



THE PRIZED POSSESSION

ORTON'S POV

My response had shaken her but it was enough to keep her in check.

She was like the moon, beautiful yet far; familiar yet strange.

Grey eyes, ve foot eleven, and an alabaster skin that glistened under the warm rays of the moonlight.

Her blonde hair sparkled like tiny diamonds were etched in it. She wasn't like the rest I'd come across.

I wasn't one to pry into frivolous matters like saving a disgruntled girl running from her pursuer. But not only had I saved her, I killed for her and I didn't regret it— not even a bit, and I didn't even know her name yet.

Fuck!

I chalked my action at the borders to my deep hatred for the silvermane pack. I couldn't stand them even for a half second, thank the goddess for Emrys who represented the pack at the useless dialogue meeting.

I couldn't care less about the silvermane pack. I had just one rule— don't venture to the borders.

Especially when I was in charge.

But the woman I found changed all of that. This was my first time setting my eyes on her. But still, she looked like I'd known her all my life like a blurry fragment of a puzzle that was always meant to be there.

I hurriedly left the shack and headed towards the pack. I couldn't keep her in the shack for so long lest she was found by one of the warriors or worse still one of my brothers.

For the first time in my twenty-three years of living, I was confused for a moment about what to do.

"s**t," I rubbed the bridge of my nose in confusion.

I had to report to Kane about my patrol but the urge to tend to her first was more overwhelming than any shitty report and there was no way I was going to let her starve.

I mind-linked Cyprian, my personal aide, but he wasn't responding. I couldn't slip, or else my brothers would get a hang of the whole situation and want to share her with me.

I'd found her first, I'll have a good taste...first.

The only option was to give the report to Kane and head back to the cabin. Without giving it much thought I made my way to Kane's office, my hurried footsteps clicking against the marble floor.

"You delayed... by five minutes," Kane said without looking up. He was the second of the triplets and in charge of the borders. Every warrior in the Trident pack answered him, and even though he didn't speak much about it, he was more interested in the throne than Emrys and I.

He was the most fierce and most likely to strike first in battle.

'Put your enemies on the edge,' was his watchword, and in his defence, he mastered the art of war so skillfully that our father King Jefferson had put him in charge of the pack warriors.

"I was caught up in something," I managed to keep my voice cool so he wouldn't detect the tension.

He arched his brows and leaned into the black leather chair that looked like they'd break any second under his weight. Kane raised his head and our eyes met— this was his way of getting the truth out of anyone he wanted. Everyone in the palace knew how much I hated leading patrols in the woods, it wouldn't give me good enough time to source for the best slut to share my bed with.

If he didn't believe me, I couldn't tell because his face was stoic without emotions, "I see," was all he said.

Like me, Kane had a air for pretty women and even more when she was new and had never been f****d by anyone in the pack.

I gave him a shabby report of the patrol excluding the highlights— slaying a silvermane werewolf and bringing a stranger, most likely one of their own to the pack.

Curly blonde hair. Grey eyes. Plumpy boobs that stood underneath the blue dress, it was sort of weird that her features stuck in my brain after a short period.

The thoughts made a lusty sensation rush all over my body pulling and settling on my groin. I'd always let Kane have the first taste of our catch, but for once I didn't want to share her.

She was mine.

"You're dismissed," His voice ripped through my spine like the sharp edge of a sword.

I gave him a curt nod and made my way to my chambers.

Kane knew something was amiss, the crease in his brow, the way his gaze bore into mine for a little over ten seconds.

He didn't speak about it, I knew he was going to bring it up soon, and I was— I was pulled out of my train of thought when I bumped into a statue.

For the goddess sake!

"Blind bat," bored jade green eyes stared down at me.

"And what are you doing here?" I asked, almost on the verge of losing my mind.

"If the patrol is taking its toll on you, Maybe you should sit it out..." Emrys' tone was cold as ice laced with the venom of a viper.

Oh goddess I hated my brothers!

"Get lost!" I shoved past him and started making my way to my chambers.

I mind-linked Cyprian while getting over my encounter with Emrys—the first triplet. What was he doing in Kane's office anyway?

Emrys kept to himself almost all the time except he had to represent the Trident pack or... my heart stopped beating when I thought of the other possible reason.

There was no cause for alarm.

'Where the hell are you?' I hissed when I linked that bastard Cyprian.

'At the south of the pack,' Which translated to the fact that he was about to f**k a hoe.

I let out a frustrated sigh. Why was everyone bent on getting on my nerves? Cyprian was supposed to answer to me at any given time yet he was with some slut. May the goddess help me not to break his neck when I laid eyes on him.

I called for one of the guards who stood watch outside my chambers, "Get me dinner," I ordered when he came in.

The guard bowed and left, and soon after he came back with two other maids; fair and beautiful, I'd have had them right here if I didn't already have a more beautiful prize waiting for me at the shack.