

44: POV

Third Person POV

In the heart of a dense, foreboding forest, concealed within the confines of a weathered cabin, a man of unsettling countenance found himself engulfed in an unsettling ritual.

The room's dim illumination revealed his form as he paced with an air of restlessness, his footfalls echoing in the hushed confines. The anxiousness is pouring off of him in waves but he is still focused as ever for this news that could be of great help to him.

His eyes, shadowed by an inscrutable intensity, darted incessantly from one obscure corner to another, a silent symphony of anticipation playing out in the solitude.

Within the confined space, an air of secrecy hung thick, and the very walls seemed to absorb the tension that emanated from the solitary figure. The flickering light from a lone, dimly lit lamp cast intermittent shadows, enhancing the eerie ambiance.

As the man continued his rhythmic pacing from left to right, a palpable sense of disquiet settled in, each moment stretching into an unnerving

eternity. He flexed his fists tight beside him, his brows furrowing with concern. Why is he taking so long?

In this clandestine enclave, the man awaited crucial updates from his elusive associates, the weight of their clandestine endeavors bearing down on him.

The tedium of the prolonged wait clawed at his psyche, transforming the cabin into a cocoon of suspense, where time seemed to unravel at a disconcerting pace.

The atmosphere, pregnant with an unspoken malevolence, bespoke a narrative of secrets and concealed machinations, painting the scene with an aura of impending darkness. The impending doom that could befall a whole pack.

Just as he was about to give up and go out himself to search for whatever it was he was waiting for, the door was pushed open and a figure walked in panting. Another slowly entered much smaller than the male that walked in before.

"What do you have?" The man that has been waiting and who seems to be the leader of the other asked, his voice hushed but strong at the same time.

"We haven't found anything. Things are working perfectly though. We don't strike until they are

least expecting so we need to relax for a bit now." The informant said with a shrug before walking deeper and nonchalantly sat on the couch.

"And who is this you brought?" The boss asked with a raised brow, looking pointedly at the hooded figure.

"Oh, just someone willing to help us. She thinks her place in the palace is threatened and she wants to be with us when things go down the drain." He smirked, looking at her with wild eyes.

"Shark, explain further." The boss said, snapping the other younger looking guy's nickname but his eyes on the girl that looks to be around mid twenties.

"I can't tell you her name but she belongs to the palace and is going to be a great help for us. We need an insider, she is going to be just that." Shark said, grinning like the shark he is nicknamed after.

"Hmm." The older man looked at her from head to toe with no trust in his eyes not that he had ever trusted anyone in his missions and he hates when they bring random people into their work.

"She won't be living here, don't worry about feeding her. She is going back to the palace but we will keep in touch." Shark explained further, his eyes also not leaving the girl's.

Silence gripped the room as the young girl

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+10 Points

remained wordless, her eyes fixed upon the figures before her as if they hailed from a realm entirely alien to her own.

A palpable tension lingered in the air, charged with an unspoken awareness of the gravity that bound them together in that moment. Her gaze, steady

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and unwavering, bore witness to the men in her midst, a trio whose countenances exuded an unsettling thirst for power, an insatiable hunger etched upon their faces.

In the stillness of the encounter, the girl found herself navigating the uncharted waters of a scenario far removed from the innocence of her

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+10 Points

prior experiences. Never had she encountered individuals so consumed by ambition, their eyes reflecting a determination that bordered on the ominous.

Their presence alone seemed to cast a foreboding shadow, and she grappled with the weight of their intentions looming over her like an impending storm. Maybe this isn't a good decision? Maybe she should back out?

Caught in the crossfire of their enigmatic mission, the girl wrestled with a spectrum of emotions, uncertainty etched across her features. The dichotomy of fear and intrigue played out in the subtle nuances of her expression, mirroring the complex web of emotions entwined within her.

Stranded in the middle of their clandestine pursuits, she grappled with the realization that she had become an unwitting participant in a narrative of intrigue and power play. As the seconds stretched into an agonizing tableau, the girl's internal landscape remained a mosaic of conflicting sentiments.

The profound gaze she cast upon these formidable men hinted at a burgeoning understanding of the gravity of the situation, a realization that she had been thrust into a world where power dynamics dictated the rules.

Yet, the depth of her own response remained

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elusive, an enigma yet to unravel in the face of the formidable figures who held her fate in their hands.

She doesn't want to back out when just as Shark had said, her place in the palace is getting shaken. The woman she has made is trying to take her down. She might not know she was doing it but it is slowly coming into place.

She has made the greatest mistake of bringing her back to the penthouse but she will rectify that mistake as soon as possible. This has been her plan from the beginning.

"What do you have that we can use against Crew, girl?" The older man spat the word girl like he was disgusted by her presence there.

If he doesn't know who she is because she refused to tell them, then she will have to show him that he cannot just match all over her. He doesn't know half the things she is capable of doing with her position and title.

"For now, we have to wait till his baby is born. We don't have anything to use against him." She crossed her arms in front of her, her voice steady and sharp like a needle.

"Hmm? Are you sure about that?" He started circling her which irritated her.

A profound disdain welled within her as she

grappled with the unsettling experience of degradation, a sentiment born from the frustration of being misunderstood.

The sting of judgment fueled a simmering resentment, yet she exercised a measured restraint, clenching her jaw to quell the impulse to reveal her true identity. She found solace in the deliberate act of chewing on her tongue, a tangible manifestation of the inner battle between her desire to show herself and the need to navigate the delicate terrain of the situation.

The old man, oblivious to the tempest raging beneath the surface, remained the unwitting purveyor of condescension. The very essence of her being yearned to retort, to shatter the illusions that draped over her like a cloak of misjudgment.

And yet, she held back, choosing the biting taste of her own tongue over the potential chaos that could unfurl with the revelation of her true self. It is going to be extremely chaotic and she isn't ready for that.

It was a calculated gamble, the hope flickering in her eyes that the shock of the unspoken truth would be enough to compel the old man to reassess his stance, to step back from the precipice of belittlement. In this charged moment, the act of restraint became a silent declaration of strength, an assertion of resilience in the face of

undeserved scorn.

She stood poised on the precipice, her internal narrative a tempest of indignation and composure, with the hope that her unspoken identity would serve as a thunderclap, jolting the old man into a reconsideration that could, perhaps, alter the course of their interaction.

"I'm sure but if you have other ways to get to him, please enlighten me. I'm sure you don't know a thing about him but if you think you do like everyone else, I would like to know." She said, crossing her arms.

"You have a little tongue there, sweetheart." He breathed close to her ear after a pause. Wondering who the hell she was to talk to him like that.

"You need to let the matter go for now, old man. This lass here knows what she is doing and I trust she will help us." Shark interjected, his sharp eyes on his boss.

"This is not just any useless mission, Shark. We are dealing with a lycan king and not some worthless Alpha. You know that right? And you know we have everything to lose, hmm?" Old man asked, his eyes narrowed on Shark.

Shark sighed and bowed his head a bit. "I know and that is why I'm going all out to make sure this

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doesn't blow up. We can easily navigate through this with her help."

Since she entered the room, this is the first time Shark sounded serious about the whole plan. She thought he would rather think with his d**k with the way he was grinning at her like a s*x starved rabbit but he is actually into this whole thing.

Well, she likes dedicated people and sure as hell won't let them ruin anything for her. There is too much at stake if this doesn't work out perfectly.



Author AR

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