

Chapter 4 - The Unwanted Sister's Alpha King

I stood in front of the mirror, tugging at the hem of the white dress that hung awkwardly on my body. The fabric was scratchy against my skin, and I couldn't help but feel out of place in it. It was clear that this dress was not made for me; it was a hand-me-down from my sister, who had a better figure than me.

As I fidgeted with the neckline, trying to make it suit just right, I couldn't shake the uncomfortable feeling that settled in my stomach. This wasn't what I would have chosen to wear to meet Alexander, it was given by my mom. She handed me the dress with an evil smile, saying that she would not be wasting any of her time or money on getting me a new dress.

I sighed as I smoothed down the skirt; it didn't matter how uncomfortable or out of place I felt in this dress because I didn't have a choice but to wear it; if I walked out in anything other than what my mother had chosen for me, she would punish me worse than ever before.

The sickening feeling in my stomach kept growing stronger the more I thought about wearing my sister's dress in front of the man that I was being forced to marry. With one last glance at myself in the mirror, I took a deep breath and headed out the door to go and meet him, trying my best to hold my head high.

As I entered the grand hall where Alexander was waiting, my heart pounded in my chest.

He turned to look at me, and for a moment, his expression softened. But as I walked closer and he could clearly see my face, his eyes became extremely cold. I knew that him seeing me in this dress would hurt him and my heart broke for him. It would have all been a part of my mother's horrible plan to try and stop this marriage.

"You really are trying to replace her, aren't you?" he said quietly, his voice laced with hate.

I bit my lip, feeling the sting of tears threatening to spill over. "No, I swear I'm not," I whispered, willing him to believe me.

But he just shook his head and turned away, leaving me standing there feeling like a fraud in my sister's dress. The weight of everyone's expectations of me was suffocating as I struggled to hold back my emotions.

"I'm sorry, Alpha Alexander", I blurted out, trying to stop him from leaving. He stopped in his traps, standing there and waiting for me to go on. "I know that you loved Cas..." I stopped not wanting to say her name because even though she had bullied me my whole life, there was still a part of me that missed her, and just saying her name hurt me.

he turned to look at me, he tried to hide his emotions from me, but I could see the hurt in his eyes. "Her name was Cassandera" he spat at me as he walked toward me, his voice filled with venom. "Say her name" he ordered, waiting for me to do as I was told.

My heart was pounding harder than ever before, fear overtaking every part of my body as I stood there frozen in front of him.

"Say her name!" he emphasized, making me step away from him.

"Cassandra, my sister's name is Cassandra", I spat out, my voice filled with fear and sadness. That was the first time I had spoken her name since the day she died. I kept my head low, looking down at the ground, trying to hide the single tear that had escaped me.

I could feel his eyes burning into me as he stood there staring down at me. "You shouldn't be wearing your sister's clothes. You look like her now, but you're not her."

I never wanted to replace my sister and it eats away at me that no one ever believed me. I lowered my head further, unable to speak because I knew that if I did, I would lose control of my emotions.

His cold fingers lifted my chin, forcing my eyes to meet his. "You know, I promised your sister I would never love another woman."

his words pierced through me. The pain of losing Cassandera even though it had been two years was still fresh, and I knew that Alexander's heart belonged to her and always would. Unlike most he had chosen to love her they weren't fated together like most werewolves. I couldn't bear the thought of being a replacement for her, no matter how much my father and the packs wanted this marriage it was crushing me inside. I stayed silent.

"And I will keep that promise to her", he spat at this voice filled with promise.

"I always know that," I whispered, trying to keep my voice steady despite the tears threatening to spill over. "I don't want to come between you and her memory."

"Then tell me why you're trying to pretend to be your sister by wearing your sister's clothes." His words were still cold and questioning.

"I'm sorry, I didn't want to do it, my mom forced me to wear this dress." I tried to explain, "Please believe me."

"How could you expect me to believe someone who tried to seduce me at your sister's funeral." The pressure from Alexander made me breathless.

"No. No. I never thought of doing this. It was a misunderstanding." I shook my head desperately and argued for myself.

"You're not worthy of wearing this dress." Alexander turned to leave.

His words stung my heart so hard that I felt tons of pain crushing me.

Looking at his leaving figure, I finally chose not to explain.

"Alexander", I called out, making him stop. "I'm sorry to remind you of painful memories. I feel the same for losing my sister." He had no trust in me but I still wanted to say something.

He hunched his shoulders for a second before straightening up and disappearing through the grand hall doors.

