

One Step backwards

ORTON'S POV

I didn't want to speak about it in front of Jessica. The truth was that I am both surprised and reeling from anger at the same time, I didn't even know Emrys trailed behind me to start with.

How'd I miss that in the first place? Now, I had to go with the horric reality of sharing her with him. I managed to distract the guards and sneak her into a personal room in the quarters we keep our s*x slave.

I hated that I did that but I had limited options. Jealousy, rage and pain wracked through my nerves in equal waves.

My nerves stilled and I knew someone was about to mindlink me,

"Orton... I'm in the pack. Do you still need my assistance?" that bastard Cyprian related with me through our link connection.

I let out a growl. "Where the hell have you been all this while?"

No response.

"Meet me in my quarters right away," I mindlinked him and cut the link off before I took off my shirt that smelled of ora and vanilla. Hell! The scent of this stranger stuck on me in no time.

My d**k throbbed in response as I made a mental image of what she'll look like bent over on all fours taking my d**k in as I slammed it hard into her clit claiming her in every way possible.

Heck! I wanted to f**k her so desperately. My blood was boiling with lustful desires. A knock sounded on my door and my

"Yes.come.in." I bit out every word.

The door ung open and Cyprian walked into the room. "I'm sorry that I kept you waiting," he greeted.

I glared down at him and he lowered his eyes in response. My guesses were correct, the i**t was with some girl. That's besides the point anyways.

"We have a situation at hand," I drawled as it suddenly dawned on me that the body of the man I'd slain at the pack borders.

He inched closer and stood a few feet away from where I stood. "What's the problem?"

I ran my ngers through my hair as I tried to gure out how to put the statement in a right way, "I got into a brawl with someone...someone who's not from our pack and I killed him in the process,"

The room went silent for a beat of a second before Cyprian screamed.

"You did what!" He paused "In the borders of our pack!" He exclaimed, his tone laced with tension.

I nodded. Cyprian's worry was very understandable. Despite being the strongest of all werewolves species, the council made sure to enact rules that guided us and the most important of them was not to kill anyone from the neighboring pack in your borders.

"What if the victim is a member of the Silvermane pack?" He asked, his face taut with frustration.

I shrugged. I didn't mind slaying ten more men from the Silvermane pack but my father and my brothers will denitely mind.

"I guess he is..."

Cyprian let out a string of curses, I glared at him and he swallowed the rest that rested on the tip of his tongue.

Very good! Even if he was my best friend. He ought to learn his place.

"What do we do?" He asked frantically, "We need to act fast, otherwise someone else will nd him and matters might get messy,"

I waved it off. "I'll term it as an act of defense,"

He scoffed, he clearly didn't believe me.

"What?" I questioned, trying to keep my voice as casual as I could.

Shit! I should have disposed of the body rst.

"You and I both know that no werewolf from another clan would attack rst," he paused, "How many were they?"

On the contrary. Silvermane would attack just to massage the ego of their shrunken balls.

"They were three, two of them ed at the sight," I replied, ignoring the rst side of his statement.

"You attacked rst," he said.

I rolled my eyes and walked over to the bar at the other end of the room. f**k! To think today had started well and just when I was about to get it over with the torture of patrolling in the borders and then, boom! Something I'd not planned for happened.

The only good thing was that...

"Did you get into a ght because of a girl?" Cyprian asked. I don't know how he does it but he seemed to always know how to ask the right questions at the right time.

Except of course, this question was a little secret between me and Emrys and no one else was allowed to be in on it...not even Kane.

As far as I was concerned, I only needed her for the thrill of the moment. She'd made my wolf growl and got him excited, only she had the ability to nish this off and I don't want to talk about how Emrys was being all defensive.

That was strange, bringing a lady into the pack and killing for her too was strange.

"No," I gritted through clenched teeth.

He chuckled, "It seems to me that you're lying. I—" Before he could nish his statement I snaked my hands tightly around his neck.

Cyprian wheezed in pain as he struggled for breath.

"One more word from you and I'll have to worry about how I'll x you in a con and send you off to the moon goddess in a grand style," I seethed.

He tried to speak but my hands were perfectly clamped around his neck to restrict his airow.

From the way he was struggling, I could tell he wanted to say something. I shoved him aside and brought the glass of whiskey to my lips.

He coughed as he struggled to regain himself, "We need to go right now and dispose of the body,"

Exactly what I ought to be hearing.

I placed the wine glass on the table and started making my way towards the door when Cyprian called out to me.

I let out a growl in the semblance of 'f**k you' before I spun around on my feet and narrowed my eyes at him.

"What if his people come back for vengeance?"

The corner of my lips tipped up in a smirk. If he was truly a part of the Silvermane pack, Alexander would strategize before he comes back for vengeance not because the guard in question meant a s**t to him but because he wanted to ex his lousy ego.

He was the true denition of a piece of dog s**t.

"Let that be my headache. Come on, let's get out of here," I said.

Before we left we changed into a sorta of disguise so we wouldn't get noticed.

As we made our way past the high level security in the Alpha's mansion to the guard, we were able to effortlessly hide our scent.

When we got to the spot where I'd killed the man, my heart stilled. There was nothing...no sign of any violence happening here a while ago.

Cyprian searched around, "Are you sure it's here it happened?" He asked in a hushed tone.

Our Lycan sense was charged as a result of the blazing moonlight rays, so he could see clearly how I was glaring daggers at him.

"Don't be stupid," I red back at him.

"I'm sorry I didn't mean it that way. I just want us to be sure that's it,"

"I.am.sure." I countered him immediately.

My wolf was beginning to get restless and I was already so charged. If Cyprian tugged at my nerves a little longer, my wolf would be forced to break out and he knew obviously that wouldn't end well.

I walked around, skimming through the branches but I couldn't nd any traces of the body or anything.

It was then the realization set in. Someone had seen him before me.