

The Alpha King's Possession By Moonlight Muse Chapter 4

4. Morgana's Resolve MORGANA

"This is complete rubbish." I ran a hand through my hair, my irritation only growing.

How could Azrael agree to such a stupid request?

"How can he allow this to happen?! He will send one of our women to a beast!" I snapped, trying to free myself from my uncle's hold.

"Morgana, you really need to hold that tongue." Adelle, one of my brothers' mistresses said, raising her nose in distaste. "You know you will be punished if you don't."

"I am the princess, Adelle. Remember that." I snapped coldly, "Leave me be uncle!"

"Promise me you won't do anything stupid." He said, concern clear in his voice.

I exhaled sharply.

"I won't."

He sighed relieved, and let go of me. I shook my head, turning and storming out of the hall.

Word had gone around that the Alpha King was in these very halls. In fact, Azrael was actually going to display our women as if they were livestock? Oh, fuck him and the Alpha.

I entered my room slamming the door shut behind me. How could he? When it was clear that father was killed by them... Ok maybe there was no proof, but he was killed weeks after this very Alpha threatened to kill him? Moreover, the Alpha King's showing up like this was enough proof that they could easily sneak in. Did no one see this?

I sat down on my bed, gripping the mattress as I glared at the floor. My chest heaving, my emotions a storm within me.

Fine. If the Alpha King wanted a present tonight, then I would give him one myself. When he would feast his eyes on our women, I would kill him. Even if it resulted in consequences, I would not let him out of here alive...

I stood up, walking over to one of the large cabinets against the wall that held my collection of weapons and selected one of my daggers. Spinning it in my hand, I threw it up into the air, watching it spin as it came spiralling down towards me.

You came for a taste of passion, then I'll give you a taste of mine.

I caught the knife, spinning around I threw it across the room, piercing one of the large tapestries on the wall. My eyes blazing with hatred. You will regret ever stepping on our land.

"A no is a no, Morgana! I don't trust you!" Azrael hissed.

He spun around, his eyes blazing as he glared at me.

"I just want to attend the banquet! Nothing more. Besides Azrael, if he even thinks of trying to kill you... I can stop him, you know that." I pleaded.

"Oh please, we both know you would let me die." Azrael snapped.

"Uncle, please. You know I just want to be there." I begged, turning to Malachi.

Ok, now was the time to work my charms. I pouted, batting my long, thick lashes pleadingly at my uncle.

"I swear I'll behave." I begged.

"Azrael, you know Morgana is feisty and temperamental, but she means well. She's just very passionate." He said, his blood-red eyes filled with sympathy for me.

I smiled faintly and heaved a sigh.

"I just want to see him... I have heard a lot about him. Do you know that he is not the eldest brother? Despite being the middle one, he still fought for the title of Alpha king. Out of thirty men, including his brother, he came out victorious at the mere age of nineteen." I said, hoping that they brought it.

Azrael scoffed.

“That’s nothing special, nineteen is an adult for them.” He muttered. “Fine! But I don’t want a scene, or I swear Morgana, I will throw you in the dungeons for a month!”

“Fine.” I said, my heart skipping a beat.

One month or ten years in the dungeons, I didn’t care as long as I got what I wanted. I left the room with a small smile gracing my lips. Now it was time to lace a dagger in poison and wear something that could hide my weapon...

I was now dressed in a fitted lace and sequin black dress that showed off some cleavage and most of my upper back. On top of the dress was a satin layered skirt that trailed on the ground. With enough room to hide a dagger or two. My hair was coiled up on my head in an elegant updo and I wore a thin tiara to show my rank. My flawless pale skin was left free of foundation, but my eye makeup was dark, I had my cherry red lips painted a darker shade of red, and a bit of blush was added to my otherwise snow white cheeks.

I had made my way into the lavish banquet hall soon after. Two rows of tables, laden with gold dishes full of food, ran along the sides. Maybe we should have used silver, I would have loved to see the Alpha king try to eat with silver cutlery. I smiled slightly at my own thoughts. Now that would have been some entertainment. As vampires, we ate for the sake of it, we didn’t really need food to survive.

I blended in, not wanting to join my brother on the table at the top of the hall that was facing the rest of the room. I glanced towards it, but it wasn’t my brother who caught my attention. For once, he didn’t hold the strongest aura in the room.

My eyes found the source... my heart skipped a beat. The Alpha King... He didn’t need a name tag or a crown to tell me that the man before me was a king. He

exuded power like it was nothing, the arrogance and pride on his handsome face clear from across the room. He was built and was a lot more muscular than any vampire there. A body that had been made to perfection, from his delicious chocolate coloured skin to his small beard that defined his prominent jawline and the earring that glinted with every small movement of his head, captured my attention. My heart thudded when those piercing hazel eyes snapped towards me. Our eyes locked and my breathing quickened. His eyes flashed gold, a frown knitting on that handsome face of his.

My heart was racing under the intensity of his gaze. For a moment, everything else zoned out and it was just the two of us... My breath came out shaky as his eyes slowly ran down my body. I didn't miss how the glint of desire crossed those eyes, and although it somehow didn't repulse me, the cold reminder that he was here for a 'slave' from our people made reality hit me like a sharp slap in the face.

I cast him a cold glare before moving out of his line of vision. I would lay low until I found my chance to kill him...

Dinner was over, and I made sure to stay out of the Alpha king's sight as much as possible. He hadn't touched the food presented before him, simply sitting in his seat with arrogance and importance. Once or twice I felt his burning gaze upon me, but I didn't entertain him.

"Well now that we have feasted, allow me to show you the finest women of our kingdom." Azrael said and I did my best not to lash out at him too. How could he even subject our women to this? The doors opened and four guards flanked ten women. All ten were dressed in skimpy dresses, with their hair and make-up done perfectly.

They were indeed some of our finest women... My face paled when I saw one of them was the younger sister to Azrael's wife.

How could he do this! She was barely an adult! In human years, she would be classed as fifteen! Did Anastasia know her husband was auctioning her sister off? But then again, what power would she have to stop him? Azrael was a coward. How could a king do this to his own people? Wasn't he meant to protect us?

I watched in disgust as all the nobles, some of whom were even related to the women presented. They simply sipped their glasses of wine as if watching a show. My eyes snapped to the Alpha King. He was simply sitting back in his seat, massaging his jaw, his lips set in a pout, his eyes on the women before him.

"There are another forty, you can round down-"

"I've already chosen." His voice cut through Azrael's, radiating his status and power, the room that had been silent seemed to still completely.

"Ah really? Great! We can get to signing the treaty. Who is the lucky lady?" Azrael said, clearly relieved that he didn't have to entertain the werewolf king for much longer.

I looked at the women who, despite trying to keep their faces passive, were anxious. A few were downright terrified, including Annalise, Anastasia's sister.

The Alpha king's gaze suddenly snapped towards me.

"The woman in black." He said.

I felt all colour drain from my already pale skin as Azrael looked at me in shock. But the look changed quickly, and I realised he would agree.

"Of-"

"Over my dead body!" I hissed. Without thinking, I pulled the poisoned dagger from within my skirts. Spinning around, I threw it with all my force, my eyes blazing red as I focused my powers on the dagger and its destination. Everything seemed to move in slow motion, my thudding heart racing in my chest as the dagger zoomed towards the Alpha king's heart...

