

Forced To Be His Bride-Fated To Be His Mate.

Chapter 5 Six month later

[Denali's POV]

After that day, I fell into the rhythm of waiting each night in the bridal chamber for my 'husband' to appear, even though he never does. And despite my protests, his butler insisted I stay there so that when he returned, we could consummate our wedding.

When I wasn't waiting for Rosco to make his appearance, I was busy helping the maids to at least try to make myself useful. At least when I was cleaning something, I didn't have to be alone with my thoughts.

Despite the embarrassment of looking like a fool who desperately wanted to see their new spouse, things weren't bad, at least compared to how my life was in Emerald Moon. Even his parents, who visited with me regularly, were nice, and before I knew it, six months had passed with no incidents.

"Please deliver these to the master's room," Bianca, the head maid, announces, throwing blankets at me. "He has returned."

Eyes widening, I take in her words in disbelief. Had I heard her correctly? Rosco finally returned after all these months of absence.

"Are you just going to stand there?" She snaps when I don't move. "Get going!"

"Oh, right," I gasp, hugging the blankets to myself. "I'm sorry, I was just a bit surprised by what you said."

"I don't need excuses," Bianca huffs. "Get going, NOW!"

Nodding, I don't say anything further as I scurry out of the laundry room and toward the main portion of the mansion, then upstairs to Rosco's room while my heart hammers in my chest.

After six months of not meeting my new husband, I began to become complacent and even accepted that maybe this would be how my life went, but now things were going to be different.

Taking the stairs two at a time, I find myself wondering what kind of man Rosco actually is. Even though there were many rumors about him, I couldn't help but question whether or not they were true, especially given the attitude of those who worked for him.

When I first started helping out, I expected to be met with fear from those who knew him best. However, I soon learned that he was well respected by his maids and servants alike. Because of that, I found myself wondering if maybe everything said wasn't true.

"Only one way to find out," I mutter, squaring my shoulders and fixing my gaze on Rosco's room.

Taking a few calming breaths, I begin to move until I'm standing in front of his door. Lifting a hand, I slowly knock despite being told that he wouldn't be here until the night.

Stepping back, I wait as noise comes from inside, causing my anxiety to grow even more, and when the door opens and I'm met by two dark eyes with thick lashes surrounding them, I find myself getting lost.

Slowly, the door opens, so a handsome face with stubble peppering the jaw and the cheeks appears, followed by a broad, strong chest that is covered in tattoos, and finally a single towel wrapped around the waist, leaving almost nothing for the imagination.

Gulping, I continue to stare until the sound of a throat clearing snaps me out of my daze.

"Oh," I gasp, my eyes growing wide. "I'm sorry, I just wanted to deliver these."

Feeling my cheeks flush a ferocious pink, I hold out the blankets that Bianca gave me and wait until the man, who can only be Rosco, takes them from me.

"Are you new?" He asks, taking me in with those fathomless eyes. "I don't believe I've seen you before."

"I am," I say quickly, wondering just how he would react if I told him that I was his new wife. "I started here six months ago."

"Six months," he murmurs, rubbing his chin with his large fingers. "Have I really been gone that long?"

You have. I respond inwardly while I remain silent on the outside, hoping that this exchange ends quickly. Now that I was seeing Rosco in all his glory, I was feeling strange, and I was sure that it was written all over my face.

"Then welcome," he finally says, breaking the awkward silence that falls around us. "Do try to do good."

"Yes, sir."

Giving a slight bow, I turn and scurry away, but as I move, I can feel Rosco's eyes locked on me, and I'm sure that he sees right through me.

[Rosco's POV]

I watch as the pretty maid makes her way toward the stairs and then disappears before turning and heading back into my room. Once inside, I toss the blankets I'm holding and then sit down so I can grab my wallet.

Opening it, I pull out the small photo that I had kept on me since five years ago. Pulling it out, I take in the girl who looks near tears and find myself wondering again why I even took this picture all those years ago. But that wasn't the most important thing right now. Instead, what really mattered in this moment was the fact that the one in the picture had just been standing in front of me.

Sighing, I look toward the door and find myself wanting to go after that woman and question her further. How was it possible that fate brought her to work at my mansion? Especially after my father forced me to marry the daughter of his friend?

It was almost as though fate was laughing at me with how things turned out, but when you lived in our world, this was how things went. You didn't get to choose who you were with, and you went along with what you were told to do.

Putting the picture back in my wallet, I get up and head to the closet. Since I was back, I was required to have dinner with my parents and my new wife. I needed to pick out something suitable and then show my face, as I was supposed to.

After grabbing a white button down and pants, I quickly get dressed, then head out of my room and downstairs toward the dining hall, where I was sure my parents were already waiting.

When I arrive, Victor, my father's butler, is waiting.

"I was just about to go check on you, young master," he says, giving a bow. "Your father was worried."

"About what?" I challenge. "Does he expect someone to assassinate me under his roof?"

Although I knew it was possible since it had happened in the past, it was strange for him to be so keen on the idea.

"Please do try to get along with him this evening," Victor urges. "The master means well; he just doesn't know how..."

"Got it."

Lifting a dismissive hand, I clap his shoulder before heading into the dining hall, where my father and mother sit chatting until they spot me.

“Rosco!” My father calls, giving me a broad smile. “It’s about time you arrived, my boy.”

Nodding, I slowly take in the area around me, expecting to find the woman who was supposed to be my wife, but when I come up empty, I frown.

“Don’t worry,” my father says, as if reading my thoughts. “Denali will be here soon.”

“Denali,” I repeat. So that was the name of my wife. It was a pretty name, but it was too bad that it was attached to a woman who was filled with greed. “Wife will be just fine.”

If he thought I wasn’t aware of the fact that our union was for power, he was wrong. And I was sure that the woman who went along with it was just like all the other money-hungry she-wolves.

“Rosco,” my mother hisses, giving me a disapproving look. “Please don’t treat her badly when she shows.”

“I won’t,” I assure her, taking a seat. “But that also doesn’t mean that I’m going to dote on her either.”

At my words, both my parents’ faces fall, but before they can say anything more, the door to the dining hall opens. Turning, I watch as Denali nervously makes her way in, and when I realize that she and the maid from earlier are one in the same, I feel like a knife has been stabbed right into my back.