

The War God Alpha's Arranged Bride-Chapter 3

[Evelyn's POV]

I hadn't wanted to get out of bed that morning. The moment my eyes peeled open, I was instantly filled with horrible regret and an overwhelming sense of anxiety.

This wasn't how I was supposed to be feeling—Not on the day of my own wedding.

I kept wondering if I had made the right choice in my response to the Alpha King's proposition. However, no matter how long I allowed myself to dwell on the issue, I always found that I was led to the exact same conclusion. My brother.

This marriage is not about me...It's about Edward.

All that mattered was that with that money from the King, he would be able to continue the medical care that was needed.

I didn't exactly come to any sort of happy resolution on this whole matter. I just came to the realization that I didn't have a choice.

Might as well, get up so we can get this whole thing over with then.

Without wasting any more time, I rolled out of bed and headed straight for the bathroom. I threw my hair up into a loose bun on top of my head and grabbed for my robe. Once I secured the soft belt around my waist, I made off toward the living room for breakfast.

My mind felt hazy. Of course, everything around me came into clear, painful focus the moment I got to where I was going. I stood frozen in the doorway of the living room while Liam was already present.

He was sitting at his usual spot with a mug of coffee and the latest copy of the newspaper clutched in his hands. I hated how he acted like nothing had changed. How he hadn't literally torn my heart from my chest by allowing this ridiculous switch to happen.

If he had stepped up to deny my parents the chance of selling me off to this unknown Alpha, perhaps things would have turned out a lot differently. Then again, this was the same man who stood awkwardly silent through the entire ordeal.

What was he even doing in here?

Everyone had been told that this was where the new bride-to-be was meant to be getting ready before the ceremony.

Liam spotted me in the doorway and lowered the paper down. I curled a brow upward in question

“Why are you here? Come to give me some pointers on how not to treat my future spouse?” I asked, my voice dripping in sarcasm.

He opened his mouth to speak, but quickly closed it into a firm line. I narrowed my eyes at him, wanting to make him disappear from my sight.

My stomach spun with sickness from the notion that we were once together. After being told that my future was being bought and sent away, our relationship felt like it had happened decades ago.

Yet, it still hurt me to simply look at him.

“My, my. Why the long face?” Samantha asked with a delighted giggle. “This is your wedding day, shouldn’t you be happy or something?”

“Shut up, Samantha,” I muttered.

My stepsister burst out in laughter while Isabella came into the room.

“You know, you really ought to be getting ready,” she remarked. “We’ll be heading over to Kingston Hall very soon.”

Samantha wrapped her arm around Liam and beamed at me with fake enthusiasm. “Yes, we’re all looking forward to your ceremony.”

Oh, wonderful. Was she really dragging Liam along?

“So the wedding is going to be taking place there?” I questioned dully.

“Yes. Since Alexander can’t travel far, the wedding will be held in one of his many rooms instead,” Isabella explained.

“No doubt it will be a simple wedding,” Samantha pointed out roughly. She turned to glance at Liam, giving him a flirtatious smile. “Remember, I’m expecting a grand wedding with dozens of flowers and shiny, white satin.”

Knock. Knock. Knock.

The gentle knocking on the door had us all turning our heads to find that the wedding stylist team had arrived. Isabella graciously allowed them all in and the team began setting up each of their designated stations.

Claire, the team leader, led me over to one of the chairs and placed a large iPad in front of me. The screen showed several gorgeous, one-of-a-kind wedding gowns. As I scrolled through, each one of them was more expensive and beautiful than the one before it.

I had no idea how my family was going to afford such a luxurious dress and setup.

“Alpha Alexander has already ensured that today’s preparations have all been financially covered,” Claire told me. She gave me a knowing wink, giving my nerves a chance to calm down.

Damn, could this woman read minds too?

Looking at the screen, Samantha folded her arms over her chest and wore a bitter expression on her face.

“You shouldn’t rely on money to make this marriage work,” she said tightly, as if she was persuading herself. “Money isn’t everything, you know.”

