

## Chapter 1 I'm Married, Apparently

-Reyna

My name is Rayna.

I'm a killer.

For as long as I can remember, all I've wanted is my father's approval.

I longed for a place in his ruthless world. I wanted to prove myself as the right person to take over the business.

But it never worked. My sister was always his favor even though she made little contribution to building his empire. My father loved my sister more than me, and no matter how hard I tried to win his approval, he wouldn't even look my way.

"Your wedding dress is here. Check the size."

My dad's cold voice snapped me out of my thoughts. I just returned from my mission of killing the Mayor. His blood was still on my demi jacket and I haven't bothered to clean it off. I don't know when it started, but I had gotten used to having blood on me.

"But dad... Sister has blood all over her body. The dress will be ruined."

My younger sister dashed into the room, her eyes wandering all over the dress that I barely stole a glance at. The dress meant nothing to me except another mission that my father threw in my face last night. After doing countless missions, this time I had a marriage deal on my hands, marrying our biggest rival, Mason.

My father scoffed, pulling his favorite daughter into his arms lovingly. I had no idea why my younger sister was acting jealous over father's effort to marry me off to an old creepy man. However, I knew that she would act like this to get our father's attention whenever she felt that he was paying too much attention to me.

"It's okay, darling. This dress is as meaningless as blood to your sister. Do you think that someone likes her would care about a wedding dress?"

I ignored the harsh comment and gave him the good news that he was expecting.

"The Mayor is dead, Dad. He won't bother you anymore."

I waited for his reaction as killing his rival was the only thing that I thought I could do to give him happiness. He looked up at me and replied plainly, still cuddling my younger sister in his arms.

"Of course, you would. If you can't, what is your use?"

This one sentence transported me back to my childhood.

I had a pet cat that I adopted from the street. Once I spilled tea over my dad's lap.

As a result, I had to shoot it with my own hands.

*"Daddy!! NO PLEASE! I can't...I can't do this.."*

The seven-year-old me kept begging her father for hours. Instead of showing mercy, my dad replied heartlessly.

*"You want to be your dad's favorite, right honey? Only Daddy will love you when you learn how to kill your favorites for him."*

That's when I shot my last pet without wasting any more time thinking. From that moment, my feelings went completely numb when I had to shoot or kill someone.

I swallowed the painful flashback memory with a sigh. For once, I wanted to hear that something I did made him happy. He left the room before saying, "Also remember to shut your sassy mouth. This marriage is important for us. I don't want you to upset Mason with your words. If you do anything like that, you will be dead to me."

I watched them leave with a big smile. He never cared for my feelings. Although I never understood, I always felt that I was the unwanted child in his life.

My ability to sleep for the night completely left me when the two of them left the room. The only place that I had to comfort myself was the bar. I slipped into new clothes before heading off to the bar.

Home was never a comforting place for me.

It will never be.

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"I will have some water please."

I ordered the bartender, sitting down on the stool absentmindedly. Drinking was never pleasing to me. I was the worst drunkard and avoided drinking in public.

"You got a pretty ass, huh?", a sultry voice tore my attention from the water in my hand. I looked up to see a handsome face, lusting over me.

Despite his inappropriate behavior, it was hard to deny that he was attractive. He exuded a dark aura, the folded sleeves of his shirt exposed his muscular forearms and dark tattoos.

There was a mysterious air about him that made me believe that there was more to him than the jerk he was trying to be.

I knew that my instincts would never betray me, and they were telling me that there was something more intriguing to this man than he was willing to let on.

I could tell he was one of us, and not just any low-ranked thug. His posture, his gestures—everything about him spoke volumes. Even as he babbled nonsense there was something about him that demanded attention. Although he seemed relaxed and casual, his posture was carefully controlled as if he was ready to take on any form of physical attack.

For a split second, I found myself wondering if my arranged husband looked anything like this man. Maybe then, this whole marriage thing wouldn't be so bad.

But no. This wasn't the way to talk to a lady. Especially not to me. I wouldn't let any man, especially one like this, within fifty inches of me.

I couldn't believe I'd even let my guard down for him.

Maybe the thought of the upcoming marriage was really starting to eat at me.

I scowled at his comment, checking him from up to bottom.

"Excuse me? Are you hitting on me?"

Most men were hateful here. They came to have sexual fun with other girls here despite having a wife at home. I hated unfaithful men the most in my life. If they were going to cheat, what was the point of having a wife?

The man wiped his wine-stained lips seductively. His eyes lingered on my cleavage, and I swore that I had the impulse of putting my bullets right through his skull. But I restrained myself to avoid the drama that my dad told me to hold on to.

He replied incoherently, leaning a little closer, "Come on! I know what you are looking for?

Trust me, I can give you the best price. Give me a number and I can satisfy you, honey."

Did he fucking take me as a prostitute?

I played along, waiting for the right moment to destroy his ego.

"Oh really! How big are you? Are you sure that you can satisfy me? Let us see it once."

His face turned ashen, realizing the taunt behind my words. He grabbed my arm fiercely, with a strong smell of alcohol hitting my nostrils.

"Why don't you go into my room and feel how big it is?"

His friends appeared after observing the heated exchange between us,

"That's enough, buddy! Your father will kill you if you mess up here."

Rage boiled in my veins. This rich spoiled brat came here to spoil my mood. I replied coldly,

"Yeah, listen to your friend. Go away before I shoot your head off."

Something lit up in his dark eyes. He seemed like he loved the challenge that I was throwing at his face. He smirked maliciously, challenging back.

"This pretty got some attitude. Why don't you just please me and play this game in my room, baby? I would love this attitude over my body."

"YOU JERK! Stop assuming women like shit. Not everyone wants to get into your pants." I fumed, barking in his face.

His other friend interrupted again, pulling him away by his arms, "Enough! Enough of this, Mason! You got a wife now, dude. Don't ruin your image before the wedding."

The name froze my thoughts. I gasped in disbelief, staring at the man right in front of me.

"Mason? Mason Rhodes?"

He looked slightly confused, but that smug smirk never left his face.

"You know me? That's even better. I'm Mason Rhodes. Got a problem? Come throw it in my face."

I couldn't believe that I was confronting my soon-to-be husband who was labeling me as a prostitute.

That was it. I didn't think, I just acted. I grabbed a glass of whiskey from the bar and smashed it right into his face, not caring about the mess I'd just caused.

"I am your new wife, you lecherous asshole!"