

Forced To Be His Bride-Fated To Be His Mate.

Chapter 4 Alone At the Altar

[Denali's POV]

Tearing my gaze away, I try to ignore the pain that is radiating deep inside of me due to my father so easily giving me away and Alexander standing around and doing nothing, but did I truly expect anything less? No. After years of being used and then tossed aside, this was what I should expect, and I was a fool to think otherwise.

"Denali!"

Feeling my heart leap, I turn and watch as Alexander rushes toward me with a look of guilt, but when he doesn't speak, I believe that I must have misheard him.

"Yes?" I ask quietly, testing the waters. "Did you have something to say?"

"You too," he says slowly, crushing my very last bit of hope. "I wish you nothing but happiness."

"Then you should have thought of that before you cheated," I say quietly, before tearing my gaze away and climbing into the car that is waiting to take me away from my home and everything I knew.

Once I'm inside, I give the place I called home and hell another glance before my vision blurs with tears as I finally let each and every painful emotion I was feeling go. After so many years of hoping that things would get better and actually thinking that they had, this was what it all came to: my being used as a thing to form alliances and create heirs.

I was no better than an omega, even though I was the daughter of an alpha, and it was both devastating and embarrassing.

The ride to my new home is just long enough to give me time to cry my eyes out and then compose myself once more so that when we arrive, I'm at least able to see the large mansion in front of me with sprawling lawns and a large fountain sitting in the middle.

"Please follow me," my driver announces, pulling open my door. "The master has had a dress prepared for you, and there is a beautician waiting to do your makeup and hair."

"Dress?" I hiss in shock, my eyes growing wide. "What on earth do I need a dress for?"

"Do you intend to get married in those rags?"

Looking down, I take in my pants, which are two sizes too big and filled with holes that I kept trying to repair with patches. Matched with it is a knit sweater that I made myself in a desperate attempt to stay warm, and despite my best efforts, it didn't turn out the best.

"I didn't intend to get married immediately," I admit, reminding myself that was the most important thing. "Doesn't your master need time to plan?"

"What for?" The man asks, furrowing his brows. "This major is simply for convenience and has no need for anything more than a vow exchange and signing."

Right... I shouldn't have even been surprised, but again, I hoped for more than I clearly deserved. Deciding not to argue any further, I allow myself to be led inside and into a room where a stern-looking woman with a sharp nose and even sharper eyes is waiting for me, and when she spots me, she attacks, clearly determined to quickly finish her work. And when she does finish, I'm left staring at a woman that I don't know as I take in my reflection in the mirror.

She's both beautiful and mysterious, with a dark look in her eyes that makes her seem like she has seen things that others can't imagine. Her dark hair, which hangs down around her frail frame, falls in silky curls that frame her heart-shaped face perfectly and make it seem softer than it actually is from years of malnutrition.

She is both beautiful and sexy, something that I never expected to think of myself, but now I was seeing that it was possible, but the one that I wanted to see me like this wasn't.

After I finish taking myself in, I turn just in time to find a guard waiting for me, and before I can even move, he is surging forward, wrapping a hand around my wrist, and tugging so that he can begin to lead me out of the room.

"The master does not like to wait," he snaps, rushing me out into the hall and dragging me down it until we reach a flight of stairs, where he begins to lead me up. "Move quicker."

"I'm going as quick as I can in heels," I gasp, avoiding falling on my face as I'm forced to take the stairs two at a time to keep up with the guard's pace. "Please, could we possibly..."

"No," the guard snaps, yanking open a set of double doors and shoving me inside.

Gasping, I stumble forward, and when I finally gather my balance, I lift my gaze to find myself in what looks like a chapel. Standing at the front of the room is a priest, but he is completely alone.

Straightening myself, I continue to scan the room, taking in the few guests who sit watching me as I try to get my bearings.

“Well?” The priest calls after a moment. “We can’t have a ceremony without the bride.”

“But there’s no groom,” I point out, continuing to scan the room. “Don’t we need...”

“He has already signed the proper documents,” the priest shrugs. “Please come forward, girl.”

After another moment, I slowly came to terms with the fact that I was brought here just to look like a fool. This bastard truly was as bad as the rumors claimed him to be.

Fighting the urge to turn and run away as fast as I could, I began to move while reminding myself that even if I left here now, I would have nowhere to go. For better or worse, this was my new home until I could figure out my next move.

Ignoring the looks of amusement and pity that follow me, I make my way to the front of the room and then stop when I reach the priest, who is looking bored.

“Please do sign the documents,” he commands, passing me a pen.

Taking it from him, I stare down at the paper that has been placed in front of me. So this was it; this was what my future held, and once my signature joined the one that already marked the paper, I truly couldn’t go back.

“Hurry up,” the priest huffs, giving me a look of annoyance. “We don’t have all day!”

Nodding, I place the pen against the paper and begin to move it until my signature also rests on the paper. Just like that, I was married, yet I still hadn’t laid eyes on my husband, and something told me that I probably wouldn’t anytime soon.