

Chapter 0002

Genevieve:

I wept for minutes as Alpha Ron got dressed and my father arrived with his seer Monique. They were briefed on what happened in the room, but unfortunately, Ron showed no remorse.

"I am giving my daughter's hand to you in marriage, and you chose to miss this opportunity?" My father growled, ~~his eyes~~ with anger.

"What's the point? I'm also surrendering my freedom by marrying her, and what do I get in return? You haven't even confirmed if I'll be crowned alpha king or not," Ron desperately expressed his concerns, avoiding my father's stern gaze and blurting out his innermost thoughts.

All along, I believed he accepted me out of love, but it was merely a transaction.

"You desire the title of alpha king? The title remains with me even after you wed her. I thought you were marrying her out of love," my father whispered in disbelief.

"I'm risking my life by marrying her. It's a full-time commitment to be by her side and ensure her safety. Look at what happened to you—she consumed your entire life. No one else would tolerate someone like her. I'm being generous—," Ron grumbled, casting a disdainful glance at me for wasting his time.

It dawned on me like a sharp blade that all he coveted was my father's throne. Ever since I was a child, Monique had spoken about a prophecy.

She informed my father that my life was in danger until I turned 23. Evil forces were after me, so they needed someone to protect me. My father had taken on that responsibility, but now that I was 18, he wanted to pass that duty to someone else.

If I were to die, my father would lose his alpha king title to a younger successor unless he had another child. But if I died before that, he would lose his status.

"Since you couldn't even wait until after the wedding, I have come to the realization that you cannot be a good enough mate for her anyway," Dad maintained his posture straight, raised an eyebrow, and kept his hands tied behind his back.

None of them offered a comforting hug to me. I could see judgment in their eyes. They must have felt I was responsible for my current situation.

"There will be no wedding today then," as soon as my dad announced that, I noticed Ron glance over at me and then shake his head in disappointment.

"Fine by me, but I would love to see who steps forward to accept her and then become her protector. No one will take that responsibility, mark my words," he scoffed, expressing disbelief at the idea of taking care of me and ensuring my safety for the rest of his life. But was he wrong? If he didn't love me, marrying me would only mean he was taking the burden of my safety.

"Oh, I will show you. There will be men lining up at my command to shield my daughter," it seemed like my father's ego was more bruised than the hurt he felt from Ron's betrayal on our mating day. I felt small, almost invisible in that moment.

None of their arguments were about me. They had their own agendas, and I didn't into any of them.

"Huh! I'd love to see your dreams crumble. That's never gonna happen. No one in their right mind would take her in without a big catch, or else they'd be wasting their life shielding someone who's not worth it," Ron's words etched into my memory.

I'd stopped crying by now. There was no way I'd shed another tear for this man. Ron had stirred up my father to the point where he'd even left him speechless.

He sauntered out carelessly while my father inwardly groaned and began pacing around the room.

"I'm so disappointed in you. You're really good for nothing. You couldn't even land yourself a mate," he avoided eye contact while reminding me of something I'd grown up hearing.

I took a deep breath but remained silent. My father stormed out of the room in anger, and Monique trailed after him to check on him.

I stood there, hands clenched together, my eyes now dry. The packhouse had been a cage to me. But nobody was aware of it except for the elites.

The pack members were under the assumption that my father doted on me. And for a wolf-less girl to be loved like that had turned them against me.

I wiped the streaks of tears from my cheeks before leaving the room and heading to the room where I knew Kit was with her mother.

She was being looked after and fed fruits as if she'd been through something traumatic.

As soon as Mrs. Browning left for the kitchen, I confronted Kit in the living room. She held a bowl of freshly cut fruits, munching on them after she'd ruined my wedding.

"I don't even know how to ask you why!" My arrival made her raise her head and then roll her eyes at me.

"You were my friend—" I muttered, feeling betrayed as I faced her and she didn't immediately start apologizing.

"I have nothing to say to you. It was in the heat of the moment, and you should be thanking me that I unknowingly freed you from a marriage that would have been nothing but Alpha Ron's way of gaining the Alpha King status. He never wanted you or anything," she shrugged.

"Oh, trust me, I'm thankful to you for showing me who I've been surrounding myself with. If he's a cheater, you're a disgusting and a vile friend as well. You don't deserve to be called my family," I muttered those words to her, and she began to gasp.

"Hey you!" However, her mother briskly stepped between us, holding a fresh glass of orange juice for her daughter.

"My daughter lost her virginity today, and she's feeling very weak. I won't let some worthless she-wolf come and attack her when she's down," she almost spat in my face while rushing over her words.

Just because I didn't have a mother to protect or shield me like Kit was being shielded by her mother, I was taken for granted. Anyone would start yelling at me without considering my feelings.

"And what your daughter did was right?" I was breaking down again because of how aggressive my aunt had been acting toward me.

"My daughter did nothing. She was given a chance, and she took it. My poor little daughter was shamed because you couldn't stop making noise and attracting people to the room. You made her feel so unwell that she couldn't even ~~injure~~ ~~injure~~ her. You have always been and will be a burden, just casting a dark shadow on everyone's happiness," she snapped at me, even pushing me so that her daughter could be free from my harsh gaze.

At this point, all I could do was stare at them and try to understand why her mother was so proud of her daughter losing her virginity to someone who wasn't even her mate. Was the title of alpha enough for Kit and her mother to be happy?

"Everyone!" We were abruptly awakened by the commanding voice of my father as he strode into the living room with Monique by his side.

"Monique just had a dream. She saw the future of my daughter and she's delighted to share it with you all," my father spoke so respectfully of Monique, and she would usually blush when he praised her.

I would give anything for my father to praise me someday, to say that he's proud of his daughter.

Monique approached me and gently ran her hand through my hair, meeting my eyes. "I was taking a nap when The Moon Goddess came to me in my dreams to tell me that Genevieve should marry four mates."

My heart skipped a beat while my father, already aware of the dream, smiled widely at the direct solution from the Moon Goddess.

"She couldn't keep one mate loyal, let alone four," Mrs. Browning covered her mouth to stifle a laugh, followed by Kit's little snicker.

"I don't think—" I wasn't ready for it. After being abandoned on my own wedding day, the idea of facing four other husbands just didn't sit well with me.

But when had they ever listened to me? I couldn't even make decisions about my own life.

"Genevieve! Don't you know Monique's dreams are always true? You're lucky she frequents dreams about you," my father warned me through gritted teeth, eyeing me to deter any objection.

After this, I had a feeling that if I objected, I would face it later in the week. I wasn't up for it. I was tired of everyone breaking me, so I lowered my head and let my father decide my fate as always.

"But how will you find someone who will be ready to spend his life taking care of—" Mrs. Browning commented, her nose upturned before she looked away from me and nished, "her!"

"From tomorrow onwards until the end of this week, I'll host a competition, and whoever beats the deadly monsters gets to be chosen as my daughter's mates," my father announced his plans, causing Kit to close her eyes and cover her mouth to stifle a laugh.

It wasn't her fault though. Even I was thinking the same thing. Why would anyone deadly monsters for me?

"Monique! Prepare her for the day. They will sign the wedding papers as soon as I the four mates for her. The wedding papers will be signed separately, and there will be no need to host a big party," my father ~~made a~~ ~~decision~~ before walking away.

"Hmm! Uncle really's ways to embarrass her," Kit commented, continuing to munch on her fruits.

Why would anyone want to marry me, accept me knowing I don't come with a wolf? My dad didn't seem to pass on the title of the Alpha King to my mate either. So I don't see why anyone would choose me.