



Chapter 13: Emlyn

While I'm thrilled to have Richie here for the weekend, given the occasion, it's hard to find time together. Everyone wants to speak to him, she-wolves want to dance with him or flirt with him and I, of course, am playing the perfect hostess. It makes it easier with him having told me earlier that he loves me. It's the first time he's ever said it out loud. He shows me in little ways, all the time, but he's never said the words. Until today.

There are plenty of unmated males here as well, but I have a full contingent of 'brothers', blood or otherwise, watching over me, scaring them off. With Lily and Leana gone, Riley and I are the most eligible of the Guardians in attendance. The twins and Reagan are still young, and Alpha Liam is keeping them close to him, just in case. 2

I've opted for another dress tonight. It's a red, off the shoulder, body hugging dress that comes to my knees, ending with a flutter hem. I finished the look with a pair of gold stilettos that go well with my skin coloring. As soon as Richie saw me dressed for tonight, his eyes had gone dark.

"Did you wear that for me, Emlyn?" Have I mentioned how much I love hearing my name from his lips?

I had attempted to walk past him, watching him watch me. "Of course I did, Alpha."

He had grabbed me by my wrist, pulling me against him. "Emlyn Grace." His growly response sending heat straight to my core.

"Be careful, Alpha." I know exactly what I'm doing when I say that to



him. He loves it, just as much as I love it when he calls me Emlyn Grace. "I'm not wearing any panties." I whisper and his eyes go nearly black.

Holding my gaze, he had slid his hand under my dress, sliding his finger up my inner thigh and between my folds. I was already wet for him. I had leaned up and nipped his earlobe. "That's for you too." I had said before pulling away and walking down the stairs. He was only a half-step behind me.

So now, I had to play my part of perfect hostess, while Richie played his part of interested, impressive Alpha. We were seated at the same table with Cayden, separated from the rest of my family. My father and mother are at a table, my brother at another table and Riley has been placed with Cohen, Clint and Xander. That was purposeful to make sure that she was protected during dinner, just as it was purposeful that Richie and Cayd were placed at my table.

Of course, my mother had filled the rest of my table with unmated females and males since all of us are unmated. Thankfully, I'm adept at talking to others, I've grown up in a very diverse pack and I've been to the council with my mother on several occasions. Add to that, I've grown up around Alphas and Guardians my entire life and I can pretty much carry a conversation about anything.

Cayden is seated almost across from me but Richie, while on the other side of the table is farther down. I'm seated with Alpha Troy on my left and Alpha Johnathon on my right. Alpha Troy is due to take over his pack in the next year. While he plays his role well in public, I know he's a player and doesn't take his role as Alpha seriously, or not as seriously as I think he should.

"Would you like me to get you a glass of wine, Guardian Emlyn?" He asks me. His eyes haven't left my chest.

"Thank you, no, Alpha Troy. I much prefer the taste of bourbon." Richie knows that this is what he smells and tastes like to me. This is my way of letting him know he's on my mind.

"Oh, a bourbon girl. I like a woman who can handle her alcohol." He says and I have to fight my frown. We're shifters, none of us are easily impacted by alcohol. Our metabolism burns it off too quickly. Either he's an alcoholic, or he spends a lot of time with humans.

Cayden, however, has no problem calling the Alpha out. "Why wouldn't she be able to handle her alcohol? She's a shifter. An Alpha AND a Guardian."

"Oh, I just meant....bourbon, what a good choice." He stammers and I swear I hear Richie snort from his end of the table.

"Would you like me to get you a glass of bourbon then?" He asks, trying again.

"Oh, no. I'll wait until after dinner. I prefer to take my time and enjoy my bourbon." Now I know Richie is listening, he can't stop the smile that spreads across his face, before he hides it turning to his companion.

"What's your favorite food, Alpha Richard. I'd be happy to make something for you while I'm here."

"Peaches." He says with no hesitation.

"Definitely peaches." Cayden says, having overheard. "He has a never-



ending supply brought into the packhouse."

Now it's my turn to try and hide my smile. He had told me he brought them in so his packhouse smelled like me when I wasn't there.

"Oh, I could make you a peach cobbler, Alpha." She says. Her name is Gwen. She's a Beta's daughter and is staying in the second packhouse with us. 2

"Thank you, but I prefer them whole. When they are ripe, sweet and juicy, I just can't get enough of them."

The rest of the dinner goes much the same, with Richie and I sending each other coded messages to let the other know that while we are talking to these unmated werewolves and allowing them to flirt with us, we are thinking of the other.

After dinner, there is dancing and drinking. I get my bourbon and rather than drink it, I carry it around sniffing it when Richie isn't nearby. I finally find a minute to slip away, leaning against a wall and watching people dancing. I have one arm across my waist, and I'm holding my bourbon up to my face sniffing it as I look around the room searching for Richie.

Suddenly, he's there. "You know, the real thing smells better."

I hold the glass up, covering my mouth as Richie leans against the wall, his fingers grazing against my thigh. "When it's all you have, you make do."

"I know exactly what you mean." He says. "How much longer before we can slip away?" He whispers to me.



I check the time. "Another hour."

"Too long." He says and pulls me into a hallway and to a remote bathroom. He leads me into the bathroom and against the wall before kneeling in front of me, pushing my dress up and pulling one of my legs over his shoulder. "I need to taste you now."

Fifteen minutes later, I'm desperate for the night to start dwindling down so I can enjoy my boyfriend all night long.

I sneak out of the bathroom before Richie. He stayed to wash his face and not have us enter the room together.

"Oh Emlyn. I was just looking for you."

I turn, my stomach dropping. "Oh, hi Dad. What's up?"

"Sweetheart, are you okay, you look flushed."

"Yes, I just needed a moment away from all these unmated males." It's a valid excuse.

"Are any of them bothering you?" My father growls.

"No, Dad, and even if they were, I can handle myself. Everyone seems to be having a good time." I say, changing the subject and beginning to move down the hall back to the party and away from the bathroom where Richie is now stuck.

"Yes, this is great for your brother." I smile at that. It is good for Emerson.

"So, Emlyn, several of the Alphas have asked to spar with you and



your sister. Liam is, understandably not willing to let his girls spar with adult Alphas yet, but..." I snort at that.

"Uncle Liam should know that they could kick any Alpha's butt here."

My father stops and looks at me. "He does, that's why he doesn't want them sparring. It would put them at greater risk."

"Of course. I wasn't thinking." While our generation of Guardians has many pack members looking out for us, the risk is still high that an Alpha might try to kidnap us and hide us away until they could mark us.

"You are so much like your mother. Strong and every bit the Alpha female and Guardian she is. And she called it from the day of your birth. She just knew you'd be a replica of her." I can't help but smile at that. My father adores my mother, and while Riley has always been Daddy's girl, I know how proud my father is of me when he compares me to my mother.

"Well, I have no problem fighting as many Alphas as want to be embarrassed by losing to an underage Alpha female." I smirk at my father.

"That's my girl. And, when you see Richard, can you ask him to attend as well. Not all Alphas appreciate getting their asses handed to them by a little slip of a girl. And since he agreed to guard you, I'm hoping he won't mind sitting in." 1

"I'm sure he won't. I'll let him know." I reach up and kiss my father on the cheek. "What time should I arrive Dad."



"Battles start at 9am."

"We'll be there."

 **Cooper** 

*What did you think of Richie getting stuck in the bathroom and Emlyn almost getting caught by Eli?
Updates daily.*

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