

Read Novel In Between the Alpha's

In Between the Alpha's Chapter 4

Our guards drove in a car behind us. Father doesn't trust that we will misbehave with our guards and ordered them to keep at least six feet between us at all times except it is a life and death situation.

I don't want to be in this mall and I am making it very obvious that I would rather be anywhere but here. I also want to waste Carmen and Liana's time so I have been adamantly refusing all the dresses that have come my way so far.

"Pick something," Liana whispered harshly in my ear, "Pick a garbage bag for all I care but pick something so we can be out of here."

"But I have to pick something pretty," I pouted and she scowled, "We haven't even visited half of the stores here; I wouldn't want to pick something here and then find out that there was something prettier elsewhere."

"You are the most infuriating person I have ever met," she growled.

"And that is the exact reason why you love me," I said with a smile, "Now when is this ball again; my supposed engagement party?"

"I forgot that you were removed from father's study yesterday," she said with a sick smirk and I rolled my eyes.

"Are you going to tell me or not?"

"Your engagement party is tomorrow and your wedding is being set for next week." She said and I froze mid-step.

"Please tell me that you're joking," I said and she shook her head no, "How can it be that soon?"

"Well father didn't want you to know," she said, "He actually wanted to spring it up on you as a surprise just to watch your little rebellious act break."

"Then why did you tell me all this?" I asked and she let out a smile.

“Because I know you better than father does,” she said, ‘And I know it’ll break you more if your wedding approaches and you realize that there is absolutely nothing that you can do about it. It will hurt you so badly and your resolve; your spirit will shatter into a million little pieces; that is what I want.”

I felt bile at the back of my throat and my stomach dropped. The sales woman came over with a shimmering black dress in her hands but I didn’t even have the patience to look at it. There was a bit of fear on her face and I knew she was scared that I would reject his dress too.

“Just pack it up for me; I’ll take it.” I saw relief flash across her face and she released a relieved sigh that almost made me smile.

“But you haven’t even tried it on,” she said but I just shrugged.

“Just pack it up; I don’t really feel like trying on any dresses today.” She scurried away so I wouldn’t change my mind and Liana was sporting a full grin.

“Are you done already?” she asked but I ignored her and made my way over to the counter and picked up my dress. It was being charged to father’s account.

I made my way over to where Carmen was, “I’m done,” I said not stopping to look at her, “Let’s go.”

She looked stunned for a second but I didn’t give her the chance to ask me questions. I just made my way into the car and slammed the door behind me. I saw Carmen talking to Liana and soon a smile grew on her face. I’m sure Lia saw fit to inform her why I’m upset.

“Don’t be so sad Charlotte,” Carmen said as she got into the car, “You’ll be out of the house soon. I think it’s actually a thing of joy.” I ignored her

and she started the ignition and pulled out of the parking lot.

When we got home I ignored everyone and made my way to my room. I didn’t even look at the stupid dress I just threw it into my closet. If they think for a second that I am going to take this lying down then they have another thig coming for them. I will fight this marriage even if it kills me. I was deep in thought when my door opened and both Carmen and Liana walked into my room.

"You were right Lia," Carmen began, "The paint is horrible; I wonder how your father will react?"

"I'm not in the mood for this so will you just say why you're actually here?" I muttered from my bed and their faces lit up like Christmas trees.

"We have some good news," Liana said, "Well good news for us but good news anyways," she said, "Your husband; my bad fiancée is coming to the house today." My face blanched, "Apparently he wanted to surprise you so father sent us to get you ready."

"I'm not going to sit here for you to play dress up on me for some old guy." I said defiantly and they frowned.

"We were given permission to use any method necessary to get you looking pretty," Carmen said, "If you look anything short of beautiful then we are in trouble and I would be damned if I let you get me into trouble," she growled, "So you can either sit still or I will tie you up and drug you, do what I want to do and leave."

I knew Carmen wasn't lying about getting into trouble so I got off my bed and stood but made sure to keep the defiance on my face.

'Good; now that you're co-operating," she began, "Get into the bathroom and take a long bath while we set up here."

I went into the bathroom and took a long warm shower. I will admit that I cried a bit during the shower and I came out only when I didn't have any tears left to cry.

"I don't know why you're acting as if this is a death sentence," Carmen muttered as she led me to the chair in front of my vanity, "You're getting married, not killed."

"Well I don't want to get married to an old man." I mumbled and she scoffed, 'You wouldn't understand."

That seemed to annoy her because she abruptly turned me to face her, "You think I wanted to marry your father?" she spat, "Of course I didn't but I unlike you know how to pick my battles. I know when I can't win and I know when I need to give up."

“I won’t ever give up.”

“Then you will die trying,’ she spat as she raised her shirt and showed me the bruises on her stomach, “The more you fight, the more you entice them. They’re animals and they love the hunt.”

She turned me back to face the mirror and I thought she was done speaking but then she spoke again in an even quieter voice this time.

“You have yet to learn something Charlotte; sometimes it is better to be with a monster and rule alongside him than to have the monster ruling over you.” She said, “Don’t fight this marriage it won’t do you any good. You are in this until death.”

I went quiet and she placed a hand on my shoulder, “He is old and you are to be his wife; if he dies after you are married no one would be the wiser.”

“Are you suggesting that I poison him after we get married?” I asked and she just shrugged in response and didn’t speak again.