

# The Alpha King's Possession By Moonlight Muse Chapter 61

## 1. His Regret MORGANA

The moment I had uttered those words, I felt Kian's intense hurt and anger before he slammed his walls up and blocked me off. That hurt more than the pain that consumed me. His unspoken barrier that shunned me. I don't know if it was the state I was in, but his silence was eating up at me. I did my best to try to calm my emotions, but I knew with his walls up he wouldn't be able to sense my emotions anyway.

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Kian... I was too exhausted to argue, but I couldn't bear to see him like this. I loved him, not Orrian. I just wish I could show him that... right now I was far too weakened to even reason with him.

One of the men motioned for us to stop and I heard the sound of thundering hooves before a white stallion came galloping towards us, with non-other than Orrian himself upon it. He hadn't changed at all, despite it being a few decades since we had seen each other. His long blond hair still as perfect as ever, his angled jaw and those flawless features so true to his kind, yet he stood out from the rest.

"Moonlight... It's good to see you again."

"Morgana, Orrian." I said quietly, I couldn't let him act like we were not over.

Especially when I knew Kian's temper. I didn't like him flaunting Sage in front of me, I wouldn't do that same. 1

He frowned ever so slightly, his gaze flickering to Kian before his eyes dipped to Kian's arm which was wrapped around my waist firmly, my breasts resting against it.

"It's good to see you too." I said, but before I could speak further, Kian spoke.

"Can we skip the pleasantries? She was poisoned on our journey here by the fae. She isn't well and needs to be attended to." He said coldly.

I could feel his power exuding from him, and I didn't miss the look of curiosity in Orrian's eyes before he nodded and mounted his horse.

"Let's head to the palace immediately!"

"Kian..." I said, as both men nudged their horses into a gallop.

"Hmm?" He said his eyes fixed ahead, blazing gold.

I reached up, using all my energy to drag my limbs that felt like heavy lead. My hand almost touched his face before I could no longer reach for him and it dropped back into my lap.

My eyes stung with tears, but before I could even voice my pain, I felt my vision darken. No matter how painful my body felt, it was nothing compared to the agony in my heart....

I was conscious but unable to open my eyes when Kian lifted me off the horse as we came to a stop. Feeling his lips press against my forehead, his finger brushing away my stray tear.

"Bring her inside, I'll have our healing mage look at her." Orrian was saying. "Will you not share your name? I can sense you are powerful, and a werewolf, yet you are here with a vampire."

"Kian Araquel. The Alpha King of Clair De Lune." Kian's ice-cold voice came.

His anger was palpable, and I wished I wasn't so helpless.

"Kian Araquel... No wonder I can sense the power from you." Orrian's softer voice came. "Here, place her down."

I heard the rustle of bedding before I was placed on a very soft bed, sinking into it. If I wasn't already battling trying to stay awake, it became much harder now.

"Sire, you called?" A woman's voice came.

. "Yes healer, she has been poisoned."

"You may give us some privacy." The woman spoke.

"Come, Alpha King Kian."

"I'm staying by her side; she is my mate." Kian hissed.

A silence fell between them. I heard the woman sigh as she whispered something, then I could feel a coolness wrap around my body.

"I wish to be alone, you may both leave. I need to focus on what I am doing. This poison is spreading and wrapping around her heart, I can feel its evil tendrils sinking deeper into her soul – Negative energy will not help me..."

"I won't leave her." Kian repeated.

"Your energy is affecting me." The woman said calmly.

"She is safe here. Come, you need rest too. I assure you Morgana is safe." Orrian said quietly.

My heart clenched as I felt Kian move away. He didn't kiss me goodbye... 1

Him and Sage together didn't hurt as much as his behaviour was hurting me now...

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I finally let myself fall into darkness. The last thing I heard was the woman murmuring something and I felt a strong pull rush through me, as if she was ripping something from inside of me, then I lost consciousness.

When I came too, I felt... alive. I lay in bed, realising I was now washed and dressed in a.

slightly sheer shimmery organza nightdress with thin straps. My hair was washed and braided, whilst I was laying in a luxurious, comfortable bed. The silver moonlight shone through the sheer curtains on the windows and the lamps that lit the room were dimmed.

