



## A LONE WOLF

### JESSICA'S POV

It's been two days. Two solid days since I got here and judging by what my instincts told me, Alpha Alexander hadn't come for me yet. Orton had led me to a room and as much as I wanted to, I couldn't make myself comfortable.

My wolf had resulted in being latent especially when neither of the guys were not around her. She was so vain I must say.

As I struggled with the food Orton had brought earlier, I began to think of what my fate would be in this pack. Clearly, they had more plans for me than I thought. The way they conversed in hushed tones, the way the other one had left and Orton brought me here after distracting the guards.

It was no longer news to me that my wolf felt a certain type of way around the guys. The way she jumped and whimpered. The way she stilled and got intoxicated with both their scents.

The first night I'd come here, I couldn't resist the urge to touch myself basking in the image of the two men banging me in different positions.

Now that I am thinking about it, the urge to touch myself again with their memory came flooding back into my mind.

Oh f\*\*k! To think that I was outrightly rejected by my mate and what now? I don't even think about him. The painful pangs of rejection hits whomever was involved to their very core. For me, thinking about Alexander made the food in my stomach lurch. I guess I was done with him and have moved on.

I stood up from the bed and walked towards the window. The sun was aglow casting a golden radiance all over the surroundings. As much as my eyes could see, the entirety of the place was made with the nest materials.

I took in the whole luxury. From the expensive cars in the garage to the heavily armed sturdy guards that paraded all over the place. This place smelt of power and control.

From a far distance, a fountain laid up ahead and a garden like maze was at the far right of this place that was clearly a mansion but could pass for a county.

I'd heard about the Lycans, the most powerful clan of the werewolves from the bedtime stories my mother used to read to me. How they'd become so powerful that the other werewolves shuddered at their sight. Not only had they amassed power and instilled fear, they also had so much wealth.

I was startled out of my reverie with a knock on the door. Emrys walked into the room and I found myself sauntering towards him like I was under some sorta magnetic pull.

I stopped a foot away from him and by reex I arched towards him. I bowed my head slightly as I inhaled his masculine scent.

"Good afternoon..." I said in a low tone. s\*\*t! My wolf was at it again, skittering and jumping around. It was safe to say she found the men even more enticing than I did. My wolf already loved his wolf.

He tilted my chin and our eyes locked. The action sent a wave of electricity passing through my whole body and there was some interesting throbbing happening between my legs.

He traced ne lines over my face and ran his thumb gently against my lips. f\*\*k! It's how he was tugging at my s\*x without even touching me. I could bet that I was already dripping wet and he hadn't even touched me yet.

Have I always been this vain or was there something about them that I don't know yet? I stared at his jade eyes for a little bit more before I got a hold of myself and peeled myself from his gaze, my eyes hit the ground.

"Meet me at the lake by the shack tonight," he said with an air of authority. If I could reach out for it, I could probably touch it.

I looked around the room, and his voice had different effects on me. It made my wolf growl with excitement and it made me shudder a little.

"I don't know my way out of here," I said. I wasn't particularly lying. With a mansion as vast as this one, I could easily lose my way and that would most likely spell doom for me.

He smirked, "You could just ask me to lead you out. I mean I can't say No to a beautiful one," his eyes glistened with something I wasn't quite familiar with.

I nodded and remained silent.

He sighed, "If you must know. My brother Orton..." he paused as I lifted my eyes to stare at him at the mention of Orton.

I'd been able to pick out just two differences between them. Their eyes and their hair. My heart relaxed at the mention of Orton.

This person seemed to read my thoughts because he said. "Oh my, what I'm about to tell you might leave you a little devastated but that's why you have me," he said. He stared at me, his eyes hovering all over my body with so much lust. I'd not had a change of clothes in three days and there were visible cuts revealing a good amount of my boobs.

My cheeks ushered crimson when his eyes rested on my breast. My mind suddenly created images of those well dened lips sucking hard on my n\*\*\*\*s.

Jessica! C'mon.

"We..." he began and cleared his throat, "I andy brothers usually...you know what don't even bother yourself with it. I guess you'll get to nd out for yourself," he said and tugged a loose strand of hair behind my ears, "I hope you like his little surprise when you see it..." he said like he was forcing himself to speak.

The room fell into an awkward silence, before he started making his way out of the room when he stopped right in front of the door, "It would be nice to get to know you, just before you have some fun," he said and walked away.

My heart beat picked up. What did he mean by his words? What fun? Was I in some sorta trouble? I didn't know what to think anymore. I muttered a silent prayer to the goddess to keep me safe.

Wishing that my father would come looking for me, was totally out of it. I'm sure by now, they'll all be reeling with joy that I was no longer in their lives. A small smile crept up at the corner of my lips— I was so unfortunate.