



BEAUTIFUL DESTRUCTION

EMRYS' POV

I knew something was off about Orton when he bumped into me in front of Kane's oce.

Being the youngest he could be a handful at times and would rather f**k other ladies in different positions all day than be saddled with the responsibility of patrolling the borders worse of all the borders that led to the silvermane pack.

His demeanour and how much he was in a hurry to leave my presence gave him away.

He'd prefer teasing me about my disinterest in taking on a s*x slave with him and Kane in recent times than shove me aside.

Not that I was a saint. I just didn't have much need for one yet. I wouldn't call it boredom but they didn't entice me these days as much as they used to plus I had so much to attend to like the series of hectic meetings I had all the other Alpha's around the provinces– the meetings were as boring as it was hectic and this description was for lack of better words.

Contrary to what my brothers and father thought, I hated having anything to do with other Alpha's even worse attending to dialogue. And as much as they couldn't, I couldn't stand them either— especially our long-standing enemies, the silvermane pack.

However, I had mastered the mind-wracking art of discipline that even when I felt like strangling one of the scrawny-looking men during dialogue meetings I'd bite so hard on my lower lip till I felt the coppery taste of blood in my mouth just to stay in control.

'I'll see you tomorrow,' I mind-linked Kane.

'Oh for f**k sake...' he grunted and was about to say more when I cut off the link.

I was going to speak to him much later. I had other matters to attend to.

I hadn't given much thought to Orton's attitude except for the mere fact that it could be either a new lady or he'd done something outrageous. The tension that lined the edge of his shoulders was too obvious to ignore.

Something was denitely up with him. But my best bet was denitely a new catch.

My interest was piqued at how invested he was in her. I thought about it a little more till I shove it to the deepest part of my heart.

I was in my home oce drafting out strategies for the next meeting with the silvermane pack that was slated to take place in a week when I saw a six-foot-three gure walking– sneaking–through the secret entrance exclusive to the Royal household out of the palace.

Goddess!

I iced over at the pathetic sight of Orton sneaking out of the pack so he'd not share whatever woman he had with Kane, how pitiful.

I should've mind-linked Kane to go after him and concentrate on drafting, but my curiosity was piqued beyond normalcy.

I followed him.

Orton walked cautiously through the bushes, covering his scent so no one would nd him. I almost laughed and called him out on his mini drama but I thought against it and just followed till we got to the outskirts of the pack closest to the border where an abandoned shack sat.

I retreated to the back of a tree when he turned back abruptly, he looked around cautiously and closed the door behind him.

This only proved my suspicions. Orton was hiding a new girl. There was no way in hell I wouldn't nd out who she was.

Was she so special that he'd opted to f**k her in an abandoned cabin? Was she of this pack or one of the neighboring packs who drooled over getting f****d by the triplet Lycan?

So many questions raced through my mind as I watched him in awe.

Fuck this.

I'd barely given it a thorough deliberation when I came out of hiding and walked straight to the abandoned shack.

The shack door was already worn out and would've easily been broken down with a lazy push by a ve-year-old pup.

The door creaked rather too loudly as I laid my hands on the knob and turned it. Lousy door.

I stepped in and grey eyes searched over Orton's shoulders and found mine. Her eyes ickered with surprise, she was visibly stunned by my presence.

I was too.

Of all things I'd expected to see —a ve-foot-something lady, with the perfect shade of hair was the last thing on my list.

My heart skipped two beats as I watched her eyes move frantically from Orton to me and back to him.

Goddess, she was beautiful! Heck! She wasn't beautiful; she looked like she'd just walked out from the front page of a fashion magazine. Perfect was the right word.

"What the hell are you doing here?" Orton turned around when he noticed her mood switch, all the while my eyes were xed on the most stunning creature I'd ever set eyes on.

He covered the distance between us, "Emrys, did you follow me all the way here?" He hissed.

His voice was swallowed in the reverie the stranger had thrown me into. I was drowned in her beauty, her pebbled breast under the blue dress made my d**k responded with so much sensation I feared it would rip through the zipper.

My wolf growled with desire.

What the heck! I'd barely known her, was yet to exchange words and I was already getting a goddamn boner.

Whoever she was, this wasn't good.

She looked frail and dishevelled like she was running away from something, She abruptly lowered her head cutting off the hypnotic eye contact that held me bonded.

A weird feeling coursed through my spine. I stied a breath and turned my gaze to Orton. His eyes shone bright with bickering anger that was on the verge of erupting at the slightest provocation.

"Who is she?" three words were all I could bring myself to say.

I don't know if it was her aura, her beauty, or the way we locked eyes that caught me off guard. Whatever it was, it was safe to say I'd lost my sense of reasoning in less than ve minutes.

I was way beyond f****d.

If Orton thought he would have her to himself, he had another thing coming.

"Emrys you did not answer my—"

I cut in, "It's of no use right now," my voice turned cold, "Who the hell is she?"

The room was taut with tension. He hesitated and then said, "She's a new girl I found..." he paused, "...at the borders that led to the silvermane pack," the last part of his statement came out in hushed tones, I doubted the beautiful stranger heard.

Cold foreboding coursed through my entire being. This wasn't good at all, but my desires burnt through every right thing we could do to avert the impending doom.

Stupid Orton! He'd brought a stranger, probably an enemy, to the pack, but instead of being angry and nding a way to send her back to where she truly belonged, I was strangely calm.

Whoever this stranger was, she'd be the death of me.