

A loosing Game

Aphrodite;

I wanted to scream, to shout, and to hurl every insult I knew at him, but I held myself back. Right now, he held all the power, and I couldn't afford to make things any worse for myself.

He wasn't just any ordinary wolf; he was the alpha king, with the ability to end my life in a second. So, I had to tread carefully, especially with all eyes on us.

Taking a deep breath, I tried to steady my trembling hands and control the tears that threatened to spill over.

"You have no idea what you've done," I said, my voice shaking with anger and sadness. "You've taken everything from me. My livelihood, my dreams, everything."

But Asher just shrugged, his expression unreadable. "I suggest you start packing," he said coldly, turning away from me as if I were nothing more than an inconvenience.

Fucking bastard.

Fury surged within me, but I bit back on the words that were threatening to spill from my lips. Control your emotions, Aphrodite. You can't afford to make things any worse for yourself. Not now, not when you have so much on the line to lose.

"Please, can we talk privately?" I begged, clenching my fists tightly together. He turned to look at me, his lips forming a half-smile.

"Just for a few minutes?"

I didn't wait for his reply. I couldn't, fearing he might reject me there. I turned and walked away, making my way to one of the now-empty rooms. I could hear his footsteps behind me, and I knew he was following. As I entered the room, I heard the door click shut behind me. I realised Asher had locked us in. It was just the two of us now, alone in the empty room, which was soundproofed.

As I turned to face him, my breath seized for a moment as I shamelessly admired his beautiful face without him being aware. Quickly, I shook my head and focused on what I was about to do.

Tying my hair together, I dropped to my knees before him, my hands clasped together in a silent plea.

"Please, Asher," I begged, bowing my head in submissiveness, hoping he would have a little pity on me. "Please don't do this. You're destroying my life."

"Here, I thought you called me in to give me a blow job to let you stay," he questioned, and my eyes immediately snapped up to see a flicker of lust in his eyes, and my heart sank.

I could see the misunderstanding in his eyes, the assumption written as clearly as day on his face. He thought I was offering him something entirely different.

How dare he?

The anger I had managed to suppress surged back into me, rising with full force, and I glared up at him, my hands trembling with rage.

"Get your mind out of the gutter," I spat, hissing in irritation. "I'm not offering you anything. I'm begging you."

For a moment, Asher looked taken aback, as if he hadn't expected me to react this way. But then the amusement returned to his eyes, and he shook his head, a smirk playing at the corners of his lips.

"Suit yourself then," he said arrogantly, turning to unlock the door.

This heartless devil. Now I could understand why those women rejected him. He might be handsome, but he was heartless.

Knowing I couldn't let him go just like that, I pushed back my pride, and without thinking, I rushed forward desperately and grabbed onto his knees, which sent sparks ying around my trembling hands.

"Please, Asher," I whispered. "At least let me keep some space. You can charge me double the rent; I don't mind. Just please don't take everything away from me."

It would take me months to find a new place, and besides, where would I keep all my office equipment and materials? And the damn bastard knows this.

Asher looked surprised, his brows furrowing slightly, and then he grinned at me before he shook his head dismissively. His hands held the doorknob in an attempt to open it, but I rushed to stand up and push the door back shut, turning to face him.

"Are you doing all this because I rejected you? Because your ego was hurt." I blurted out, desperation creeping into my voice. Asher's eyes turned darker in anger, and a cold smirk played at the corners of his lips.

"No, Aphrodite," he said mockingly. "I'm kicking you out because you lied to me."

My heart sank as his words washed over me, and I felt a cold knot form in the pit of my stomach.

"L-Lied?" I stammered, and his smirk widened, and he took a step closer, closing the distance between us, his eyes gleaming with triumph.

"I know everything about you, Aphrodite," he said, his voice low and menacing.

"I know about the husband and five children you invented. I know about the last meal you ate, the last book you read, and even the last guy you dated. He was a human, right?" He questioned me with a raised eyebrow. I felt the blood drain from my face as his words sank in, and I stumbled back to hit the door, my mind reeling with shock.

Does he know the truth about my wolf? No, it's impossible. If he did, he wouldn't bother having a conversation with me; he would have split my throat in half the moment he saw me.

