

The War God Alpha's Arranged Bride-Chapter 5

[Evelyn's POV]

For the first time in several years, I watched my father's face break out into a look of pure fear.

My father was never known for being a weak man. He had never been one to grovel or plead when mistakes were made. He had always worn a stern, unwavering stoic expression. Even during the toughest times, the man was practically unbreakable.

But that clearly wasn't the case here. This man who hadn't shown me an ounce of emotion for the majority of my life had practically broken into tears. His expression was pinched and shaking with worry—all because of what Alexander remarked in light of Samantha being reprimanded.

My eyes practically bulged out of my head when my father nearly stumbled to his knees.

Alexander had frankly shocked everyone with his remark.

Was he being serious? Imagine, a world without Samantha having the ability to speak.

My own breathing faltered for a brief moment. The undeniable look in Alexander's eyes was proof that he was utterly serious. Not a single shred of evidence was visible in order to make me think twice. It sent countless shivers down my spine.

For crying out loud, my own father was practically shaking where he stood. What was this man capable of? Was I seriously about to marry this man?

While my father was seconds away from groveling, Isabella looked as though she was on the borderline of fully fainting. Liam looked stunned and didn't even bother to speak up on Samantha's behalf. And as for my dear Stepsister...She turned several shades paler and was on the verge of tears.

"Oh, please," my father begged. "Please spare my daughter such torture."

My gaze flickered back to Alexander who appeared even more disinterested than when he first entered the room. He let out a long breath and waved his hand.

“Something must be done about her abominable behavior,” he insists. “I refuse to even think that I would be associated with such a family that allows their own daughter to speak with disrespect and disdain toward people she doesn’t even know.”

Again my father was pleading for mercy on behalf of Samantha’s poor manners. Still, no one else was willing to step up on her behalf to reason with Alexander. It was like he was the one who held all the power in the situation and all of them knew it.

“I’m afraid I must insist that something be done,” he pushed sternly.

My father slowly nodded his head and glanced at Samantha in shame. “I understand.”

Samantha was shaking her head in fear; still too frightened to speak up for herself. Liam stood there with not a single word or thought—most likely because he too was afraid of what Alexander would do.

Oddly enough, Alexander had turned his head to spare me a quick glance. I partly wish I knew what sort of thoughts were running through the man’s mind. Then again, maybe it was a good thing that I didn’t.

“I take back my previous order and instead demand that your Stepdaughter be confined for no less than a month,” he stated coldly.

Samantha broke out in sobs. Good God, one would have thought she’d just been sentenced to a lifelong stay in prison. This time Isabella stepped forward and tried to plead for her daughter’s case. But Alexander wasn’t hearing any of it.

“One month,” he ordered. “She will be confined for one month in which she will spend reflecting on her boorish behavior and learn how to properly conduct herself in the presence of others.”

“Oh, please!” Isabella implores with desperation. “Please, don’t be so harsh on my daughter. It’s true there are times that she thinks before she speaks but that shouldn’t mean she should be harshly punished for it—”

“One more pointless word and I will happily extend the punishment for you as well,” Alexander snarled. “It seems that the both of you could deeply benefit from some decent self-reflection.”

Isabella instantly closed her mouth while her eyes remained wide in shock.

Suddenly, Nina reappeared with the priest following behind her. She takes notice of the odd shift in the room.

“Oh, sir! I wasn’t expecting to see you today,” she said with a pleasant smile. “You see, the priest has just arrived.”

The elderly man stepped forward and gave Alexander a slight bow of respect and gently cleared his throat.

“Alpha Alexander, will you be proceeding with the marriage ceremony?” he asked.

My stomach twisted with uncertainty. Wait. Did Alexander have an actual choice in all of this?

Was he not under the obligation of the King, like I was to my own family?

I was instantly put off by the thought that my opinion on this whole ordeal never mattered. Apparently, the same could not be said for him. The room fell silent as we all awaited his answer. Alexander didn’t give any immediate answer to the priest and instead turned his head to look back at me.

My heart thudded frantically in my chest, having no idea what was going to happen next.

“Evelyn... right?”

I blinked back the surprise in my eyes and lightly nodded.

“Yes.”

Somehow his features almost soften as well as his tone. “Are you sure about going through with this wedding?” he asked.

My lips parted in shock. “Are you...Are you asking for my opinion on the matter?”

Once more, my father stepped forward and spoke with jumbled hastiness.

“Of course, she’s going through with this marriage,” he said. “She’s agreed since the moment we first told her about it.”

Alexander barely glanced at my father. “I believe I was talking to Evelyn. Not you,” he interjected sharply.

My father backed off slightly, casting me a stern, warning look while Alexander’s back was turned. It made me remember what was at stake.

Edward. This marriage is meant to help take care of my brother.

All I could do was nod my head. The Alpha hesitated for a moment, seeming skeptical about my answer.

Nevertheless, he turned back toward the priest. “Proceed with the ceremony.”

I wasn’t sure whether to feel relieved or filled with dread.

One of the maids swiftly took away the empty wheelchair and Alexander resumed its place. The priest stood at the head of the altar and my father leisurely escorted me down the aisle.

While the priest began to read through the various selected passages, my mind started to wander off. I had to face the facts. My life had changed dramatically in just a few days.

After giving it much thought over the past two days, I realized that if my family and fate were truly conspiring to put me in a difficult position, I had no choice but to make the best of it.

I must live on—for the sake of my brother. I have to do my best to live a better life.

I’d always put the interests of others before me, even when I was a child. So there was no reason why I shouldn’t be able to do it now.

When it came to Alexander, I didn’t really find him all that terrifying as those rumors had insisted. Sure he was intense and direct, but he wasn’t hard to look at.

Having been lost in my thoughts, I completely blocked out the part in which the priest had asked me to repeat the words ‘I do’. Just as I was about to correct my oversight, Alexander held up his hand.

“Stop.” He gave me that same sincere look from earlier. “Evelyn, you don’t have to force yourself to do this. I will allow you to not marry me without consequences.”

My heart plummets as he turns to leave. I caught the threatening look in my father's eyes. He couldn't have been more wrong. There were consequences. Without a marriage there would be no reward from the king and then my brother's life...

Before I had a chance to contemplate my options, I found myself taking off after Alexander. I placed a hand on his shoulder and turned to face him.

"Yes, I do," I told him breathlessly.

I leaned down and pressed my lips to his. I felt him go stiff, probably from shock from my boldness. Pulling back, his eyes had gone wide with surprise. It had just then occurred to me that Alexander hadn't said if he agreed to this marriage yet.

The priest, realizing I had rushed the process, quickly shouted. "Oh... I guess... I pronounce you husband and wife! And you may kiss your luna!"