

# Their Secret Obsession

by Pippa Moon

## Chapter 2: Wrong Room.

### Lottie POV

“I didn’t think you would be back till later?” Mike dares to say, looking at me like I had grown two heads and was somehow in the wrong.

“Clearly!” I mutter, walking over to the closet, grabbing my overnight bag and aggressively shoving things into it.

“Baby girl...Come on...” He has the audacity to sound hurt; glancing into the mirror, I lock my eyes on him, Sage shining in my icy hues.

“I am sorry, who are you talking to ... Me? Or Her?” Seeing the puzzled look on his face, I continued. “Just two seconds ago, I heard you call her ‘baby girl’.” I spat, knowing I was being petty over the pet name, but given that I had just walked in on him banging some chick in our bed, I felt I had earned the right to be a little childish!

“No, you are mistaken.” He shakes off. Spinning around, I glare at him.

“Is he seriously trying to make ME feel like I am going insane!” I mutter to Sage.

“I always said the f\*\*ker was stupid!” Sage laughed bitterly. “Want me to bite his dick off?” She asks casually, making me smile, despite the trauma rippling through my b\*dy; although Mike and I were not fated mates, I do... love him! And this betrayal stings.

“As you wish, BABY GIRL!” I yelled, repeating what I had heard him say not two minutes ago, to the whore in his bed... Our bed!

“It’s not what it looks like, I promise.”

“Oh?” I roll my blue eyes and look at the she-wolf pulling the sheet around herself sheepishly. “Did he sl\*p and accidentally land in your vagina?” Seeing her try to sl\*p from the bed, I shook my head. “Stay! He is ALL yours!” I dismissed, returning to throwing the first things I could grab into my travel bag.

“Charlotte, come on.” Mike pushed, getting from the bed, n\*ked and unashamed. “Work has been tough lately, and well...” Before he finished the sentence, I knew he would make this my fault somehow, just like I knew I would punch him in the face in the next thirty seconds.

“You have put a little weight on, and you never dress up for me anymore.” His b\*dy was flush against my back. My b\*dy tightened at the irony, given the blue lace I had on under my dress, grabbing my make-up and ramming it brutally with my other things. Zipping my bag with shaky hands, I tried to remain calm as he continued. “You could try a little harder to entice me. I wouldn’t have to look elsewhere then.”

Spinning around in his hold, I pulled my fist back and, with no warning, plunged it into his eye; satisfaction washed over me hearing the fragile bone in his nose break, blood splattered my dress; looking down at it in astonishment, I laughed in disbelief. Mike’s curses and groans were barely audible over the sound of my blood rushing through my b\*dy.

“Yeah, we are done.” I declare my mind made up; Sage’s growl as Mike tried to pull my elbow cemented that statement.

“Babygirl...” He uttered, regretting it the second my eyes glared with the cold blue of Sage, who seized control and, before I could gasp, had delivered her own source of justice. Knocking Mike out cold, his b\*dy hurtled back and dropped to the floor, his limp b\*dy resembling a pretzel all limbs and bruised ego.

“When he wakes up, you tell him to stay away from Lottie!” Sage growled at the quivering she-wolf, who was nodding, frozen by fear.

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“Another?” I requested, tapping the rim of my empty glass; the handsome bartender looked between Lilly and I, concern washing over his face. Apparently, our father’s made him nervous.

“I just caught my boyfriend shagging someone else; I think another drink is needed, don’t you!” I asked, arching a brow, ignoring Lilly’s sigh. Seeing him reluctantly fill my glass, a smirk pulled at the corners of my l\*ps.

“Thank you!” I hiccupped, taking the drink with a smirk in Lilly’s direction, the pair of us bursting into girlish giggles as he walked off, shaking his head unimpressed. Lilly had picked me up the second I left my apartment, handing me tissues and letting me

get my anger out; I had spent the last few hours getting a little tipsy, dancing and trying to forget my heartbreak. But seeing Lilly look down at her phone with a frown, I knew the night was over.

“Charlotte, I have to sleep.” She only used my full name when she was trying to be serious, “I have to look my best tomorrow.” She grinned, pulling me up from my chair. “Come on, let’s go home.”

“I can’t... I .. Can’t go.. back there... HE.. is there!” I slurred, spinning around on wobbly legs; I eyed her helplessly, dramatically throwing my hands in the air. “Can I stay at yours, please!” Laughing, she nodded, pushing me towards the door.

“Yeah, but I swear if you snore, I will kill you!” She laughed, pushing me to the exit.

Twenty minutes later, we pulled up at the pack house; Lilly paid the driver and pushed me through the doors to the pack house with a groan.

“I will grab water; you go on up!” She laughed, waving me up the stairs as she disappeared into the kitchen. I felt like it took forever to get to her bedroom; pushing the door open, I paused, looking around the room.

“I don’t think I have ever seen this room THIS tidy.” I laughed, pulling my dress over my head, groaning, realizing I had left my bag downstairs. I threw my dress aside, smoothing my hands over the soft fabric of the lingerie Lilly had brought me before walking around the room. Picking up a photo frame with a picture of Lilly’s older brother standing proudly with his arm around his dad, smiling into the camera, without a care. It was his graduation day. I remember it well. He made me call him master all day.

“Jackass!” I groaned, turning the frame around, not wanting his eyes on me while I slept, or at all!

“Looks like this lingerie will be getting some action tonight!” I laughed bitterly while looking in the full-length mirror, thinking about how different this night could have been. Mike’s cruel words about my weight were eating at what little confidence I had. Lilly’s brothers had made my life hell growing up until they left for training a few years back, so I was used to being the but of jokes, taunted and teased, but coming from Mike, it hurt.

Sucking in a breath, I froze, the sound of running water finally hitting my ears. I had left Lilly downstairs, had she sl\*pped in while I walked around her room?

Pushing the door to the ensuite open, I froze, my feet rooted to the spot; through the glass panel of the shower, Lilly’s brother stood, hand pressed up against the marbled tiled wall, his knuckles turning white from the pressure, his b\*dy ripped with even more muscles than he left with. Tattoos wound the whole of his b\*dy, trailing my eyes

across them giddily; I tensed seeing his tattooed hand gripping his thick steeled rod, easily 9 inches of heaven.

Sucking in a breath, my eyes locked on his dick as he pumped his hand around it, pleasuring himself in what I knew was meant to be a private moment.

“Either join me or get out!” He rasped, looking over his shoulders at me; the second our eyes met, I felt like I had been sucker punched, knocking me to my knees, the floor disappearing from under me; somewhere in the distance, I heard Knox’s panicked scream, it was genuine concern, not laughter, I was hearing from him. Why? Confusion bled through me wildly, just before everything went black.