From what I could tell, the walls were made of shimmering white rocks. The floor was marble and the furniture was all made of intricate gold and silver filigree vines with patterns intertwining through the wood.

The pain was gone and I felt completely normal, much to my surprise.

Kian! Where was Kian?!

I kicked the bedding off, rushing to the door and pushing it open. I could smell him faintly, my stomach knotting as I remembered his anger. I needed to explain to him...

I crossed the small hall and pushed open another door, my heart beating like a drum.

"Kian!" I called, the brightly lit room blinding me for a moment.

His seductive scent hit me before I saw him seated with none other than Orrian. A tray of food was before them, they seemed to have been having a serious conversation. Both men looked at me, but it was when their eyes fell on my body that I realised my clothes were sheer. Under the dazzling lights of the chandelier in this room, every curve and part of my body was on display.

Before I could even cover my breasts with my arms, Kian growled, his eyes blazing. He was before me in a flash, pulling off the ivory shirt he had been wearing and placing it around my shoulders. His jaw was clenched but the

moment I reached out, grabbing his face in my hands, his eyes flashed and his hands went to my waist, my heart thundering.

He slowly looked into my eyes and I could see the emotions that he was trying to hide from me, I wish he could feel how I felt about him. His eyes softened and he was about to lean down. My heart skipped a beat, yearning for something, some sign that we were ok, but before he could even do more, we were interrupted by Orrian.

"It's been a long time, Morgana." He said, breaking our moment.

Kian looked down at my body, his eyes darkening with anger and desire, before he took his shirt and slipped it on over my head. I smiled faintly at that. My baby was getting rather possessive... but it was to be expected. This was the first time we were running into an ex of

mine.

We had just got here but he was already raging. I resisted a smile. Was it bad that I found it a little amusing?

"Orrian, it has been a while, a few decades?" I said.

I wouldn't flirt or anything because my heart belonged to Kian, but even simply talking to Orrian seemed to anger my handsome man.

"I guess I'm the only one who remembers the exact number of days, months, and years since our parting." He said softly, standing up.

He towered a few inches above Kian, yet the power and aura that rolled off Kian made him ooze with dominance, unlike Orrian, who had a strong yet calming aura.

Orrian held his hand out to me, and I took it. For a moment, I remembered our time from long ago, the moment we broke up and the final promise he made, leaving me with those words of his.

He kissed my hand softly before I tugged it away, feeling Kian's anger. "I have a complaint before I share my issue." I said, glaring at him. "Why did you give me those words without even telling me what they meant?"

He smirked. "Oh, it's always fun to tease you, Morgana."

"Oh really? Well next time, if my beloved Kian tries to rip you or your men to shreds, I won't hold him accountable." I said, wrapping my arm around Kian's bicep and pressing myself against him.

Hopefully, I made it clear to both men to whom I belonged. I felt his surprise. I looked up into his gorgeous hazel eyes, my heart thundering as our gaze met. The fear of him pushing me out again stung as I remembered his anger.

"Beloved?" Orrian asked, his voice full of surprise.

"Mates." Kian added dangerously, his voice was so cold. His hand cupped my neck, brushing the collar of his tunic down so Orrian could see the mark that branded my skin and claimed me as his. "So I'd appreciate it if you threw out any thoughts you have of her from that head of yours. Morgana is mine."

Orrian looked stunned, but the frown that settled on his face moments later made my stomach twist with unease. Orrian wasn't the type to frown often.

"So, you marked her, knowing that you would not outlive two centuries... You cut her life span short so selfishly?"

My heart skipped a beat as I looked between them.

"Orrian, no, it's not-"

"It is like that. You would live for thousands of years Morgana, like myself, yet he claimed you and shortened your life. We all know that werewolf mates die alongside their other halves. Yes, you could have claimed her, but there was no need to mark her. How could you be so selfish?" He asked Kian quietly.

No, it's not like that.

I looked at Kian, who clenched his jaw, his eyes blazing yellow... I knew he had never

considered that. The guilt and regret that I could see in his eyes that he tried to hide from me squeezed at my heart, knocking the air from my body.

