

## Chapter 8 Our Cherished Sister

Quinn

I hadn't liked it when I had heard, of course, but I liked and respected dad a lot. I couldn't deny him anything and knew that Jack and John couldn't as well. Even if the other two didn't want to go somewhere, I could convince them to as the eldest. That was why we were always found at the same place at the same time. We were never far from one another.

Looking at my new step-sister, I was happy that I had decided to come back home. Our boring lives were about to become interesting with her arrival. She looked beautiful and I hoped that she was still as interesting as she was years ago. I couldn't forget the way she had charged boldly at us in order to save her friend. That was hot and even though it had been years, I felt the same jolt of desire I had felt for her then.

I briefly glanced at her mother and let my hands wander back to her. I lowered my gaze to her wavy long hair. I wanted to pull her away from her middle-aged mum and thoroughly kiss her, slipping my hands into her hair and ravage it.

I smirked as her eyes rounded with fear when she realized who we were. Even with the hatred she was trying to mask shining out of her eyes, she looked adorable. I could smell her fear and I glanced at dad, hoping that he hadn't caught that. It would be a problem if we had to explain why she was scared of us. Her mum's explanation that she was shy wouldn't get us off the hook.

Dad would ask us if something had happened between us in high school for her to react that way and we couldn't lie to him. He would catch us and sniff us out. Or maybe he wouldn't, but we respected him too much to disrespect him by lying to him.

I breathed in relief when I noticed that his eyes were on Mia's mum. He hadn't noticed Mia's fear and I wondered if it was because he was immersed in his woman or he couldn't. I was worried that dad was getting carried away, getting himself too involved with the humans and losing his senses.

I turned my attention to our sister. Her big eyes were alert and wary as she looked at us. I didn't like that though. She surely wasn't still thinking of what had happened years ago. She should have forgotten about it. We were more matured and sensible than we were at that time and she should grow up as well.

With the way she stiffened, avoiding looking at our eyes, I didn't think she had done much of growing up. I sighed. It seemed like I was going to have to talk with our new step-sister.

Bullying her wasn't that much of a big deal. It was all part of the high school package and she should have gotten over it. Still clinging on to that made her petty and I didn't like petty girls.

I realized that she was uncomfortable with us, even though we weren't doing anything to her. Later at breakfast, the next day after meeting her, I couldn't take my eyes off her and I was glad I was monitoring her. I wouldn't have noticed the look in her eyes as she stared at her mum. I knew that look.

I watched as she stood up from the table after her mum, and also jumped up. That crazy girl. She was about to tattle. I wouldn't let that happen.

I got her away from her mother and pulled her far into a corridor where no one could see us so I could warn her. I had meant to warn her alone and shake her up but I couldn't help the lust that shot through my nerves.

I told her that I was happy to see her but she spat in my face. I chuckled at her boldness. What had I been expecting? That she would melt towards me as well and tell me that she greatly missed me?

What we had done to her wasn't a big deal but they weren't cheerful memories we had given her, even though I didn't expect this much hatred still.

She struggled against me and I went hard, always excited by her resistance to us. I was tired of the harshness in her eyes and her stubbornness to get away from me. I did the only thing that I could think of.

I kissed her. The kiss was as I had expected. Her lips were soft and I was glad that beneath that hatred, she was still a woman.

My woman. I growled and was stunned when she bit me on the lips and ran away. My eyes were yellow when I opened them and I realized that I had let myself get carried away with the kiss. It was good that she had bitten me and ran away or I didn't know how far I would have gone, and she wouldn't like that.

She would hate me more. I stopped as I went out the corridor and came face to face with dad. With the scowl on his face, I had no doubt that he had seen Mia run away. I quickly sucked in my lips so he wouldn't see the wound on it before it was completely healed. I would be dead meat if dad saw that and realized what had happened.

"Why were you with Mia?" He asked. "It's unusual the way the three of you are always around her."

"Nothing, dad." I replied, sucking in my lip as I spoke.

He frowned, not believing me. "Take good care of your sister. Don't let me hear her complain of your bad habits or else, I won't spare you."

I nodded as I watched him walk away, realizing that I needed to be careful.