

The Alpha's Allure: Married To My Enemy

Chapter One

“And the winner of the Intercollege Science Quiz of this year is Miss Alicia Wilson.”

The host announced, and the entire crowd erupted in cheers as I looked through the spectators one last time. He wasn't there.

Not that he had promised to be around or something. My father had always missed all the important events in my life, so it was no surprise that everybody's parents were there, cheering for their kids, except mine.

Trying to hide my disappointment, I went to the stage, took the trophy, and left the crowd of excited parents patting their children's backs and hugging them.

I did not want to show them how much it hurt me. So, I quietly went to the locker room, grabbed my stuff, and closed the locker door.

I quickly sent a text to Matt, my boyfriend, telling him about my victory. He would call me back or text me when he read it. Nowadays, he was quite busy.

“Ooh, look who is sulking here alone.” A familiar face guffawed at me, twirling an idle lock of hair with her fingers.

“Leave me alone, Avery.”

Avery was the typical high school famous girl. She had boys lining up for her and would always try to bully other girls just for the sake of it.

“Why? I thought you wanted company. Imagine being so worthless that you have nobody to even celebrate your victory with.”

I ignored her taunting and began walking outside the doors hurriedly and in my haste, tripped over something.

A loud echoing sound of laughter reached my ears as I fell on the floor and the trophy went flying out of my hands.

I turned around to see Avery and her gang of friends laughing and making fun of me. She had stuck her leg forward, making me fall down clumsily.

“So pathetic. Even with your glasses, you cannot walk straight.” One of her friends cackled as I reached for my glasses and grabbed them, trying to hide the tears forming in my eyes.

Another punch reached my abdomen, and I doubled down in pain as the force nearly knocked me out.

“What is the matter, Alicia? Your sweet boyfriend is not around to save the damsel in distress?” Avery cooed. She hated me the most because there was only one thing that I was better at than her -studies.

Matt would always stand up for me and she hated that anyone would choose to side with me instead of her.

I would score straight A's and she managed to pass the exams just by showing up. And since she was the daughter of a stronger alpha, she bullied anyone she liked. Most of the time, it was me. Not that my father would ever care if I told him about her.

“Hey, what is going on?” Professor Shane's voice echoed through the hallway. He was our history teacher.

Hearing him, the girls all began gathering up my stuff and handed it to me.

“N-nothing, professor. We were all just congratulating Alicia for her victory. Weren't we, Alicia?”

She turned to look at me, her eyes staring daggers into my skull.

She was a true spoiled brat. Nobody would speak a word against her even if I tried to say anything.

And I knew it was not worth the trouble to speak to Professor Shane when I knew I was getting admitted to the college in another town either way. That had been my deal with my father- getting good grades to allow me to study at the prestigious Imperial College in the adjacent town.

I would be leaving this college and never see her face again. Thus, I calmed myself and nodded,

“Yes professor, I am alright.”

“Ok girls, all of you go back to your homes.” He said and walked away.

I did not want them to tail me all the way back to my home, so I bolted outside the doors and through the college grounds as fast as my legs could carry me.

My father had promised me that if I proved to him that I was working hard, he would get me admitted to Imperial College which was located in the adjacent town. And though my grades had been enough, I did not want to risk it and prepared hard for the Intercollege quiz.

Holding the small trophy in my hand, I was walking...no, running towards home. I had just won the first prize in a science quiz and the entire crowd had congratulated me, but their praise did not matter.

There was only one person I wished to please. My father.

I checked my wristwatch and noticed that it was almost 6 pm. My father, Alpha Silas of the Newmoon pack, did not like it if I was late from college.

But today, he knew that there was a competition in our college so he would understand. I hoped he would.

Clutching the trophy in my hands tightly, I slowly walked in through the gates of our bungalow. We lived in a comfortable home. But the cold walls and the furniture looked as dull to me as my life.

Others would die to be in my place, to live a life where you did not have to worry about tuition fees or your next meal.

However, was I really rich if I ate my meals alone and my father pretended I did not exist?

I stepped through the entrance, holding the trophy proudly in front of me. My father was seated on the plush sofa, but he did not even look at me as I entered.

He was on the phone, talking to someone.

“Okay, yes, sure Alpha Frederick.” I heard my father’s emotionless voice.

“No, don’t worry. She is ready.” He said, and I looked at him in confusion, waiting to finish the call.

When he was done, he disconnected the call and began typing something on the phone.

“F-father, I won the Intercollege Science Quiz,” I spoke in a low voice.

In the silence of the living room, my voice sounded pitiful even to me.

My gaze flicked to the coffee table in front of him. There were a few invitation cards lying amidst the newspapers.

It was not a surprise since my father would often get invited to charity events. But what caught my eye was that the invitation had my name.

And it did not look like an invitation to a charity event.

It was a marriage invitation. MY marriage invitation card to be precise.

I stared at the card in horror as I hoped that my eyes were fooling me. But they weren't.

The card really did have my name on it. And some Alpha Frederick, who I did not know.

My father was marrying me off to Alpha Frederick? Who was he?

I clutched my chest in fear as my eyes kept darting from my father to the invitation card.

"Good that you saw them. I don't have to bother explaining anything."

His cold and distant voice echoed through the room. My hold on the trophy went limp, and it crashed down on the floor as tears started rolling down my eyes.

I had worked so hard, and studied day and night to get him to allow me to have the one true thing that mattered to me, but he had completely forgotten about it.

Ignoring the trophy, he got up from the sofa and yelled, "Martha!"

Martha, the woman who had raised me like her own child, came running from the kitchen. She was a middle aged lady who was very polite and hardworking.

"Y-yes Alpha Silas" She bowed down to him.

"Get her ready and see that she is eating well. She is getting married in two days to Alpha Frederick."

Any hope that my father was playing a cruel joke on me disappeared into thin air.