

# Their Secret Obsession

by Pippa Moon

## Chapter 7: Fuck She's Feisty!

"I highly suggest you step away from her." I stated, leaning against the wooden pillar my mother had installed to hang the ridiculous flower display from.

"I highly suggest you fuck off!" The male who was currently unzipping his flies while pinning my girl to an alcove retorted sarcastically, making me scoff. My focus, however, was on how Charlotte had tensed, evidently recognizing my voice.

"Take your dick out, and I promise you, it will no longer be attached but be on the floor at your feet." I warned seriously.

"Mate, can't you see you are interrupting a private moment." The male rasped in frustration.

"I couldn't care less!" I smirked. "Hello, Lottie, wanna tell your male friend here to step back for me, angel? I really don't want to get blood on my suit; we both know Lilly will throw a fit." I expressed, winking at my girl as she turned to look at me, her face pulled into a mixture of hatred and arousal.

"Knox, bad timing!" She hissed, but seeing how the male's head snapped to look at me, I knew I had made my point.

"I beg to differ angel! It looks to me like it was perfect timing! I am not sure how the mating party would take to me disemboweling a male in the middle of my sister's vows." I shrugged, pushing off the beam and taking a step closer.

"Knox, sh it, man, I am sorry mate." The fool blustered, letting go of Lottie's wrists to hold his hand out to me, as if I would take it!

"I am not your mate!" I laughed, looking at his outstretched hand in disgust before turning my eyes to Lotti, watching her re-adjust her dress and straighten up.

It seems there is more to my queen than I first thought!

"No, I guess we haven't been officially introduced." The male smiled tightly, moving his hand, his eyes glaring at me. I had embarrassed him with my snub, and he was trying to save face.

"I am.."

“Yeah, I don’t care who you are!” I cut him off, stepping closer to them, but not for him, for Lottie; my eyes focused on her, noticing things I had not before: her wrists were bruised, and she smelt of fear and arousal.

side.

“Angel? What’s wrong?” I asked, waving my hand to dismiss the male at her

“Nothing Knox! For god sake, we ... were just!” She sighed, pursing her l\*ps.

“We were just having some fun!” He interjected again, closing my eyes to silence the havoc I felt rippling through me. I opened them slowly and scanned my girl, noting the red-rimmed eyes, the way mascara trailed down her cheek from tears, no doubt, and the tiny puncture wounds on her n\*eck coated in what looked. like her life force.

“Fun?” I asked, taking her hand in mine and inspecting the bruises on her wrists before she yanked them out of my hold. “And whose idea of fun was this?”

“She likes it rough! don’t you, baby girl?” He laughed, running his hand down her back and letting it linger on the bottom of her spine. The way she tensed at his touch had me suspicious, about to probe further, but she answered any questions I might have had.

“I am not your baby girl! Remember!” She growled, turning to look at him, hurt and anger swirling in her beautiful blue hues.

“Are we really going to go over this again?” He groaned, rolling his eyes. Eyes I planned to scoop out of his skull with a rusty spoon.

“I am sorry; who the fuck are you, and what are you doing here with Lottie.” I snapped, my patience running out.

“I am her boyfriend!” He scoffed, looking at me with confusion, no doubt wondering what my sudden fascination was with his so-called girlfriend. I guess I was too! I had grown up with Lottie and never looked at her twice! Now the idea of not being in her company every second of every day made my heart ache and all that sappy shit, not to mention the tingles that seemed to dance their way over my skin whenever I was close.

“No, you’re not!” She barked, shouldering past him towards me, holding my hand out to her; I smirked, seeing her shoulder past that, too.

“Fuck she’s feisty! I like it!” I mused to my wolf, only to remember he had been pretty much MIA since I had arrived home yesterday.

“The lady says you’re not, so care to run along with your tail between your legs!” I grinned, watching her stalk down the path towards the old chapel at the back of the ground.

“Her father asked me to come and get her, bring her to her escort for the ceremony.” He snorted, letting out a long breath watching her walk away, his eyes trained on her pert ass that sashayed with her furious movements.

“And that would be... me!” I grinned. “I will make sure to thank her father for his due diligence and make sure he knows that the pup he sent to collect her had her pinned in a compromising position against a wall, dress over her ass while calling her... a whore.” I chuckled, checking my nails for imaginary dirt. “Was that right?”

“I believe I said MY whore!” He laughed bitterly, stepping into me, apparently finding his balls.

“Not any more!” My tone left no room for negotiation; my eyes darkened possessively. I could feel my wolf scratching at the inside of my skull. Clearly, he had something to say on the matter, too, but for some reason, he was keeping himself to himself right now.

“Wait till her father hears about this!” He yapped; the little rat was getting on my last nerve; pulling my head back, I headbutted him roughly, smiling with satisfaction, seeing the shock on his face at the force behind my assault.

He stumbled backwards, his hands gripping the wall he had just pinned my queen up against. I lunged at him without a second thought, grabbing his hands in my stronghold. I yanked them above his head, pressing my chest into his back. I smirked, smelling the fear washing off him.

“Ironic, how not five minutes ago you had my queen in this exact position,” I whispered into his ear, licking from the nape of his filthy neck up to his ear. “Well, almost exactly”, I added, using all my strength to pin him to the wall, my free hand gripping the back of his suit trousers at the seam and tearing them open; ignoring his protests, my large hand slid in the tear in the fabric, pulling down his boxers with a sinister smile revealing his hairy ass to the cool light of day.

“Gross! And to think this hairy thing was anywhere near my girl!” I grunted in disgust, lifting my hand up to the thick vines running along the wooden trellis until I found a branch. Snapping it off, ignoring the falling flowers I inspected it with intrigue,

“How big is your cock?” I asked casually, noting that the branch was around an inch thick and 3 inches long. “This look about the size of your todger?” I asked, showing him the branch

“Double it!” He snarled, but the fear seeping from his veins told me he was scared! Scared of what I was about to do! And so he should be! I wasn’t averse to being with a male; beauty comes in all shapes, sizes, colours and S\*x, as far as I am concerned. But

luckily for him, I didn't find him attractive and wouldn't put my di ck anywhere near his hairy as s!

"If you wish!" I laughed, biting the stick and pulling the flowers off the branch, letting them fall over his head. "I was gonna go easy on ya!" I grunted with my mouth full.

Pulling my back off him and ignoring his pleas, I traced the branch down his as s cheek, forcing his puckered cheeks apart.

"Open wide baby girl!" I whispered menacingly! "And be a good little whore for Daddy!" I laughed.

"What the fuck are you doing!"