

## The contract

Kali

I simply shiver, and he pulls away, shaking his head.

"Now that you have been snatched, it's high time we went through the contract I structured together and come to an agreement."

Down to business as if he didn't just... How to describe what he just did.

I shift my gaze away when I find myself doing something I shouldn't be doing, blushing. I breathe out to compose myself once more. I take the contract from his hand and read through it. My eyes sweep over the words on the contract, and I read as though it's written in a language I can't understand. Is this man being for real?!

"Why the hell would I check you out?!"

"It's something I find ladies do a lot, and I find it to be very irritating."

My mouth hangs open, and I slowly close it. No, he can't be serious. He is so high up on his horse that I wish he would fall and bump his head. Maybe that would knock down his big ego.

Is this because... oh, I did check him out that day.

"Fine, don't check me out too."

He snorts, "As if,"

I continue going through the contract.

Party A and Party B are not meant to share any s\*\*\*\*l relationship.

Party A and Party B can only act as a couple to the rest of the pack but never be a couple behind closed doors.

Party A and Party B's only reason for staying together is to find the missing pack members and prove to the council that the alpha is responsible.

Party A and Party B will protect each other at all costs.

Party A and Party B should not keep any secrets between each other.

This one makes me swallow. I am keeping the biggest secret from Beta, and when he finds out... I don't want to know how he will feel. He has to understand that in the future, I became desperate, and if I didn't hide the most important information from him, he wouldn't have snatched me away.

"So who is party A here?" I ask after a moment of being quiet and deep in thought.

He groans, irritation dripping from him.

"You are party A, if it's not so obvious,"

Party A should not interfere with Party B's personal matters or get into Party B's personal space.

"But why does this contract favor you the most?"

"Cause you are the one who desperately wanted to be snatched to save your own skin." He deadpans.

He does have a valid point, and I can't argue with that.

"Since you have added your things, let me add mine too."

He hands me a pen, prepared well for this.

I tap my chin with the end of the pen as I think about that to put carefully. My only hope is he doesn't reject what I want to add to this contract.

I jot down at the end of the paper.

"Party A and Party B should continue to work together until the members are found and the alpha is proven guilty, even if Party B finds his true mate. Or when Party A is lucky enough to find a second chance mate." I read it out loud to him, my breath is shaky, very shaky.

"That's also good. Do you believe in second chance mates?" He asks, tilting his head in a curious way, his piercing hazel eyes look at me. It's as if he is looking into my soul and can read through me. They make me scared like he knows I am holding information from him.

"No, second chances are the most rare, which is like a 0.00001 percent chance in the werewolf population. So nope, I don't think so. Besides, Alpha Asher wouldn't accept the rejection, and there is no chance I will get a second chance mate."

"Too bad," he comments before he moves on to the next thing. "Is this all, or would you like to add something?"

He gives me warning eyes that have me changing my mind entirely. It's not like I have anything to add anyway.

I simply shake my head. He instructs me to sign at the bottom of the page, and I do so. He also does the same.

We sign the two copies he made. One is his, and the other one is mine to keep.

"Now let me show you around," he states, standing up. He stretches a bit, and I too stand up. He leads the way, and we go up the stairs where he shows me my room. It's very simple, only having a bed, some empty drawers, and a joint bathroom.

Next, he stops at a door that I am guessing is his room.

"This is my room, and I will appreciate it if you never step foot inside," he sends a deadly smile, and I simply nod.

He wants his space and I am the one intruding after all. I can't expect anything more than what he has already done for me. I have to remind myself every minute that I am the desperate one, and I am hiding valuable information from him.

Shortly, his phone rings and he picks it up right in front of me.

"Understood."

The line goes quiet, and he growls a little.

"The council is requesting our presence in the afternoon," he says before he walks into his bedroom and closes the door.

I sigh and turn to the room he showed me. The inside is cozy and plain, just like the rest of the house. I guess he is a simple man.

I yawn a little, I can only guess the time is around four, and I can get some sleep from now until sunrise.

The moment my body hits the bed, I black out.

I wake up and sit up in bed. I yawn and stretch myself. For some reason, I had the most comfortable sleep, and it's all thanks to the beta. A sweet aroma hits my nose, and as if on cue, my stomach grumbles.

"I will give you food, my love," I rub it with a frown on my face.

I get up and stare at the clock, and my eyes almost bulge out. I slept through the morning, and now it's early afternoon.

I rush to the bathroom and freshen up. Feeling fresh, I am back in the room and I realize I don't have any clothes to change into. I let out a frustrated groan.

I search the drawers in the wardrobe, and I am lucky to find a simple dress. I don't know if he put it there for me to wear, but I have no choice.

I walk out of the room and find the beta eating in the kitchen. His eyes glance my way briefly before he resumes munching on the pancakes, I am assuming he made.

"Isn't this afternoon?" I ask as I pour myself some coffee into the cup he set up for me.

"So?" he shoots, his single eyebrow raised, challenging me.

I shrug, deciding I don't want to go down that route with him. After all, in the contract, he stated he didn't want me to trouble him in any way.

I grab some pancakes and fruit spread in front of him on the table. I pour some syrup on mine, and I proceed to have my brunch.

We sit quietly, each lost in their own thoughts. I have so much on my mind, but one thing plagues my mind the most - I am hiding the biggest information from the beta. If he finds out...

I breathe out a sigh, and he looks at me as if really seeing me. His eyes are solemnly focused on the dress I am wearing.

"Who told you to wear that dress?" he lashes out suddenly, startling me in my seat.

"I... I... Found it... in the drawer of the wardrobe," I am a stuttering mess.

His eyes darken, and for once, I am afraid he will react or say something bad. He simply breathes out, and when he sets the fork back on the plate, it's bent in a very odd way. He stands up and rinses off his plate.

"Hurry up, the council is waiting for us. We have a long day ahead of us. The faster we get done, the better."

"Won't they ask why you haven't marked me yet?"

He raises a single brow. "What? You want me to give you a mark?" He smirks, and damn, that smirk has my heart racing in a way I am not prepared for.