

# Their Secret Obsession

by Pippa Moon

## Chapter 44 Are You Religious?

### Knox POF

The second my brother had swept our little mate out of harm's way, I turned to face Mike. A sly grin spread across my face, seeing that the smug look he had been wearing had miraculously disappeared.

"SHE.. came to me!" He alleged, his voice shaky with nerves as I stepped closer, the stench of fear seeping from him and filling the room despite his earlier bravado.

"I am aware!" I smiled wickedly as I took a strong side toward him.

"Then what's the issue?" He blurted out yet again, stepping away from me cautiously.

"The issue... is YOU!" I replied, lunging forward slightly; the squeal that left his lips satisfied the beast within me.

"Why does the room stink of sex!" I asked, my brows furrowing maliciously. I had my suspicions because as much as I could smell his disgusting scent, my queen's scent lingered slightly, and I wasn't convinced it was just because she had been in here moments ago.

"I know you know enough about the birds and the bees to work that out!" He scoffed, crossing his arms, suddenly finding a pair of balls. Arching a brow at him, I strolled over to the bed. My eyes scanned over it, noting how it was

still perfectly made. My eyes fell to the floor beside it with a snort, looking at the thick, fluffy carpet where two rather distinctive patterns sat. They looked very much like someone had been sitting or kneeling by the bed.

“Are you a religious man?” I asked, my lip curling into a smirk. We did worship Selene! But that didn’t usually involve getting to our knees like the humans did for their God.

“Fuck no!” He remarked, his eyes tightening with confusion. Nodding to him, I followed the patterns in the carpet as they led from the room. Remembering the image on the cameras of a girl fleeing the room.

“When Lottie came in here... you had some unlucky girl on her knees?” I asked, looking at him with fake admiration. Which I had a feeling the fool would swallow up like whoever had been on her knees had swallowed his BS.

“Unlucky?” He boasted, making me grin.

“You forget I have seen how tiny... and... hairy your little pecker is!” I winked a sly grin. “Unlucky seems fitting!”

“What of it? It’s only a blowie!” He asked moodily, crossing his arms, not wanting to discuss his tiny cock with me. “Not like Lottie ain’t been sucking your dick the last few days... is it!” He hissed angrily.

“True!” I shrugged my eyes, looking at him with a grin painting my lips. “But she was our mate.. And until you saw her marks, I am assuming you believed she was still your fiance... right?” I asked, not sure why it bugged me so much that he had another girl sucking his cock when he was right; Kane and I had shared Lottie every which way to Sunday!

“Your point?” He laughed, clearly growing irritated with my questions. “She was busy... I had needs!” He brushed off his actions like it didn’t matter that,

for all intents and purposes, he had cheated on the girl he was meant to marry. If we hadn't stolen her from under his nose... (a nose I planned on breaking in ten short seconds if he kept chatting shit...) he would still be engaged too.

"So, let me get this straight... Because she was busy... you thought you would disrespect her and let some tart suck your dick?" I asked, pausing beside where Mike stood in front of the window. When he didn't answer, I stepped closer, my eyes dancing with excitement.

"What can I say? A guy's got needs! I am sure you will understand when you realize what a prude she is!" He laughed nervously. "Or when you see her naked because I doubt very much, she has been brave enough to take her kit off in front of you both yet! Like I said... she's a..."

Smacking my forehead against his, unable to keep listening to him speak of my girl, being naked or, truth be told, in any way at all! I would make sure he never uttered her name again after today! Either because he had learnt his damn lesson... or he was dead!

"What the fuck!" He wheezed, I wasn't a fool, I knew he was trying to bait me into reacting. And given how he fell to the floor like a sack of shit, covered in blood from another broken nose- that wasn't the reaction he had expected from me. More fool him! I would always defend my family!

Leaning over him as he cowered on the floor like the pathetic worm he was, covering his face as he braced for my attack, I paused something beside his head, catching my eye, a small puddle of something wet soaked into the carpet. I could suddenly smell Lottie and... him! Grabbing his head by a tuft of hair, I pulled it back brutally only to ram into the floor beside whatever the fuck it was.

"What is that?" I asked, my tone eerily calm.

“Come on, mate!” He gasped through the blood I knew was pouring into his mouth from his very broken nose.

“I am sorry. Have I given you any indication that I am your mate!” I growled, pushing his head further into the carpet. “What is it?” I asked quickly, losing my patience with this sack of shit.

“Just water I spilled earlier.”

“Just water...” He lied, and not very convincingly. “Not sure I

have ever seen white water... tell me, what does it taste like?” I asked, lifting his head to look at me, wanting to force him to lie to my face.

“L....”

“Forgot?” I asked, a slow, menacing smile curling at my lips. “Let me jog your memory!” With his hair curled around my fingers and my free arm on his shoulders, I pushed his head into the carpet, forcing his lips against the so-called water.

“Lick it!” I commanded with a sly grin from feeling him try to fight against me.

“Fuck you!” He snarled his head desperately, trying to push back against my hand... he was strong; I would give him that! But I was stronger! Pushing his head. down onto the wetness and holding him there, I whistled softly.

“Do you know how the mate bond works?” I asked before pushing his lips against the carpet. “We all know werewolves have a great sense of smell, but when it comes to our mates... it’s insane!” I moved my fingers to hold over his nose to cut off his air. “So, I can tell you from here, that whatever that is.” I announced, my tone

'I bored, even if I felt myself vibrating inwardly with anger.

"It smells of my mate... but not just her... care to tell me what it is, or shall I make you suck it from the carpet first... then you tell me... because I promise you one or another you will tell me it just depends how much you want to suffer first!"

"What I will add... 'mate!" I remarked. "Is that if I miss walking my girl into the ball tonight, I am going to feed you your teeth!" | announced sincerely.