

Rejections aren't entirely true

Aphrodite:

"Asher, please kiss me."

A sharp slap on my back jolted me out of my hot, passionate dream. Groaning, I rolled over, blinking blearily as I tried to focus on the gure standing beside my bed.

As I sat up, rubbing the sleep from my eyes, I was surprised to see Lara looking wide awake and grinning at me, which was the exact opposite of the way she had been the night before.

"Aphrodite, wake up!" she exclaimed cheerfully, catching me off guard. "We have work to do!"

Just yesterday, she had been a mess, her eyes red and swollen from crying. But now, she looked like a completely different person.

"Lara, are you okay?" I asked, unable to hide my concern, and she ashed me a bright smile, but there was something forced about it—something that didn't quite reach her eyes.

"I'm ne, Aphrodite," she insisted, her voice cheerful. "I've decided to put yesterday behind me and focus on the task at hand. We have a job to do, after all."

I admired her strength, but at the same time, I had a feeling that she was hiding something. Could she have come to terms with his rejection?

"Lara, are you sure you're okay?" I pressed, and Lara's smile faltered for a moment, and I could see the pain icker in her eyes before she quickly masked it with another fake smile.

"I'm ne, Aphrodite. Stop worrying about me."

I wanted to push further, to make her open up to me, but I could see that she wasn't ready to talk. With a heavy heart, I nodded, knowing that I would have to wait for her to come to me in her own time.

"We have so much to do today. Let's get to work."

"Lara, what are you talking about?" I asked, still trying to shake off the last remnants of sleep.

"I spoke with Hilda this morning concerning the alpha king," Lara explained in a serious tone. "He wants us to interview him today so that we can get a better idea of the type of woman he's looking for. While I work on interviewing the female candidates online, you will handle the king."

I blinked in surprise, taken aback by the suddenness because I wasn't expecting Asher to be so cooperative, especially after disappearing from me yesterday without a word.

"Are you sure you're up for this? I don't mind doing the whole work, and you can take a day off," I asked, concern creeping into my voice.

"After what happened yesterday..."

Lara waved off my concerns with a dismissive gesture. "I'm ne, Aphrodite. Besides, this is what we're here for, right? To help people nd love, even if that person happens to be the Alpha King himself." I smiled, feeling a surge of gratitude for having her by my side.

"Okay, let's do this."

"For love." She grinned.

I quickly got dressed and walked out of the room nervously with a notepad and pen, while Lara remained behind. Interviewing the Alpha King, who was also my mate, was not something I had ever imagined myself doing or probably getting used to, but here I was, coming face-to-face with one of the most powerful werewolves in the world as if it were routine.

I made my way through the mansion, which seemed to grow more beautiful with each passing moment; it was unlike anything I had ever seen before, serving as a stark reminder of just how different Asher's world was from my own.

Lara had told me to meet Asher in the grand room, but as I walked, I unconsciously followed Asher's scent, which led me to a normal-looking door that resembled an oce. Curiosity piqued, and I hesitated for a moment before stopping in front of it.

I was about to push the door open when I heard Asher's voice from inside, speaking in a tone lled with anger and frustration.

Intrigued, I paused, unable to resist the urge to eavesdrop on his conversation. Quietly, I pressed my ear against the door, straining to hear what he was saying.

"I don't care what it takes," Asher yelled. "Find them and bring them to me. I want answers, and I want them now."

I couldn't make out the other end of the conversation, but it was clear that Asher was dealing with something serious. His anger in his voice was palpable, and I couldn't help but wonder what could have upset him so much.

"No, don't kill the devil wolf," he said, his voice cold and menacing. "Bring it to me. I want the pleasure of dealing with it myself."

Shock coursed through my body, and my grip tightened on the notebook I was holding. In my distraction, my ngers slipped, and the notebook fell to the ground with a soft thud.

Instantly, Asher's voice cut off, and I froze, realising that he had heard the noise. Panicked, I quickly stooped to pick up the notebook, my heart racing as I waited for his reaction.

"Who's there?" Asher's voice boomed from inside the room, making me jump in surprise. I hesitated for a moment, knowing that even though I managed to run, he would still nd out I was the one once he came out and traced my scent.

"It's me, Aphrodite." I managed to respond as my heart pounded.

"I... I was just... I mean, I didn't mean to eavesdrop; I was just..." But before I could nish, Asher cut me off.

"You're not stupid, Aphrodite," he yelled. "Go wait for me in my grand room. I'll be there shortly."

I didn't need to be told twice. I turned and practically ran from the door, my heart racing. Reaching the double doors of the grand room, I pushed them open and stepped inside, my mind reeling from what I had just heard.

