

## LYCANS FACE-OFF

ORTON'S POV

The days that followed the incident that'd happened at the outskirts of the pack was a tad bit uncomfortable for me. My mind came up with so many options as to who had the body.

Did Alexander men come back for it after I'd left? Surely that would warrant me telling my brothers and father about the incident— in all of this, I was still going to stick to the fact that I killed him out of defense. If they'd believed me or not, I didn't want to care.

Telling them the truth would set them off, especially my father who detested the other werewolves clan. I wasn't scared of what the Silvermane pack would do if my guesses were right.

I grabbed my black leather jacket from the coat rack and started making my way out of the room. I opened the door and almost bumped into Cyprian.

"You sleazy sloth," I growled, "I didn't hear you walk towards the door,"

He gave me a curt nod, "I'm sorry about that—"

"Were you able to get anything on it?" I asked.

He shook his head.

Fuck! Just great.

"Come with me," I said, making my way out of the house towards the borders.

"Orton...man, where the hell are you going to?" He questioned.

No response. I didn't think it was necessary giving him a response. So, instead I kept on walking, with him trailing me from behind.

I stopped right in my tracks when I saw Kane talking to the warriors at the pack borders. f\*\*k no! As much as I wasn't scared of this escalating, I didn't want Kane in on it.

I don't know how he'll react to the news. I stopped in my tracks and made to turn around but he'd already seen me.

Shit! Too late. Unlucky day for you Orton.

"If it isn't my charming brother," his voice seethed with callousness, "Orton, come.come.come," he said.

I turned around on my heels after I made a mental image to keep my face as calm and devoid of tension as I could.

I walked up to him.

"To whom do we owe your courtesy visit to the borders of the pack?" He questioned, his tone laced with sarcasm.

It took everything in me not to scoff. "I'm a Lycan heir and as such I can come to the pack borders, as many times as I want to," I countered him, what I got was a devilish smile etched on his lips.

To a great extent, I was yet to see why father took a special likeness for him. I regarded him so much as my brother but this dude had so much mystery up his sleeves that if he wasn't my brother, one would have thought he was a potential enemy.

He responded, momentarily distracting me from my train of thought, "Hmmm, Father would be proud of you,"

My heart stilled at the mention of father's name. "Yeah, I suppose,"

"Talking about father. We have a meeting with him tonight,"

My jaw almost dropped to the oor, "Tonight!" I gaped.

Kane stared down at me, his eyes glistening with words I couldn't phantom, "And since when did you start being surprised that father summoned us?" He asked casually.

I grunted, "You know it's not that," I said and paused, "You know we're supposed to party with the ladies today," I said in my defense. It was all a lie but that was all I could come up with.

Our father King Jefferson never summoned us except it was very serious. I wondered what happened this time.

Kane chuckled, "I don't think it has anything to do with the meeting," he patted my shoulders, "Some things would just never change, would they?"

"I guess not," I drawled as I rolled my eyes in sheer frustration, "Why are you here?" I asked him.

Kane was so saddled with the duties of overseeing the affairs of the pack. Heck! More than two thousand warriors reported to him. He barely had enough time to himself and when he did, he was balls deep dominating a lady.

He looked around at the face of the four other warriors that anked around us before his gaze fell on me, "The warriors report to me..."

I quickly cut in, "In your oce,"

He rolled his sleeves to his forearm, the corner of his lips tipping up into a smirk, "Orton. Orton. Orton." He gritted, "Don't be ridiculous,"

I shrugged, "Okay then, let me not disrupt your little meeting. I'll be on my way now," I said and made to turn around when he said.

"Why don't you join me? You know to see how I do it," he suggested, but I could taste the mockery in his voice.

"I am not interested in doing patrol with you," I said and walked away.

He called out to me, "Orton!"

Oh for f\*\*k sake! What now?

My jaw tightened, "Yes Kane," I responded, turning around to face him.

"You know..." he said, walking closer to where I stood and stopped a few meters away from me. He gestured for the other guards to give us privacy, "I wouldn't be here if you had given me a detailed breakdown on your patrol a few days back. Argh! You know how busy I am,"

I don't give a ip.

I just stared, trying to keep my wolf from burying its canine on his chest. "What has that got to do with me?" I red back at him.

A growl rumbled in his chest but I ignored it. Our wolves were equally strong, even though we hadn't engaged in a proper ght except for when we were teen wolves and Emrys had given him a drill of his life— such fun times if I do say so myself.

I think that had made him the ruthless Lycan he was today. Like he swore never to get beaten by any other Lycan again.

"Everything,"

I looked straight in his eyes. It was high time I beat him at his own game. We held gazes for a while longer, neither of us ready to back down for the other.

He spoke rst, "Is there something I should know?"

"No," I responded rmly.

The smirked and tilted his head at me, "Very well then,"