Don't ever regret marking me, Kian,

He turned away from me, pulling his arm free from my hold and swiftly left the room, the door shutting behind him with a loud thud, leaving me standing there feeling more alone than I ever had in my entire life,

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### 1. 62. Decades Old Past MORGANA

My eyes blazed with anger as I spun towards Orrian, ready to unleash my wrath upon him. He raised an eyebrow, crossing his arms.

"I only stated the truth, Moonlight." He said, looking into my eyes.

"Orrian... He marked me to save my life! And even if that wasn't the reason, I would have wanted him to!" I said, glaring at the taller man, who was un-phased by my anger.

But that was Orrian, calm, collected, cold even... Too many. Yet he had lowered that wall from e, but when he was stuck on a way, he was as stubborn as an old man.

"I won't understand why you would agree to something like that. Regardless of if it was your wish or not." He said, his voice, as always, powerful and deep with that cold edge to it.

"Don't be so stubborn or fixated on your thoughts, Orrian... I love Kian, a level of love that I have never felt before." I said quietly, knowing that was a hard blow. "I love him more than I can ever explain to you. There is no life for me without him."

But the look in Kian's eyes... That guilt... I didn't want it there.

\*The Morgana I knew would never throw her life away for love." He said, his eyes calculating.

I glared into his eyes, my chest heaving. "Throw my life away? HE is my life! And yes, I'm not the Morgana you knew long ago. This *Morgana* knows what she wants and has found where I belong! I found a love worth dying for!" I said dangerously.

My dark eyes met his icy grey ones, and like always, his were guarded. Orrian was the one person whose mind I was not able to penetrate. He was powerful, strong, and even now... parts of him were a mystery. Memories of long ago flashed through my mind as I thought back to the day we parted...

(Over Thirty Years Ago)

The sun had set and the crescent moon was glowing in the sky, making the sea sparkle like a thousand jewels. The sand beneath my feet was welcoming and soft. I leaned back against Orrian's firm chest and closed my eyes, letting the coolness of the night blanket my skin. I wore a backless red silk dress that fell to my ankles with a slit from the thigh down.

"The night is so welcoming." I murmured, sighing when his lips brushed up my neck, sending pleasure rushing through me.

"You are my light in the dark, my moonlight." He whispered.

My heart clenched and I knew he was waiting for the answer... The answer to his proposal he

made a few days ago...

"I know your answer." He said quietly, his voice like a whisper on the wind. It was almost as if he knew what ensued within my mind.

"I'm sorry, Orrian," I said, slowly tugging out of his arms, turning to face him. "I know what being your queen will mean... To never step out of Elandort for my entire life."

"Elandorr is huge Morgana, you won't be stuck within the palace walls." He said, reaching over and caressing my cheek.

I looked down. Orrian was nearly 900 years old, I wasn't even 100 yet... I had barely lived, so how could I promise him that..? And our families... I didn't see this working.

\*And what about our families?" I asked quietly.

He smiled slightly, knowingly even, as if he understood something I didn't.

He looked to the moon before his face became passive.

"I guess you are correct... We are just not meant to be. Perhaps parting ways is best for the both of us." He said, caressing my cheek with his hand.

My heart clenched as I stared at him. Would he not even fight for me? *Were* we not enough to fight for?

"You're ok to... end this?" I asked, surprised.

I had almost expected him to argue.

Yes the life of an elven queen was not what I wanted but... was our love not enough?

The pain that rushed through me felt like the bitter waves on a stormy night and I bit my lip.

Orrian glanced at the sky and smiled slightly, his icy grey eyes softening ever so slightly.

"Do you know why I love the night?"

"Hmm? Because you can escape from your duties as a prince." I replied.

He raised an eyebrow.

"Partially yes." He said. "But it's because the moonlight reaches every corner of our lands. It is never far, and it returns every night to where it belongs, casting its light to the darkest of places."

I frowned, typical of Orrian, never to speak straight up.

I rolled my eyes

"Very poetic, my prince." I teased.

"Only stating a fact, my lady." He replied, "We will part ways, but if ever you need me or my help, know that the gates to Elandort will forever remain open to you. If ever you need.

passage to my kingdom, then utter the following words; Aal rai'ash hara si oren dashe saara k i Orrian aal Elandorr nayash."

"Aal...?" I didn't understand the elven tongue.

