

Their Secret Obsession

by Pippa Moon

Chapter 27 Good Cop Bad Cop

Kane POV

I knew this reaction was a possibility when I decided to take matters into my own hands and force my father's hand. Did it feel good that I had gotten her drunk **and** convinced her being out mate was a good idea? Well, it didn't feel amazing! But it felt a hell of a lot better than watching her father and mine force her to marry that jumped-up prick! So there was that.

I knew I had played dirty and should have trusted that she would make the right decision and choose Knox or I over that slimeball. But simply put, I didn't trust him not to beat me to it and force her hand.

Like I had!

Did that make me as bad as Mike?

Sighing, feeling her frustrations through the link, I ran a hand through my hair and looked over at the closed bathroom door Knox had disappeared into. Licking my dry l*ps, I pulled the bedroom door open, clinging to the towel wrapped around my waist. I headed one door down to the spare room Knox, and I used to use for gaming. I pushed it open, expecting to see Charlotte standing there, arms crossed in a mood.

But I found nothing but the bed I had arranged to be brought in along with a dressing table and wardrobe, admittedly, it didn't have any of her personal effects in yet, but I had made an effort to make sure she had her own space.

Somewhere safe! **Tucked** between my room and Knox's where she should be!

"Where are you?" I asked Charlotte through our link, closing my eyes and feeling her anger ripple down the bond.

"Go fuck yourself!" She snapped, **kicking** me out the link, a smirk played at the corner of my lips. Fine, if this is the game she wants to play, I will play it! Knox can be the good cop she has painted him as, and I will be the bad cop! But ultimately, I will be the one to keep her safe!

"Lilly, do you have eyes on Charlotte?" I asked my sister through our pack link.

"Hey sister, how are you finding mated life? I am sorry I haven't been around to celebrate with you..." My sister sassed back, making me groan audibly as I slammed the bedroom door to Charlotte's new room and stormed down the hallways to where Lilly's room was. Pushing the door open in the doorway, clutching the door open to the sounds of squeals and gasps, I towel, realizing how this looked.

"KANE!" Lilly fumed, storming over to the door, her hand outstretched to my chest as if that would push me back outside the room.

"Hey, Kane." Connie simpered with a flirtatious smile that made me want to vomit.

"Charlotte?" I asked, arching a brow. Daring her to lie to me! I could smell my mate.

"Why do you want 'her'?" Connie provoked me, my eyes falling on the slutty dress she had on that barely covered her large breasts. Scoffing in disgust, I looked away, not even bothering to answer.

“You need better friends!” I snapped at Lilly, who was rolling her eyes. “The trailer trash you keep at your side doesn’t paint a good picture to your new pack.” I added. “You want them to respect you! Not wondering if you work at the same strip club with...it!” I snarled, my eyes remaining on Lilly’s, not wanting to give Connie the satisfaction of my attention.

“Kane.. be nice..” She started to scold me, but her mouth dropped open, and she stepped into me with a squeal. “Oh my god, you are mated!” Lilly screeched, her eyes falling on my n*ked torso and up to my mate’s mark, the mark left by her oldest friend.

“Yes.” I sighed, stepped into the room and closing the door.

“Then why are you looking for Char?” Connie asked bitterly, arching a brow at me as she pointed a perfectly manicured nail at me. Lilly crossed her arms over her chest, looking into my eyes with a shake of her head, wanting to protect Charlotte from my reputation, no doubt, something I appreciated but it wasn’t needed.

“She is a good girl, Kane. She won’t be interested in your bullshit!” Lilly grinned as if she had just won a battle.

“Nice to know.” I snapped, taking in a deep breath. I smelt my mate, and feeling her nerves, I smiled darkly. “You can either come out, Charlotte, or I will drag your ass out of this room. The choice is yours!” I announced angrily.

“She isn’t here!” Lilly laughs, crossing her arms over her chest and popping her hip to glare at me. Sometimes I forget she wasn’t the same snot-nosed brat I had left but a fully grown woman with an attitude to match.

“Liar, I can smell her!” I countered, levelling my eyes on my sister, waiting for her to fight me on it. But realization seemed to dawn on her, and she stepped back, pointing to a door, her face suddenly changing to something I couldn’t read.

“Thank you!” I nodded, pushing the door to Lilly’s closet open to find my mate, ignoring me as she rummaged through Lilly’s designer dresses.

“I told you to go to your room and get ready!”

“I told you to **fuck** off! But evidently, we don’t always get the message.” She shrugged, pulling out a green dress bag with her name printed on it. No doubt the gown she had been speaking about earlier. Was she really going to deny me and try to wear it?

“You two are mated?” Lilly asked from somewhere behind me. Closing my eyes, I could hear the hurt in her voice and turned to face my beautiful sister, not wanting her to feel betrayed.

“It’s complicated, sweet!” I tried to express myself, but she looked past me and over at Charlotte, who was looking at the floor ashamed. I could feel the uncertainty washing over her, and I hated that I had put her in this position. Instantly feeling sorry for her. But what was I meant to do, tell her that her father had sold her to Mike, like a prized pig.. for what?

Or tell her that Mike was cheating on her; evidently, the whole pack knew, which meant my sister did too, and there was a reason she hadn’t told Charlotte- Because, like me, she wanted to protect her from the pain. And that was all I was trying to do, too!

“Not for long!” Charlotte growled angrily, “It was a mistake! A drunken mistake!” Charlotte’s spat hurtfully. Turning to meet her eyes, I saw the truth of her words in her eyes and felt my heart break just a little.

“Are you going to reject him?” Lilly asked softly, stepping into the room beside me. Her hand found my shoulder and nodded for me to step aside.

“I... I..” She was unsure; she didn’t know what she wanted. Maybe Knox was right, and she needed more than a breath to work out how she felt about all of this.

“Will you reject Knox too? Or is it just me you hate?” I asked, shaking my head and storming from the dressing room, unable to stay, incase I said something I couldn’t talk back and fucked up worse than I already had.

“I will have Knox collect you when it’s time for the ball to start. Until then, you stay with Lilly.” I growled out as I slammed the door and left her to Lilly and her questions.