

Chapter 6

Emily

Chloe's shriek echoed through the restaurant.

"What? Is this some kind of joke?" she asked.

"What is there to joke about?" the Alpha said, one eyebrow raised. Everyone's eyes were glued on him.

He truly had a commanding presence worthy of any Alpha. I don't know why I never noticed.

"What's going on over here?" my father asked, my step-mother coming up right behind him. They both were worried, their precious daughter's screams alerting them.

"It seems there was a miscommunication somewhere. I'm not looking to marry Chloe," said the Alpha. His gaze lay firmly on me. I shivered a little.

"Emily? She's the one you want to marry?" said my father in disbelief.

"Emily is lovely in her own way, of course. It's just... her wolf is dormant. Perhaps you didn't know, but it may be permanent. Are you sure about this, Logan?"

Despite the act of false concern, she didn't bother masking her mocking tone. She was publicly declaring me to be damaged and thus a poor choice as a mate.

"And still, marrying Emily is a step up from marrying a cheater like Chloe," said the Alpha. There was an audible gasp from the rest of the room.



The entire restaurant had gone quiet. The staff catering the event seemed to disappear. The entire room had their focus on the Alpha and my family.

Both of my parents were shocked. Their eyes were wide as they looked at Chloe. She looked straight to her shoes, her face red with embarrassment. Shaking, she reached desperately for some clever retort but when she opened her mouth, only a choking gasp escaped.

Admittedly, it was satisfying to see Chloe so completely brought down but the situation itself was more important than our sisterly feud. I looked at Logan, taking my time to assess him.

I hardly claimed to know the man well, but I saw Logan wasn't happy about me being permanently wolfless. He didn't seem like he wanted this engagement, and yet here he was, forcing a smile my way in an attempt to fool the masses. But why?

The burden of his unspoken motivations pressed down on me. Somehow, I had become a pawn in a game I didn't understand.

I wanted to refuse outright.

"Actually, you haven't ask me..."

"Oh, right, the engagement ring. I have a few for you to pick from."

Before I could finish this sentence, Logan grabbed my arm and led me away, grip firm but not painful. His practiced smile never wavered as we exited the room amidst the throng of guests.

Logan didn't let go until we were in an empty study, door clicking shut behind us. The instant we were alone, his demeanor shifted. Finally, his expression was honest – cold and unyielding.

"Listen," he said, tone clipped, "I need us to be engaged. It will help me



clear up the article from a few days ago, and being married will help me seem more reliable until I inherit my father's position as Alpha."

"It has nothing to do with me. Let's go out there and tell everyone it's off before it gets any worse." I started to leave, but Logan grabbed my wrist.

"What about a contract?" He pulled me closer to him, and I felt the warmth of his body.

"A contract?"

"Yes, a contractual marriage. One that benefits the both of us."

This is absurd.

"Go find a bride who's actually interested." I shot back, trying to turn away.

Then, Logan offered me something unexpected.

"I know about your mother's inheritance," he said, voice softer.

"Once we fulfill the contract, you'll get it back. Even the land your mother merged with your father's pack – everything. We can divorce after that."

Any desire to walk out was erased. Regain my mother's inheritance? I slowed my thoughts to consider his offer.

All I ever wanted was to take back what was rightfully mine, and now here was my chance to do it.

The thought of being away from my father and step-mother, free from their control over my life, made me want to take this deal immediately. I



could even escape my engagement to that ancient pervert they set me up with!

"What about..." I asked, mind racing to choose the right word to replace sex. "Children?"

Logan's face remained impassive, but something flickered in his eyes. A ripple of hesitation in those cool grey pools. He seemed to weigh his next words carefully.

"The contract will state no children. We'll get married, but we won't have any heirs. Your dormant wolf could be hereditary, so it's... safer this way. "

I took a deep breath, trying to avoid the unexpected sting of these statements. After my breaths settled down, it didn't take long for me to accept that my life would never be what I had once imagined.

A large loving family of my very own was no longer in the cards.

Understandably, not many would want to risk passing down a dormant wolf. So, I shouldn't have been affected that Logan was against me producing his heirs. Again, what do I care?

"Good. Just a contract. I also have no intention of having children with you," I retorted.

So far, I hadn't come up with any realistic ideas for how to escape that fate... until Logan's proposal.

However, I'd never made such an important decision before. Could I trust him?

Suddenly, the door to the room was forced open. My father, stepmother,



and Chloe were crowding the entrance, faces disgustingly eager.

"We came to apologize," my step-mother said quickly, voice too sweet.

"Chloe's told us everything. To think Michael would use his Alpha aura to seduce such an innocent young woman! She deeply regrets her weakness and begs your forgiveness. Surely, it's something you can work through? Won't you take her back? She'll be the most devoted wife, I assure you."

Chloe hovered quietly beside them, head downcast in an act of contrition. But there was a smug glint in her eyes, like she was already convinced of victory.

"We've spoken with a few key people," my father added, voice pompously calm. "If you marry Chloe, we'll support you. We'll provide every resource at our disposal to help you take your place as Alpha heir."

Logan didn't look the least bit tempted by what my family probably thought was a strong bargaining chip. Likely, "every resource" included my inheritance. To my relief, he scoffed lightly in dismissal before locking his gaze on mine, eyebrow lifting expectantly.

Compelled by years of resentment and anger, I stood tall, my voice ringing out with determination.

Meeting my father's gaze I said, "I will be reclaiming my inheritance."

"Emily, you aren't thinking. It's already settled. You have to marry -," my step-mother started.

Cutting her off, I pulled Logan to my side and said, "No, I will marry Logan."