"Repeat after me...Aal rai'ash hara si oren dashe saara ki Orrian aal Elandori nayash."

"Aal rai'ash hara si oren dashe saara ki Orrian aal Elandorr nayash..."

"Remember those words, repeat them to no one unless you need to use them, and they will grant you passage." He said softly. He stepped closer, at six feet six inches, he towered over my five-foot-eleven frame.

"I'll remember them, and I'll hold you to it." I said with a pout. "I might need a place to hide if I piss Azrael off."

He smirked ever so slightly.

"Oh, anytime. I wish you all the best Morgana.... the last few months have been special, but I think we both knew it was going to be fleeting." He said, running his fingers through my hair. My heart ached. I always knew a future would have meant many difficulties, and being an elven queen wasn't something I could do... but...

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He looked down before hesitantly looking into my eyes. His eyes were filled with more

emotions than I had ever seen before in our time together.

"What if we ran away? Far from these-" I placed a finger on his lip and shook my head.

"No... Orrian, you have far too many responsibilities... You cannot throw that all away for us."

"I can." He replied quietly.

I looked down...



Maybe... but what about when the elven court came after him and wanted his head? The

elven kind were ruthless, strong, and their rules were absolute... I knew that the elves would never be able to accept a vampire queen. I couldn't let him risk his life, he had several siblings whose eyes were fixed on that throne. The chance to trial and kill him would be something I was sure some of them would love to do...

"No, I think it's better we end this." I said, trying to hide the pain in my chest.

Orrian would always be my first love, that first kiss... That first taste of forbidden pleasure... but we were never meant to be... Our love story was magical and more of a short-lived dream than something that could ever be real...

He didn't reply, cupping my face and pressing his lips to mine. Pleasure rushed through me, his lips as warm as his eyes were cold, as they caressed mine like they were something so precious. I closed my eyes, wrapping my arms around his neck, my fingers playing with his long hair.

I'll always remember you, Orrian... I love you...

(END OF FLASHBACK)

"You wouldn't understand the meaning of the love between Kian and I," I said coldly, glaring at the man before me.

I did not want to disrespect our past... but it didn't compare to what there was between Kian and I...

"Do explain, how cutting your entire life short is a good idea?" He replied coldly.

"Why do you care if I live a hundred years or a thousand!" I snapped, but the moment the words left my lips, I regretted them. I looked away from his emotionless face and took a deep breath.

"Regardless of the fact that we ended things, Morgana... You are still dear to me." He said, his voice emotionless yet soft.

I swallowed, exhaling sharply.

"I still consider you a friend Orrian, yet I can't let you get in the way of Kian and I... I love him more than anything and I do not appreciate you making him feel like he did something *wrong*."

"I'll keep it in mind." He said, his jaw clenched, his nostrils flared slightly, but apart from that, I felt nothing more from him. His emotions and thoughts were closed off.

"Thank you." I said, remembering that we were here for his help. "Did Kian say anything about why we came?"

"No, he isn't much of a talker, is he? Perhaps it's his pride, or maybe that's the way he is. Alphas are known for their arrogance, after all."

I rolled my eyes.

"And all elven princes are as annoying and sarcastic as you, aren't they?" "Well, not really, I like to consider myself unique." He said with a slight air of confidence.

"Unique indeed." I said, narrowing my eyes. "We'll talk tomorrow... but I need your help."

He looked up at me and nodded, clenching his jaw. "I promised you that I will always be there for you... I intend to keep it, in whatever way necessary. Good night, Morgana, I'm glad you are feeling better."

Not waiting for a reply, he turned and left the room. I looked at his back, his shoulders fitted his shirt snugly and that air of power and status surrounded him. The moment the door shut, I sighed heavily and decided to go find Kian...

I hated this conflict between us...

I didn't waste time going the way Kian had left, and I found him standing at the balcony, the doors open and a cool wind blowing through them. His hands were braced on the marble rail, and my heart skipped a beat at the very sight of him.

"Kian..."

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### 1. 6 Our Love MORGANA

He turned his head slightly when I called him, but he had his walls up, I couldn't sense his emotions. I walked towards him, my heart squeezing painfully. I wrapped my arms around his bare waist tightly from behind and rested my head against his back, relishing in the tingles that coursed through me like a storm I welcomed.