Standing at the entrance of the grand hall, I nervously surveyed the hundreds of guests who had gathered to celebrate my wedding to King Alexander. My heart pounded in my chest as all eyes turned towards me, and my hands trembled with anxiety.

As I walked down the aisle, memories of my sister's funeral flooded my mind, causing a lump to form in my throat. I couldn't bring myself to look at Alexander. I could feel his cold gaze on me, a stark contrast to the warmth and love I had always hoped for in a partner. I focused on my breathing, trying my hardest not to mess this up and fall on my face. My sister's dress was tight, and it was hard to breathe in the smell of her perfume still lingering.

I reached the altar, and Alexander's icy blue eyes bore into mine. His expression was cold, showing no emotions at all.

"Repeat after me," the officiant commanded, breaking the tense silence between us. I swallowed hard and tried to focus on the words being spoken, but all I could hear was the pounding of my own heartbeat.

"I, King Alpha Alexander, take you, Luna Olivia, to be my lawfully wedded wife," Alexander said in a robot voice.

"I-I, Luna Olivia, take you... King Alpha Alexander..." I stuttered, unable to hide the tremor in my voice. I looked around at everyone in the room panic setting in even more than ever before. I closed my eyes and took a deep breath. "To be my lawfully wedded husband".

The officiant pronounced us as husband and wife, and the crowd erupted into applause. I forced a smile on my face as Alexander took my hand and led me back down the aisle. The rest of the wedding was a blur, with greetings from guests, toasts, and dances. I tried my best to put on a happy face, but inside I was filled with doubt and fear.

As we made our way back to our room, my heart racing in my chest as I thought about what was about to come. He led me into our room and closed the door behind us. The room was dark and as I reached for the light he stopped me.

"You know what is expected of us tonight". he said, his voice low and commanding. I nodded nervously, my hands trembling at my sides.

He took a step closer to me, the heat of his body radiating towards mine. His hands reached out to cup my face, his touch gentle yet possessive. "I want you to submit to me completely," he whispered, his breath hot against my ear.

I closed my eyes as he leaned in closer. My heart raced feeling him so close to me, his hand trailed along my neck sending chills through my body as it reached my shoulder, he turned me around and as he undressed me slowly, his fingers brushing against my skin with a feather-light touch, I felt a heat building inside of me that I had never experienced before.

I closed my eyes tight, reminding myself that he did not belong to me, and he never would but I couldn't deny the electricity I felt from his touch.

"Tell me you want this," Alexander whispered, his voice husky and filled with desire and lust. I hesitated for a moment, unsure of what to say.

"I want this," I breathed out, my voice barely above a whisper. His hands trailed down my body, igniting every nerve ending as he explored every inch of me. The room was filled with the sound of our heavy breathing and the rustle of fabric as our clothes fell to the floor.

He led me to the bed and as he laid me down, I looked up into his eyes and all I saw was lust and desire burning brightly within them. I knew deep down that this was wrong, that I shouldn't be giving myself to a man who didn't truly love me, one last time I reminded myself that this was what was expected of me. But as he hovered over me, my body screamed to feel him touching me, so I pushed my thoughts to the side letting myself get lost in the moment.

His hand trailed up my thigh. I arched into his touch, telling him that I was ready for him. He slowly slid his member inside of me. I let out a gasp as he did, the sensation of him filling me sending waves of pleasure coursing through my body.

His movements were slow, each thrust pushing me closer to the edge. I couldn't help but moan in response, the sound echoing in the room as he continued to move within me.

His pace quickened, his breathing growing ragged as he lost himself in the moment. I clung to him, my nails digging into his back as I urged him on.

I felt myself teetering on the brink of release, a delicious tension building within me. And then, with one final thrust, he exploded inside me, both of us letting out one last groan of pleasure as he did.

Alexander rolled off of me, his breathing still heavy as he reached for the sheet wrapping it around himself as he stood up and made his way to the bathroom. I lay there, feeling a mix of emotions wash over me. Guilt, shame, and confusion clouded my mind as I tried to process what had just happened.

As Alexander emerged from the bathroom, his expression cold like always, I quickly pulled a sheet around myself, suddenly feeling exposed and vulnerable.

He climbed back into bed without a word, turning away from me as if I were nothing more than a stranger.

I wanted to say something, anything to break the suffocating silence that hung between us. But I knew there was no point he would never care about me which I already knew, and I would just have to learn to live with that.

I swallowed my tears and told myself in the heart, that if I could not be his lover, at least I could be a good Luna to help him. This is the last thing I think and then I let darkness overtake me.