

## INTO THE ARMS OF A RUTHLESS CAN

JESSICA'S POV

As I ran, the guards chased after me. I didn't stop as I pushed myself to go further. Alpha Alexander and my father would deal with me if I ever returned. The guards chased after me till I crossed the border of our pack—silvermane pack.

"Stop this instant!" One of the men thundered as they increased their pace. The moon was dim but my wolf senses were high. I was in another pack damn!

One of the men closed in on me and pulled me roughly by my legs. He dragged me against the dry twigs and I groaned as they seared through my skin. I didn't have enough time to even transform into my wolf form. I bet I could take on all three of them.

"You little brat. No wonder you were rejected by the Alpha," he snickered, "We'd have a good time making your life miserable," he said as he grabbed me by the neck and lifted me to his shoulders.

"You wouldn't dare," a raspy voice that exude power and authority sounded from behind us.

The guard lifted his face to the sound of the voice, "And who the hell are you?" He questioned impatiently.

"If I were you, I wouldn't ask too many questions," the stranger answered back. His voice was calm but etched in steel.

The guard laughed sarcastically, "I don't give a ip—" before he could nish his statement, the stranger covered the distance between us, grabbed him by the neck and the guard shoved me into a huge tree.

"Argh!" I groaned in pain as my head made an impact with a huge tree. I quickly hid behind the tree and watched the two men exchange blows. The stranger fought with the gait of an Alpha wolf and the precision of a black mamba.

Lethal. and dangerous. That was what he was. In no time the guard was laying on the oor lifelessly.

I sucked in a breath. I shouldn't be here, I should probably transform to my wolf form and run away. He could kill me like he killed Alexander's guard but for some reason I couldn't bring my legs to move.

The two other guards ran away, I knew this was far from over.

"You can come out now," the husky voice spoke just behind the tree.

How on earth did he get here? He moved like air.

I slowly came out from my hiding and opened my mouth to speak, the words oated around and rested on the tip of my tongue. I clamped my mouth shut and stared back at him.

He looked around and ran his ngers through his hair before his gaze fell on me.

"I don't know who you are. But this place is nowhere for a young lady," he paused and looked at me intently.

"I— I..." I stuttered, and gripped my wrist to calm my racing pulse, "I'm lost..." The rest of the words came out so low I thought he couldn't make them out.

"It's obvious."

I rubbed the side of my head that had the most impact on the tree.

"Come with me..."

My heartbeat slowed by a fraction at his words, three words—come with me.

Till now, I didn't know it took three words to make my n\*\*\*\*s harden with something I didn't quite have a name for if it was the voice or the way he said it I didn't know.

He led the way, and I followed him. Thoughts about Alexander seemed to zzle out with the cold night wind. I wasn't sure who he was but somehow, it felt safe following this stranger.

We walked in silence for a while aside from the sound of the night creature and the crumbling of our feet against dry twigs.

"I assume you know where you are," he started to say and it was more of a statement than a question.

"No," I responded regardless.

"You're at the border separating the silvermane pack from the Trident pack..."

Shivers wracked my body when I realised what just happened. "Does that mean..."

"You're on your way to the other world that lies beyond the woods," he pointed a nger across the woods behind us.

Fear wrapped its cold hands around my lungs, sniing breath out of me. How did I get here? A few moments ago I was in my pack handling the tortures of rejection. Now, I was standing in front of a beautiful man. I had no idea who he was and he was taking me further to the enemy's territory.

I cast a quick glance at him and only averted my eyes when he turned in my direction.

The way his muscles exed in his jacket, his condent strides the kind that made enemies shudder made me realize that he had the demeanour of royalty and the physique of a ruthless warrior, all etched in one body.

We walked through the woods and headed towards the pack. He pulled me behind him when we passed some people I presumed were warriors or gatekeepers. None dared question us and my guesses as to who he might be only increased.

He led me to a wooden shack, entered, and opened the door wide enough for me to step in but I froze. All the trust I had for him a minute back zzzled into the air and reality set in.

I shouldn't be here.

The silvermane and Trident pack were sworn enemies. I bet he'd rip out my throat and present it in a bow tie if he found out I was from the silvermane pack.

I inhaled sharply and relaxed my bruising heart hitting against my ribcage.

"Come in," the sound of his voice reached my ears in a banging wave of authority.

I got into the shack.

It was dimly lit save for the ray of light that passed through the creaks on the wall.

My sight was heightened to a fault and it didn't take me so long to make out the room—an old wooden frame that would serve as a bed, a lamp stand with no light in it, and oors made out of broken marble.

I sighed and forced a smile across my lips. "Thank you," I managed to say.

"You'd stay here," he walked around the room, and hesitated for a bit, "Till I nd somewhere better,"

I nodded in response. That was all I could do, my head was spinning and my legs felt like heavy metals were shoved up to my knees, I took slow steps towards the bed and sat by the edge.

"Make yourself comfortable," the gentle yet rough edge of his voice wound around me, embedding itself deep in my core. A tiny part of me held on to the hope that somehow I was safe and ne with him.

'Get a hold of yourself, Jessica,' I scolded myself. I couldn't trust an enemy.

"I have to go now, I'll be back soon. And—"

He was cut off by the rumbling sound of my stomach. "I'll get you some food," a hint of amusement laced in his tone, "And umm... my name's Orton,"

Orton.

"I want to leave..." my voice suddenly blurted out and the air in the shack shifted.

"You might want to leave here, but there is no way in hell I am going to let that happen..."