

Chapter 2 Grip Like Steel

Amanda's POV:

"Hillbilly, stop acting like you've never seen nice things before!"

I kept on playing the innocent act, looking harmless at the four of them. I just wanted this whole thing to end fast. Sure enough, they told the servants to hurry up and take me to my room.

The moment the door opened and I saw the room stacked with fancy stuff, I leaned right into my "country Omega" role. "Wow! This room is bigger than our pigsty back home! And these clothes ... they're all mine?"

Just like that, the four of them gave up pretending. They all rolled their eyes at the same time and walked straight downstairs.

Leaning by the door, I listened as their voices floated up.

"She's not really into me, right? I'm not marrying her!"

"An Omega that ugly and tacky? Whoever gets her is cursed."

"Grandpa said marrying her would help our wolf spirit—yeah, right, what a joke."

I laughed to myself, cold and sharp. These clowns actually thought I'd choose one of them? They weren't even good enough to be proper heirs.



They were so full of themselves that it was disgusting.

Forget it. These idiots weren't worth my time. I unpacked my things, and soon it was dinner, so I went downstairs.

Before coming here, I'd already looked into the Eclipse Pack. Their current Alpha and Luna were almost never home, always busy. The old Alpha liked to travel around.

The five heirs usually lived apart, so the castle was empty most of the time. Seeing these four sitting at the table, sulking, was proof that their grandpa had dragged them back just for me.

I guess I stared too long, because the one in the crisp white shirt finally spoke, slow and lazy. "Ms. Lamb, there are clothes upstairs. Maybe change into something else?"

That was ~~the~~  trick, the third son—he was a famous designer and was extremely  icky about fashion.

I looked down at my red dress and pretended to pout. "But my grandma stitched this by hand ... "

"Country bumpkin!" Josh slammed his fork down with a loud crack. His voice was sharp and loud. "None of us is marrying you! And Samson definitely won't! He's already in love with someone else!"

I played along, biting my lip and forcing a couple of fake tears. "But how am I supposed to explain to Grandpa ... "

Even I knew I looked ridiculous doing that.

And sure enough, the second they saw me make that face, all four of them looked like they were going to puke. They dropped their silverware and rushed out like I was a ghost.

I sat down at the table, pleased with myself.

The food was barely touched, which was perfect. Those four idiots weren't worthy of eating with me anyway. I'd rather enjoy it alone.

Halfway through dinner, my phone buzzed. A text from one of my men. "Ms. Lamb, did you make it to Eclipse Pack? They didn't cause trouble, right?"

I smirked and typed back, "Those Eclipse Pack clowns think they can mess with me?"

A reply came quickly. "You're a beast! But really, be careful. They're not easy to handle—especially Samson."

Samson? I raised an eyebrow.

He was just another Alpha heir. What was there to be afraid of?

The kind of man who could scare me hadn't even been born yet.

After a long day of travel, I was exhausted. I shut off my phone and went straight to bed.

In the middle of the night, I woke up thirsty. Since nobody would be around at that hour, I didn't bother with the ugly makeup. I slipped downstairs, grabbed some water, and stumbled back half-asleep.

I did not realize anything was off until I dropped onto the bed. The mattress felt much softer than before.

Before I could figure it out, the door banged open, and someone yanked the covers off me!

My years of training kicked in. My elbow shot straight for the intruder's chest.

But he was faster. He caught my arm with one quick move, his grip like steel. Then a low, cold voice cut through the dark. "Who are you?"