

Chapter 44

Demetri Contreras POV:

I watched the shock drain the color from Haven Kramer's face, and a strange, possessive pleasure surged through me.

Her green eyes were burning with fury. She looked like an angry cat, fur bristling ready to strike.

I liked her this way. So much more alive than the cool, rational mask she wore, the one that kept me at a distance.

"You... are shameless!" she finally hissed through clenched teeth.

I smiled. "Shameless? Perhaps." I admitted it freely. "But compared to your plan to 'use me and throw me away,' I think my terms are quite fair." 

I saw a faint blush creep up her cheeks. It was anger, and it was shame.

Good. I wanted her flustered. I wanted her unable to use that damned transaction theory to draw a line between us.

She took a deep breath, trying to argue. "What do you mean by 'belong'?" she asked, her voice wary.

I watched her, enjoying her tension and helplessness. "Exactly what it sounds like," I said.

"During the term of our contract, you will not show interest in any other male. Your body and your thoughts will serve me and me alone. All your wisdom, all your schemes, must prioritize my interests above all else."

I saw her fists clench at her sides, her knuckles turning white.

"That's not fair!" she protested. "That's servitude, not an equal partnership!"

"Equal?" I let out a cold laugh. "There has been no equality between us since the moment you stepped into this manor and became my mate, Haven. You are my Luna. I am your Alpha. That is the law of the Moon Goddess, and the law of this world."

I deliberately used the fatalistic argument she despised, and I saw the flicker of disgust on her face, just as I'd expected. 

I decided to add a little more fuel to the fire, then change direction. "Of course," I said, my tone softening slightly, "in exchange, I will offer you the same."

I stared into her eyes, using the most sincere voice I could manage.

"During our contract, I will also belong to you. My power, my wealth, my loyalty - they will be your strongest shield. Anyone who dares to harm you, I will make them disappear from this world."

My words seemed to touch her. The anger in her eyes faded, replaced by a complex, unreadable emotion.

I knew this woman. She seemed strong and cold, but deep down, she was desperate for security. She didn't believe in love, or mates. She only believed in equal exchange.

So I would give her the most thorough exchange of all. My everything for her everything.

She was silent for a long time. So long I thought she would refuse me again.

But finally, she slowly uncurled her fists, as if she had made a decision.

"Fine." She lifted her head, her green eyes clear and determined. "I agree. During the contract, I belong to you. As part of the deal."

Hearing her answer, a massive wave of satisfaction and possessiveness washed over me. I wanted to crush her, to meld her into my very bones.

But I knew it wasn't time. I couldn't scare her away.

I suppressed my inner ecstasy and simply nodded, my voice as calm as if I were confirming a business contract. "Good. The deal is made."

She seemed to let out a breath of relief, but the air was still thick with tension.

To ease the atmosphere, I pointed to the revenge she had mentioned. "Your enemies. The Kramer family. Give me their details. I like to know my enemy."

The suggestion successfully diverted her attention from the awkward tension between us.

She walked to the desk, picked up a pen and paper, and began to write from memory - the main members of her family, their financial structure, their complex web of alliances.

She wrote quickly, her handwriting sharp and clear, her logic impeccable. It was obvious she had been planning this for a very long time.

I watched her focused profile in the lamplight, and an unprecedented sense of peace settled over me.

This woman was mine. The thought brought me immense comfort and pleasure.

She quickly filled two pages and brought them to me.

I took the list, my eyes scanning the familiar and unfamiliar names, finally stopping on two: Gordon Kramer and Charly Kramer.

< Chapter 44

 +120 Points at most

I looked up at her. Her eyes held a cold, unyielding hatred. "Good," I said. "I like this plan. Your enemies are my enemies."



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