

## Chapter 0012

[Denali's POV]

"Break her? I repeat, raising a brow. "Do you and Anastasia have a past?"

In a way, I wouldn't be surprised if they did. She got around, and there weren't many wolves that she didn't fuck, but if it was something like that, wouldn't he prefer to have married her?

"Don't think too hard about it because chances are you're wrong."

Bristling, I narrow my gaze and grow quiet.

If there was one thing I was learning about Rosco, it was that he was arrogant and damn good at knowing what someone was thinking. I would have to be cautious around him if I decided to work with him.

"If that was your intent this whole time," I begin, deciding not to beat around the bush. "Why aren't you divorcing me and demanding she marry you?"

It was a simple solution and one that wasn't as messy, and since I wouldn't be held responsible for the divorce, it would allow me the freedom I so desperately want.

"Because I think this way will be more interesting," he smirks, leaning in closer so that I can make out flecks of gold in his dark eyes. "Don't you think?"

Did I? I didn't know what to think! Rosco's sudden change in personalities had my head spinning, and I was having a hard time keeping up.

"I don't know," I admit, still not quite sure if I should trust him. There was still a chance that he was trying to trick me into agreeing to go against my family and even my pack so that he could get rid of me on the grounds of being a traitor. "I still feel like a divorce would be better."

As the words left my lips, my father's parting words hit me like a ton of bricks, causing my chest to tighten up and my heart to squeeze painfully. Who said that even if I wasn't responsible for the divorce, he wouldn't have me killed and dispose of my mother's ashes? Dammit, this was frustrating!

"Why would I do that when I have an interesting wife in front of me?" Eyes growing wide, I take Rosco in as he gives me a look of amusement. "Have you ever actually seen yourself when you're truly thinking? Everything is there. It's like I'm watching a one-woman show."

"Thanks?"

"You're welcome," he grins, causing my breath to hitch. "But I'll say it again: whatever you're thinking, you're wrong. I have no other intentions except to get my revenge and help you do the same. But if you don't want to reclaim what was originally yours, then..."

"It isn't that!" I snap, trying to remain calm. "But how will creating an heir with you do that? And how am I supposed to know you won't betray me?"

"Because you and I are alike," he responds, his face growing serious. "We both lost something important due to your father and your stepfamily. And unlike them, I actually want to help you."

Wanted to help me. He sure as hell didn't want to help me a few hours ago when he molested me and was ready to throw me out onto the streets.

He thought you were Anastasia then, a small voice in the back of my head murmurs. Can't you see he hates her?

Of course I could see he hated her, but why did he hate her? If I asked, would he be willing to tell me, or would he get mad at me for prying?

"Time is ticking, scorned daughter of Emerald Moon."

"Don't call me that!" I snap. "I have a name."

"I know," he chuckles. "Denali. Would you prefer I call you that?"

I didn't know why, but hearing him say my name left a strange tingling in my chest. Even though many people had said my name, it never left me like this. Was this man a fucking magician?

"Or would you prefer me to call you baby?" He continues, reminding me that I shouldn't be feeling any sort of way about him. "Wifey? Sweetheart? I'll call you whatever you wish to be called while we are putting on our act."

Act... Right. There wasn't actually anything between us, and I was stupid enough to even think for a second that was the case. Did I truly want so badly to have someone on my side? Someone in my corner? Especially after how badly Alexander hurt me?

"What would the act entail?" I ask slowly.

"You act as my wife and help create an heir," Rosco responds easily. "Pretty simple, no?"

Simple? Did he think sleeping with someone and getting pregnant was that easy? He was acting like it was as easy as snapping your fingers and then being done.

"Are you really that against having sex with me?" He asks, feigning hurt.  
"Do you know how many women would die to be in your place?"

"Then ask them." I huff before I can even stop myself. "How can you expect me to so easily sleep with you after you molested me and tried to throw me out onto the streets?"

"You wouldn't be on the streets," he points out. "You would just go back ..."

"No," I counter, once again remembering my father's words. "I couldn't go back, and if I tried, I would die."

At my words, Rosco's eyes darken, and a growl of anger escapes him. Even though I didn't trust him or know him, I knew he was truly angry for me, and that made something in me shift.

"Surprised?" I continue. "You seem to know that my father is a selfish bastard who only truly cares about that which benefits him."

"I do," he confirms. "But to go as far as to kill his own daughter, that's a bit..."

"That's how it works." I shrug.

I didn't know why I suddenly felt the need to open up about this portion of our marriage agreement, but I guess I so desperately wanted an ally.

"If we divorce and I go home, I'll die, and something that is more important than my own life to me will be gone."

My mother's ashes. I needed to get them back from my father, no matter what.

"Then it seems that you really have no other choice than to agree to working with me." Rosco says slowly. "Shall we write out an agreement then?"

"Alright, but the only thing I won't agree to is sleeping with you. If you need to screw someone else and get them pregnant to pretend it is our child, that's fine, but that is where I draw the line."

"For now," he chuckles so quietly that I don't even know if I heard him correctly. "But I guarantee you'll change your mind soon enough."

"I won't," I counter. "And if I do, then I'll kneel before you."

"Kinky," he grins. "I'll look forward to it."

"You'll be waiting a while," I counter.

"That's fine. We have nothing but time."

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