"You are my world Kian, I don't see life without you, I don't want a life without you... I don't want to live a day without you. I love you more than anything, so don't ever feel guilty for making me yours. Because even if you didn't do it to save my life, I would have wanted you to mark me anyway." I said, I could feel his heart racing and my own was no less. He didn't answer and I felt a sting of hurt. "Kian... We love one another, I'm not meant to feel like you will shut me out at any time..(This novel will be daily updtaed at ). I don't like this. You are the only one I will ever love, you or no one. You know that."

I didn't bother hiding the pain in my voice. I hated showing my vulnerable side, but I didn't like the walls he built around himself. Those words seemed to get to him, he removed my arms from around him, turning to look at me, but rather than speaking, he pulled me against his chest, wrapping his arms around me tightly and burying his head in my neck.

I curled my arms under his, placing my hands on his broad shoulders, closing my eyes.

"I didn't think, I never ever took into account what marking you meant."

My heart thudded. His words were so quiet I barely heard them. The pain I felt inside was ripping me up and a tear trickled down my cheek.

"I know." I whispered.

He tensed and pulled back, frowning as he stared into my face. "Are you crying?" He asked, almost as if he was far too stunned to believe it.

"Of course not! I don't cry." I said, brushing my few stray tears away.

His gaze softened and he smirked, making my stomach flutter. (This novel will be daily updated at ) "Oh yeah?" He asked, rubbing his finger along my damp cheek. "Yeah." I said softly, staring into his gorgeous hazel eyes. Reaching up I cupped his face, brushing my finger along his stubble. "Kian... Stop feeling guilty, it hurts seeing you like this, and I don't like getting sentimental." I pouted.

"I literally cut your life short... You're the one person at the top of my fucking list to protect, yet I already took away your-"

"You are my life! Stop it Kian! If you really want to make up for it then don't waste even a

moment... Don't shut me out." I said, unable to hide the pain when I said those last words.

His eyes flashed with guilt as he threaded his fingers through my hair.

"I'm not shutting you out. I just fucking needed to control my own emotions." He said quietly, rubbing his thumb along my lips. "I'm sorry... I just fucking love you."

"I know and I'm yours. You are the only one I want... and Thanatos too." I said with a smile, I knew him well enough that he'd complain if I didn't mention him.

"You really do fuel his ego." Kian said, his arm snaking around my waist, the other squeezing my ass as he pressed me hard against him.

I bit my lip, looking up at him seductively.

"Want me to fuel yours?" I asked, running my hand down his abs, my own core clenching in anticipation.

He smirked but shook his head. "No... Tonight it's about you." He said huskily, not waiting for a reply as his lips crashed against mine in a deep kiss. Pleasure rushed through me, but it was the moment he lowered his walls, the intensity of his emotions hitting me hard: The desire, the possessiveness, the overwhelming affection and concern underlying with a hint of guilt and sadness. But above all, the deep love, appreciation, and the need for me.

I moaned against his lips as he kissed me with everything he had. My heart was fluttering and I felt dizzy, but it was perfect. My arms tightened around his neck as I kissed him back with equal passion and love.

He then lifted me up, bridal style, his lips not leaving mine as he carried me back through the archway to the bedroom, placing me down in the middle of the bed as he climbed on top of me.

I smiled ever so softly, sinking into the soft mattress, but the moment his lips touched mine again, my back arched, pressing myself against him as that ache between my legs grew.

"I love you, Sunshine." He whispered, kissing my neck before he tore off the shirt he had put on me earlier, his eyes darkening with approval as he looked down at me in nothing but that shimmery gown. (This novel will be daily updated at ) "You're mine."

"I am yours." I said seductively before yanking him towards me and kissing him hard. I was his and I wanted him to always remember that no matter what, that would never change...

He tore my nightgown off me, kissing every inch of my body sensually. My body was begging for more, yet he took his time. Even when I took his pants off, the most I was able to feel of him was his manhood rubbing against me at times. I reached down, stroking his shaft, moaning softly.

God, did I want this inside of me.

He fondled my breasts, sucking hard on my neck, making me groan in pleasure.

