

# Their Secret Obsession

by Pippa Moon

## Chapter 57 Son of a Bitch

Closing the door behind Anthony and me, I walked silently beside the man, who I was fully aware had just reminded his daughter of the threat he had made earlier. One to kill her if she didn't reject Knox and I. Of course, he didn't know we knew, and I planned to keep it that way for the time being.

"Don't hurt my father!" Charlotte begged through the link; I closed my eyes in frustration, forgetting she could feel everything through the link and knew how much I was struggling to keep my cool simply because he was breathing the same air!

"Or breathing air at all!" Rollo barked.

"I was thinking, wouldn't it just be easier to go to my father with all this? He would protect us and get to the bottom of this shit!" I replied to her, opening up the link for Knox to join in.

"No." She moaned. "Your father would be forced to take action at the slightest mention of treason. Do you really think your dad would allow you to stay mated to a traitor's daughter?" She asked. I could hear the dread in her voice and understood her fear because, truthfully, I had considered the same issue.

"I would like to see anyone try to separate us!" Knox growled, a smile splitting my lips at how, despite my concern, he had taken the words right out of my mouth.

“I know you think I don’t love her!” Anthony said, his words cold and impassive as they cut through my inner dialogue with my mate: and his daughter.

“I don’t think it.” I snorted, rolling my eyes. “I know it!” I added as he turned to look at me without emotion. Most fathers would be furious at the accusation, but Anthony... couldn’t care less.

“I actually just want what is best for her.”

“You want to use her.” Rolo grunted inside my head in response to Anthony’s declaration.

“You will be Alpha one day, not that I want to think of this pack without your father.”

“Liar, I bet you are counting the days!” Rolo added with a snort.

“And when you are Alpha, you are going to need a strong she-wolf at your side, someone that can rule beside you, someone who isn’t afraid of confrontation, a fierce warrior and respected leader.”

“And let me guess, you don’t think that is Charlotte!” Rollo continued to argue with him in my head while I stayed silent. I happened to agree with everything my wolf was saying, but I needed to keep a lid on my anger, or everything was going to go to shit.

“I know you don’t like it, but she is better suited to someone like Mike!” I clenched my fists at the sides of me, biting down the sarcastic remark I wanted to make and the fact I wanted to pummel his face into an unrecognizable pulp.

“Is that so?” I ground out through clenched teeth; turning to look at me, his face twisted into an uneasy line. “Please elaborate!” I managed to get it without growling.

“I know you don’t think I love her, but I do in my own way. I admit I haven’t given her much time or the support not like I should have much?” I asked, arching a brow as we reached the stairwell. I locked my hands behind my back to stop myself from pushing the cunt down the stairs and to a rather bloody death.

“Yes.. much!” He replied curtly. “But what you don’t see is that MY lack of support and guidance means she is weak.. too weak to be your mate.”

“Because you are such a great example of what a true leader should be.” Rolo snarled. “Drunk, lazy and deceitful.” He added, making me smirk.

“Absolutely, she has missed out on some key life lessons.” I sighed over at Anthony.

“Like how to cut off deadweight?” Rolo asked with a smirk. “Don’t worry, we will teach her! She will understand love, how it feels to be protected and what unquestionable loyalty looks like!” He announced proudly. As I fought the urge to laugh, my wolf may be obstinate, but he was right!

“You understand?” Anthony asked, while he turned to face me, his face screwed up as he tried to work out if I was agreeing with his statement or being sarcastic. “I understand..”

“That you’re a prick?” Rolo finished my sentence, and I wondered how I had ever managed without him the last few days.

“Please go on!” I affirmed with a wave of my hand. “You were telling me why she is better suited to Mike.”

“You and Knox have been away for years; Mike has been here; he has supported her through her insecurities.”

“That bastard gave her!” I snarled at Rolo. “You didn’t see the way she apologized because of her weight! He has belittled her and chipped away at her confidence!”

“I saw!” He ground out. Pausing, I thought back on something Sage had said: she thought she knew why Rolo had been MIA. I never got a chance to ask her.

“Mike understands her, and he is not in line to rule this pack..”

“Has anyone told the little p ick this? Because I am not sure he has gotten that memo!” Rolo continued to argue inside my head. Narrowing my eyes on Anthony, I allowed him to finish talking, trying desperately to stay calm and not yank his head from his worthless body for the way he was talking about his daughter.. and my mate.

“It doesn’t matter if she is weak and by his side; he is not important... You are!”

“You’re concerned about me?” I asked with a dangerous chuckle, so close to saying something I shouldn’t.

“She doesn’t even want to be here! She wants to travel and leave the pack. Does that sound like Luna material?”

“Have you considered that her priorities may have changed?” I asked, nodding for him to walk down the stairs.

“Has she told you as much?” He asked, his eyes tight on mine, clearly fishing for information.

“She hasn’t said much!” I lied; I knew my girl wanted to be here with me.

“All I am saying, Kane, is that if you love her, you will let her go! This life isn’t for her! The life of a Luna isn’t for her! She is not strong enough, and her being at your side will weaken you, your pack... And your claim to rule... Others will come for your seat. And you will be too busy protecting her to defend it.”

“What took you so long?” My father growled, marching up the stairs to Anthony and I. My eyes were latched on Anthony’s face; I could feel the twitch under my eye and knew I was struggling to stay quiet. Anthony was looking ahead at my father, his head tilted in a sign of respect.

“I found the boys trying to calm Lottie down; she is having second thoughts about everything; things are all happening so fast; she doesn’t even know if she wants this! Perhaps we should postpone.”

“Son of a bitch!” Rolo roared.