



## THERE ARE TWO OF THEM

JESSICA'S POV

I paced around the cabin, apprehension taking a better part of me.

His last words stirred the troubling waves of worry roaring in my heart. It felt like I had jumped from one re to another.

I was truly stuck here.

I tried pulling the door open after he left and found it closed.

My heart was thumping yet it felt like my fear was only on the surface. Deep down, I was more worried about him returning than being stuck with him.

He'd said he was going to be back, I'd play devil's advocate and believe him even though it had been almost two hours since he left.

Did something happen to him? Had he been caught while making his way back here? Was he caught up in an event he forgot about me?

'You barely even know him,' I grunted and pushed the taunting voice into the deepest dungeon of my mind and locked the goddamn place for good. I wanted—needed him to come back.

I didn't want to admit it too soon but it was glaring that he was all I had.

He could be worse than my fate back at the pack.

Orton was of the enemy clan— the Trident pack who were, apart from the humans sworn enemies to the silvermane pack.

I was a full blooded gamma wolf and that alone put me at a disadvantage with the Trident pack. They wouldn't spare a second to rip my heart apart if they found my true identity.

I wouldn't tell him who I was if I wanted to live. It was best to keep who I truly was a secret till I found the perfect escape route out of this place.

I needed to find a way out of here, perhaps not just yet. Despite that stupid taunting voice in my head that gnawed at me, I refused to believe I was staying back because of a total stranger.

"I could get killed," I murmured.

Besides, I still had to harness my newly acquired werewolf abilities properly.

I was still lost in thoughts when the hair at the back of my neck prickled with...fear, A strong wave of wind whooshed into the cabin.

My Iris dilated and the vein in my neck pulsed harder.

Someone was here.

My goodness! I couldn't be caught by anybody else.

I might not be lucky like the first time, I let out a string of swear words under my breath when I remembered how much I sucked at defending myself. It was useless trying to even fight in the first place.

I sucked in a breath and stood at the spot as the door creaked open. Then I saw him with curly black hair, almond eyes, and a black leather jacket.

I felt the weight of my fear vanish from my insides and I relaxed at once.

My breath normalised as a sigh of relief escaped from my lungs.

Orton, peered outside cautiously before he stepped in and closed the door.

"I'm sorry I took so much time," he moved towards me with a gait that could be likened to a panther approaching its predator.

When he covered the distance between us, I could've sworn my body inched forward.

My wolf was still reeling with so much pain but my hormones had other plans.

He handed me the food he'd brought but I'd suddenly lost my appetite for food and developed a different one.

A part of my body between my thighs wanted him.

As if a nger had been snapped, I pulled my thoughts together and grabbed the food he had brought back.

I stuffed a piece of cake into my mouth and swallowed hard.

I'd never felt this way about any man and as satisfying as it felt I knew it wouldn't end well.

Somewhere in the silvermane pack, Alexander was probably waiting for his men to bring me back to the pack or worse still heard about the death of one of his men and I was here drooling over a potential sworn enemy.

"We need to get you out of here," he said when I downed the last piece of cake.

I turned to face him, my body answered him even when I knew I shouldn't. There was something about the way he spoke I couldn't say no to.

"The woods are nowhere for a young lady..." He started saying, his eyes xed on mine.

My ears stopped listening and all I could pick out was the way his lips moved. I found my body wanting to get even closer, so we could feel his warmth.

It was crazy as it suddenly felt like another entity controlled me.

I knew it was wrong. I didn't know this guy, yet my body wanted him.

I pinched my thighs to silence the voice in my head.

I was on the verge of going insane, struggling with the pains of rejection whilst trying to quench the re this man had lit inside.

Orton stared straight into my eyes as if he could sense the turmoil in mine. He lingered for some time before his gaze fell on my chest just before my breast.

I'd been so carried away by the adrenaline rush that I didn't realise that my dress was torn exposing the right amount of cleavage.

The air became thick with tension.

He moved a step forward. In my head, I should move backward but my legs suddenly developed a mind of their own and remained in position.

He smelled of leather and expensive oud. I will never forget what he smelt like... forever.

His ngers gently brushed my cheeks and I shuddered.

Orton traced invisible lines on my face, I held my breath as I struggled to keep eye contact, his touch made my pants warm.

The room seemed like it was void of energy and taking oxygen in became more dicult than I could imagine.

Orton wasn't saying a word, but I could see the re in his eyes. He wanted me as much as I did, why he was holding back I couldn't tell.

Perhaps he was scared of f\*\*\*\*g a stranger from across the borders. The Trident pack was by far the strongest pack and that earned them a lot of enemies.

Standing at six foot more he had a good seven inches over me but I was tall enough to be comfortable with the way my head was tilted to accommodate his gaze.

He bent his head and we were half a breath away. "What's your name," he whispered, his voice thick with lust.

"Jessica..." I said. I was losing oxygen. All I was breathing was oud and leather.

I was bound for doom.

Our moment was suddenly brought to an end as the door to the shack pushed open.

I got a hold of myself and managed to pull away from Orton just in time but as my eyes settled on the gure outside, something caught in my throat.

My eyes widened in utter shock when the gure entered the cabin.

He was six foot something. I wasn't so sure but he looked a few inches taller than Orton except that his hair didn't fall freely like Orton's.

My gaze moved between the man, to Orton, and back to the man again.

Then it dawned on me I wasn't seeing an illusion, they were two different people staring at me.

My heart bruised against my ribcage as I settled into the cold fangs of reality— They were identical.