"I told you, tonight is about you." He murmured, grabbing the torn nightdress as he flipped me onto my stomach, tying my wrists behind my back. "I know you can break free... But if you do ... you won't get anything tonight."

My core throbbed and I bit my lip.

"I'll behave." I pouted, moaning when he ran his tongue down my spine, shivering as pleasure tingled through me.

“Good, that’s my girl.” He whispered seductively, grabbing my hips as he lifted me up onto my knees, parting my legs. I gasped when he ran his tongue between my ass cheeks. pleasure shooting through me as that tongue worked its magic.

“Fuck Kian!” I moaned, wriggling my ass. He delivered a light tap, his tongue rimming my back entrance.

I bit my lip, fighting back a moan. His tongue went lower until it reached my pussy, licking me teasingly before he moved back. If my hands weren’t tied, I would have turned to look at him, but my body was supported by my shoulders and my cheek that was pressed against the bedding.

I gasped when he slipped two fingers into me, sending another wave of pleasure through me.

“Oh fuck! Kian...” I whimpered as he slowly began fucking me with them, I tensed when I felt his little finger press against my back entrance.

“Relax...” He whispered, “Trust me...”

I did trust him. His finger circled my back entrance, slowly pressurising the area, and I bit my lip. (This novel will be daily updtaed at )His fingers that were slowly fucking me helped take the edge of the pain, the pleasure making me let out a wanton moan.

“Oh fuck baby...” I groaned when his small finger finally penetrated me. The pressure was intense and if I didn’t know I would have thought it was something a lot larger.

“That’s it, baby girl relax.” He groaned, I could tell he was turned on, despite not letting me even touch him. He kissed my ass, his hand fucking me slowly. “Aah god... Kian.... Fuck.”

It felt good, different but good, I liked the feeling of being completely full. The forbidden pleasure made me throb harder. I whimpered at his slow assault.

“One day... I’m going to fuck this ass of yours.” He growled huskily, making my stomach knot.

I couldn’t imagine him ever fitting, but the pleasure I felt made my head fuzzy and I couldn’t think straight. He sped up slowly, my moans getting louder.

“Faster baby.” I whimpered, “Fuck me, Kian I want you.”

He slipped his fingers out of my pussy, yet his finger remained in my ass as he positioned himself at my entrance.

“Oh fuck...” I groaned. The moment he thrust into me I cried out, my body taking a moment to adjust to his girth. I don’t think I’ll ever be prepared for how big he

was. He slipped his little finger out, replacing it with his index finger, I gasped when he slipped it inside of me, the pain making me tense for a moment.

"Tell me how you want it." He asked huskily,

"Hard and fast." I whimpered.

He tapped my ass in approval.

"That's my girl." He growled before he began fucking me, one hand holding my bound wrists as she sped up giving it to me hard and fast.

His finger moved inside of me faster, along with his cock that was buried inside of me, the pleasure was inexplicable. My whines of pleasure were loud, and I sounded horny as I begged for him to fuck me harder. I couldn't even recognise myself. My moans were loud and horny, but I didn't care.

I felt myself nearing when he tugged me up by my hair, pulling me onto my knees, as he continued to fuck me, his other hand squeezing my boobs hard before he began rubbing my clit.

I spread my legs, whimpering as pleasure erupted inside of me, my orgasm tearing through me like a huge tidal wave, and I faintly heard myself scream his name as my juices coated my inner thighs. His arm wrapped around my waist, supporting me as I trembled from the aftershock. He slipped his finger out of my ass, making me gasp. He squeezed my ass gently before giving it another light tap and wrapping his hand around my neck.

"Fuck baby girl..." His moves became faster, rougher and with a few more thrusts, he came, groaning against my ear.

"Fuck!" Kian growled, pulling out. I realised he had come half inside of me, his seed mixing with my own release. "Shit, I'm sorry..."

"It's ok..." I whispered, thinking he always pulled out... I turned looking at him, curiosity at his actions that I never questioned now filling my mind. "Why are you worried?"

He looked at me, cupping my face with one hand as he pressed his lips to mine.

"We are at war... If you end up pregnant... it will put you both at more risk." (This novel will be daily updated at ) I felt the worry and fear from him, and I smiled gently.

"One time won't get me pregnant. Us vampires don't get pregnant so easily." I said as he laid us down, untying my wrists. I locked them around his neck and kissed his lips.

