



## LITTLE LUSTY SECRET

EMRYS' POV

The shack fell into a deep awkward silence save for the sound of the sound of crickets. All the while, my eyes were xed solely on this stranger.

A lot of questions I guessed I might have answers to, coursed through my mind as I stared at her. But right now, I couldn't even think straight. Heck! How can I when the only thing going through my head was how I could...

Fuck no! No! No! No.

It was too sudden to feel the way I'm feeling. My d\*\*k was swollen with so much blood it could bounce out of my pants like it's on hydraulics.

I was well on my way to hell. First I thought I was going nuts, but now...now. My wolf was growling.

Orton inched closer to me, but I was still mesmerized by her beauty, I couldn't keep my eyes off of her, "Nobody has to know about this..." Orton tries to get my attention.

The corner of my lips tips up in a devilish smirk, "Ah! I see brother..." I paused as my eyes settled on her luscious lips, the way her skin glittered under the moonlight rays that oated into the shack. Her lips were pouted and we'll dene the way she stared at the both of us with those eyes.

Shit! I'd be damned if I allow Orton to get a ll of this new catch alone, "You want to have her all to yourself huh?" I questioned keenly.

Orton's brows knitted into a frown at my words. I didn't give a ip about what was going on in Orton's mind. Albeit, I could feel the anger that was about to blow up.

"That's not the point, Emrys. That's not the point," he gritted through clenched teeth.

I raised skeptical eyebrows at him, as I folded my hands over my chest, "Orton you tell me. What's the point?" I asked rmlly, "You bring a total stranger into the pack and you want to justify your actions?" I let out a mocking laughter.

"What's funny?" He questioned, his face deepened in confusion.

"You, Orton. You're the one who's funny," I look over his shoulders to stare at her. Hell! Emrys get your eyes off of her. "She's a total stranger, she shouldn't be here in the rst place,"

His jaw tightened, "I'm the one in charge of the border today and I decide who I come and go out of the pack," his voice seethed with venom. If for anything, I could tell for a certainty that Orton was trying to play the selsh card.

Contrary to what he wanted to do, he wouldn't have this one all to himself.

"Take your eyes off of her," he drawled.

I scoffed, "Or Else..."

Orton sted his hands into a ball and open his mouth to speak before he clamped it shut, "I'm not going to have an argument with you over a total stranger,"

"I thought as much brother...I thought as much," I responded, "What do you want to do with her?"

He shook his head, "I don't know. But I'd be damned if I let her go without..." his voice trailed off and although he didn't complete his words I knew what he wanted to say so I smirked.

"So why not bring her into the pack?" I looked over his shoulders for the umpteenth time to stare at her. The more I stared the more my c\*\*k threatened to spring out of my pants. I moved backwards and rested one hand on the wall, "I mean, it's safer than keeping her out here, anybody can sh her out and you know what that means,"

He inhaled sharply, "You bet that will never happen,"

"Let's take her in..." I suggested.

Orton's eyes almost popped out of its socket, "Wh-wh..." he stuttered as his voice trailed off again.

Damn! I should have known Orton wouldn't have any plans up his sleeves. But the worst was bringing a stranger into the goddamned pack and he has no plans on how to keep her safe.

Talk about someone who thinks with his c\*\*k and you'll have Orton.

I grunted, "So, what's your plan?"

He looked back at her before he turned to face me, "I don't know...yet. I'll gure something out,"

"What pack is she from?"

"I'm not sure, I guess it's Silvermane pack," his response came out in a grunt.

Oh for goddess sake! No f\*\*\*\*\*g way Orton just brought someone from the Silvermane pack into our territory.

I made to lunge at him because that's all I could do, carry out the frustration of the trouble he'd brought upon us.

"You did what!" I exclaimed. Gosh! The Trident pack was the strongest of all Lycan in almost half of the world and that earned us enmity with the rest of the regular werewolves. We were ten times stronger and more wealthier than them, so it was quite understandable.

However, some packs tried to stand up to us, clash with us at dialogue meetings and do annoying things to frustrate us and at the top of that list were the Silvermane pack.

The rift between us had started from our ancestors and ultimately passed down to their children and the children after their children. That was when the council of the werewolves put up a dialogue meeting.

Our father King Jefferson had outrightly kicked against it when he heard of their decision. After a while, it was mandatory that one of us represent the Lycans at the meetings— that was where I came in, someone had to do it after all.

"We're not sure yet...we'll ask her, but for now. Let's get her away from this place," he said.

This stranger was going to be our little lusty secret. Something that's meant for me and Orton alone. I don't know if it's the risk involved, or the fact that she excited my wolf after so long.

What Orton and I were about to do was risky and I didn't care. As long as I would get to st my hands around her hair while I thrust deep in and out of her. The thought alone brought an adrenaline rush and I could feel my d\*\*k dripping with precum.

I focus my gaze back to Orton, "What do you have in mind?"