



## Chapter 7

Within seconds, I felt something hard pressing into my back. I glanced over my shoulder to find Alexander's Beta holding a gun to my spine. Every muscle in my body went stiff as stone as I slowly turned back to face him.

"What is this?" I asked, shakily.

"Keep your eyes on me and answer carefully," he warned me. "Although Oliver can handle a gun steadily, it's never without risk of a possible misfire."

I fixed my gaze on Alexander's piercing blue eyes. I noticed the corner of his mouth quirk upward into a testing smile as he inched closer to me. 1

My heart pounded in my chest while his voice rolled over me in a fierce tone of command.

"I'll ask you again...What were you discussing with your father?"

I tried to swallow the lump in my throat. "My father wanted me to take care of you and not upset you. I told him to take care of my brother."

It was a total lie...It just wasn't the whole truth. 1

Alexander narrowed his eyes as though he were trying to decipher more out of my vague explanation. He sat back in his chair and squared his shoulders, folding his arms across his broad chest.

"Why did you choose to marry me?" he questioned sharply. "Are your intentions at all honest, or have you been influenced by someone else's wishes?"

I shook my head and held up my hands to placate his growing temper.



"I can assure you that this was my own choice."

He tilted his head, continuing his interrogation. "Why would you willingly marry a man who is likely to remain disabled for life?"

Somehow, the gun felt even closer now, and my anxiety was beginning to spike. For the first time, I was feeling the oppressive force of Alexander's presence.

There was no misunderstanding that if Alexander were to find out I was using the marriage to save my brother, he would not be pleased. My father's warning echoed in my mind.

"I'm warning you, Evelyn. For the sake of this marriage and for your brother's life, you must never anger him."

"I've always admired you," I said quickly. "Your way of managing and thriving your pack is practically legendary. Having heard about your injury, left me shocked and deeply concerned. When I received the marriage request from the Alpha King, I was happy to accept because I believe I can take care of you, even if you're in a wheelchair."

Again, my words were only half true.

I had always been somewhat aware of Alexander's reputation and respected him for his accomplishments. But his world felt so far beyond my own and there was a very likely chance that I would never feel any romantic affection toward him.

Alexander scoffed, "Admire?"

I quickly nodded. I could tell that the gun was still raised to the center of my back.

"How will you prove it?" he questioned, tauntingly.



God. I tried racking my brain for something—anything I could possibly say. I recalled hearing the staff in my previous pack gossiping about Alexander's kindness to the people in the territories he had claimed.

"I admire you because you're not a mindless killer. You don't kill indiscriminately but only defeat the Alphas who are considerably unworthy of their titles. This particular kindness is part of your justice. Your undefeated record symbolizes this type of strength."

I harped on his virtues, trying to paint a picture of him as a noble, righteous figure. By the time I was through speaking, I was nearly out of breath.

Alexander's expression didn't change. He continued to stare at me and tried to convey my sincerity. After what felt like an eternity, his gaze softened, almost as if amused.

"Oliver."

With that simple command, his Beta lowered the gun and the air was finally able to rush back to my lungs.

"Nina, take her and her things to change into something more appropriate," he ordered while turning to leave.

I let out a sigh of relief and sagged back against the nearest wall.

"And then send her to my bedroom," he added.

My heart crashed into my rib cage...It seemed like everything was far from over.