

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

## **Chapter 6 show your sincerity**

[Rosco's POV]

I keep my gaze fixed on my new wife as she begins to enter the room, but when her large eyes come to rest on mine, a look of both embarrassment and shock crosses them.

Good; at least she had a sense of shame. Was she playing maid earlier to scope me out, or was she attempting to gain pity from me for having to do such tedious tasks? I didn't know, but I would find out.

"Welcome!" My father calls, motioning for Denali to come join us. "Please have a seat. Don't just stand there."

Nodding, she regains her composure and moves forward until she reaches and takes a seat beside me. However, as she gets comfortable, she doesn't dare look at me.

"Rosco," my father huffs once she is settled. "Don't just sit there. Greet your wife! You left the poor girl waiting for six months to meet you!"

"And whose fault is that?" I huff, not wanting to bother with niceties with a gold digger. "You're the one that sent me away on business. You were aware of the state of things and should have known it would take longer than a month."

When my father proposed that I marry the daughter of the alpha of Emerald Moon and his business partner, I didn't bother arguing. Eventually something like this would end up happening, and I gave up on the thought of ever finding the woman that I fell in love with in the past. However, before I could attend my own wedding, something cropped up overseas. Not like I cared much, but I didn't expect to be away for so long.

"Could the both of you not discuss business over dinner?" My mother asks, stopping my father before he can argue further. "Tonight is a joyful event where the two newlyweds finally get to meet and be together."

Happy event? Why would I be happy to be married to a woman like her? Everyone knew that the daughter of Emerald Moon was nothing more than a whore and only interested in money and power. What fool would want to be with a woman like that?

"Denali dear," my mother continues when neither my father nor I argue. "I hope you can forgive my son for leaving you waiting so long."

"It's okay," Denali says quietly, looking slightly uncomfortable. "I'm sure that his business was important."

Letting out a huff, I shoot her a look and find that her hands, which are clasped on the table together, are shaking. Was she really that afraid of me, or was she putting on an act?

Frowning, I take her in once more, noting the tense way her jaw ticks and the nervousness that flashes in her eyes. I had to admit that she was a damn good actress. But I wondered if she would keep it up once we were alone.

"It isn't okay," my father counters, shooting me a glare. "I'm sure this boy wasted his time playing around while he was there."

"Believe what you want," I shrug. "You're going to do that anyway."

At my words, a low growl escapes my father, but before he can act, my mother is touching his shoulder and then fixing her narrowed gaze on me.

"Rosco," she warns. "What kind of impression do you think you're setting for your new wife?"

Impression? Did she truly think I gave two shits how I looked in front of the woman they chose for me? For all I cared, she could think I was the devil. In the end, she was simply a thing to help me create an heir and then kick to the curb anyway. If she believed that my parents would allow her to stay once her purpose was fulfilled, she had another thing coming.

"Let her think what she likes."

Growing quiet, I watch as my father's face starts to turn red and he fights the urge to attack me, but before he can fully snap, dinner arrives and everyone busies themselves eating. Afterwards, I head to my office to finish business while my new wife heads to shower and then make herself presentable for our first night together.

Later, I stand up from my place at my desk, where I had been sitting for at least a couple of hours, and give a stretch before beginning to slowly make my way to Denali's bridal chamber. Even if I despised her for her purpose in being here, this couldn't be avoided. If I wanted to get rid of her soon, I needed to impregnate her. Once I had my heir, I would be able to take over not only the pack but also the family business.

Keeping this in mind, I continue to move until I arrive at my destination. Pushing open the door, I take a look inside to find a figure curled up on the bed, fast asleep.

Smirking, I slowly move forward until I'm beside her and can really take her in. Over the years, she hadn't changed one bit, from her frail form to her long, dark hair and her

glowing eyes, which showed all her emotions. However, the image I had created of her back then was now changed forever, and that left me feeling like I had been infatuated with a ghost.

Feeling my anger spike once more, I reach out and grab her shoulder, then shake, startling her awake.

"Oh!" She gasps, her eyes growing wide with shock. "Did I fall asleep?"

"You did," I confirm, stepping back and crossing my arms. "Is this how little you care for your husband?"

"I..." she begins, but stops as her look of shock slowly disappears and a mask of indifference falls into place. "Apologize."

"Just an apology?" I snap, growing even more annoyed by how many faces she had. "Do you think an apology will do?"

For a moment, she doesn't speak as she takes me in with those large eyes, causing my insides to stir as the emotions I felt back when I first laid eyes on her begin to stir.

"What would you like for me to do?" She slowly asks, taking me by surprise.

"So this is how you are?" I ask, unable to hide the disgust I feel. "A man simply tells you what to do, and you do it? If that's the case, then get on your knees and show me your sincerity."

"My sincerit?" She repeats, seeming confused. "I don't know what you..."

"Don't try to play innocent," I warn, reaching out and wrapping a hand around her arm. "I'm sure that you've done this plenty of times and are a pro. Now, come here."

A gasp of shock escapes Denali's lips as I pull her off the bed and deposit her in front of me, and a look of hurt forms on her features over my being rough. But as quickly as that look appears, it disappears, and in its place comes determination.

"That's a good girl." I grin as she slowly gets on her knees and looks up at me. "Now go ahead and show me what you can do."