"I don't want to rush you." He said quietly, cupping my chin and kissing me deeply.

We broke apart and I bit my lip.

“Don’t worry so much,” I said. “If you ask me, you’re just scared that perhaps there’s a little *Morgana* in the works and she’ll make your life just as much hell as I do.”

For the first time in our time together, an actual smile crossed his face and remained. His eyes softened as he caressed my cheek.

“That would actually be perfect...”

My heart skipped a beat and I realized, despite his cold exterior, Kian did want a family and I would be the one to give him that. Was it wrong to secretly hope that maybe, just maybe, I will get pregnant soon?

“I love you, my little she-devil.”

“I love you too, baby.” I whispered, cupping his face as I kissed him once more...

## The Alpha King’s Possession By Moonlight Muse Chapter 64

1. **The Prince’s Promise MORGANA** Last night had been magical, something about just letting our emotions out felt... special. We were both strong-minded and strong-willed, for us to just let our fears and thoughts out like that... well, it wasn’t something we did often. I guess unknowingly, Orrian did us a favour. The following morning, a maid brought us food and ran us a bath. We bathed together, and I won’t deny that we made love once more. Once we had eaten, gotten dressed and finally left our suite, we were led to Orrian’s office, or what looked like a huge meeting room. Like the rest of the castle, it was vast, all made of marble and white stone that seemed to shimmer. An oval table with many chairs stood in the middle. Orrian himself was there seated at the head of the table, dressed in all white and his crown set on his head. Today his hair was braided fully, only a few strands were left out framing his face. (This novel will be daily updaed at )”Morgana, Alpha Kian, I hope you slept well.” He said emotionlessly. “Yes, we did.” I said, lacing my fingers with Kian’s. He gave a curt nod and motioned for us to take a seat. I took the seat next to Kian, ready to put my request on the table. you, although I have an idea.” He said, looking at us. “It is I who has asked Kian to come here. As you know, my brother has joined hands with the Fae Kingdom... and have made it clear that they are ready to destroy Clair De Lune. I know we have not spoken in years, but you once told me you would always be there if the time arose. I know perhaps it’s cheeky of me to request this, but for the children of our kingdom, for our men and women who will surely lose their lives if this war takes place... Will you help us in this war? We reached out to Azrael, but he refused to back down. We were meant to be at peace since I was taken to Claire De Lune, but he has simply turned his back on that treaty.” I said, my anger blazing. Kian’s hand on my leg calmed me slightly, yet I was still angry, unable to calm the raging storm within me. “I was willing to look

