeling it crush under the pressure as tears filled his eyes.

“Ye–yes!” He crackled quickly, folding and giving into me. He was such a cunt; I was surprised to have found a cock between his legs!

“Good, we will go find her father now, and you will tell him you will not be marrying her!” I smiled at him as I removed my foot from his b*dy and stood holding my hand out for him to take so I could pull him up.

“It’s too late!” He expressed, slapping my hand out of the way and pulling himself up. “They will never agree.”

“Well, you best make them! Or I will be giving you to Knox, and I hear he is desperate to try this new torture method where he rips your bowels and intestines out through your asshole.” I shrugged, shaking my head.

“You’re joking.” He stuttered as he headed off the dancefloor, those around us. parting for me with a respectful smile or nod.

“I wish I was!” I laughed deeply. “F***er likes a good cavity search!” I grinned, slapping him on the back.

“Come on, we have a date with her father!”