

# The War God Alpha's Arranged Bride

Riley Above Story

## Chapter 1

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[Evelyn's POV]

Today my boyfriend, Liam, will finally propose to me in front of my father.

He didn't inform me in advance, but it was already widely discussed amongst the servants for a whole week. If he wanted it to be a surprise, then I was more than prepared to act like it was one.

But I wasn't sure if I could hide it well after I saw him, though. Even thinking about what was going to happen, caused a shiver of excitement to race through me.

It had been ages since the Silverwood family last planned a wedding. In fact, the last true gathering the grand estate held was for my father's second marriage to my stepmother, Isabella.

Isabella was a proud woman whose painted red lips would always be pursed with an attitude of arrogance and entitlement. The woman's interests were strictly in line with either herself or her daughter, Samantha. Needless to say, she never failed to make me feel less than others around me. To her, I was considered no more than just another servant. A troublemaker. A 'wild child'.

I supposed in a way I was wild. Well, I certainly wasn't conventional on a social level, that was for sure. Growing up, I found comfort amongst the staff in the pack rather than my own relatives.

But I stopped caring about their opinions a long time ago. As Liam and I got closer, I realized that all I truly wanted was the one thing I never felt like I had. A family. A true pack that I could call my own. And I was more than ready to have it all with Liam.

The love that came to be between us had blossomed like a special flower. Over time, he became my reason for wanting more beyond the estate. On the hardest days, the mere thought of him made me smile and feel better.

\*Knock. Knock. Knock.\*

I turned my head at the subtle knocking at the door.

“Miss Evelyn,” one of the servants called softly. “Everyone is waiting for you in the drawing room. You must get ready.”

A glorious smile curved my lips as another whirl of giddiness coursed through me. Pulling back the bed covers, I slipped out of bed and rushed toward my wardrobe. I grabbed one of my better dresses and quickly hauled myself into the bathroom.

Unlike my stepsister, I preferred to get ready in the morning without the help of several other maids. I found that it was a process that took far too long. Once I was properly dressed, I made a quick work of my hair and decided to keep my makeup light and natural.

With one last look at myself in the mirror, I slipped out of my room.

As I made my way toward the front drawing room, I walked past a small group of staff members, who all glanced at me with a pale, grave look.

It was as if they knew something that I didn't.

It was almost enough to make me stop and ask what was wrong. However, a few more steps and I was already standing in the doorway of the drawing room. I was quick to discover that the energy in the room was as cold and dismal as it was in the hall.

All the excitement I had built up to this very moment had instantly depleted.

Both my father and stepmother stood on one side while Liam and Samantha were placed on the other side. As usual, my heart fluttered when my eyes caught sight of Liam.

However, his eyes remained locked on the floor, not sparing a single glance at me.

What was going on?

I tried to approach him. “Liam? What—”

“Evelyn.” Isabella swiftly stepped in my way, blocking me from getting to Liam with her typical, fabricated smile painted on her lips. “You see, dear...Well, there’s been a sudden change.”

My brows pulled together in question. Suddenly, my father, speaking out in his icy tone, spoke directly.

“Sit down,” he ordered.

As soon as I took my seat, Liam took a small step forward. His stern look caused my anxiety to simmer beneath the surface.

Why won't he look at me? Has something happened?

“I came to ask Samantha for her hand, Evelyn,” he said shortly. There wasn’t a stitch of emotion in his voice to be heard.

My eyes widened and my mouth fell open in shock.

Samantha weasled her way back to his side and purposely nuzzled into his arm with a smug grin as though to mock me for my sudden loss.

“You see, I’ve found Samantha to be a much better match for me.”

I struggled to find the right words. “A better match...?”

“Samantha embodies the refined qualities an Alpha daughter should have. If she hadn’t rejected my advances in the past, I would never have come to you,” Liam explained.

My heart clenched in my chest so tightly, I feared that it was going to implode.

He never loved me.

All that time he and I had spent getting to know each other and wanting to plan a future, was all a lie. None of it was real.

“So, you just used me to stay close to the pack, is that it?” I asked weakly. The corners of my eyes were filled with unshed tears.

“I never loved you,” he claimed. “I only pursued you because Samantha initially rejected me.”

Isabella came to my side and half-hazardly patted my shoulder. There was no mistaking her pleasure in my humiliation and agony as her tone turned condescending.

“Samantha had changed her mind about Liam after seeing his pack’s recent success,” she claimed. “Let’s be honest with ourselves, Evelyn. Did you really believe that someone like you would have a successful and fruitful marriage with Liam? You know as the elder sister, you really ought to step aside for Samantha. She deserves a chance at something special and important.”

It was the same story as always—whenever Samantha wanted something of mine, she took it.

Why would this have been any different?

I hastily put a decent amount of space between Isabella and myself. Blinking back the mournful tears of my tattered future with the man I thought cared for me, I waited for my breathing to settle. The only consoling thought I had was the fact that most of Liam’s success was all due to me and my efforts.

I’d spent months designing and planning out trade routes and building personal connections with other neighboring packs whose tools and supplies are vital for the developing growth of the future of Liam’s pack. Whereas Samantha’s concerns were purely placed on herself. She never so much as spoken to a servant if it didn’t involve some kind of selfish need.

All that time spent, all that energy and effort was mine—Samantha had no part in any of it. She didn’t know the first thing that went into knowing how to properly care for a pack. Yet, everyone believed her to be the perfect match for Liam. But I knew better.

Time will tell everyone the truth.

Unfortunately, Isabella wasn’t finished in her rant over how wonderful of a match Liam and Samantha were for one another. I honestly had half a mind to leave the drawing room and head back to bed. Shockingly enough, the conversation shifted back to me.

“There’s really no reason for you to continue mulling around the place since your father and I have already found you a better husband,” she commented.

I snapped my head around to glare at the woman in shock. I could easily make out the excited glimmer in her eyes.

My stomach filled with dread and I instantly knew that it wasn't good.