“Whatever you say,” I replied while I decided on a hand-embroidered, off-the-shoulder gown with a long, lacy train in the back. I would personally prefer simpler ones, but this is what I imagined to be appropriate for the Luna of an Alpha like Alexander. Elegant, noble, exquisite.

The stylist team pulled out the dress I’d chosen and immediately helped me get into it. Within the hour, I had transformed into a completely different person it seemed like. My hair had curled and loosely pinned back with pearl-studded pins. My makeup was light but impactful.

As soon as the final touches were made, I stepped out of the living room where I was met with dozens of wide eyes and opened mouths. Nearly the entire pack was there to see how I turned out. They were all graciously taken aback by my otherworldly appearance.

Even my family had very little to remark on. What amused me most of all was the engrossed, star-struck look Liam wore on his face. Samantha was quick to swat at his arm and pout at his reaction.

As I was preparing to leave, I had one of the staff grab the bag I had pre-packed the night before.

After the ceremony, I wasn't likely to return to this place so I made sure to pack the things that were most important to me—just the clothes I wore most often, along with my mother's keepsakes, which I always carried with me. One of which was a handcrafted, sea-blue aquamarine necklace.

Normally, I would keep it in my side pocket. However, this dress didn't come with any sort of place for me to store the keepsake; so, I made sure to safely stow it in my bag.

While my family headed out to their own vehicles, I secretly snuck away to visit my brother. The only sound that greeted me was the representative echo of the machines that were keeping him alive. It used to break my heart, but over time, I found them to be a comfort, knowing that they were keeping Edward alive.

I gently bent down to press a soft kiss on his head. "I'm going to miss you so much. But I'm going to make sure that you'll be taken care of, okay."

Making my way outside, each of the staff members grasped my hand and wished me luck on the new chapter of my life I was undergoing. It made my heart swell with sadness, seeing they were all reluctant to see me go.

"Hurry up, Evelyn!"

"That's right, we don't have all day."

One of the staff members leaned forward and gave me a reassuring smile. "Don't worry, we'll make sure that your brother is well-looked after."

"Thank you," I whispered.

I turned back to face my family and to no one's surprise, they were all seethingly impatient. My father couldn't have looked any less interested in what was going on. The only look Isabella really had in her eyes was eagerness—no doubt for the money that the Alpha King was promising them. Samantha was still relishing in the childish tantrum she'd thrown earlier while I was getting ready.

Then there was Liam. The man seemed to look at me with loss and an unspoken solemnity. Was he possibly feeling regret?

It shouldn't matter what he's feeling! It's too late. He's clearly made his decision and he's not going to speak up now.

Nevertheless, I felt deeply helpless. It was hard to think that the pack members seemed to care more about me than my own family.

I made my way over toward the car but was stopped by Samantha holding up her hand.

"You know that our car is too small and your dress is likely to get wrinkled," she said with a cold smile.

Claire suddenly rushed to my side. "No worries. Alpha Alexander also arranged for multiple large limousines to pick up you and your family. He wanted to ensure that your dress stays wrinkle-free."

"Really?" I asked with a hint of disbelief.

It was hard to believe that this was all coming from the same man who was known for having a mean temper. Perhaps it was to show the King that he respected the arrangement that had been made.

Claire nodded her head and smiled.

"Yes, the cars will arrive in just a few moments, and also a delicious lunch will be served on board, so you can eat should you get hungry."

I caught Samantha's newly soured expression out of the corner of my eye. Truly, neither one of us expected Alexander to make such a grand show of this arrangement. Either way, it left Samantha sneering with irritation. She folded her arms over her chest and pouted like a child.

I could feel my face flushing under her words. I wasn't used to being treated with such extravagant care. Having never been lavished with so much attention before, I wasn't sure how to handle it.

The journey to Kingston Hall was long and I hadn't officially arrived at Alexander's pack until that afternoon. All I felt was nervousness.