

Dump One Loser, Gain Six Husbands. Chapter 5

Chief Researcher Vance swallowed hard, the sound loud in the silent room. He fumbled with the console for a moment, his hands trembling so badly he could barely operate the controls. He finally managed to project the summary of the test results onto a transparent data slate.

He walked towards her, holding the slate out with both hands as if it were a holy relic.

"Mistress Compton," he began, his voice cracking with emotion. "Nothing... nothing went wrong."

Anja took the slate and looked down.

The screen was dominated by a single, massive character, glowing with the brilliance of a small sun.

A golden 'S'.

"You are an S-Class," Vance whispered, his voice choked with awe. "The third active S-Class female in the known Commonwealth."

Anja's brain went completely blank. S-Class. The memories she had inherited told her what that meant. It wasn't just a high score. It was a statistical impossibility. A legend. A force of nature that could single-handedly alter the balance of power in the galaxy.

Suddenly, the gentle spa music in the room was cut off. It was replaced by a triumphant, orchestral fanfare that blared from the facility's central announcement system. It was the highest-level anthem, reserved for events of supreme national importance.

In the center of the room, the air shimmered and coalesced. A life-sized, full-color hologram of a stern, regal woman in the dark robes of a high official appeared. Anja recognized her instantly: Directorate High Chancellor Valerius. The most powerful woman in the Commonwealth, second only to the Empress herself.

The hologram turned to Anja and inclined her head in a gesture of profound respect. "Anja Compton. On behalf of the entire Commonwealth, I extend our deepest gratitude and congratulations. You are now officially designated a Strategic Asset of the highest order. A national treasure."

Anja, still reeling, managed a weak smile and a nod. Inside her head, she was screaming. Are you for real?

"Your safety and genetic stability are now our paramount concern," the Chancellor continued, her voice calm but carrying an undeniable weight of authority. "Standard protocols for a newly identified S-Class female must be enacted immediately. To that end, a preliminary High-Tier Consort bond must be established without delay."

As she spoke, the data slate in Anja's hand changed. Five new files appeared, each one bearing the portrait of a man who was almost illegally handsome. They were the cream of the crop, the most powerful, influential, and genetically superior Alpha-Plus males in the Commonwealth.

A chiseled soldier with eyes like chips of ice. A smirking corporate raider with a dangerous glint in his gaze. A brooding aristocrat with midnight-dark hair. Two others, equally impressive. Their compatibility scores with her were all above 95%.

"These five candidates have been pre-vetted and are deemed suitable for initial bonding," Chancellor Valerius stated. It was a recommendation phrased as an order. "The Directorate strongly advises you accept all five to form a foundational Consortium. They will serve as your primary guard and support system."

Anja looked at the five faces on the screen. Five of them. All hers. She thought of the boring, monogamous relationships on Earth, the compromises, the settling. Then she looked at the god-like men being offered to her on a silver platter.

The choice wasn't hard.

She looked up at the hologram of the Chancellor and gave a slow, deliberate nod. "I authorize the matching contracts."

The moment the words left her mouth, the data slate flared with a brilliant blue light. Her biometric signature was captured and instantly replicated, searing itself onto the five digital contracts. In the vast, unseen network of the Commonwealth, five encrypted, SSS-class priority messages shot out to five different corners of the galaxy.

A feeling of pure, intoxicating power washed over Anja.

The entire research team, led by Vance, bowed deeply to her in unison. "We celebrate the birth of a new Matron," they chanted.

"Your living standards, security, and federal stipends will be elevated to reflect your new status, effective immediately," the Chancellor said, her hologram beginning to fade. "Welcome, Anja Compton. The Commonwealth is at your service."

The hologram vanished.

The journey back to the estate was a blur. The special forces captain and his team were even more reverent than before, if that was possible. They treated her as if she were made of spun glass.

When she sat back down in the VIP cabin of the transport ship, she checked her personal account on her wrist-mounted terminal.

A number with so many zeroes it made her dizzy had been deposited. The federal S-Class stipend. It was more money than she could have earned in a thousand lifetimes on Earth.

The air in the cabin seemed sweeter, the leather of the chair softer. She felt a giddy, bubbling excitement.

She pulled up the files of her five new... husbands. Her Consorts. She scrolled through them, a queen reviewing her new court.

Her eyes landed on one file in particular. The soldier. The one who had knelt for her on the steps.

Bradford Vaughn. Captain, Commonwealth Special Forces, 7th Division. Psionic Grade: A-Plus.
Latent Bestial Morphology: Canis Lupus.

The photo was a stark, official military portrait. He wore a crisp, dark uniform, his shoulders broad and powerful. His jaw was set, his expression severe, but his eyes... his eyes held a tightly controlled wildness, a flicker of the wolf beneath the soldier's discipline.

A small notification appeared at the bottom of his file.

Subject has received and confirmed receipt of the S-Class matching directive. Current location: Capital Prime (Active Escort Duty). Immediate proximity.

Anja leaned back in the plush leather seat, a slow, predatory smile spreading across her lips.

The wolf was already at her door.