

## The Billionaire's Baby Bargain Chapter 6

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#### Chapter 6 Bewitched

Surely I hadn't heard that correctly. Surely he hadn't just asked me to marry him. Surely he hadn't asked me to have his baby. But the ring was still on my finger. It had definitely happened.

"What about Sofia? She's your fated mate, isn't she?" I asked and Arthur narrowed his eyes. He grabbed my face in both of his hands and pulled me to him.

When our lips were an inch apart, he paused. "You already know how Sofia feels about it. She chose her career over family. But you...you're exactly what I need."

His lips came crashing down on mine and as much as I wanted to struggle, I couldn't help but melt into him a little. His tongue demanded entrance and I allowed it. When it met mine in a sensuous dance, images flooded my mind. Waking up in the middle of the night to a nose nuzzling my neck. Hands touching everywhere. Our bodies becoming one before starlight exploded behind my eyes.

The aftereffects of the remembered orgasm pulsed through my body and I shoved Arthur away, breathing heavily. "You lied to me."

One corner of his mouth lifted in a smirk. "You were already upset. I didn't think it would be wise to add to your distress."

"But...but...Sofia. She's your mate. How could we have slept together?" I could not accept the fact that I'd had a one night stand. I wasn't a cheater. I wasn't that kind of girl.

Arthur growled. "Stop saying her name. My wolf became intoxicated off of your scent. It overrode the mate bond."

"My scent?" I didn't think I smelled particularly good. Robert had never complimented me on it. I just assumed that I had an average scent. Nothing special.

Arthur came closer, cupping my cheek and pushing my hair away from my shoulder. He trailed his nose down the line of my neck. Goosebumps rose on my arms and I shivered.

"Like jasmine and moonlight," he whispered and when he looked into my eyes, his were no longer green. They were amber. His wolf was peeking through.

Take the deal, Almara. He's a much better option than Robert, Lily purred and I knew without a doubt that she was just as affected by his wolf as he was by

mine.

I brought my hands up and waved them in front of me, like I could make him disappear. Like I could make this whole situation disappear.

Arthur backed away, giving me some room. I took a deep breath and steadied myself.

“Give me some time to think about it. This isn’t exactly the future that I wanted for myself,” I muttered. I’d always known that I wanted marriage, but I wanted a marriage of love. I absolutely never thought that I’d enter into a marriage for money.

I wasn’t sure I could sacrifice that dream just yet. Even if it meant working for this man for the rest of my life.

“I suppose that’s fair. I’ll give you a week. However, every day that goes by that I haven’t received an answer, I’m adding interest to your debt. I would hurry up and make up your mind if I were you. Here’s my business card. Call me when you have an answer for me.”

Arthur dipped his head and strode out of his office. As the elevator doors closed, he offered me a wink. I grabbed the nearest thing to me, which happened to be a vase, and threw it at the elevator. It shattered, leaving water and roses on the floor.

You just added more to your debt, Lily informed me and I dropped to my knees. I was exhausted and my legs could no longer support me.

In the grand scheme of things, I don’t think it really matters. I have to take this deal, don’t I?

Yeah, I think you do.

The next day, I went straight to Robert’s bar. This was going to be my last ditch effort to save our engagement. If he would accept my apology and we got back together, we could figure out a way to pay off this debt. I wouldn’t have to have a stranger’s baby.

As I opened the door, an unfamiliar voice singing Michael Buble’s version of “Fly Me to the Moon” greeted me. Robert wasn’t on the stage. That was weird. This was supposed to be his shift.

“Hey, Andy! Where’s Robert?” I asked the bartender and he gave me a sad smile. Any hope that I had was completely crushed. I honestly didn’t even want to hear what he had to say, but I’d listen anyway.

“Hey, Almara. Robert didn’t come in today. When we called his folks, they said that they hadn’t seen him either. But there are rumors floating around. You know how the pack is,” Andy answered as he mixed a drink.

Yeah, I did know how the pack was. They were a bunch of gossip mongers. But they were perfect for a time like this. “What rumors?”

“People are saying he ran off with some rich woman he met on that cruise you took. He might even have left the pack.”

His words were like barbed arrows to my heart. It was over then. My dreams of a happy marriage had amounted to nothing. I would never have what my parents have.

Why hadn't I been good enough?

"Welcome home, honey!" my mother cried, wrapping her arms around me as soon as I got out of the taxi. I hugged her tightly, clenching my jaw to keep the tears away. She couldn't know.

"What's the matter, sweetie?" she asked as she pulled back, cupping my cheeks as she peered into my eyes. I shook my head and just hugged her again.

"Nothing. I just really missed you."

Mom laughed, giving me one last squeeze before grabbing my suitcase and walking up the driveway to the house. "I missed you too! You'll have to tell us all about your trip! We can't wait to hear all about it!"

"Well, there's not much to tell. I was seasick for most of it. I barely left my room," I lied and my gut twisted. I'd never lied to my parents before.

"Darling! Almara's home!" Mom called as we entered the house and my dad came around the corner from the kitchen, a cold beer in his hand.

"Well, hello there, little sailor. Did you have a nice time?" he asked, enveloping me into a bear hug. It was easier to fight off the tears this time.

"She was apparently seasick the whole time, poor thing," Mom answered for me. She ushered us into the sitting area and I blanched. She definitely wanted to have a talk.

Do you think they know? With the way the pack talks, how could they not? I asked, terrified. I was not ready for this conversation.

No, I don't think so. You know your parents keep to themselves. If they knew, it would have been the first thing out of your mother's mouth, Lily answered calmly and I relaxed a little. She was right.

"Now, Almara, your father and I have been working our tails off to get ready for this wedding while you've been gone. But we want to hear from you. How are you feeling about it? Are you getting excited?"

As she talked, yellow clouds formed over both of their heads. They were so happy.

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