

Their Secret Obsession

by Pippa Moon

Chapter 20 Assholes and Sore Asses

Knox POV

Dancing always seemed to kindle a romantic fire in women. Most of the ladies that I had seen dancing in the clubs were always smiling and flirting with their partners, so I wasn't surprised to see Lottie's more daring side when she agreed to return with Kane and I. But I promised my girl that the party wasn't over, and that was a promise I intended to keep.

Taking the bottle of tequila from her hands as I placed her down on the floor in my bedroom, I smirked, seeing her look around the room.

"Does it look different?" I asked with a sly smile, painting my l*ps.

"Since last night?" She sassed looking over her shoulder with a smile. "No!" Her eyes shined with the memories of last night. A smile gripped my l*ps As the memories danced across my vision, too. I couldn't help but wonder what she wore under that dress. The lingerie from last night was so beautiful that part of me hoped. she had it on again so I could rip it off with my teeth.

"Careful Lottie! I groaned; she must have been thinking something very similar because the room filled with the scent of her arousal.

"Wishing you never bolted last night?" I teased, sucking in a deep breath. I held it, forcing myself to concentrate and see past the intoxicating scent that filled my nose.

“No!” She commented firmly, but her face gave away her lie as she blushed profoundly. As if wanting to escape me, her fingers twirled with the silk of her dress, her eyes slowly meeting mine.

“I need to change out of this dress, I’m just going to run back to Lilly’s and grab some clothes.” She announced nervously, letting go of the fabric.

Suspicion prickled my spine at the idea of her leaving the room. Was she having second thoughts? Would she return? Would Mike get hold of her and keep her ‘occupied’? Given how I found him and Lottie earlier, I trusted him as much I liked him. Not a f**king bit!

If I had my way, I would keep her locked in my room, tied to my bed, begging for me! But if there was one thing I understood, it was that you don’t always get what you want, no matter what Kane thought:

An idea formed in my mind, seeing her head to the door. Going to my chest of drawers, I pulled out a pair of grey shorts and a blue T-shirt. I knew they would drown her petite form, but I hoped she wouldn’t be wearing them long.

“Here you go, angel!” I winked, handing her them.

“I can’t wear these!” She laughed, trying to give them back.

“You can either wear them...” I started to say as I closed the gap between us, my fingers trailing over her hip to the base of her spine, pulling her against me roughly, tearing a yelp from her l*ps. “Or you can wear nothing!” I grinned down at her, those rosy cheeks deepening as she held my gaze boldly.

“I thought you were the nice brother?” She muttered, attempting to pull away from me.

“Well, there is your first mistake/baby girl.” I winked, tightening my grip on her. “So what’s it to be.. I know what I would prefer.” I teased, pecking her cute button nose before letting her go.

“Fine.” She growled, storming into the bathroom and slamming the door behind her as dramatically as I remember her to be. With her changing in the bathroom, I grabbed the key to my room and slipped from it, locking it behind me. Rushing through the pack house, I grabbed three shot glasses from the kitchen: a bowl of lemons, limes, and salt. Pausing as I walked past the fridge to grab a few bottles of water and snacks.

Taking the steps two at a time, I rushed back to my room. Unlocking the door, I **froze, seeing** her sitting in the centre of the bed, wearing my T-shirt. I was right; even with her legs crossed, the fabric drowned her. Placing the things on the side, I turned to the door closing it, my head smacking on the hard wood as a pillow smashed into the back of my head.

“What the fuck?!” I laughed, picking it up as I turned to look at her.

“You locked the door!” She snarled, making me grin as I grabbed the tequila and started to pour two shots.

“I did!” I answered with a laugh.

“Why?” She demanded. I could hear the bed moving and turned to look at her over my shoulder as I grabbed the bowl of cut lemon limes and salt, bracing myself for another assault by a pillow, but she was settling back down.

“Did you try to leave?” I asked casually as I walked over to the bed, seeing her sitting back against the headboard, legs still crossed, but where she had pulled herself back, the fabric had bunched under her, giving me a good view of her pretty thighs and bare p**sy. My dick instantly hardened, and a seductive smile played on my l*ps.

“What happened to your panties?” I asked as I handed her a shot and put the bowl and salt down in front of us, trying to act like I hadn’t got a major boner right now. F*** she was flawless.

“Ask your brother!” She snapped, pulling the fabric over her knees.

“I see.” I laughed, shaking my head; of course, he had already had her. That was Kane all over.

“You fucked him?” I asked crassly. Shaking her head, she licked the salt from her wrist, downed the shot and sucked on the fruit.

“Then why does he have your panties?” I asked, chuckling at her sour face as the liquid hit her stomach. Without another word, she stood on the bed, her hands resting on my headboard as she turned and steadied herself. I watched her drinking in her every move. She was just f**king gorgeous.

“Because he is a control freak!” She grumbled, letting go of the headboard with one hand to lift my shirt over her ass to show me her red, lightly bruised ass before letting my shirt drop back down and sitting in front of me. Leaning forward, she took the shot glass from my hands and threw it back, not bothering with the salt and lemon.

“You didn’t like it?” I asked, filling her now empty glass and mine with a smirk, seeing her flush red. “Oh, you did?” I laughed, shaking my head. Damn, she was turning me on something chronic!

“You’re healing nicely, be gone in an hour or so.” I grinned. “Is that why you don’t have my shorts on?” I asked, watching her chew her bottom lip before nodding.

“They are scratchy on my skin.” She uttered, picking up the salt and pouring it on her thumb and mine before handing me a lime. Taking it, I nodded to the shot glass in her hand and clinked the glass tequila slipping all over my hands as she giggled, the alcohol hitting her quickly.

“To assholes and sore asses!” She muttered, draining her glass again. Doing the same, I placed my glass on the table and tugged her legs, pulling her to the edge of the bed, her squeal making me grin. She was still so young! I loved her innocence!! just wanted to corrupt her!

“What are you doing?” She giggled, wincing as her ass dragged on the

comforter, but I didn't miss the room filled with her sweet scent making me wonder if it was my touch that did it or the pain on her ass. Returning to my chest of drawers, I grabbed a pair of boxers, ensuring they were soft. I headed back over to where her legs fell off the edge of my bed.

"Open your legs, angel!" I commanded, I watched her take her l*p between her teeth and roll it between them, obviously contemplating something.

"What if I don't want to wear them?" She asked, keeping her thighs clenched.

"Babydoll, you can't sit in front of me like that!" I groaned, trying to be the gentleman she deserved.

"Why not?"

"Because I am fighting the urge not to throw you back on the bed and bury my face between your f**king thighs," I announced, running a hand through my hair and glaring at her.

"Stop fighting..." She whispered breathlessly, her legs parting for me. "And do it!"