

Chapter 0004

Genevieve:

"Are you still keen on marrying my daughter?" My father, previously irate about the lack of suitors, now sought confirmation from the only attractive man who had shown interest in me.

"Mom!" Hit's protest reached my ears, but I was too captivated by the sight of this strong, confident alpha before me to comprehend Kit's grievances with her mother. I couldn't care less what she was complaining about now.

"If marrying her means I must defend her and confront any threats that may arise—" he paused, briefly glancing in my direction, "then I'm fully committed."

My heart fluttered in my chest, and a blush crept onto my cheeks.

"He's so young and sexy!" The older woman, who had previously ridiculed me, gasped at the sight of the handsome alpha willing to marry me.

"In that case, you have my blessing to marry my daughter," my father announced joyfully, puffed out his chest as everyone gazed admiringly at Alpha Bellamy.

Just then, the door swung open once more, revealing a tall, charming man dragging the bloody head of a deadly Echidna. The room fell silent in shock as the Echidna, a winged woman with glittering eyes and half of a huge, scaly serpent, lay slain before us.

"I am Alpha Caspian Diego of the Night Magic Pack," the green-eyed, handsome alpha declared with a graceful bow. I was so shocked that I forgot to shut my mouth.

Another alpha?

"Mom! What's going on? Why are these Alphas proposing to her?" Kit grumbled, stomping her foot in frustration.

"Hush!" Mrs. Browning, though equally surprised, didn't want her daughter to appear desperate.

However, many others couldn't maintain their composure. They gazed at the attractive Alphas with wide eyes.

"Your Highness, we still need to select two more men before—" Mr. Browning, no longer joking, had barely opened his mouth when the gate opened again, and a perfectly tanned, muscular man strode in. The tall man held a siren's blue long hair tightly wrapped in a cloth, leaving a bloody trail behind.

"I'm Warrior Emre Shield!" His voice boomed with authority, pride and courage. Notably, the tattoo on his stomach was splattered with the siren's blood.

"I recognize you. You and your father used to serve in my pack. You showed remarkable skill from an early age," my father gushed, breathless with admiration for the warrior before him.

"I would be honored to marry your daughter and protect her with my life," he spoke humbly, his gaze never leaving mine.

If these handsome men were my protector, I would gladly put my life in danger. I had to shake my own head to dismiss such thoughts.

"Did Uncle pay these men to say all this?" Kit interjected once again, ready to throw a tantrum, but her mother held her back, ensuring she didn't leave before the event was over.

"I'd be honored to have you three as my sons-in-law," my father beamed widely, causing the handsome men to bow slightly in respect. Even as they did, their eyes lingered on my face. I shyly looked down at my hands.

"Well, who will be the fourth mate then?" the old lady from the crowd joked, attempting to lighten the mood, and a faint chuckle rippled through the room. But perhaps she wasn't entirely wrong. I still had to choose one of those older men, which could complicate my interactions with these powerful werewolves.

However, it seemed as though the Moon Goddess answered my prayers when the gate opened one last time, revealing a towering, broad-shouldered man with rugged body and long hair. Not only was he carrying a Cyclops head under his arm, but he also had a Sphinx's head tossed over his shoulder.

With casual strides, he reached us in no time, causing the crowd to gasp in shock, their mouths covered in awe and fear as they watched him.

He was so strikingly handsome that I found myself holding my breath. As he stopped near us, he rolled the Cyclops head to my father's feet and slammed the Sphinx's head onto the ground, nearly causing me to yelp at his roughness. His body was adorned with numerous small tattoos, but unfortunately, it was also covered in blood with no space left untouched.

The silence lingered until he spoke, introducing himself, "I'm Rogue Wolvin Sharp!"

While he was undoubtedly the most handsome and formidable man I had ever seen, I could see why my father's jaw dropped. Despite his disdain for rogues, my father knew this man was a far better choice than those old, unsavory men.

"Very well, I have found four powerful mates for my daughter, who pledge to stand by her side and serve her in every possible way. The competition is concluded, and you are all welcome to indulge in the delicious food before you," my father declared proudly, his chest swelling with confidence.

The pack members looked on in disbelief, but as the aroma of the food reached their nostrils, they forgot everything else.

I wished Kit was easy to distract just like the crowd, but she stood beside me seething silently.

"Can I spend some time with them before we tie the knot?" I whispered to my father, my gaze lingering on the four men who would soon be my husbands. I noticed how they were sizing each other up, almost preparing for a competition.

"And risk losing them? You know how people tend to turn against you once they get to know you. I won't take any chances. You'll return to your bedroom and await my instructions. I'll have them sign the marriage papers, and then I'll bring you the documents. After all, your weak wolf won't be able to mark them anyway so the paper marriage will do," my father's cold response pierced my heart.

Monique, seeing my father scold me, quickly intervened, pulling me away from him. "You don't want your mates to witness your father's disappointment in you," she whispered urgently, grabbing my arm and leading me towards the mansion. Kit and her mother followed closely behind.

"It's not fair. You said nobody wanted her. So why did so many handsome men come forward to offer their lives for her?" Kit struggled to speak, her words interrupted by sobs.

"She's upset because I won't have to marry those old men now?" I couldn't believe I had ever considered this snake my friend.

"Don't focus on her. Focus on your goal now. You need to ensure your four husbands protect you well. And," Monique paused, taking a deep breath, "you mustn't give up your virginity to any of them until I give the green light."

Of course, my virginity was crucial for my safety. But how would I prevent my mates from crossing that line without angering them?