

# Dump One Loser, Gain Six Husbands.

## Chapter 2

A new light bloomed in the room, soft and golden. It wasn't sunlight.

Anja turned her head. A holographic panel, the color of warm honey, floated in the air where the blue contract had been. It bore the official crest of The Commonwealth Eugenics & Pairing Directorate.

A gentle, synthesized female voice, far more sophisticated than Unit 01's, filled the room.

"Congratulations, Citizen Anja Compton," it purred. "Our records indicate you have successfully terminated your betrothal contract. Your status has been updated to 'Unbonded.' Welcome to a new chapter of your life."

The panel shimmered, and text began to scroll, listing the benefits that were now active for her.

Federal Income Tax: Exempt.

Property Tax, Core Worlds Sector: Exempt.

Priority Purchase Rights, All A-Class Residential Zones: Activated.

Tier-One Medical and Nutritional Subsidies: Activated.

Personal Security Detail Allotment: Pending Review.

Anja felt a breath catch in her throat. This wasn't just a breakup; it was like winning the lottery. She had been vaguely aware of the laws from the memories she'd inherited, but seeing them laid out like this was staggering.

"Unit 01," she said, her voice a little hoarse. "Pull up the Commonwealth's legal statutes on marriage and asset sharing."

"Of course, Mistress," the house AI replied.

The golden panel was replaced by a dense wall of legal text.

"Summarize," Anja commanded, not in the mood to read hundreds of pages of legalese.

Unit 01's voice began a concise audio summary. It explained that due to the scarcity of females, the law was designed for their absolute protection and prosperity. A bonded male's assets, income, and even inheritances were automatically and irrevocably linked to his Matron's primary account. He was, in financial terms, an extension of her.

And then came the part that made Anja's jaw drop.

"There is no legal upper limit to the number of Consorts a female may bondwith," Unit 01 stated calmly. "The formation of a Consortium is considered a private matter, encouraged by the Directorate as a means of ensuring genetic diversity and providing comprehensive support for the Matron."

No limit.

Polygamy. No, polyandry. And it was legal. Encouraged, even.

Anja thought back to Earth. The endless, bitter divorces. The fights over money. The prenuptial agreements that were more like business contracts than declarations of love. Here, the system was brutally simple: everything belonged to the woman.

A laugh escaped her lips. It started as a small chuckle, then grew into a full-throated, joyous peel of laughter that echoed in the luxurious bedroom. This wasn't a dystopia. It was a custom-built paradise.

The system seemed to anticipate her thoughts. A new, shimmering button appeared on the golden panel: Initiate New Matching Cycle?

Her laughter subsided into a wide, mischievous grin. She was tired of being sad and pathetic for a man like Kenny. It was time to see what this new world really had to offer.

She tapped the button.

The panel transformed into something that looked like a high-end, exclusive dating app. Profiles began to slide across the screen, each one featuring a stunningly handsome man. There were soldiers with chiseled jaws and intense eyes, businessmen in sharp suits with predatory smiles, artists with soulful gazes and long, clever fingers. Their stats were listed beside their photos: psionic grade, genetic lineage, net worth, military honors. It was a catalog of the most elite men in the Commonwealth.

Anja scrolled, her interest piqued. She noticed a small tag on some of the profiles: Latent Bestial Morphology.

Curious, she tapped on one. The profile expanded. In addition to the man's primary photo, there were smaller, secondary images showing him with a pair of sharp, tufted wolf ears and a thick, bushy tail. The description noted these features were highly sensitive and could manifest during moments of heightened emotion.

Fluffy ears. A tail.

Anja felt an unexpected jolt of interest, a deep, primal pull that the perfectly polished men didn't elicit. The idea was ridiculously, wonderfully appealing.

She quickly filled out the matching preference form that appeared at the bottom of the screen. Age range, psionic compatibility, asset level... and under 'Physical Preferences,' she decisively checked the box for Bestial Traits.

Her finger hovered over the 'Submit' button. For a fleeting second, a flicker of the old Anja's insecurity surfaced. The girl who thought she wasn't good enough, the girl who had been convinced by Kenny that she was plain and worthless.

Then the image of Kenny's arrogant, sneering face flashed in her mind.

She pressed the button. Hard.

A confirmation message appeared: Application successfully uploaded to the Federal Central Database. Deep-level compatibility analysis is now underway.

"Mistress," Unit 01's voice cut in, its tone impeccably polite, "Since you are celebrating your newfound freedom, shall I prepare a celebratory breakfast?"

"Yes, absolutely," Anja said, feeling lighter than she had in years. "Eggs Benedict. And real coffee. Black."

"An excellent choice."

She threw back the silk covers and stepped out of bed. Her bare feet sank into a thick wool carpet that was warm to the touch. The room was vast, with a walk-in closet the size of her old apartment and an adjoining bathroom that looked like a marble sanctuary.

She walked to the massive floor-to-ceiling window that made up one entire wall of the room. It overlooked a sprawling garden, with manicured lawns, a sparkling blue pool, and a forest of strange, beautiful alien trees in the distance.

This was her life now. Safety. Luxury. Control.

A soft, insistent chime broke her reverie. She turned back to the golden panel still hovering by her bed. A red warning icon was flashing.

CRITICAL DATA MISSING. PSIONIC POTENTIAL ASSESSMENT: PENDING.

The system's gentle voice returned, now with a note of official firmness. "Citizen Compton, our records indicate you have not completed the mandatory Psionic Potential Assessment. This is a prerequisite for matching with Alpha-Plus class Consorts. Your matching cycle has been temporarily suspended."

Before she could even process that, the panel changed again, displaying a new document. It was an official, non-negotiable appointment.

EMERGENCY APPOINTMENT: PSIONIC POTENTIAL TESTING CENTER. CAPITAL PRIME. TODAY.

Anja stared at the screen. The original Anja had never gone. Kenny had told her it was a waste of time, that she was probably a worthless F-grade, and the embarrassment wouldn't be worth it. He had systematically chipped away at her confidence until she believed him.

Now, that little omission was standing between her and a lineup of handsome men with fluffy tails.

Well, she thought with a grim smile. They were about to find out just how worthless she was.

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