

## Chapter 9

It was why he'd purposely scared off the first two Lunas that were set up with him. It was easier to have them reject the King's proposal than him.

But he was quick to discover that Evelyn was different. Alexander couldn't stomach the way her family had been treating her, and on the day of her own wedding, no less. He didn't want to interfere. After all, the more desperate Evelyn became about the marriage, the more likely she was to give up.

Only she didn't.

To take it a step further, Evelyn had gone ahead and even defended Alexander—a woman whom he knew nothing about, nor did she know him, was willing to stand by him against her own family.

He hadn't expected Evelyn to be so resolute in marrying him, and that kiss...

Although Alexander was reluctant to admit it, that kiss unexpectedly carried some chemistry. He'd almost wished that he had taken the chance to pull her closer and extend it.

"You won't actually want to keep her, will you?" Oliver asked.

His question pulled Alexander out of his own head. "Of course not. I just wanted to help her out. Didn't expect to cause such a big mess."

The Beta shrugged, noncommittal. "I guess so. Her pack is pretty useless. After all, your ex-girlfriend was..."

"Size of a pack doesn't matter," Alexander said, arriving at the study.

He stood up, stopping Oliver from speaking, and shoved the wheelchair



aside.

“Tell the servants to prepare bath water in half an hour, and then have Evelyn meet me in my bedroom.”

[Evelyn's POV]

As beautiful as the wedding gown was, I was happy to get out of it and return to my more normal attire. I slipped on a robe and started to unpack my bag I had earlier packed. The first thing I managed to pull out was my mother's blue necklace.

My heart clenched in pain as I wondered what she would have thought about the wedding that had just taken place. Hell, I was still terribly shaken from my encounter with Alexander after everyone had left.

What kind of newlywed wife would have a gun pointed at her by her husband and be interrogated?

I was starting to realize how terrifying Alexander truly was. The future was not going to be easy. I would need to be even more cautious in front of him and play the role of an admirer.

After Nina had shown me to my new room, she was kind enough to remain with me and help me unpack what few belongings I had.

“I want to thank you for defending Alexander in front of your family,” she said. “I’m also very pleased to know that there was now a lady of the house to keep me company.”

The grand dressing room was still empty, but the makeup cabinet was already filled with cosmetics.

Claire was eager to show me some beautiful clothes that her team was willing to create, all of which would be custom-made.



In all honesty, I wasn't fond of the flashy, uncomfortable outfits; I preferred the clothes I had brought with me.

After a long time of selection, and talking out new wardrobes, a servant appeared at the door and said that Alexander was waiting for me in the bedroom. My stomach began to form knots.

Quickly, I threw on a simple white cotton dress and prepared to go. I picked up my mother's necklace and slipped it into the small pocket on the side and headed out. 1

Upon reaching Alexander's room, I knocked, but there was no answer. I decided to push the door open and instantly found that the bathroom door was open.

My face flushed the moment Alexander came into view. He seemed to be sitting inside, taking a bath. He was completely naked with the exception of the mask that still covered half of his face.

I gently cleared my throat as a way to announce my presence.

He turned his head. "Ah, you're here," he said coolly. "Come help me with a massage." 1