

Chapter 14 The Shock Of An Unexpected War

Jack

I rubbed at my cheeks, breathing as the pain began to fade away. I would be lying if I said that she didn't surprise me. Where the hell had she gotten a gun with the silver bullets? I wondered how she had quickly found out that we were werewolves and I had to give it to her. She was smart, the exact characteristics of someone meant to be Luna.

At that moment, I wished that she wasn't my sister or I would have forced her to be mated to me. Being my sister meant that I had to be patient with her, regardless of what she did and court her with respect instead of force to avoid father's wrath if I did wrong by her.

I hissed, knowing that patience had never been my strong suit.

"You want some more, wolf." She taunted me.

I growled at her, wiping at the blood on my skin. It had been a long time since I had shed blood. I couldn't remember when it was.

Even when facing formidable pirates at sea, I could easily overpower them with force but today, I had been injured by a seemingly powerless human girl. This almost made me want to laugh and I knew that my brothers mustn't hear of it. They would laugh at me and taunt me till I felt like shifting into my wolf form and going into a cave to spend a month alone, from the pack.

That sounded like a good idea if I got taunted but I knew I couldn't do it. I didn't think that I had ever been away from my brothers. How would I even survive out there without them?

"Of course, I want some more." I growled, flicking off the gun from her hand. She had been able to shoot me because I hadn't been expecting the attack. I had no idea that she had a gun loaded with silver bullets and now that I knew, I wasn't ever going to allow a repeat.

I moved closer to her again, breathing in her face as I stared at her. "I want some more of you, more than I got years ago. Should we start?"

She finally seemed to realize that I had a hold on her and as I held her in my arms, I could sense her trembling. A mischievous feeling welled up within me. The pupils of my eyes turned into vertical slits like those of a wolf.

My pointed fangs were exposed as I leaned closer to her. "Do you know that werewolves have a way of turning women into mates?"

"What?" She squeaked.

"Yes." I nodded at her. "I could make you mine right this instant and we wouldn't have to go through this trouble. Do you want to find out how stubborn you would still be if I do that?"

I chuckled. "I can promise you that you would have me in you and I would have you screaming my name before the next thirty minutes if I do that."

She gasped, her eyes going wild with fear. She swallowed, realizing that I was serious. "Jack." She called out, trying to get me off her.

"Are you moaning my name already, baby?" I teased her.

"Please don't." She pleaded.

Looking into her widened eyes, I grinned. "As long as I bite your throat and mark you, you will become my mate, forever bound to me." I explained to her.

She became uneasy, trying to shove me away but I was stronger than her. She didn't stand a chance with me and I was loving this as well. Her reluctance was turning me on and I knew it would make the victory sweeter when I eventually had her.

She whimpered. "Don't do this, Jack. We are siblings."

I chuckled. It was now that she knew that we were siblings. "Do you make a show of shooting your siblings with what can kill them? Let's not pretend like you think of me as a sibling. I don't think of you as a sibling, Mia." I said, pushing my hips closer to her and grinding my growing erection at her entrance.

I wanted her to see how I thought of her - not as a sibling at all.

"Jack, I'm sorry about that. I won't shoot at you again."

I scoffed. We both knew that was a lie. She would pop me full of those agonizing little metals if she had the chance again.

"We are siblings, Jack."

I laughed. That seemed to be her only argument. "We are siblings only in names and not in blood. I see no reason why I can't mate you. Moreover, the laws that apply in the human world don't apply in the wolf world."

I licked her neck and playfully grazed my fangs against her skin. She struggled and kept on apologizing for her actions that had hurt me earlier, asking me to stop. No, she begged me to stop. I chuckled. As if I would listen. Her skin felt soft in my mouth and I continued licking at her and trailed down kisses down her neck.

The more she struggled, the more turned on I was. She suddenly went still in my arms and I sighed. She had just taken the fun out of everything.

I loved it when she was struggling but I loved it more when she subsided. She had finally seen that I was stronger and that stroked my bruised ego at being caught off guard and nicked by her.