

Chapter 0007

Genevieve:

Rather than attempting to explain himself to me for hiding his girlfriend, Bellamy hastily departed the property in a fit of anger. My world was shattered upon discovering that he had a girlfriend.

Why, then, did he choose to marry me? In the midst of the awkward situation, I excused myself, seeking a moment to collect my thoughts. Caspian and Wolvin were left behind as I rushed in the house and into the bedroom, tears streaming down my face and my breathing ragged. Unfortunately, in my haste, I collided with Emre, who had just emerged from the bathroom, completely nude.

"Oh, shit!" I exclaimed, quickly covering my eyes in embarrassment. I didn't get to focus on his body because my eyesight was already blurred from the reappearing tears.

"I'm done," Emre announced calmly, slipping into a pair of black jeans and a loose white shirt. When I finally uncovered my eyes, I noticed him staring at me quizzically.

"Have you been crying?" he asked, displaying a level of concern that I had not previously experienced from anyone of my husbands so far.

Emre approached me casually and hunched down to double-check if he was seeing correctly. "Is it because Bellamy has a girlfriend?" I was taken aback and raised my head to meet his eyes.

"You knew?" I asked, surprised, and he shrugged in response.

"Did you not research us before signing the marriage papers?" He sounded confused.

"Your father and that woman know all about us. How come you don't know anything?" As he started explaining, I felt increasingly ignorant of my surroundings.

"My father knows Bellamy has a girlfriend?" I asked in bewilderment.

"Wait, what have you been told about this marriage?" Emre stopped pacing and turned to face me. The question itself raised alarm bells. A marriage is a marriage. A mating ceremony is a mating ceremony. There is no hidden meaning behind it, or is there in my case?

"Ah! I'm assuming you don't know anything," Emre mumbled while nodding to himself. I noticed how loud he was, even when doing the smallest tasks. It was in his nature to be aggressive and loud.

He was very rough.

He threw the brush onto the dressing table after combing his hair, while I stood in the corner with thoughts running through my head.

It was then that I realized I needed to speak to my dad. I rushed into the bathroom to take a shower and change into a pair of blue jeans and a gray top. I was determined to have a word with my father, whom I trusted blindly with the most significant decision of my life.

As I ran out of the bathroom, phone in hand, I was surprised to find Emre, and Caspian in the living room.

As I walked towards the door, my eyes couldn't help but take in the chaos of the room. Plates and utensils were scattered everywhere, and food was smeared all over the table and floor. They seemed to have ordered some food. Emre and Wolvin were practically inhaling their food, and their eating habits resembled those of wild animals. Caspian, on the other hand, sat upright on a side table, eating with the grace and poise of a refined gentleman.

I shook my head, amused and disgusted at the same time, before turning my attention to the door. However, my movement was halted by the sudden appearance of Bellamy. He leaned casually against the doorway, his tall frame casting a shadow across the room. His arms were spread out, and he had a cocky grin on his face.

"Where are you headed to?" he asked, his cocky grin making my stomach turn.

"Step aside, lover boy. I don't owe you any explanation," I retorted as I tried to walk past him, but he didn't budge.

"If you're thinking of going to your father's house, forget it. You're not seeing him for a week," Emre, whom I thought was better than them, announced.

"Excuse me? Who do you think you are, making rules for me?" I turned to face Emre and saw everyone lining up behind him, staring at me.

My heart began to race as I realized the danger of the situation. These men were powerful, and I had allowed them into my life.

"Your father instructed us not to allow you to visit the pack house or see him for a week," Wolvin, a man of few words, stated without a hint of amusement.

"I don't believe my father would say that. You were chosen to protect and care for me, not make rules for me," I protested, but their laughter cut me off mid-sentence. Even Wolvin chuckled while shaking his head.

"What's so funny?" I yelled, tears of desperation streaming down my face. The group's towering figures loomed around me, their gigantic builds making me feel small and vulnerable. I regretted not asking more questions about their backgrounds before blindly accepting my father's request.

"You really don't know the clauses in the marriage document you signed?" Caspian stepped closer to intimidate me and mumbled with a click to mock me.

"What clauses?" I felt like a fool asking that question.

I really didn't read anything. I trusted my father with my life.

"The clause where it said we are only to keep you protected till you are 23 years of age and then we are free?" He smirked, making my stomach form a knot inside me.

"What?" I gasped.

"Yes, princess. It never said we would love you. If that was a part of our marriage, we would have run away without looking back," Bellamy rolled his eyes at the idea of ever falling for me.

Was I that hideous?

"Your father offered us some heavy money in return for your safety. But after you have turned 23, we will be free and given the requested amount and a chance to leave," Emre mumbled as he stepped near Bellamy to face me.

"This is not true—I. I want to speak to my father," I said in tears, shaking in anger.

"Your father doesn't want to speak to you for a week. He had been tired of helping you survive because, well, his chick told him if he didn't produce a child before you die, he would lose the throne and someone with a powerful heritage would take over," Caspian explained why my father cared for me all these years.

He only cared because if I had died, he would have lost the throne. I had a feeling my father was mostly angry with me but I thought it was because he hated that I was too weak to keep myself safe and he was scared something would happen to me.

Even though I was miserable and not a powerful one, I still looked highly upon marrying an alpha and creating a baby who would take over the throne.

"No! I don't believe you. It doesn't make any sense. Why would my father wait for me to turn 23? It's not like he will miraculously get a child who survives the cursed 4 years of his early life," as I spoke and cried, my heart missed a beat at a certain realization. Monique told us that my father's children will die if I die before they turn 4.

"You answered it yourself. Your father is going to get remarried and have a child, and by the time you are 23, your half sibling will be over the age of 4, and till then he will be able to keep the crown to himself," Emre smacked his lips while squinting his eyebrows.

"No!" I shook my head once again.

My life was filled with sorrows, and the only thing that kept me alive was my father's love and Monique's belief in me. Well, sort of. Apart from the crazy punishments, they were still there to protect me.

Now these guys were telling me that my father never really cared. I refused to believe it.

"So, ma'am, you were not given to us with love and respect. You were sold to us to have fun with until you turned 23. After that, you can die; nobody cares," Bellamy shrugged, and with his one statement, he crushed my entire existence.

All my hidden sass and secret arrogance met the dust.

"So we are not working for you. We are working for your father, and he has told us not to let you leave for a week," Caspian then stepped closer and snatched my phone out of my hands, "and we will keep this."

I panicked as I turned to him in haste, trying to grab my phone out of his hands. There was nothing on my phone anymore except for my freedom to call someone for help.

But who would go against my father's orders?

"With all of that out of the way, we offer you a good and peaceful few years if you comply," the smirk on Caspian's face was back as his eyes traveled over my body.

"What do—you mean? What do you want from me?" I asked in hesitation, and their faces formed a nasty smirk.