

# The Alpha King's Possession By Moonlight Muse Chapter 2

## 2. Sibling Rivalry TWO MONTHS LATER

MORGANA

The harsh cold was biting into me, even though I didn't feel the cold easily. My chiffon knee length dress did nothing to help, but I wasn't really bothered.

I looked down at the grand black marble tombstone of my father. The late King Araton.

That night, I wished I had been at the palace; I was one of our finest warriors, but I hadn't been. Instead, I had been frolicking in the lake with a mysterious man that I didn't even see... I felt bitter, broken and empty.

The wind whipped around me as I crouched down, placing my slender hand on the cold marble.

I'm sorry, father. I should have been there.

Two months had passed, but the ache in my chest at his loss was still present. I closed my eyes, breathing deeply to control the hurricane of emotions that devoured me.

"Lady Morgana, the king has called for you!" A breathless male servant spoke.

I stood up gracefully, turning around and looking at the man who was bowing down to me. Not uttering a word, I made my way back to the palace to see why my brother, who usually didn't even want to see my face, was summoning me.

When my father was murdered, the king's champion, his closest confidant, died trying to protect him. With the champion's death, the spell cast upon me by him to disguise my eyes had vanished. Eyes that had made my brother hate me even more, simply because they were darker than his. In our kind, the deeper and darker the eye colour, the stronger we were.

I didn't bother knocking on the door to his office; after all, he had summoned me. Pushing it open, I stepped into the large room that was lavishly decorated in rich forest greens and gold shades.

The room smelt of sex and sweat. I wrinkled my nose in disgust.

I scoffed when I saw him on the sofa. One woman dressed in barely anything was massaging his shoulders as she kissed his neck and another, who was completely naked, was on her knees before him as she gave him a blow job. I looked away in revulsion and snapped my fingers loudly.

"Out." I said coldly.

I heard my brother's irritated groan as the women scurried to scatter.

"Really, Morgana? You could have waited outside." My brother's drawling voice came.

I didn't reply, waiting until I heard him zip his pants up before turning and shooting him a withering glare.

"Really, Azrael? You called for me when I was at my father's grave, if you had no patience to wait, then I have no patience with letting you entertain your whores." I snapped, coldly staring up at my brother who now rose from the sofa, approaching me.

I was tall, standing at 5 feet 11, yet I felt small in comparison to his 6 feet 7. His long, straight hair that fell below his shoulders contained two small braids, leaving the rest open. His intricate gold crown sat upon his head.

"Remember that I am your king, Morgana."

"And remember that you have a child on the way, and a wife." I replied quietly.

It wasn't odd for a king to have many women, but those were women of the court who were classed as his mistresses, but messing around with the servants and any random woman was wrong. I felt sorry for his queen.

"You don't need to interfere in my life!" He snapped. "I called you here because I have heard rumours that you have been spreading your legs for one of the warriors."

I scoffed in disbelief. Was he really going to question me after he had his cock down a woman's throat just now?

"Oh, do forgive me, brother, I forgot that only you're allowed to be the whore around here."

"Morgana!" He shouted, his deep red eyes blazing bright when he grabbed my neck tightly. "Remember who you are talking to! You need to learn your place, dear sister! Father is no longer around to entertain your crap. Remember that! One wrong move and I'll end you." He hissed.

I pulled free, irritation burning within me.

“Don’t touch me with those filthy hands! As for knowing my place, you are a king, Azrael, not a god! As for what or who I bring into my personal life, it has nothing to do with you! I am not a child!” I hissed.

No, I hadn’t been fucking any men as of late, but I was not going to plead my innocence to him.

“Well, it clearly shows you are your mother’s daughter. A whore.”

His words cut me like a dangerous knife. I glared back, clenching my jaw as I looked at him resentfully.

“She was not a whore.” I whispered, my voice trembling with rage.

Azrael’s mother was the queen, whilst my mother was one of the women from court that my father had taken as his mistress. She had been the only one besides the queen who had borne a child.

“Oh really? I highly doubt you were even my father’s daughter!”

My eyes flashed in anger, and I rushed at him, my rage overtaking me. I grabbed him by his neck, only for him to grab me by mine and slap me hard across the face with his other hand.

I gasped at the bruising pain that jarred through my face and neck.

“Respect.” He threatened, tangling his free hand into my hair painfully. “It’s high time I made use of you and married you to one of the high-ranking members of the council. Many would be satisfied with you, and you will behave, Morgana.”

He looked me over with hatred, and I was equally disgusted, wrenching free from his hold.

“You can’t control my life, Azrael!” My heart was beating fast, I knew he would stay true to his words.

“You need not worry about anything but to listening to me, dear sister. I have thought of a solution to the age-old argument between us and the werewolves as well. I will accomplish something father was never able to.” He said, turning his back on me.

I frowned,

“What do you mean?”

“I will extend the hand of friendship; I have already written to the Alpha king. Father had distorted beliefs-”

“You are willing to give in to their demands?! Our father spent his life fighting for the betterment of our people and our land! You can’t just throw that away! You know they are probably the ones who killed father!” I cried.

His head snapped towards me, a flash of warning in his eyes.

“He’s dead, Morgana. I’m the goddamn king now!”

"Azrael, Morgana, please calm down."

We both turned in the direction of the door. Our uncle Malachi, our fathers' younger brother, stood there frowning softly. Concern was etched on his forehead.

"Uncle! Azrael is trying to marry me off just because of a few baseless rumours!" I snapped. "Not to mention, he wants to make peace with the werewolves!"

"They are growing in power, dear. Azrael isn't wrong."

"But to give up everything father stood for?" I couldn't believe what I was hearing.

"The humans are beginning to side with the werewolves too, Morgana..."

"But we can't just give in! They are monsters!"

"They are cutting off supplies-" Uncle began.

"There has to be another way! How can we side our fathers' killers!" I exclaimed, looking at the two men shocked.

Were they really willing to make peace with those...beasts?

"You have no say, Morgana! Just do as you're fucking told!" Azrael thundered.

A knock on the door disturbed us, and I glared at the two guards.

"My king, we have a visitor here to see you. He demands an audience with you."  
One of them said, both bowing to Azrael.

"Oh, for fucks sake! Who is it?" Azrael snapped.

"The Alpha King, Kian Araquel, of Clair De Lune"