

Chapter 0014

Oh, he was pissed. I could practically taste his rage. Confessing to spying on them was necessary, though. He clearly needed a reminder of why we were entering this engagement. Now I just needed to throw him off when it came to my ability.

"You expect me to believe you evaded Ghost with super speed?"

"I don't expect you to believe anything I say," I rolled my eyes. "And yet it's the truth. I'm just that fast."

He didn't buy what I was saying, and that was fine. One of the perks about having the ability to stop time was that it made it nearly impossible to catch me in the act.

Eventually Knight and Damon left the room. At their departure I stood, stretching my sore arms above my head. I released a yawn and crawled into the luxurious four-postered bed, ignoring Alpha Caius's consuming stare.

He gripped one of the wooden posters, his knuckles turning white. "We will sign the contract tomorrow. Once that's out of the way we can begin staging dates. You will need clothes, which I assumed I'll need to provide. There isn't enough time for us to date for months on end, so we must sell our...infatuation with one another." He said the word as though it were dirty, "Once we're married you will take control of your pack and provide me with the warriors I need."

I nodded in agreement, too tired to drum up any further argument. As he turned to leave, I thought it wise to warn him.



"Caius," My voice was huskier than usual, a purr that caused his shoulders to stiffen ever so slightly. "My father will not be happy about this. He will do everything in his power to keep this wedding from happening."

With a grunt he pressed forward, the door clicking shut behind him.

The next day I was awoken by two unfamiliar faces who introduced themselves as Jolene and Andrés.

Jolene was Caius's personal assistant who would be escorting me to a handful of boutiques in Seattle for my new wardrobe.

She was young and pretty with her onyx locks twisted into a neat updo on the top of her head. The pencil skirt she wore hugged her slender frame, while her top was cut low, revealing her cleavage.

Andrés was Caius's publicist, which also meant he was now my publicist too.

The male was obscenely attractive with his tanned skin and curly hair, leading me to believe all the males in Caius's pack had their own personal allure. Of course, none of them were able to outshine the angry brute himself.

"I'll go and fetch you something to wear for today's outing," Jolene chirped, her heels clicking as she raced over to the walk-in closet. As she started rummaging, Andrés called out. He had a slight Hispanic accent that was pleasant to the ears.

"Make sure it is something chic, yet comfortable! Casual first date attire only!"

"First date?" I asked.

He pulled out his cellphone, tapped it half a dozen times, then offered me a polite smile. "Yes. Alpha Caius will be arriving shortly to escort you to the boutiques."

Jolene emerged with an armful of clothes. She laid each one out on the bed, murmuring to herself as she grabbed various pairs of shoes and bits of jewelry.

While Andrés talked my ear off about proper etiquette and how I should act in public, I watched as Jolene matched different garments together. None of it was what I'd personally wear. It was all too business casual for my taste, and I liked a bit of color in my wardrobe.

'I'm so glad I don't have to wear clothes,' Ziva muttered.

I winced when she picked out a cream-colored shift dress with long, sheer sleeves. Gingerly, I plucked the garment from her hands, "I think it might be best if I dress myself."

Her lips popped open, "Oh, but Alpha Caius said—"

"Alpha Caius is not my keeper, nor will he dictate what I wear."

I disappeared into the closet and released a hefty sigh. This was one of the many downfalls of being what I was.

The women were expected to show off their eligibility, but not too much. They had to know how to act and when to speak to not embarrass the male they were pursuing. It was all so exhausting, and I wanted no part of it.



So, naturally, I decided to play by my own rules.

I slipped on one of the only dresses that actually fit me. It was a bright cherry red, secured in the back by a thick ribbon. The bodice hiked my breasts up until both sat perfectly on my chest. It reached a few inches above my knee, and matched the colorful flowers tattooed onto my arms. I chose a pair of wedges to match and emerged to ask Jolene if she knew where I could get some red lipstick.


I paused when I spotted Alpha Caius standing by the door, his phone pressed against his ear. He had opened his mouth to respond to the person on the other end when his eyes met my own.

They flicked down to the dress I had on, lingering on my chest and bare thighs. A surge of carnal delight pulsed through me when the voice on the other end took on a confused tone, clearly waiting for Caius to speak.

"Cat got your tongue, Alpha?"

Maybe this shopping trip wouldn't be all that terrible after all. 1

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