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“Really?” I was jumping up and down like a child. Laughing he nodded.

“Yes, I can speak with him for you if you like?”

“Please, I’d really love that” without thinking my arms looped around his neck, hugging him. It wasn’t till his arms hugged me back, that I realized what I had done.

“Oh, I’m so sorry. That was rude” Biting my lip, I bowed my head.

Shit he was probably thinking I’m a bimbo.....

“No worries, its not everyday, I get hugged by a stunning angel.” My reddened cheeks thickened, as I nodded.

~Jackson-

These parties make me want to kick kittens, I mean really why the hell are we even here. I could be working on paperwork, running drills with my men. Hell I could be sleeping, that would be a better use of my time than this. Sipping on a scotch, I watch as mindless dancing goes on. There is something to be said, about woman over the age of thirty dressing like princesses. I swear if there not dressed like that, there dressed like sluts. Another sip as I need to numb my brain, before I fall victim to bored.

Its only then do I feel the pull from my Beta, he’s been gone a while. Lucky bastard.

~I found her I swear he was jumping up and down.

~Found who, Kem?~ Growling, who the hell cares.

~The war bear girl, she’s here~ If he’s messing with me, I’ll string him up.

~Where?~ refilling my glass.

~She went into the woods, trying to get away from her Alpha. She's wearing a black angel outfit- Really? That's interesting.

~Black angel? What's a black angel.

~She's a fallen Angel- He sounded annoyed.

~Aww, good. See if you can't find out what her Alpha wants with her~

~On it~

Grinning like a thief in the night, I was now half pleased I attended this lame a s s party. If this really was the girl, then I was going to spend every second in her presents. Kem had informed me, that she was cute and had a sad look about her when she headed home. That alone made me want to find her, but for the Alpha of Green wood it wouldn't of fit right. She could know about me, the rumors. about me were all true. I didn't let you live, if you passed into my territory, so when my Beta let her go I was beyond pissed.

Something in the way he said, she wasn't going to tell made me feel a little bit better. Perhaps she doesn't like her pack, maybe her mate is abusive. Does she even have a mate. That thought bothered me. The dark forest is my home, away from home. The legend of Hadar is thick, in those parts. Being that I was named after my father, I am feared greatly. The ruler of the dark, pain and suffering follow me everywhere I walk. The tails go on and on, some truer then others. But never the less, if this little bear killer were to know who I was she would flee faster then a blinking eye.

No I wouldn't let that happen, measures had to be taken. At least then if she wasn't what I was looking for, I could tell her who I was and that would do the job in its self. Growing impatient I

Chapter 10

linked him.

Any info?~ Tapping my foot.

~Yes, she's not in trouble with her alpha. But she says their not on good terms.
Interesting. -Umm, bring her to me. Don't tell her who I am. I don't need her scared if me

~Yes Alpha~

Sipping my drink a little longer, Kem walks in with a stunning black winged angel at his side. Her hair as dark as night, while her grey eyes hold new meaning to the word breathtaking. My palms grow sweaty as I rub them against my slacks, wishing for a change in boxers right about now. The tight outfit, gives her curves more definition. Kem was full of shit, she's not cute she gorgeous. What the hell was a beauty like this, doing out in the middle of the dark forest.

The black boots were a nice touch, and I smiled inwardly. She had to be the only woman in here, who didn't look like a princess tramp. Thank god.

"Jackson this is...." My beta looked to her, as he said my middle name.

"Fina" She replied, sounding sweeter then melting sugar. Her name was perfect, easy to say and rolled right off your tongue. Her left shoulder was bare, containing no mark and I grinned sheepishly. Handing my glass to Kem, he smiled giving me a wink before leaving us. Feeling like I needed to do something, I stuck my hand out to her. Asking if she'd like to dance, her look was that of a frightened deer. As she seemed to want to say no, she went the other way. Grabbing my hand and pulling me onto the dance floor, strong grip for a girl her size.

Lacing my hands on her lower back, she seemed perfectly content pushing herself into me. Those slender finger twitched as she laced them together. She smelled like mint and lemons, something about the two worked for her.