

# The Alpha King's Possession By Moonlight Muse Chapter 5

## 5. His Possession MORGANA

The dagger was inches away from him, when suddenly he raised his hand, catching it between two fingers, his eyes blazing gold with anger rolling off of him in waves. Before anyone could react, he was before me, grabbing my body by the neck and slamming me against the marble pillar behind me.

A menacing growl ripped from his throat, and anyone who had been about to move stilled. I grabbed his wrist, trying to free myself. My heart was pounding, his seductive scent and his presence were messing with my senses. My eyes blazed as I tried to free myself, but he was stronger. I held his gaze, trying to compel him to let me go, but it wasn't working.

"Let go of me!" I choked out.

Was no one going to intervene?

I glared at the Alpha before me, but he simply stayed silent. What the hell was going on in that mind of his? He let go of my throat, suddenly dropping me to the ground, swallowing hard as he looked away. I stood up, pulling out my second dagger, but before I could even do anything, he grabbed hold of my upper arm, knocking the dagger from my hand and turning towards Azrael, who was standing there glaring at me.

Wow, great brother...

"I will take this one, and you have my word that I will not attack your kind, I will sign in blood." His words resonated off the walls, and I knew the high lords were wondering if the king would agree.

"I am not a prize or a possession." I hissed, only for the Alpha king to clamp a hand over my mouth. For a second, I remembered the man at the lake and shuddered. This man was nothing like him.

"Very well, the woman in your hold is my sister, Morgana, the one and only princess of the kingdom. Our most prized possession... Let the deal be done." Azrael said clearly.

"Your majesty..." Uncle Malachi whispered, his face pale as he looked at me with worry in his eyes.

I pulled my face free from the Alphas hold, glaring at Azrael.

"You can't do this to me Azrael!"

"Please do reconsider your majesty, Morgana was dear to my late brother. Please choose any other woman but her." Uncle pleaded, looking at the Alpha king.

But the beast who held me tightly as if I was nothing didn't budge from his decision.

"It will be her, or no one. Let's not forget she tried to attack me; I could use that alone to tear her body to shreds. Let's remember that." He said coldly.

I looked at the vampires before me, my people... Yet no one seemed to care to defend me. Did they not realise that he was possibly the killer of the late king? If we all fought together, we could defeat him!

I struggled, but it was useless. His arm wrapped around my waist, his other hand once again covered my mouth.

No! Azrael, please! I screamed in my head as I stared at my brother, who simply motioned for someone to bring a file forward. It was presented to the Alpha King, who let go of my mouth. Biting his finger, he signed the form with his blood.

“Azrael! Don’t do this!” I shouted.

“You wished to come tonight... you must pay for your mistakes... You are now the Alpha King’s Possession.”

I suddenly felt empty, was this it? Was I really just someone’s belonging? I was dragged from the hall. No one moved; not my guards, not my father’s friends... none of the men who wished to claim me as their wife... I was no longer the beloved daughter of a king, but a slave of another king. A king of beasts...

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I had been bound and knocked unconscious the moment we left the palace. I had awoken when we were going down a stone curved hall that led downwards, and with it, the temperature got colder. The Alpha king was carrying me over his shoulder, and although I struggled, he only delivered a sharp slap to my behind, leaving a stinging pain in his wake and silently warning me to stay quiet. Dim lights on the wall lit the path. I didn’t understand why the king was handling me. Didn’t he want me as a slave? Why go through so much hassle as to bring me down here himself?

“Do you manage your slaves yourself?” I spat, struggling to rip free from his hold, but it was futile.

He didn't reply, walking towards the end of the row of metal cells. Some contained prisoners, others were empty, and my stomach began to churn. This was reality... My reality.

"I swear when I get out, I will kill you." I hissed, when he unlocked the cell right at the end and threw me inside, I stumbled, hitting the ground, my arms still painfully tied behind me.

"I'd like to see you try." He replied coldly, before slamming the door shut and locking me in before turning away.

So, he could hear me, I was beginning to think he was deaf.

"Hey! You cannot leave me down here!" I shouted.

No reply came, his footsteps faded away and my heart began thundering louder.

"Open this goddamn door!" I shrieked.

I could see the two guards standing down the hall, but no one paid attention to my shouts and screams. I was beginning to agitate the other prisoners, but I didn't care. I wanted out, no, I demanded out!

I shook the bars, trying to use my abilities to bend them, but they stood fast. What were they made of?

I managed to break the cuffs on me, my bleeding, bruised wrists a mess as I slammed my hands against the bars, shaking and rattling them, screaming as loud as I could.

"Let me out!"

Nothing, it had at least been an hour or two... but I didn't give up. Although my voice was hoarse, and I felt exhausted, I was not going to stop. I fell to my knees, slamming my bruised hands against the bars.

I heard the sound of steps and the king's deep, seductive scent filled my senses. He walked towards my cell and I stood up, breathing heavily as I glared at him through the bars. He was shirtless and I could tell he had just done a workout; a thin layer of sweat coated his perfect body... It was hard to ignore his chiselled six-pack or his chest...

"If you don't shut up, you won't be fed." He growled murderously, his eyes flashing gold as he glared at me, snapping me from my thoughts.

I glared back at him; his menacing aura didn't scare me.

"Make me." I spat with hatred laced in my voice.

Suddenly, he unlocked the door, entering the cell. My heart skipped a beat as I made a dash for the door, only for him to catch me by my arm and slam me up against the wall of the cell. I bit back a cry as the impact sent a searing pain through me, making my vision blacken for a moment. His hand closed around my neck, and I knew one move and he would tear my head off.

"Behave and learn some respect." He hissed coldly.

"I will never submit to the likes of you." I glared into his blazing gold eyes, not missing the way his canines had elongated or the way his chest was heaving with anger.

"I will make you submit, princess. Continue disobeying me and you will be punished."

"I'd rather die down here than spend a minute more in your presence." I snapped, raising my hands. I splayed them on his chest, trying to push him away. Gasping when he stepped closer, crushing our bodies together.

"Who said anything about dying?" He asked quietly, cocking a brow.

His gaze dipped to my lips and my heart thudded.

What did he mean? The closeness of his body was distracting me. His scent consumed my senses as I tried to focus on his now hazel eyes. Noticing the dark ring around the deep green and the gold flecks....

"What do you want from me?" I asked quietly, very aware of his body heat, his body centimetres from mine.

"Everything." His cold reply came, his eyes skimming downwards as he ran his gaze over my breasts and then back up to my eyes. What he was insinuating was obvious.

"Over my dead body." I spat, with as much hatred as I could muster.

His eyes flashed and he growled, letting go of me roughly as he stepped back. I fell to the ground, massaging my throat. His aura was rolling off him in waves and it suffocated me.

**“You will learn respect, or you will fucking die.” He growled angrily before he stormed from the cells, leaving me alone once again...**