Closing the door behind me, I leaned against it, unable to believe that Asher, my mate, wanted to kill a devil wolf—the exact type of wolf I possessed. The thought sent a shiver down my spine. Could he kill me too? Of course.

Taking a deep breath, I tried to calm my racing thoughts. I needed to stay focused and composed, especially around Asher. Whatever was going on, I needed to nd out more before jumping to any conclusions. It could all just be a big misunderstanding.

I settled into a seat, trying to compose myself, and soon the double doors swung open, and Asher entered the room. His presence caused a rush of nerves in my body as he approached.

"Let's make this quick," he said, his voice curt and businesslike. "I have other matters to attend to."

His words sent a chill down my spine, and I couldn't help but wonder if the "other matters" he mentioned had to do with the wolf he wanted to kill. But I pushed the thought aside, trying to focus on the task at hand.

"Of course," I replied, forcing myself to remain calm.

"Let's get started then." Clearing my throat, I tried so hard to remain professional. Besides being my mate, he was also my client.

"So, um... is it true what they say about you being rejected fteen times?" I asked, trying to sound casual despite the nerves that were churning in my stomach.

Asher's expression darkened slightly at the mention of the rumours, but he didn't seem surprised by the question.

"Rumours are often exaggerated," he replied evasively, his gaze ickering away for a moment before returning to meet mine. "But let's just say I've had my fair share of disappointments."

"So, the rumours aren't entirely true then," I murmured, more to myself than to him.

Asher chuckled, a self-assured smile playing on his lips. "Exactly," he conrmed, his tone smug.

"In fact, I was only rejected twice, and the rst time wasn't even a rejection in the true sense of the word. The woman... well, she passed away before anything could come of it." His arrogance grated on my nerves, but I forced myself to remain composed.

"I see," I replied evenly, trying to keep my tone neutral.

"Well, I suppose with your looks," I added, gesturing to his handsome features, "it's hard to imagine anyone rejecting you."

Asher's smile widened at the compliment, and I couldn't help but roll my eyes inwardly. This man was insufferable. But I pushed aside my irritation, focusing on my task. I had a job to do, and I couldn't let his arrogance distract me.

"What about the second rejection?" I asked, and Asher's expression turned serious, and a part of me was happy that I had inicted on his ego.

"I haven't fully accepted her rejection, and I still plan on ghting for her," he said, his gaze xed on mine. "And in this case, I plan on making her fall deeply in love with me."

My heart skipped a beat at his words, and I struggled to maintain my composure. I knew he was talking about me—about the day I had rejected him. The memory of that moment ooded back, and I felt a pang of guilt for the pain I had caused him after running away and lying.

"I'm sorry," I whispered, unable to meet his eyes. I didn't know exactly what I was sorry for, but I knew I could never be his mate.

Asher waved away my apology, his expression unreadable. "It's in the past," he said dismissively. "But enough about me. Let's talk about what you're looking for in a potential mate for me."

"Okay... What type of woman are you looking for?" I asked, trying to conceal the jealousy in my voice as my knuckles turned white, gripping the pen in my hand.

"I need someone who is intelligent, strong-willed, and independent," he began with a distant look in his eyes. "She should be condent yet compassionate, with a kind heart and a sharp mind. Someone who can challenge me, who isn't afraid to stand up for what she believes in."

As he spoke, I couldn't help but notice the uncanny resemblance between his description and myself—or maybe I was just being delusional.

"She should have eyes that sparkle with intelligence and a smile that lights up the room," he said, sending heat all around my body. "Her hair should be like silk, cascading down her back in waves of gold."

My cheeks ushed as he spoke, and when I nally looked up from my notes, I found Asher's intense gaze xed on me.

My heart began to race as I realised that the woman he was describing... was me. For a moment, neither of us spoke; the air was thick with tension. Then, nally, Asher cleared his throat, breaking the silence.

"Do you think you can nd someone like that?" he asked, his voice low and intense.

I swallowed hard.

How was I supposed to tell him that the woman he was looking for was standing right in front of him?

"I will try," I muttered, and Asher nodded with a smirk on his lips. Immediately, he rose to leave, walking directly to the door.

"What do you plan to do with the devil's wolf you caught?" I blurted out, gripping my pen tightly. I wouldn't be surprised if it broke. The question had been burning in my mind, and I just couldn't hold back anymore.

He paused, his hand on the doorknob, and turned to look at me, his eyebrow raised.

"That's none of your concern," he replied coldly. "You should focus on why you're here." With that, he left the room, leaving me alone with my thoughts and the sinking feeling that something was very wrong.

He wasn't going to truly kill the devil wolf, would he?

I had to nd a way to stop him.