

The Alpha King's Possession By Moonlight Muse Chapter 14

1. Working The Kitchens MORGANA

The funny little male housekeeper was rather strange. He was really pale for a werewolf, with a head full of ginger curls and pale green eyes. He was slightly on the tubby side, and he wasn't so tall. But the best part, he was scared of me.

This would be fun...

"Ok, ma'am Liana I will take care of Morgana..." He said gulping visibly.

It seemed yesterday he was braver, but for some reason, he seemed more worried today... Did someone tell him something about me? Oh well...

"Don't worry, Corbin will be keeping an eye on her." Liana said, casting me a look.

I just looked back at her; she was at least five inches shorter than me. I wasn't sure what to make of her yet, I knew she didn't like me, but no werewolf was going to like a vampire. Just as I didn't like them.

"Ok, so Morgana... What are you good at?" Andrei asked when Liana had turned and left.

"In the kitchen.... not much. Back home, I wasn't allowed to be in the kitchen, it wasn't fitting." I said quietly.

I wasn't really anyone anymore...

"Ahh... Ok, what were your hobbies back home?"

I cast him a faint smile. Although I would love to say weaponry, training, and strategy, I was not about to tell anyone anything more than what I had already displayed.

"I was just the spoiled daughter of my father." I said simply.

I was his favourite child, although being the daughter of a mistress wasn't something the queen or her family had appreciated. I'd had several attempts on my life growing up.

"Ok... Well, I will put you to work cutting the vegetables..." He said after a moment. "You can start with this bucket of onions, peel them like this...."

He began demonstrating how to peel an onion.

I'm not that clueless... but I guess after the potato fiasco, I couldn't really blame him.

"Then cut it in half and put it here..." He continued, placing it on a chopping board and began dicing it.

That would be easy, I was good with a knife.

"Ok." I said, as he nodded and put the knife down before stepping away.

He glanced at someone behind me, and I knew it was probably the man sent to watch me. I hoped he wasn't as stupid as the previous ones.

I picked up the knife and looked around the kitchen. Several people were working in the huge kitchen. It was extremely large. There were five cookers along the far wall, each with six rings and all with an oven underneath. Then there were four large sinks underneath the windows. The worktops around the room were all in use, and there were four islands in the centre where utensils, pots and pans hung from hooks above them.

The drawers and shelves were full of spices and sauces. I could see the large cupboards behind me contained dishes, and two doors led off to the back, where some young women were bringing frozen goods and fresh produce. Clearly a storeroom and a cold room. To the left, near the sinks, was a large double door that led to the garden, one I had felt like I had been watched from earlier.

These wolves didn't have muscles or any scars. A clear sign they were just ordinary people, they weren't monsters like the rest... right? I guess like the children, they are innocent until proven otherwise... As for that woman... Sage... Well, I didn't like her. I wonder if she is a warrior? I'm sure I could land her on her big behind with one strike!

I frowned, peeling the onions swiftly.

Was that the Alpha's preference? Curvy women with those big butts and boobs? Then why did he even bring me here! Stupid man. I slammed the onion down on the board. This was his head... I sliced it in half, smiling at it. Now I shall chop him to bits... I giggled as I began chopping it quickly.

Now the next one...

I looked up, feeling watched, and saw that all eyes were on me. They looked a little disturbed and scared... I smiled faintly, making sure to keep my mouth shut so my fangs didn't scare them off.

"Are they not, correct?" I asked, looking at the two onions I had already cut.

"Ah... no, they are perfect... you are fast with a knife... I thought you had never been in a kitchen before."

"Oh, I haven't... But I'm good with a knife, I was just imagining that these onions were someone I really want to dice up." I replied sweetly.

He visibly gulped, his hands trembling on the pile of colanders he was holding.

"Don't worry, it isn't you."

He jumped, dropping the pile; I tilted my head. I didn't even say anything scary... Oh well, back to cutting baby Alpha's head... 5

It was much later, I had finished the onions and then was given three times the amount in peeled potatoes, which were to be cut into chunky fries for dinner. My mouth was actually watering, I wondered if they'd give me any... Back home, we would usually have more posh food here and there as it wasn't really necessary to eat. But the pleasant aroma that now filled the kitchen had my stomach rumbling, and with it came the reminder that I needed more blood.