"How... how do you know all this?" I whispered in fear, but Asher just laughed—a cold, cruel sound that sent shivers down my spine.

"Let's just say I have my ways," he said, his eyes glinting with malice. "And now that I know the truth, there's nothing stopping me from taking everything away from you." His sexy lips turned into a frown that made him look so cute and irresistible. Without thinking, I reached out and grabbed onto his sleeve, my fingers curling tightly around the fabric.

"Please, Asher. Fine. I am sorry I lied to you." I begged, my voice shaking with desperation. "I can't be with you still. But I'll still do my job. I'll find you a good woman to be your mate. Just please don't take everything away from me." I pouted, trying to look as cute as possible, hoping the bond between us would help. But instead of listening to my pleas, Asher just rolled his eyes at me and slapped my hands off his sleeve.

Ouch!

You still don't get it, do you, Aphrodite?" He sneered, his eyes darkening with irritation, and I swallowed the lump stuck in my throat.

"I don't want just any woman. I want you. And I always get what I want."

Unable to contain my emotions any longer, I let out a scream of frustration.

"You can't have me, Asher! I can't be your mate, like it or not," I cried, my voice echoing off the walls.

"Besides, I made a deal with your brother, which was what led me to you, and if you both are men of your words, then we're going to stick to it!" I yelled. For a moment, Asher hesitated, and as he stared into my eyes, I could sense the conflict raging inside him, his desire warring with his sense of duty to his brother.

Finally, with a resigned sigh, his eyes returned to normal, but his expression was still unreadable. "Fine," he said reluctantly. "We'll stick to the deal."

Relief washed over me at his words, but it was short-lived. I could see the cold, calculating gleam in his eyes, and I knew that he wasn't going to make this easy for me.

"But there are conditions," he added, and I felt a sinking feeling in the pit of my stomach as I braced myself for what he was about to say. I knew that whatever conditions he was about to lay out, they wouldn't be easy to accept.

"What conditions?" I asked, staring deeply into his beautiful eyes. Asher regarded me for a long moment, his expression inscrutable. Then he reached into his pocket and pulled out a set of keys.

"If you want the building, you can have it," he said calmly, placing the keys in my hands. "But just like I said, there are conditions."

My heart skipped a beat at his words, and as I looked at the keys in my hands, a flicker of hope ignited within me. Could it be possible that he was willing to be reasonable?

If he gives me the whole building, gosh, that would make him the best mate ever. Too bad we couldn't be together.

I grinned, waiting patiently for him to speak, and Asher studied me for a long moment with dark eyes.

"First," he said and paused for a moment, "you must accept that I will never give up on you. You may have rejected me once, but I won't stop until you're mine."

Panic rose within me, and I wanted to retort back and tell him that nothing would ever make me be with him, but I forced myself to remain calm. I couldn't let him see how much his words affected me.

"Okay," I said, trying to keep the fear out of my voice. "What else?"

Asher's lips curled into a cold, cruel smile. "Secondly, while you're busy finding me a mate, you must live in my mansion. And during that time, I'll have the opportunity to court you the way I want."

My heart sank deeper at his words, but I knew that I had no choice. If I wanted to keep this building as mine and not have to deal with the lawsuit, then I would have to agree to his terms.

"Okay," I said, my voice barely a whisper. "Anything else?" I asked, and Asher's smile widened.

"And if, after a month, you still haven't fallen for me," he said, his voice low and menacing, "then I'll accept any woman you choose for me."

I breathed a sigh of relief, knowing that the chances of me falling for him were slim. Asher seemed determined to make me his, and I had a feeling he wouldn't give up until he got what he wanted. However, I wasn't scared, because falling for him meant death.

"Okay," I said. "I'll do it."

Asher's smile widened, and he nodded in satisfaction. "Good," he said as he opened the door. Moving to walk away, he glanced back at me, a cold, calculating glint in his eyes.

"Oh, and one more thing," he said, his voice low and seductive, sending shivers down my spine.

"They call me the devil for a reason. I always make deals that favour me. And I never lose."

With that ominous warning, he turned and walked away, leaving me alone in the empty room, feeling more vulnerable and exposed than ever before.

His words terrified me, but I knew I had no choice but to go through with it because falling in love with Asher was not an option.