

Chapter 0015

Anastasia

I signed the contract on the drive into the city.

Much like Alpha Caius himself, it was rather straightforward. Believe me, I combed through the entire thing. A brute he may be, but he was still smart.

We'd spend a few months showcasing our dates to the public eye, playing as though we actually liked one another. Then Caius would propose. I hoped he was preparing his "I've loved you from the moment I first laid eyes on you" speech, because I would accept nothing less.

Hah! Who was I kidding? He'd probably grunt out a few syllables and throw the ring at my forehead.

"Me man. You woman. Get married." Ziva mocked.

"Something amusing, Ms. Lasko?" Alpha Caius's rough, gravelly voice reached me from across the seat. He looked utterly massive inside the SUV, his muscular thighs seated in a typical "manspreading" position.

My mother had been every ounce of the lady my father wished I had been. It was because of her that I sat with my legs tucked one behind the other, my crimson dress spread out on my lap.

"Nothing you're interested in," I waved my hand dismissively. "Do you think your men will be through looting my apartment by the time we return? They better not forget my Doc Martens." A sigh coasted past

my lips, one reminiscent of better times where I wasn't attached to a six-foot-four asshole. "Best thrift store find ever."

"You would not have had to shop at a thrift store had you not run away from your pack."

"Yeah, whatever." I rolled my eyes, "You don't even know why I ran away."

"Nor do I care."

I coughed, "Dick."

"Excuse me?" His eyes narrowed into golden slits.

"I said that's sick, obviously." Turning to the side so that I could look him straight on, I leaned forward and sniffed. "Why can't I pick up your scent?"

Alpha Caius tipped his head to the side, "You wish for me to answer your questions, yet you won't answer any of mine."

Ziva huffed, "He doesn't make anything easy, does he?"

"Let's play a game then. You do know what a game is, don't you?"

His nostrils flared, causing butterflies to swarm in my belly. "Of course I know what a game is."

"Just making sure. You seem like the type that's allergic to fun if you catch my drift," His expression told me he did not, in fact, catch my drift. "Anyway, you answer one of my questions and I'll answer one of yours. Don't ask me what my ability is either. If you do I'm going to get the words 'super speed' tattooed on my chest so maybe you'll

pay attention."

Did he really think I didn't notice him eying them up?

Caius didn't take long to think over his question. Rubbing his fingers along the stubble on his jaw he grunted, "What are you getting out of this deal?"

"Other than becoming Luna, you mean?" I asked, to which he bobbed his head, "I get freedom. I don't want to marry some random man whose only interest is ripping my pack out from under me. If an Alpha can run his lands by himself, then why can't a Luna?"

"That is a good question."

I couldn't contain my surprise at his response even if I tried. The thought of Alpha Caius not being the sexist brute I knew him as was so terrifying that I quickly changed the subject.

"Why can't I pick up your scent?"

Caius drummed his fingers on the top of his knee and stared straight ahead. "I started a research facility the year my brothers and I took over as Alpha's. It took a while, but they created the first successful scent-blocker our kind has ever seen. That is why you cannot pick up my scent."