The staff that had been working in fear and silence, to begin with, were now back to what I assumed was their usual hustle and bustle. Chatting and working once they realised I'd mind my own business and do what I was given. I mean, if I wanted, with the weapon in hand, I probably could have killed them.

I'm sure the Alpha knew that. But he had still let me work here. Were the lives of the low-rank wolves not important to him? Well, it was probably the case! I mean, he had been pushing an innocent child in my face to feed off of!

"Morgana..." Andrei said, walking over to me with a glass of what smelt like carrot juice. "Here... I know you must be hungry, but we can't give you blood. I mean, we don't have blood..."

He placed one hand to his neck, and I smiled, amused.

"Don't worry, this will do." I said, taking the juice. "Thank you."

He looked surprised at that. I sipped the juice, it was nice and cold and, to my surprise, very tasty.

"Oh, this is delicious." I exclaimed.

"You haven't had carrot juice?" He asked curiously.

"We don't really get access to much... As vampires, our produce is kept for the humans who reside in our kingdom and those species who need it." I said, sipping the juice.

Andrei frowned and nodded.

"I see... You need to keep the humans fed to have blood I presume."

"Yeah, I guess so... But they are still our people, even if we do need them. We usually have a system where humans are asked to give blood. It's in place of what one would call taxes. Once you come to an age, you pay by blood and only the elderly, pregnant women, and children are exempt."

"You don't kill your people?" He asked, confused.

I raised an eyebrow.

"Why would we kill them? Don't listen to all the rumours your kind spread." I stated, frowning.

"Ah, of course, sorry..."

"No need... I mean, apart from your Alpha being a ruthless beast, you don't seem too bad."

I heard a growl and turned to look at the man who had been standing there watching me.

"Oh, don't growl at me! He is ruthless." I snapped, my anger flaring.

He tensed as the staff around us started shaking.

"If you have a complaint, then you can tell your Alpha, I'm not afraid of him." I turned back to my work, frowning deeply as everything stilled once more.

I saw Andrei looking at him and knew he was probably using their mind link.

It was a strange thing, knowing that you could enter anyone's mind... But I'm sure it was also very efficient, especially for coordinating an attack.

Time passed and I was given more onions to peel for tomorrow. The rest rushed to serve dinner, and by now my hands were aching, and my fingertips were raw red. Despite being good with weapons, this was something different.

"Morgana, you have done a lot. Here, you can stop and eat now." He said, holding up a large plate full of chunky hot fries, scrambled eggs, and mushy peas.

I took it slowly, I felt confused. After the rough treatment by their Alpha, I was surprised that they were being so kind. I gave a small smile.

"Thank you." I said softly.

"Not at all, you have worked well." He said, giving me his first relaxed smile. "You are not a bad person."

I rolled my eyes,

"I think my being a vampire is enough to be hated." I said softly, going over to the sink. I washed my hands with some soap before I picked up the plate again. I was rather excited.

He looked towards the large table that stood towards the doors that led to the hall, where most of the other omegas were eating and chatting, hesitating.

I smiled gently, knowing he didn't want to say anything, but I also knew those omegas wouldn't want me there.

"Is it ok to eat on the step that leads outside?" I asked.

He looked surprised and relieved, nodding.

"Of course!"

I took my plate and walked away, hearing a whispered 'Thank God' from one of the women. I knew they had been talking about me throughout the day but through their mind link. Not that it bothered me, I was often the subject of talks back home, so there was nothing new there. For a vampire, I was too energetic and, as Azrael would put it, 'unruly.'

I sat down on the stone step, placing the plate in my lap and gazing up at the starry sky. The worst thing about being away from home was missing my friends, although I only had a rare few, my uncle and the graves of my parents.

From the corner of my eye, I saw the man, Corbin, take a seat at the table. His eyes fixed on me, although he was eating. I turned back to the stars; he could do what he wanted. I wasn't going to run until I had a fool proof plan. I would need supplies, including a map of the place...