

Chapter 0005

Genevieve:

Monique whispered words of encouragement as she rubbed my back. "Take a deep breath and walk into the room to meet your perfect mates."

The week had passed by in a blur, and I couldn't shake the feeling of unease at the thought of living with four men I had never met before.

Monique had instructed us to wait for the next full moon to mark me. We had signed the wedding papers earlier today.

"I'm not feeling well," I told Monique as she ran her hand through my black hair and black nightgown.

"Genevieve, I know how you feel about this, but think about your father," Monique said softly. "After your mother's death, all he has done is take care of you. When he found out your wolf was too weak to come forward, it changed everything for him. He had not lived his life in a long time, because of the fear of losing you to the unknown danger that is headed your way. Just accept these men and let them take care of you, so that your father can finally take a breath in peace."

Her words made me feel guilty for my existence. I knew that the whole pack hated me and thought of me as the reason why my father never married another mate to conceive a powerful baby. They would pick on me whenever my father wasn't around. She was right, I had to do this for him.

"You have seen them. They are the best men in the world, humble and sweet. They swore to take care of you," Monique's appraisal of them helped ease my nerves. I have only seen them but she spoke with them. I showed her my black hair before eyeing me with her hazel eyes to take a deep breath.

We had moved into my new house on the mountains far away from the pack members and packhouse, to give me time alone with my mates.

The house was luxurious with black and grey walls and a bright, shining beautiful, huge living room welcomed me at the entrance. A big room was situated at the corner, with a kitchen opposite to the bedroom.

"Don't take off this pendant," she warned me one last time before opening the door for me. I knew she would leave for the pack after leaving me in the room. My dad had said his goodbye and was now waiting for her in the car.

She shut the door behind me, and I walked into the room to meet the mates I had heard such good things about. Well, right from the start, I was amazed at what I saw. The handsome man on the side of the room was doing pushups, not even bothering to raise his head. The other one in the bed was talking to someone on his cellphone in a bad mood.

As I looked around the room, I noticed one of them was on the other side of the room, but before I could see what he was doing, the bathroom door opened, and the fourth one came outside, all wet and wearing black shorts only.

"Name's Caspian Diego," spoke the tall, handsome hunk with piercing green eyes and black hair as he dropped his wet towel on the couch and approached me. He was so incredibly good-looking that I found myself forgetting to even introduce myself to him.

"Genevieve Swan!" he said with a smile, "that's your mate, Bellamy Holmes, and over there is Emre Shield, the ex-warrior of your pack," he gestured towards the man on phone and then at the one doing pushups in the corner. I have seen them during the event but now they have cleaned up.

Caspian's breath was minty fresh, and the scent of his shampoo was intoxicating. Despite feeling light-headed, I managed to stand straight and not let his handsomeness phase me. Bellamy had striking gray eyes and blond hair, while Emre had perfectly tanned skin that complemented his hazel eyes and curly ginger hair. He was shirtless, exercising in the corner near the bathroom, and his oiled-up muscles were toned and cut, making them mouth-watering. Meanwhile, Bellamy's blue shirt hugged his muscles tightly, with the buttons threatening to burst as his biceps bulged out.

"And over there," Caspian snapped his finger in front of my face, redirecting my attention to the other, much darker side of the room. "Wolvin Sharp! Your psycho mate," he added, causing me to gulp as I noticed the array of knives that Wolvin had placed on the table. He was silently and steadily cleaning them, and I couldn't help but wonder if he was listening in on our conversation.

Wolvin was taller than all of them by an inch or two, probably around 6 feet 8. He was big-shouldered and robust, with long brown hair tied in a man bun at the back of his head, leaving a few strands out. His blue eyes briefly glanced up before he returned to his task, maintaining an eerie silence.

"Scared?" Caspian whispered in my ear, jolting me awake. Though I wasn't too hungry for attention, I felt like I deserved a proper greeting. Everyone kept telling me how perfect my mates were and how desperately they wanted to see me, which made me think they would be lined up when I entered the bedroom.

"I'm never scared of anything," I whispered back, with a look of disappointment on my face.

"Hm! Your father and his chick told us something else. They said you are fragile and cannot speak for yourself," Caspian commented as he walked away from me. The way he rolled his eyes and mentioned my father left my jaw hanging. The whole situation seemed odd, and they were all acting strangely.

"Monique is not his— she is a respectable person in my life," I said, shocked that I had to even argue about such things right on the night of my wedding.

"Oh! You can talk," Emre, who had been too busy with his workout, commented as he got up from the ground. His eyes briefly met mine before he joined Caspian, and the two of them began to circle me like hungry eagles around their prey.

I thought they would be dying to win my heart, but their egos were not even letting them rest for a second.

"I wanted to thank all of you for participating and promising to take care of me," I raised my voice to be heard by the others, who had not bothered to welcome me. Bellamy finally ended his call and turned to face me. His eyes appeared red, as if he was angry about something.

"Huh! Your father seemed so eager to protect his daughter, but I've never heard him express concern for anyone else's daughters," Bellamy's comment sounded oddly personal. He glanced at me vaguely, raising his brow and scooped up a knife. He didn't realize he had an issue with my father. Before I could ask him to clarify his statement, Wolvin got up and collected the knives, shoving them into his bag.

"I'm tired. I can't rest with too much noise," his voice was deep and heavy, sending shivers up my spine. He was tall, and his body was massive. I preferred him sitting. As he walked past me, I noticed his clothes were quite old.

Everyone watched in silence as he made his way to the side, grabbed a blanket, and spread it on the floor. He lay down, pulled the blanket over his body, and didn't make another sound. Bellamy had left for the bathroom, seemingly disgusted by my presence.

Emre had taken the couch, leaving the big bed for Caspian and me. And just like that, they were out of my sight as if they had no interest in me. I had come prepared for bed, as Monique had instructed us not to mark each other on the next full moon. I followed the proper protocol, which allowed me to get intimate with them but not lose my virginity before the full moon and her permission.

My life had always been governed by rules, and after lying down in the bed, I texted Monique, telling her all about these men and how they didn't even welcome me properly.

When Bellamy emerged from the bathroom, Caspian left the bed for him and decided to lie down on the couch in the living room. It seemed odd to me that he left so abruptly when there was a bed on the other corner of the room. I stayed hidden in my blanket for a few minutes before deciding to text Monique again. However, when I reached for my cellphone, it was nowhere to be found.

"Where did it go?" I asked myself, getting out of bed and looking around. I could have sworn that I had left it on the nightstand.

"Don't make a noise," Wolvin bellowed, his words ringing in my ears. His scream almost made me yelp in fear. I quickly covered my mouth and watched him fall back asleep, still trembling with fright. The intensity of his outburst was terrifying.

Feeling uneasy, I carefully slipped out of bed, trying not to disturb him. As I left the room, I muttered to myself, "I'm a princess, how could he treat me like this?" But before I could get far, I spotted Caspian on the couch, using a phone.

"Then why don't you tell us how we should treat you, Princess Bratty Genevieve?" he taunted me with a strange smirk on his face. I stopped in my tracks and paid attention to him when I realized that he was holding my phone. Suddenly, he turned the screen to me and revealed my conversation with Monique. I was mortified, my jaw dropping to the floor.

"Aha! Somebody was complaining about us to her father's side chick," his comment shuddered my body in anger. Without thinking about the consequences, I rushed his way to snatch my phone out of his hand when he got up swiftly and grabbed me by the back of my neck.

It all happened so unexpectedly that I couldn't determine what his next move was until he crashed his lips against mine so tightly that my body went numb.