

Chapter 0011

[Rosco's POV]

I wait as Denali considers what I have just asked her. I didn't know for sure if she would be honest, but I would be damned if I let her leave before she did. I didn't know what that bastard Roger was thinking by not only keeping one daughter hidden from the world but also sending her to me, but I was going to find out.

"Does it really matter?" She finally asks, taking me by surprise. "Weren't you the one who wanted me gone?"

"I did," I confirm, not caring if I hurt her feelings or not. "But now I've taken an interest."

Honestly, I took an interest five years prior, but now I was even more curious about this tiny woman sitting in front of me with an irritated look on her face.

"Interest," she repeats, eyeing me. "I have to ask, do you have split personalities?"

I bite back the bark of laughter that wants to escape me over her bold question. For a woman who seemed so meek, she truly was a spitfire. Was that weak side of her also an act? I wasn't sure, but since I needed her for now, I guess I would find out.

"Possibly," I admit, leaning back in my seat. "And if I do, you'll have to deal with all of them. Are you prepared to do that?"

I knew that I was taking a leap of faith here in hoping that maybe, just maybe, she hated her father as much as I did, but I found myself wanting to have someone in my corner, especially after so many years.

For a moment, she doesn't speak as she continues to take me in, and when she finally seems to relax ever so slightly, I feel my hope flare.

"Are you ready to answer my question?" I ask, urging her on.

"I don't think I need to," she counters. "Do you truly think that we have the best relationship?"

Honestly, I didn't know, but I was willing to give the benefit of the doubt. From the looks of her it was clear that she wasn't treated well.

"I'd wager that you don't," I respond, pulling out a cigarette and placing it between my teeth. "But as his daughter, you have to have some sort of loyalty."

Growing quiet, I light my cigarette and wait as many emotions flash across her face before settling on hate.

"How can I have loyalty to someone who uses me as a tool?" She asks quietly. As she speaks, her voice shakes, and her eyes sparkle with tears. "Do you truly think that there can be familial piety for someone who was never really a parent?" She continues.

Nodding, I consider her words as something stirs in me. It's an annoying sensation in my chest, but I push it away as I take in the woman from that time five years ago.

Back then, she wore this same look, and it matched how I felt so perfectly at that time that I couldn't help but take a photo. I guess seeing her like this made me feel a little less alone. And since that day, anytime I felt those familiar emotions surfacing, I would use the photo to make me feel slightly better.

"Then is it safe to say that you also want to get revenge on your father?" I

push, trying to shift the mood before I'm pulled back into that time.

"Revenge?" She repeats, eyeing me suspiciously. "What on earth would I want to do that for?"

"Because he pushed you aside and let another's child become the light of his life." I push. "And then he only acknowledged you as his true daughter when it was time to give you away. How can anyone come out of something like that with any other emotion aside from hatred?"

Maybe I was pushing a little too much, but I truly wanted to believe that maybe there was someone out there that could help me. For years, I bided my time waiting for the opportunity to take that bastard Gregory out, and now I could have it.

Originally, I intended to destroy the daughter that he loved so much, but since he didn't give her to me, I had to resort to other methods. Sure, it made me despicable to use Denali, but when it came to love and war, all bets were off.

"I just want freedom," she sighs, taking me by surprise. "I don't care about things like vengeance. When you grew up the way I did, you only want to be free and never have to relive those horrible experiences," she continues, giving a sad smile. "But I guess I won't get that either."

Frowning, I take Denali in while trying to ignore the pesky emotion that was threatening to surface.

So she wanted freedom. I could work with that.

"What if I say I'll give you that freedom if you help me accomplish my goal?" I ask, causing a look of shock to cross her features. "Would you be willing to work with me?"

Remaining silent, I wait as she once again fights with many emotions, and when distrust comes to rest on her features, I know that she won't be as easy to crack as I thought.

"And what would I have to do to earn this freedom?" She asks slowly. "I know that you aren't going to so easily give it to me."

"Be my partner," I beam. "You can help me achieve my goal, and I can give you the freedom that you've always wanted."

"And what exactly will you have me do?"

"Help me create an heir."

At my words, Denali's eyes grow wide, and a look of shock crosses her features. However, just as quickly as it appears, it disappears, and I'm left with a look of disbelief.

"Why in the world would letting you impregnate me help you get what you want?" She asks. "Is this your sick way of trying to let you sleep with me?"

"No," I snap. "First, if I wanted to sleep with you, you would give in to my charms. I've never had to force a woman, and I'm not about to start now. However, the purpose of our marriage was to create a mutual heir for both Emerald Moon and Crystal Fang. Once that happens, the two packs will combine and become one. Why the hell do you think I even agreed to it in the first place?"

"So that was what he was up to," she murmurs more to herself than me. "If that was all you wanted, why were you trying to get rid of me?"

"If you had been the daughter that I was supposed to marry, then I wouldn't have done such a thing." I sigh, feeling instant regret for my

earlier actions. "But since it seems that you aren't the one, I can't go through with my original plans."

"And what were those?" She asks quietly. "What exactly did you have planned for Anastasia?"

"Break her until she feels the same hate and pain I do."



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