



Taking the stranger in

EMRYS POV

Orton remained silent for a beat, heck! Two beats before he caved in and responded, "I don't know. Taking her into the pack is totally out of it, especially if our guesses are true..." he paused, stared at her before he looked back at me, "You know what will happen if Kane ends out. Let's not even talk about father,"

I shoved past him and walked up to her, the air between us heavy with words unspoken, "What's your name?" I questioned.

She opened her mouth to speak but ultimately closed her mouth. We were standing so close and my Lycan wolf sense was heightened. I could clearly see the up and down movement of her chest as she breathed.

"My-my..." her voice trailed off, "Jessica...my name's Jessica,"

Jessica!

I wasn't one to keep tabs on names especially when it had to do with females. But this one strangely etched itself in my heart never to leave.

'Jessica,' I mouthed the name again and again.

I nodded, "Very well then...Jessica which clan are you from?" I asked again.

Her mouth parted to answer my question and my gaze was helplessly drawn to her carnal mouth as she tried to find the right answer to my question.

I could immediately tell she was trembling with so much fear. Thanks to my multiple meetings—patience being a perk of those meetings. I had the whole time in the world to wait for her to get her tongue back and speak.

"I-I-I..."

Orton came in between us, "There's no time for this Emrys," he stared at me and I could immediately read the message in his eyes, "Let's take her in as one of our s*x slaves," he leaned forward and whispered in a low tone into my ears.

No f****g way. Selshness and anger tugged at the edge of my core, "No..."

He walked towards the corner of the room and I followed him.

"Have you gone nuts?" He drawled.

No response.

"Orton I won't let that happen. She...she argh!" I let out a sound in between a grunt and a growl out, "I don't like the idea of making her into one of the s*x slave,"

Orton raised a skeptical brow at me, "Why? I mean, it's not like we have any other option,"

Frankly speaking, Orton had a point. Jessica could easily be shed out as a stranger and if she was truly from Silvermane pack, then it'll only aggravate her punishment which could be worse.

Hell! I didn't want this to happen. I wanted to f**k her so badly but the thought of other people taking her in was heart wrenching.

Orton's eyes glinted with lust, "Do you have a problem with that?"

"Do as you please," my jaw unhinged as I spoke. I didn't want to give him the impression this was making me uncomfortable.

He dipped his hands into his pocket, "Emrys, is there perhaps anything I'm missing here?"

"Like what?" I countered him.

The familiar scoff appeared over his lips and for a good minute I felt he could read right through my thoughts, "Nothing...just so you know. I wanted to have her first but I can share, as long as you don't involve Kane in this,"

My heart iced over at the mention of Kane's name again. When it came to women, he relished in dominating and reeling them but that didn't mean he gave a rip about them. The throne comes first before any other person. And the Kane everyone knew, wouldn't think twice before he...

Damn! I don't want to think about that right now.

"Before we pull through with this crazy plan of yours, we need to first find out what pack she's from," I insisted.

He growled but I didn't care. "That would put us a step ahead. You know Kane would definitely sh out a new one outta the slut and if by chance she's..."

"He'll not find out..." he shook his head, "I mean if she truly is a part of the Silvermane pack, Kane nor Dad would never find out,"

I didn't know how we were going to go about it but I nodded anyway.

I looked around and my gaze fell back to the most perfect being standing in the room,

"Not on my watch. They'd never," the words slipped right out of my mouth before I could catch them.

Orton stared at me in disbelief before he said, "I'll go check if the path is clear enough for us. She'll stay with me before I sneak her into the quarters," he said further.

The vein at the back of my neck pulsed harder. I hated that Orton would have the opportunity to stay with her and not me. She was his catch after all, that counts for something. But, that didn't change the fact that the jealousy inside of me was growing.

"Don't tell me you have your eyes on her," Orton quipped.

I glared down at him, "I don't owe you an explanation,"

He grunted in response before he started making his way towards the door, "Yeah, whatever..." he carefully opened the door and walked a good distance.

This was a good opportunity to know where she's from. I gestured for her to come.

She walked to where I stood, "What pack are you from young—" I'd barely nished my statement when Orton walked back to us. He stared from my face to hers and back to my face.

"You'll have to go first, Emrys, I'll be right behind you," he quickly added when he saw my facial expression turn sour, "You already know why..."

"Fine..." I blurted out as I stared at her one last time and walked the f**k out of the shack.

I just had to wait a little longer and I'll have her mouth around my c**k. I smirked and walked back to the King's quarters. For the first time in as much as I can remember, I can't wait to actually f**k a girl after so long.

Goddess already knows, with or without Orton I was going to take her and my intuition told me, there was more to that lady than we knew. What was it? I can't tell. One thing I knew, I was going to find out in due time. For now, I just needed to relish in the tryst.