

# The Alpha King's Possession By Moonlight Muse Chapter 11

## 1. *A Woman's Insecurity* MORGANA

His blood was different; I had never tasted anything so good that it turned me on to such an extent that I lost my grasp on my senses... Even when he threw me to the ground, the feel of his hands running up and down my back made my heart pound. My core was still throbbing from my orgasm, and I felt alive after so long. The chaffing from the ropes was already beginning to heal.

Yet at the same time, I felt humiliated and used as he walked off arrogantly towards the bathroom, slamming the door after him. I stood up slowly, feeling the wetness on my trousers. I needed to change and wash... I felt dirtier than ever...

I didn't understand... He seemed to want me, yet he clearly hated me too... I stood up, my legs shaky as I leant against the drawer.

If it wasn't for a startling thought that crossed my mind... I would have been so much angrier... My stomach sank, unable to remove the question burning in my mind.

Why did he remind me of the man from the lake?

The way his hair felt from the back... his scent. Although the man at the lake's scent was hazy, it seemed so similar... His voice... Could it be that he had ended up developing an infatuation with me since then? If it was him?

No... The man at the lake was nicer... But was he? We didn't speak, it had just been an intimate moment that I had somehow fallen into. Even now, I have never gotten so aroused in such a way, whilst drinking blood. Usually, I would drink from a glass, but when I have drunk directly from a human, I have never gotten turned on. Yes, I've felt exhilarated and even high... But nothing like this...

My chest tightened painfully when I remembered the anger in his eyes as he threw me to the floor.

For the first time in my life, I felt... lost... I was angry at myself for allowing that to happen, angry at him for his treatment of me, angry at Azrael for allowing him to take me...

I had tried to escape twice, and both times I had failed. I really needed to play smart from here on out.

The bathroom door slammed open, and my breath hitched, my heart skipping a beat at the bang.

I looked up, my heart thudding as I stared at the god before me, his entire muscular physique on perfect display... I could see he had a tattoo wrapping around his right lower leg that looked like a forest. My gaze travelled upwards, taking in the navy towel wrapped around his waist, water trickling down his six-pack and into his towel, making my core clench. I slowly forced my gaze up to his face, my heart thudding when his cold hazel eyes met mine.

"You didn't run, you had your chance. Why didn't you take it?" He asked coldly, approaching me.

I squeezed the edge of the dresser, holding his gaze.

"We both know that I wouldn't have gotten far." I replied, equally coldly.

He reached over, gripping my chin tightly in his fingers, forcing me to tilt my head upwards.

"True, I'm a hunter and I love a game of chase." He whispered.

I glared back defiantly, feeling stronger now that I had fed, but I did not want to be bound in a painful

14

position again and left in it for two days, or maybe even more so this time...

"Clearly." I spat resentfully.

I hated him.

He smirked coldly.

"Looks like the she-devil is finally beginning to break..." He taunted.

I was going to kill him, but I'd do it on his terms... I'd make him lower his guard at some point, and when he did... I'd kill him.

He raised one of those perfect brows, almost as if he knew what was going through my mind.

"Now... how about you go get cleaned up and then I'll decide what to do with you." He said coldly, turning away from me and walking over to the large wardrobes that covered the entire wall near the bathroom door. Opening the first one, he began to take some clothes out for himself.

My gaze fell to the large tattoo on his back. It was a huge dragon that spread across his entire back... An interesting choice for a werewolf... My gaze shifted

to his right calf to see that the back of his leg tattoo contained a wolf too, blending in with the trees.

“You have nine minutes left to get cleaned up.” He said darkly and my heart skipped a beat.

I was not going to refuse the offer. I walked to the bathroom as fast as possible, despite my legs feeling weak. Upon entering, I quickly locked the door, closing my eyes for a moment.

Taking a deep breath, I opened them, looking around the bathroom. Mosaic tiles in cream, brown, black and gold covered the entire walls. The ceiling was dark wood with fitted lights. A counter ran along one wall with a shelf of towels, toiletries and two basins. On the opposite wall was a toilet and shower, and to my left was a huge tub, large enough to fit five of me.

The floor was glossy dark brown tiles that sparkled perfectly. Splashes of water left by the Alpha were clear on them and I frowned, quickly making my way to the shower, stripping off my dirty clothes.

Turning on the water I stepped in, relishing in the cool water that ran down my skin. I quickly grabbed the body wash and scrubbed myself, before I picked up the shampoo bottle. From the packaging, I could tell it was an expensive brand and not one I had heard of, but then again, we usually used our own brands rather than take anything from the werewolves...

