

Alphas Betted Bride

Chapter 3.

I was staring out the windshield the entire ride and my mom's muffled voice was gushing over how pretty I was and what happy event we had in front of us.

"Mom maybe you can speak less," Edmund said sounding annoyed.

"Oh hush up you, I'm just saying that besides everything else, this is a joyous occasion," She was smiling from ear to ear, her bright red lipstick made her teeth look even whiter. She was wearing a baby blue dress and pearl earrings with a matching necklace.

"You mean besides the fact that you're marrying off your daughter against her will?" He asked and glared through the rearview mirror.

"She'll be happy soon enough, it'll all turn around, you will see."

"No it won't and-"

"That's enough, Edmund." My mom said sternly and he shut up. She had a temper, not a sweet one. Everyone in my family did. We could all be happy-go-lucky but once things ticked them off and they'd blow their cap. I had been taught that love could be bought, mine had all my life. I was taught that anything could be yours for the right price. So I guess I shouldn't be too surprised that this was happening. My temper wasn't like theirs, I didn't get impossibly mad and throw a tantrum, which was why after every fight my parents would buy us something, me especially.

We drove the rest of the way in silence and I closed out my mother's voice.

"We're here." My heart stopped in my chest and I pushed down the tears.

The house was as big as ours. Three floors and a balcony in the middle overlooking the front of the estate.

I gulped as I got out of the car. Everyone had already been seated inside, they didn't want a big scene happening outside of the house as we arrived.

The other car drove up and my brothers and my dad stepped out. No one else from our pack was coming, they didn't want them here but would later go pack and share their idea of the happy news.

"Let me make one thing clear before we head inside," Dad said and straightened his spine. He eyed each of my brothers before landing on me.

"There will be no scene, no talk of a rebellion and you boys will behave accordingly."

"Or what?" Edmund asked.

My dad's eyes glowed and a low growl rumbled from him.

"Or nothing. I am your father but first and foremost I am your Alpha and you will obey orders." He growled.

"Or. What." Edmund asked, stepping forward.

"Or your sister is the one whose life will suffer as I will prohibit you from ever seeing her again." My heart clenched and the tears were dangerously close to rising in my eyes.

I bit down on my inner cheek. He just said that, in front of me. All my brothers turned and looked at me.

My back straightened and I raised my head before turning and walking toward the house. Someone's hand grabbed a strong hold of my arm and I looked over my shoulder into the dark eyes of my father.

"Gabby, do you understand?" He asked and I pulled my arm back.

I stared daggers at him, his face was not one I recognized anymore. Our family had issues, more than others, but never in my life would I expect him to become this person. This stranger

"I understand, Alpha." I said and saw his eyes sink, hoping that his heart would sink with it.

They had prepared a room for me to stay in until the ceremony. It was a guest room, there was a makeup table with a chair and a bed that had been made. I hoped that this would be where I slept but I doubted it.

A soft and gentle knock sounded on the door and I swallowed hard, closed my eyes, and took a deep breath before telling the person to come in.

The door opened up and a woman of my mother's age stuck her head inside.

"Is it okay if I come in?" She asked softly. Her tone stumped me, it was diligent and warm.

"Sure,"

"I'm, Marie, Aidens mother," she said and extended her hand. I flew up on my feet and stepped toward her but her arms shot out and she shook her head.

"No, don't, it's okay. Sit," I took a shaky breath and sat back down.

"I'm so sorry, I had no idea it was you," I knew nothing about the Alpha family or the pack for that matter.

"No worries, I thought I would come in and check on you before the wedding. You look beautiful, how are you feeling?" Did she really care or was it a ploy from my father so I wouldn't make a scene?

"I feel great," I said and bit it down. The thought of not seeing my brothers again was enough to scare the shit out of me.

"I could either pretend and go along with your lie or you could be honest and tell me how much you'd rather run the other way." She looked regal as she stood tall a meter away from me. I tilted my head back to look up at her.

"I'm fine." I said and forced a smile. Marie smiled and nodded her head.

"Trust takes time to build, perhaps one day you'll feel safe enough to be honest with me," Who was this woman? Her voice was warm and comforting and it made me feel weird. I was used to my mother's cool, cold persona not this.

"Is everyone ready?" I asked.

"They are but I thought we'd just make a few last-minute touch-ups if you want." She said, making sure I knew that there was a choice but I didn't know her yet and I had too much to lose in saying no.

I nodded my head and she came behind me, undoing my hair and re-fixing it, my mother would freak out when she saw me.

"What are you smiling for?" She asked me with an amused look on her face.

"You're undoing my mother's masterpiece, I'm just imagining her face when she sees it," I said.

Marie giggled, she didn't say anything against my cynical words.

"There, all done," she said and stepped away. She looked at me through the mirror with a loving gaze.

She had taken down the makeup so I didn't look like a pageant doll and braided my hair instead of the curled bun that my mom had done.

I recognized myself much better now but it didn't stop the dread from washing over me, because now came the hard part.

"You will grow accustomed to living here, your family is welcome at any time and so are any friends from your old pack," she said calmly. When I didn't answer she placed a hand on my shoulder.

"You're parents can stay for a few days if you'd like." My jaw clenched and I pushed away from the table, standing up.

"I'd rather they didn't," I said and forced a smile.

The door opened up and a man stepped inside, he clasped his hands behind his back and looked at us with a serious, dead cold look on his face.

"They're ready for you." He said in a monotone voice. My heart sank but I just had to get through it and then one day at a time. This was it, I would longer be able to find my mate, I wouldn't be able to date and get my heart broken only to find the right one. No flings or first kisses. This was the first step into my new life, one I had *no* say in.

I walked out with Marie beside me, she grabbed my hand before we walked out on the aisle and looked me in the eyes. There was something brimming in her eyes, something unspoken but whatever it was would remain so.

"I'll see you at the end of the aisle." She said and gave my hand a light squeeze.

I nodded my head and watch as she walked away. My stomach clenched and I swallowed time after time to keep the tears down.

I could hear the quiet chatter going on behind the double doors and at the end of the aisle, the man I had never met would wait for me.

I couldn't imagine him being much happier about this arrangement than I was, he after all didn't have much of a choice himself.

The doors opened and I saw the rows of people turning their heads. There was a balcony that went all around the room where more people were seated. My father walked up to me, circled his arm in mine and we began to walk.

The aisle was long but felt like an infinity. People were gushing and some were glaring. I couldn't imagine it being easy on the girls hoping to be mated to the Alpha, I wish they could know how desperately I wanted to switch places with them.

At the end of the aisle, I saw him, standing in his tux, his dark hair was waved back and he looked as happy to be wed as I felt.