past the murder of my father, which was at the hands of the vampires, and to make things better for the people of both kingdoms, but they completely refused. I am putting my pride aside and asking you, as the king of Clair De Lune, for your help.(This novel will be daily updtaed at )” Kian said. Despite his words, the power radiating off him was a clear reminder that he was indeed a king. One who was willing to ask for help for his people. An honourable king. “At what cost? What are you willing to give up for our help?” Orrian asked, his calculatingly eyes on Kian. Kian’s eyes blazed, yet when he spoke, his voice was still level. “Anything but my people and my queen.” He said icily. Orrian smirked ever so lightly, yet there was no humour in it. “Then what can you offer us?” “How about you put it on the fucking table what you want instead of going around in damn circles.” Kian said coldly. Typical of Orrian to do that... Kian on the other hand was very straightforward. “Nothing... I promised Morgana to help her, and it’s clear she sees Clair De Lune as her home.” Orrian replied, his voice emotionless and cold. I could feel Kian’s intense gaze on me when I stood up, bracing my hands on the table. “So then... Will the arrows of Elandorr fly for Clair De Lune?” I asked quietly, looking into those icy grey eyes of his. “I am not yet king, but as the crown prince, I command thirty percent of the elven army. My men and I, will ride for the queen of Clair De Lune and victory.” His words made my eyes fly open in surprise. He himself was going to participate? “And if ever Elandorr needs the king of Clair De Lune to help you in anyway, we will be there.” Kian said, both men looked at each other and Orrian nodded. It was clear Kian was not going to accept his help without promising something in return. “I am glad we have got this sorted.(This novel will be daily updtaed at ) Tonight, father has organised a party to welcome you both, the first werewolf king and queen of Clair De Lune to step into this kingdom. He knows you are friends of mine... I would appreciate it if we kept it at that.” Orrian said quietly. “Obviously, it’s the way I’d prefer it to.” Kian said, his voice cold and passive. Orrian gave a curt nod, I was glad this was sorted. Thirty percent of the army was a large number and would help greatly. As for Orrian not wanting his father to know about us, I liked it like that. After all, I didn’t want more conflict. Besides, I only wanted to be known for what I am, Kian’s queen. Mine and Orrian’s relationship had been a passing secret and would . remain that. “What are the plans? Do you have a battle strategy?” Orrian asked Kian. “My men say the Fae army is gathering, within a month they will move in. My men are also preparing, leaving some squads to protect the people with the enchanters. The way they will attack is through the western woods, using the trees as cover, not the ones on this side. It also makes it harder for us, considering the passage through that area is hard to surpass. So, I was thinking if we get there first... we take the forest as our own and meet them there.” Kian said, his eyes calculating. His hand once again laced with mine, resting on my thigh. “A good plan, but you will have to move faster. I think you mean these forests?(This novel will be daily updtaed at )” Orrian pushed a map over to Kian, who cocked a brow. “It is interesting that you have such detailed maps of my kingdom.” He said, glancing up at the elven man. “We are always prepared, knowledge is power.” He replied. “Yeah, that forest.” Kian said, frowning slightly. “Then how about we block it off, divert the battle to this open plain. If we take this stance then they have to travel through the mountain pass, narrowing their entrance, less troops at once.” Orrian said, tapping a certain area of the map. I listened, I had to admit the men knew what they were talking about. I nodded, understanding perfectly well how that would give us an advantage. “Unclaimed land...” “The best place for a battle to take place.” Orrian said. I pulled the map closer, tilting my head. “Here, this is where we will wait.” I said, tapping a finger on the map. Both men looked at me curiously.



It was just an open area, not far from the narrow mountain pass. "Why there?" Orrian asked. "Because the arch of Olen is there." I said, mentioning the arch of pure ice in the mountain pass. "Don't tell me you want to target that...." Kian said keenly. I smiled in approval that he understood. "That is exactly what I'm saying. We bring it down. It will help us kill off many at the same time." I said. Kian smirked and nodded. "Impressive, for once you are thinking ahead before acting." He mocked lightly, despite the look of approval on his face. I rolled my eye. "That's what you're there for, to fix things after I mess them up. What's the need to think when you do enough for us both." I replied airily. "I guess that's fucking true." Kian said, cupping the back of my neck as his lips met mine in a passionate kiss. We were the perfect power couple, I was not going to deny that. We broke apart, my heart still pounding from his touch, as Kian gave me one of his sexy smirks. "We will set out first thing in the morning. When should we expect you?" Kian asked. "Two weeks. I will have my men ready within a fortnight." "I will let my own men know to expect you. I will keep your assistance a secret, I do not want the enemy to know." Orrian nodded. "Perhaps us staying hidden until the battle might work out better." "Orrian... If you take your army... Won't it weaken you inside Elandort?" I asked suddenly, I knew his other brothers wanted the throne and each held a portion of the army, with Orrian having the most... He raised an eyebrow. "Then let's hope that I don't lose many." He said clearly un-phased. I frowned but nodded, no matter what I would be grateful to him. We discussed the path and how this would work when I frowned at something Kian had just said. "Why will it take us over two weeks to return home?" I asked. "Because we will go to the Sanguine Empire." He said, shocking me and Orrian too. "Why?" I asked, staring at him. "To speak to your brother, once and for all. Let's see if we can prevent this war... They are your people too," He said quietly. My heart thrummed loudly as I stared at him. (This novel will be daily updated at )His words made me smile faintly. "I never knew my handsome Alpha could be so thoughtful." I teased. "I had no fucking idea either." He replied coldly, and I couldn't help but giggle at that. He really was perfect! "Well, I think we have our plan in place. We will discuss the details after lunch." Orrian added. "Perfect." Kian said, I smiled. Tonight's dinner would be the last light-hearted fun we were going to have in a while, so I would make the most of it.