I squirted a large dollop of what smelled like shea butter shampoo onto my hand and applied it to my wet locks. I closed my eyes rinsing off and felt so glad he had allowed me to bathe. It was probably his only decent act since he had brought me here... I applied some conditioner, enjoying the way my fingers slid through my locks before I turned the shower off, not wanting to take longer than he gave me. I stepped out, grabbing a towel and wrapping it around myself, before taking another of the towels and drying my long locks.

My eyes fell on the shelf of hair products, serums, oils, hair treatment products... So the Alpha took good care of his hair... That was not something I'd have expected...

With nothing to wear but the towel, I silently opened the door, hoping he was gone. However with my luck as of late, he was still there, seated at the edge of the bed completely dressed, his elbows resting on his knees, head in hands. The moment he heard the door, his head snapped up. The arrogance and power he usually exuded, surrounded him once again.

I stood there, now realising how small the towel was. With my five-foot-eleven frame, it just about covered

the main bits... I watched as his eyes ran over me, filled with a primal hunger that made my core knot.

What was this? How could he hate me and yet look at me like that?

"I need something to wear." I said icily.

I may not run, but I was not going to just listen to him and act like a meek, useless woman either.

"There's the fucking drawer." He said coldly. Standing up he walked out of the room, slamming the door behind him.

Did he not know how to do anything but slam doors?

I frowned, glancing at his wardrobe. Did he expect me to wear one of his items? Just the thought disgusted me, but right now I didn't really have a choice...

Well, Morgana, you literally humped him and drank his blood – I'm sure his clothes aren't so bad.

I scoffed at my thoughts and pulled the drawer open. Taking out a blood-red shirt that I was surprised the moody Alpha even possessed... I mean all I had seen him in was bland colours...

I pulled it on, relieved that it didn't hang off my shoulder. I needed something to wear underneath... I rummaged around, finding his underwear drawers before I wrinkled my nose, I was not going to wear anything so intimate of his! I decided to settle for some shorts. I pulled them on, tightening the drawstring around my waist and turning to one of the large mirrors that hung on the inside of the wardrobe. I looked ridiculous... His shirt fell to mid-thigh and then his black shorts fell to just above my knees...

Wow... I don't think I've ever looked more stupid in my entire life.

Deciding to make the most of it, I began prowling around for a brush. I found a wide-tooth comb and smiled victoriously. Brushing my hair out, I sighed in relief. It felt good to feel so clean. I replaced the comb, braiding my hair in a fish plait. I sighed, knowing it wouldn't stay. My hair was very silky and it always came out unless pinned or tied.

I saw some moisturiser and took a little drop applying it to my face. I looked at myself; my skin was glowing, well as much as my pale skin could. My dark lashes stood out like spider legs and my plump red lips looked as soft and appealing as always. I applied the cream gently to my face, pondering over what happened earlier...

He had tried to make me beg but I refused too... but then how did drinking blood end up with me orgasming like that... I sighed deeply. Even back home, I wasn't the type to have many men or even engage in casual sex often enough. So why did I do that?

The door opened and I jumped, startled. I turned to see a pretty woman with light brown hair and blue eyes that were now staring at me accusingly. She was curvy with large breasts that were on display from the plunging neckline of her fitted blue dress.

"What are you doing in here?" She asked, pursing her plump lips.

I raised my eyebrow, irritation flashing through me. I hated being spoken to like that.

"You should ask your Alpha." I said coldly.

She frowned deeply, her eyes scanning the bed. Her eyes fell on the discarded towel that the Alpha had left, plus the two that I had put aside. Her eyes flashed as she stared at the bed that was quite rumpled.

She glared at me.

"Kian is mine..." She spat.

I raised an eyebrow.

"Oh? Then please, do tell your precious Kian to keep his hands off of me." I hissed.

If he had a woman, then why was he messing around with me? Another Azrael... I was disgusted, but then a sudden thought came to me – the Alpha didn't have the mark of a mated wolf... Was this woman lying?

"We all know you're probably trying to seduce him." She whispered coldly, glancing at the open door next to her.

Was she scared of being heard?

"Funny, who would have thought I would be able to seduce the Alpha king? I wonder if that is a compliment or an insult?" I scoffed, dropping onto the bed. I braced my hands behind me, leaning back as I crossed my legs gracefully.

"I'm warning you bloodsucker... Stay away from the king or I will stop you." She spat.

I raised an eyebrow mockingly, before smirking tauntingly and tilting my head.

"Oh yeah? You and which army?"

