

A Deal

Aphrodite;

The man leaned back in his chair, a smug smile playing on his lips as he watched our reactions. "As I was saying," he continued, his tone smooth as silk.

"I have a brother who's been rejected fifteen times."

"FIFTEEN TIMES?" Lara exclaimed, her eyes wide with shock.

Fifteen times?

Wow, does his brother not look like him at all? Even a goblin can't be rejected that many times.

I felt a pang of sympathy for his brother. This was the first time I had heard of someone being rejected so many times, but I couldn't help but wonder what this had to do with us.

"That's terrible!" I muttered, and the man nodded, his expression serious.

"Yes, it is," he said. "And that's why I'm here. I need your help."

"And what do you want from us?" I asked, my voice cautious. The man shrugged before pinching the bridge of his nose and relaxing in his chair.

"My brother needs a mate urgently," the man continued, his tone earnest. "And I think you two can help him and one."

I exchanged a puzzled glance with Lara, unsure of what to make of this sudden change in direction.

Help him and one? After being rejected fifteen times, there's no way we can help him except by increasing his rejection rate to twenty times. There must be a reason why this woman keeps rejecting him. If he wasn't ugly, then he might have a bad attitude. Must be the latter.

I felt curious at his words and wondered what he wanted in return if we helped him miraculously and a woman.

"What do we get in return after helping your brother?"

"I'll help you fight this lawsuit," he replied.

A glimmer of hope lled my heart at his offer, but I was still angry because he was the one who sent us the message about the lawsuit in the first place.

"Why would you do that? Why help us go against the werewolf council?" Lara asked, her voice skeptical. The man's smirk returned, but this time it seemed more genuine, less mocking.

"Because I believe in what you're doing," he said, his tone sincere. "And because I owe you a debt of gratitude."

A debt of gratitude? Did we help him before or something?

I exchanged a surprised glance with Lara, unsure of what to say, and she had the same look of confusion in her eyes as I did.

"But what about your brother?" I asked, my voice hesitant. "What if we can't find him a mate?"

The man's smile faded, and for a moment, he looked genuinely worried. Does he really care about his brother that much?

"You go to court, and your lives get ruined in the process as your app gets destroyed," he said, his tone serious. "But I have faith that you two can help him. You're the best in the business, after all."

Although he had indirectly threatened us, I felt a surge of pride in his words. However, a part of me had the feeling that there was more to this than he was letting on.

"Fine," I said, my voice firm.

"We'll help your brother and a mate. But you have to promise to help us fight this lawsuit." The man nodded, his expression grateful.

"You have my word," he said, his tone sincere and a small smile playing on his lips. "And I always keep my promises. I will come pick you up tomorrow, as you have to meet him yourself. He is a busy man and can't come here." As he spoke, I felt like we were making a deal with the devil, but if it meant helping someone and love, maybe it was a deal worth making.

He stood up, ready to leave, but my curiosity surged. We needed more information about his brother if we were going to help him.

"Wait," I said, my voice stopping him in his tracks. "Who is your brother?"

He turned back to me, a knowing smile on his lips. "My name is Noah, the brother of the Alpha King." He said it simply, as if it were the most obvious thing in the world. Lara and I exchanged shocked glances, unable to believe what we were hearing.

"The Alpha King?" Lara exclaimed, her eyes wide with disbelief.

Were we supposed to help the Alpha King himself and love? But he could have any woman he desired. This was all too much to take in at once.

I didn't know much about the Alpha King, nor had I ever seen him, but I had heard he was a scary man. It made sense why he was rejected fifteen times. No woman would want to live with a beast, I guess.

"But why would he need our help?" The man shrugged, his expression unreadable.

"Even kings need help sometimes," he said cryptically. "But don't worry, he's a good guy. You'll see."

And with that, he turned and left the room, leaving Lara and me alone with our thoughts.

I sat there, trying to process everything that had just happened, feeling a wave of disbelief wash over me.

"The Alpha King needs our help?" I muttered to myself, almost in disbelief.

"It seems too good to be true," Lara agreed, her eyes reacting the same disbelief I felt. But then the re sparked in her eyes. "But if there's even a chance we could help him, we should try. For the sake of fighting the lawsuit."

She was right; if there was even a chance that we could help the Alpha King and love, then maybe it was a chance worth taking.

We have a big day ahead of us tomorrow," I said firmly. "We'd better get some rest." Lara nodded in agreement, gathering her pad with information on potential candidates.

"Agreed," she said. "But I have a feeling things are about to get a whole lot more complicated. I'll find more information about this man and let you know if we should really do this or not."

I bit my lip, wondering what the future held in store for us. But one thing was for certain: it was going to be one heck of a ride.

"Let's go home. We're done for the day," I said, ready to leave the office behind.

As soon as we stepped through the front door, I headed to my room to unwind. After a few minutes of pacing around, I decided to take a quick shower to clear my head.

When I stepped out, I was still consumed by thoughts of the Alpha King. Without even taking the time to dry off, Lara burst through the door, catching me off guard.

"Apparently, the women who have met him in person left some comments," Lara said breathlessly, her eyes wide as she scrolled through her phone. I looked at her, and my curiosity piqued.

"What did they say?" I asked, and Lara hesitated for a moment before speaking.

"They said he's... ugly," she said, her voice lowering as if she were afraid someone might hear her.

"And that he looks like a devil. They said there wouldn't be any beauty in their lives if he were their mate."

I felt a pang of sympathy for the Alpha King, knowing that no one deserved to be judged solely on their appearance. But at the same time, I couldn't help but wonder if there was some truth to what the women were saying.

"Is it true?" I asked, my voice barely above a whisper.

"Is he really that... unattractive?" Lara shrugged, her expression troubled.

"I don't know, Aphrodite," she said. "But if he's as heartless as they say, does it really matter what he looks like?"

I knew Lara was right, but I couldn't shake the feeling of unease that settled in the pit of my stomach. What if the Alpha King was as ugly on the inside as he was on the outside? And if he was, what did that mean for me?

"There's no way I'm matching him with just any woman for the sake of winning this lawsuit," I said firmly. "I'll go tomorrow and find out what kind of man he truly is."

With that, I ushered Lara out of the room, needing some time alone to gather my thoughts. As I climbed into bed, I tried to push aside the doubts and fears that plagued me, knowing that tomorrow would bring with it answers to questions I wasn't sure I wanted to ask.

Closing my eyes, I tried to clear my mind, hoping that sleep would bring me the energy and clarity I needed to face, but as I drifted off, the image of the Alpha King, both mysterious and foreboding, lingered in my mind, casting a shadow over my dreams.