CHAPTER 3 The Arrangement

"Can you be sure that they would be truthful about that matter? The curse took away your ability to find your true mate. Who's to say the blasted witches won't send imposters to attempt to take over the pack, hmm? This isn't something trivial to be laughed at!" The man identified as Allen answered in frustration.

Ann's eyes were wide. Just what had she stumbled into?!

She didn't recognize the voice but his predicament seemed to be difficult. As she leaned forward onto the door to try to hear better, the door flew open and she stumbled out, hitting the wall opposite her with a loud grunt.

Maeve snickered in her head.

"Forget to close the door properly?"

"You're not helping..." Ann replied as she clutched the spot on her head that had made an impact on the wall and winced painfully.

As she looked up, her eyes made contact with the two momentarily stunned males who had been poised to attack and right at this moment, were a little unsure of how to proceed now.

"What...? Who are you?! Explain yourself!" the man whose voice had been identified as Allen, blustered at her furiously.

She dropped her hand to her side and looked at him incredulously.

"Me explain myself?! Don't you think it should be the other way around?!"

"Wha..?" he started to protest as Ann cut him off furiously.

"Two grown men using the ladies' bathroom to talk about such nonsense...what are you? Perverts?!" She glared at them furiously.

Allen looked at the other man helplessly.

The man with the deep voice had adopted a relaxed demeanor, shoving his hands into his pockets as his assessing gaze swept over her.

"Interesting choice of attire for the men's bathroom..don't you think?" He commented dryly with a raised eyebrow.

Ann blinked stupidly. Men's bathroom? This wasn't the men's bathroom, was it?

She allowed her gaze to travel across the room and noticed the men's urinals on the wall and bit her lip anxiously.

Fuck.

The man with a deep voice chuckled at her obvious discomfort and turned away as if to leave.

"We can't just leave her. If your secret gets out..." Allen protested loudly as the man with a deep voice turned his head slightly as he considered his friend's words.

Eventually, he gave a slight nod before turning to leave again.

Allen's eyes switched suddenly to the golden eyes that signified an imminent change and Ann's heart began to race furiously.

They were going to kill her for overhearing a conversation?!

'Let them try!' Maeve snarled as she tried to push forward to meet her opponent.

"Wait!" Ann shouted suddenly. "You need a chosen mate and I need a way to get out of this wedding tomorrow. I'll do it! I'll marry you."

The man with the deep voice paused and turned to face her suddenly.

He took in the appearance of the disheveled, slightly drunk woman in a wedding dress staring at him boldly, with no trace of fear in her eyes.

He contemplated the meaning of this sudden appearance before smiling slightly.

"I accept. Allen will draw up a basic contract with you and we can discuss the final terms when you have concluded your business with your... non-wedding."

"Alpha! Are you seriously..." Allen protested.

"That's an order, Allen." He snapped with a voice full of authority as a vivid silver flashed across his eyes.

Allen paled slightly and visibly gulped before answering.

"Yes, Alpha Nocturne." He ground out as he bared his neck in submission to him.

Ann blinked in surprise.

Alpha Nocturne?!

What the hell had she gotten herself into?

Alpha Nocturne sat quietly and watched Ann shrewdly as she sat at the other side of the booth whilst Allen prepared an initial agreement.

He wondered idly why she wanted to get out of the marriage that she had been clearly prepared for so badly. It was a pity really, the dress looked quite fetching on her.

Allen sighed as he hastily typed out the agreement and conferred lightly with Alpha Nocturne about his expectations.

On the other side of the table, Ann watched them both nervously. She clutched at the material of her wedding dress under the table and her stomach rolled uncomfortably.

'I don't know why you're so nervous. He has a strong pack, it's the most powerful in the country is it not? I think it is a good deal.' Maeve commented casually.

'Yes, but he has a fearsome reputation and he has a cold demeanor. I don't actually know the first thing about his businesses, his ideals... just that father hates him.'

'Better to know where you stand with a cold powerful man than to be in excruciating pain every time your mate sticks his dick where it doesn't belong.' Maeve snarled suddenly.

Ann grimaced at Maeve's choice of words but had to agree with the principle.

"Miss?" Allen asked with a hint of irritation.

It was evident that he had asked her something but she hadn't been paying too much attention and she smiled apologetically at him.

"I'm sorry, my wolf was distracting me."

"Oh really? I assume she isn't too pleased then." Allen smirked.

"Not at all. Quite the opposite. She thinks that it is a good match. Her exact words were that the contract was better than a fated mate who sticks his dick where it doesn't belong." Ann answered unwaveringly with a sweet smile.

Allen almost choked on her answer and spluttered loudly. Alpha Nocturne suppressed a grin at her directness toward his beta. He found it refreshing.

"Um... okay. So, the standard requirements as stated by Alpha Nocturne are that you will live with him at the pack house of the Dark Moon Pack, and you will assume the duties of the Luna of the pack for a period of not less than 5 years. Is that acceptable?" Allen asked with a look of apprehension when he had recovered.

Ann nodded demurely.

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