

The War God Alpha's Arranged Bride-Chapter 4

[Evelyn's POV]

When the cars pulled onto the Kingston Estate, my eyes were instantly drawn to the vast landscapes that surrounded the massive manor.

The place was surrounded by gorgeous, tall pine trees that bordered the property like a natural wall of defense. I knew the Moonstone Pack was known for their trading, but nothing would have ever prepared for the amount of various crops and resources that the estate single-handedly provided.

I was truly captivated.

There were orchards and organized sections of fruit-bearing bushes and vegetable patches—all of which were being tenderly attended to by numerous groups of pack members.

Each one looked determined, focused, and well inept to work in such rigorous conditions. As the limousines pulled through, some of the pack members glanced up from their work to steal a quick glance at what was going on. I wondered if any of them knew about what was going on today. Everyone seemed busy at work and there wasn't any other real indication that there was a wedding about to take place.

My heart leaped into my throat for the hundredth time since this morning when the car finally came to a stop. The actual house looked like something out of a fairytale.

As far as I was concerned, Silverwood Manor had always been a place of beauty and high social standing. However, nothing could have prepared me for the architectural majesty that was Kingston Hall. The place was massive, likely three times the size of my own home.

Its light red brick structure was adorned with white marble and numerous carved statues overlooking the massive grounds. It was elegant but cold. Maybe it was because Alexander technically lived alone.

I took a few steady breaths in, hoping to mentally prepare myself for the event that was about to take place. The driver got out and came around to open the door for me. With the much-needed help from a few of the maids, I was able to gracefully get out of the car without too much fuss.

An older woman with a formal-looking uniform came out to greet us with a soft smile.

“You must be Miss Evelyn,” she said. “I’m Nina, the housekeeper here.”

“Hello, Nina. It’s nice to meet you.”

“And these people must be your family,” she greeted. “If you will all kindly follow me, I will take you to the living room.”

My family and I were led into the front hall where I was pleasantly surprised to find lightly decorated for the occasion. Small bundles of freshly clipped and arranged flowers were placed throughout the place along with delicate ribbons of white lace.

The living room was large and decently spacious with high ceilings. The decorations were gradually carried throughout the place. It all looked unexpectedly respectable, given the circumstances. I really thought that for a brief moment, things were going to be alright.

Maybe I wasn’t going to regret this marriage, after all.

However, those hopeful thoughts vanished from my mind within seconds. The moment I turned my head to glance down the small, make-shirt aisle, I noticed that beside the altar, on the right side, was a wheelchair, a mask, and half a prosthetic limb.

It was a terribly eerie sight but it begged the question. Where on earth was Alexander?

“Um...”

Where was he? Did Alexander somehow forget that today, he and I were supposed to be getting married?

I doubted it. Although I didn’t personally know Alexander, something was telling me that he would never forget something as vital as this. And Alpha like him wasn’t prone to making careless mistakes. So where the hell was he?

Nina cleared her throat. She appeared a bit sheepish as she spoke. "Alpha Alexander will not be making an appearance, and these items are here to represent him."

I raised my brows in shock. "Are you serious?"

She nodded his head.

"What about his family?" I asked.

Again she shook her head. "They couldn't make it today."

What the hell kind of wedding was this?

Nina gestures for the rest of my family to kindly take their seats while she goes to greet the priest. As soon as she left the room, Samantha broke out into endless cackles. Her face was turning redder by the second and she was gasping for air.

"Oh, this is absolutely hysterical," Samantha laughs. "Your fiancé didn't even have the decency to show up to his own wedding. Clearly, he's not looking for a wife, but someone else to take care of him."

My cheeks flushed with deep embarrassment.

Liam lightly cleared his throat. "Samantha, perhaps you shouldn't—"

Samantha ignores him. "Come on, am I the only one seeing this setup here? Just think how well you'll fit in here, Evelyn," she went on. "You were practically a servant in the last house, now you'll be a caregiver to a horrible disabled man in this house."

My heart sank into my stomach while an awful feeling washed through me. Samantha had always been obnoxious, but I never knew just how little control over her behavior she had. For Christ's sake, we were literally standing in Alexander's home and she was utterly bad-mouthing him.

What bothered me all the more was just how useless Isabella and my father were at that moment. Neither one of them even batted an eye at my Stepsister's appalling attitude.

I turned and glared at the younger girl with anger behind my voice. "Shut up, Samantha!" I hissed. "Even if Alexander is disabled, he still deserves your respect. These things here are just normal tools that allow him to be able to function."

But Samantha merely smirked and shook her head. “Wow, you’re not even married and already you’re defending him. It’s both sweet and pathetically sad.”

Right as I was about to go off on her again, another voice spoke out.

“May I beg your pardon?”

The tone was calm yet authoritative, sending chills down my spine.

All of us turned our heads to see a man, sitting in a wheelchair while wearing a half-formed mask over his face. There were two staff members standing behind him along with another man who I assumed to be his close assistant.

Oddly enough, my father was the first to react.

“Alpha Alexander.”

Was this really him?

Although he was sitting in a wheelchair, the man was physically fit and strong. His posture exuded confidence, giving off an oppressive aura as someone in a higher position.

His sapphire-like eyes, sharp jawline, tan skin, and sensual lips—combined with the mask and his expensive attire—gave him an air of mystery and nobility. It made one wonder how striking his face must be underneath the mask, which is in stark contrast to the terrifying rumors that surrounded him.

But everyone knew that underneath the mask, his face had likely been severely burned, making me feel twinged with pity.

“S-Sorry,” Samantha meekly apologized.

My father turned to give my Stepsister a weak look of disapproval for her earlier behavior.

“Samantha, you ought to keep better control over your words and know if and when it’s appropriate to say such things,” he reprimanded. “Perhaps, you should go and wait in the car.”

I fought back the urge to roll my eyes at the scene. Of course, even at a time like this, my father would be going easy on Samantha.

With the one half of his face that was still visible, Alexander raised a brow.

“Is that all?” he asked casually. “For someone with such a loose tongue, I think you deserve to have it removed.”