

Chapter 0006

Genevieve:

The softness of his lips and the manly grasp of his hands around my neck and back stunned me into standing still. He let his lips mischievously suck mine and : danger my composed posture. I felt myself melting in his arms when he tilted his head and rubbed his juicy lips all over mine.

I didn't know his grasp would be so hard, yet so comforting.

He suddenly pulled back but didn't free my neck. "You didn't know?"

I shook my head and blinked my eyes rapidly to comprehend what his comment meant when he added, "Nope! Inexperienced and very stale."

I was abbergasted.

Once I pulled away from him, I glared into his eyes and muttered, "Give me my damn phone back!" Without any warning, I lunged at him and snatched my phone out of his hand. In the process, I accidentally scratched his cheek, expecting him to put up a fight, but he let go without any protest. Nevertheless, I realized my approach had been a bit rough.

He glared at me with anger as his cheek healed before my eyes, revealing his true strength and power.

"Now, listen to me, Mr. Alpha," I closed my eyes and clenched my jaw. "I'm the alpha king's daughter here, and you were brought in to take care of me. You are in no way allowed to belittle me. In case you got the wrong idea from this marriage, let me make something clear: I would never mate with someone as lowly as you, who steals my phone and tries to embarrass me. Now go back to your fucking room. My father will take care of you."

I felt a surge of anger inside me, which made me lose control. I didn't want to come across as a brat, but he left me with no other choice.

As I stared into his eyes and made a threat, challenging him, I expected him to apologize. However, I had unwittingly stepped onto his Alpha ego.

"You shouldn't have said all that," he said, clicking his tongue, shaking his head at me.

"It will be your last night here now. Go!" I yelled, watching him with a deadly look in his eyes. The anger came from the insult. I was mad and angry at myself for letting him kiss me just to pass a nasty comment afterward. I stood before Caspian, my heart pounding like a drum, my palms sweaty, and my body shaking with apprehension. His piercing glare was a clear indication of his anger, and I knew I had messed up big time. But despite the fear gnawing at my gut, I stood my ground, straightening my posture and holding his gaze with unflinching confidence.

He shouldn't have tried to know me beyond what I was showing. And he shouldn't have gone through my cellphone.

After what felt like an eternity, he turned and walked away, leaving me with a brief moment of relief. As I fumbled for my phone, trying to distract myself from the adrenaline coursing through my veins, I came across a series of text messages from Monique that had already been read by Caspian.

Monique: I am sorry for this message, but we will be unable to respond for a few weeks. I hope you get to live well with your mates. If there are any complaints, just try to avoid them and still accept them.

Monique: Just know this. There is no option to reject them.

As I watched the damning evidence unfold before my eyes, I couldn't help but gasp in horror. Caspian must have heard me, for he stopped in his tracks and turned to face me, a smug grin on his face. "I forgot to tell you," he said in a confident tone. "You cannot reject any of us. I guess it won't be my last night in your life after all."

I was stunned, my mind reeling with shock and disbelief. The range of emotions I experienced in that moment was overwhelming, and I struggled to keep my balance as I collapsed onto the couch. "Couldn't I keep my mouth shut for some time?" I cursed myself, running my hands through my hair as I tried to process what had just happened.

These mates of mine didn't exactly look ideal now that I was looking way past their physical appearance. Did nobody do a background check on them before I got involved? I couldn't help but mutter to myself, feeling overwhelmed and vulnerable.

As I sat on the couch, going through all the damage that this situation could do to me, I eventually drifted off to sleep, exhausted by the emotional turmoil.

Suddenly, a loud noise jolted me awake, and my heart began to race. I could hear my mates yelling at each other outside, and as I peered through the window, I could see Caspian and Bellamy grappling with each other. Bellamy was screaming at Caspian to stay away from his business, while Caspian appeared lost in thought, staring down at his hands. They woke up early in the morning and chose violence.

Before I could react, Caspian lunged forward and punched Bellamy in the jaw. The two men turned aggressive, and I could feel my heart pounding in my chest.

"Stop!" I yelled, running out like a crazy lady, but it was too late as Bellamy's hand landed hard on Caspian's face, and I recoiled in horror.

I didn't dare get close to them after that. Instead, I turned to the only person present there. Wolvin was leaning his back against the tree, watching the two men. His hair was all let loose on his shoulders, and his muscles were more prominent and defined than I had ever seen before. I couldn't help but stare at him in awe, taking in his rugged, chiselled features and powerful physique.

"Don't just stand there and do nothing!" I yelled, briskly approaching him. The more I stepped closer, the more I realized how fucking godly this man was. I could feel my heart pounding in my chest as I gazed into his piercing blue eyes, transfixed by his raw masculinity.

Me, being only 5 feet 7, looked like an ant in front of him. He broke his stare from the two wolves and looked my way, his piercing blue eyes meeting mine with a sharp intensity.

"Wolvin! Stop them," I whispered urgently, unable to raise my voice as his imposing presence made me feel even smaller.

"Please!" I added, trying to sound sweet despite my growing anxiety.

For a few tense seconds, Wolvin stood silent and motionless, as if contemplating his next move. Then, with a sudden burst of energy, he pushed his body straight and strode purposefully towards the two wolves. The wind seemed to break and make noise as he walked, his broad shoulders and muscular physique commanding attention.

I followed closely behind him, watching the scene unfolding before me. As Wolvin adjusted himself between the two wolves and placed his hand on each of their chests, I couldn't help but feel a surge of admiration for the way he handled himself. He was like a brick wall, strong and unyielding, standing between the two handsome men and diffusing their aggression.

"She is saying something," Wolvin whispered in his deep, commanding voice, pointing at me. His eyes never left the two wolves, and his attention was fully focused on the task at hand.

I took a deep breath and straightened my posture, determined to make my presence known. "What is going on here?" I asked, my voice assertive.

As the two wolves turned to face me, I felt a rush of adrenaline coursing through my veins. Despite my fear, I knew that I had to remain calm and in control if I wanted to diffuse the situation.

Bellamy yelled at the top of his lungs, "He used my phone to text someone some nonsense!"

I glared at Caspian, frustration written all over my face. Why did he feel the need to pry into everyone's phones?

"Why not just tell her exactly who I texted?" Caspian responded with a forced smirk, raising his voice when questioned. As Bellamy warned him, Caspian did what he always did when challenged—he exposed Bellamy.

"I messaged his girlfriend, telling her he's already married to Princess Genevieve," Caspian announced, shattering my illusion that Bellamy wanted to be my mate to save the damsel in distress. Little did I know, he had a whole girlfriend behind my back.