

Chapter 14

AELIANA

The last three days have flown by.

Which means I have several missed chances at escape. I couldn't do it, I don't see the point in running when Kingston and I are already tethered. The bond means I'm always going to find my way to him, and he won't sever it so I'm stuck.

Kingston didn't come to the wedding fitting. He also didn't come to the very necessary rehearsal dinner. Nothing about this feels right to me, this is supposed to be my wedding and yet the only thing I picked out was the dress and that was an accident, only because it fit, and didn't require any alterations. The guest list is full of people I don't know, people who don't like me and I have to perform for them. To play the happy bride that I'm not!

Staring at the girl in the mirror, I can't help but wonder how a dream can become one's nightmare over time.

In the next twenty minutes, I'll be Kingston's wife. How will I share a life with a man who won't even look at me for more than three seconds? I hate this. This isn't my life.

The lump in my throat grows heavier, it's been there for days, more so this morning when I put on the dress and realised how real this is. I want to cry, to mourn the life I'm forced to give up, a life where I'm more than just a scandal.

A knock sounds at the door, loud and impatient.

"Come in," I say, stepping away from the mirror.



A second later, my brother Gareth enters. I haven't seen Gareth in years, haven't replied to a single message of his so he must hate me too.

"Hi," he says, clearing his throat. "What? Did you get cold feet?" He smirks, trying to break the ice that has long cemented between us. "You look beautiful, Yana. You look like Mom."

That does it.

Something inside me ruptures.

"I don't want to do this, Gareth," I whisper. "I can't walk down that aisle knowing he won't even look at me. Everyone in this pack—"

"No," his head shakes. "Don't do this to me, Yana. You brought this upon yourself, don't you dare cry to me right now. You will go out there, smile and marry Alpha Kingston, do you hear me?"

"I don't want to, Gareth."

"Look," he sighs. "It doesn't get better than the Alpha for you, you don't have any options lying around. My friends used to pin for you, Yana, I had to threaten men to stay away from you only for you to go and disgrace our family like you did."

I flinch at his words, "Don't talk about that. You're my brother, Gareth. I thought I could talk to you and you'd hear me out but—"

His expression hardens. "I just wanted to see you before the wedding, and I have. You should stop acting like a brat and suck it up, don't let Father hear those thoughts." He warns, going out the same way he came.

Gareth should have been my rock. But he always seemed to like our step-siblings better, maybe because Mom didn't give her life trying to bring them into this world.



I was hoping he would understand, I know he wouldn't go against father but he could have —

"Can you smile," someone scoffs.

Startled, I look over my shoulder only to find the groom's one true love staring at me in her very pink bridesmaid dress. "Maybe if you smile a little Alpha Kingston will find you tolerable enough to look at."

"I don't care what your Alpha Kingston wants."

"You are such an ungrateful bitch, most omegas in your position would beg to be mated in a basement. But Alpha Kingston is giving you a chapel and a title. Don't look so miserable."

I look exactly how I feel, but I don't tell her that. "Why are you here?"

"Just here to check if you're decent." She snarls. "She's ready, Uncle Bryan."

I suck in a breath. "Bring her out," Father demands.

Audrey nods at the door and I drag myself out, the dress just about as heavy as the tears I'm holding back. Father doesn't say anything when he sees me, he saw me earlier and said I looked just like Mom and that she'd be proud. I doubt it, from what I've heard about her she wouldn't rejoice over my suffering as they all have. [1](#)