

PROLOUGE - Alphas Betted Bride

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~Unknown POV~

My mother had just told me the news. I was standing in the dining room, and my father was sitting on a chair with his elbow leaning on the table. My mother had her hand on his shoulder and both of them were giving me nothing short of an ultimatum.

"Sweetheart, the title is yours, you will lead your pack but first you must take a wife," My mother said and I saw the pleading in her eyes. She tilted her head down slightly and looked up at me with a certain mix of sadness and guilt. But none of that would change her mind.

"Gabiella is from a good family, her father spoke well of her and they do have a certain respect from other packs around the country." My father said. That was all this was, a good business deal on their end.

"So do we, we have more respect and more alias than any other pack. I will not be taking a wife," I seethed.

"It's not a discussion, son. The deal has been made, she will arrive in two days and the wedding will take place right away."

"She's a spoiled bitch who can't get by without Daddy's money!"

"Language!" My mom scolded and stepped forward. My dad stood up and heaved a sigh.

"This will be good, for all of us. They need this to keep their pack strong and you will become Alpha. It's a done deal,"

I was in the den, playing pool and thinking about driving the cue tip through my chest. With enough strength, it should be possible.

I placed the cue in its position and narrowed my eyes on the ball. The rage that had built in me was surging out of my arms, down into my fingertips, and out into the cue tip.

The tip hit the ball and it flew up, over the table, and nearly hit Cole in his face.

"Whoa!" He said and grabbed the ball an inch in front of his face. Too bad, I could've used the laugh.

"I'm guessing the meeting wasn't to talk about the food arrangements for when you take over the pack?" He asked and placed the ball down on the table.

"No. It was to talk about the arrangements for my marriage." His eyes widened a fraction and then the laugh came.

"I'll shoot the ball again and this time you won't be able to grab it." I said and tossed the cue down on the table. It bounced and the balls rolled away.

"I'm sorry but what the hell do you mean with '*marriage*'?" He asked.

"They've arranged for me to marry Gabriella Santos from the Trimoon pack," Cole didn't even attempt to hide his laughter and I hoped he'd choke on it.

"Dude, that spoiled bratty princess?"

"Uhu,"

"Well damn, I hear she's hot though,"

"Do you think I care? She will do nothing but cause problems and in case you've forgotten, I already have a girlfriend." I said and leaned my palms down against the table.

Cole winced, and for good reason, when Samantha found out about this arrangement, all hell would break loose and I would be the one in the center of the flame. Not just me, but Gabriella as well, probably more so.

"So what, when have you ever backed down from a challenge?"

"How is tying my life to another in marriage, a challenge?"

"We have all heard the stories. The spoiled princess who is her daddy's pride and joy, always gets what she wants and never takes a no for an answer. The challenge is to grab her feet and pull them back down on the ground. Break her, clip her wings so she doesn't soar in the clouds, you will be her Alpha, make her submit to you." I tilted my head back, rolled back my shoulders, and listened to what he said. The light from the lamp was flickering, it annoyed the shit out of me and I grabbed the cue and lifted it.

"We'll make it more interesting-" he said and grinned.

"- I bet you won't be able to get it done before the end of the year,"

"I'll have her submitting to me by the end of the month," I said and tightened my grip on the pool cue.

"No no, not just submit. You have to have her wrapped around your finger, hopelessly and utterly in love with you by the end of the year," I clenched my jaw and Cole stared at me, he leaned forward, the dude was an asshole by a long shot but he was challenging me.

”How much?”

”Ten grand to whoever wins,”

”I get her to fall for me, you give me ten grand?” I said and raised a brow.

”Or you fail, which you will, and you owe me the ten grand.” I leaned forward, he reached out his hand and I grabbed it, squeezing a little harder than necessary and grinning as he groaned from his bones crushing under my grip. It’s important for people to know their place, especially when their ego is as inflated as he was.

The lamp continued to flicker and as I leaned back, I raised the cue and smashed the lightbulb. The glass shards fell down on the table and Cole and I grinned as we both thought about our new game, and the game was arriving in two days.