

## Chapter 8

"That is simply not possible," said Hannah. The old man clicked his tongue and shook his head.

"Perhaps we can come up with a different solution," said my father. Gregory looked between us all, and then his crinkled old settled on Chloe.

"I will take your other daughter for my bride then." Chloe immediately recoiled, her voice twisting in disgust.

"How ridiculous!" she said, turning her nose up.

A part of me wanted to laugh. She was thrilled I'd marry the old, retired Alpha, but he wasn't good enough for her.

"It's the perfect solution, isn't it? Blackwood gets to keep the money, and I get my beautiful bride," said Gregory.

"This is not the time or the place to be having this discussion," said Logan. Gregory nodded once, but his gaze went back to my family.

"Very well. I expect to hear more about this soon." The old man strode away, his cane thumping on the tile floor.

I breathed a sigh of relief. I had almost forgotten about my parents trying to sell me to that man. It was a relief to be engaged to Logan instead. At least he wasn't old enough to be my father. Or my grandfather, in Gregory Baron's case.

"Thank you, Logan," said Chloe. She attempted to reach out to Logan, but he stepped back.

"Let's not create any further scandal on what was supposed to be a happy



moment. If you will excuse us," he said. He gripped my hand tighter and went into a private room of the restaurant. Since the party was out front, I would have thought it would be empty.

Instead, I was greeted by a couple of Omega women and a mannequin in the room.

"What is this?" I asked. Logan pushed me further inside by the small of my back.

"I had a feeling your family would misunderstand who my bride-to-be was, so I had these prepared." Judging by his wry smile, he may have wanted them to think Chole was his bride.

He had intended to embarrass my family in front of all these people.

My heart swelled at the thought. I don't know how he knew about my family's relationships, but I was impressed.

"Hurry and get dressed. We have kept our audience waiting long enough," said Logan. He shut the door to the room, leaving me with the two maids.

They immediately got to work. They dressed me quickly and quietly. It was a little embarrassing. In the past, I had always dressed myself. To have these woman touching and tugging at me was a little strange.

It shouldn't be all that unusual though. A lot of women in the higher class were used to this kind of treatment.

That didn't mean I enjoyed it though.

When I looked in the mirror, I was shocked at what I saw.



The dress was beautiful. It was a light blue, almost close to white. It had a sweetheart neckline and the hem nearly touched the ground. It hugged the curves of my body perfectly. It wasn't too revealing, but was elegant and stylish.

The maids even added a small amount of makeup to my face to highlight my features. It wasn't too much, but had a natural look.

When I exited the room, Logan was waiting for me.

"How did you prepare this? How do you even know my size?" I asked him. He chuckled, his dark eyes scanning me from head to toe.

"My hands have touched you enough to know, don't you think?" he said. I blushed. Images of the night we spent together flashed through my head. I hadn't expected him to be so bold in a public place.

Still, the dress fit like a glove. That didn't stop me from glaring at him for being so daring. In public too!

He simply smiled and extended his hand to me.

"Let's go, my fiancé."



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