

The Alpha King's Possession By Moonlight Muse Chapter 65

1. The Beauty Of The Moon

KIAN

I had refused to wear the elven style clothes; they were a little too fucking feminine for me. I chose to opt for the most suitable pants and shirt I had packed. I did accept some boots and a belt though. I didn't need a crown or any extravagant crap to make it clear that I was the Alpha King. I was wearing a black shirt, black pants and the boots that were dark brown.

I was a little annoyed that Morgana had been pulled away from me to get ready, or rather, I had been removed from our bedroom. Two hours had passed and I had not seen her still. I was ready and pacing the hall, with none other than the pretty boy as company, who was obviously in all white... Maybe I was being a little fucking petty, but yeah, I was not going to wear the same colour as him.

I looked at him, having a question that had been at the front of my mind, and one I may not have the chance to ever ask again...

"What is it Alpha Kian? You certainly wish to ask me something.(This novel will be daily updtaed at www.noveljar.com)" Orrian said almost knowingly, that emotionless expression set on his damn face.

I don't like the fucker.' Thanatos growled.

That makes two of us.' I replied before raising an eyebrow at Orrian. "You clearly still have feelings for her... So why did you let her go? Morgana told me that you both ended things on good terms. Both agreeing that parting was best."

"We did, because she didn't see herself as queen... I offered to run away with her... But she refused that option too, saying I needed to go back to my kingdom. I realised then that her feelings were not strong enough. She was looking for an excuse." He said quietly.

I looked at him sharply.

"So, you accepted that?" I asked. I didn't get it. When you love someone greatly, don't you fight with everything you have for them?

"When you love someone that deeply, you realise that the greatest thing you can do for their happiness is let them go. I hate to admit it, yet the Morgana I knew was nothing like the one who loves you so deeply now. I can see it in her every move, her every gesture, and her every gaze. I'm sure you could confine her to your palace, yet as long as she has you, she will be happy." He said, and this time, despite his best efforts, the bitterness seeped into his voice. It was then that I fucking realised that there really was nothing that could come in-between

Morgana and me. "I let her go because I realised her love for me was not strong enough... but I still had hope that one day things could be different. Clearly not... She has moved on and has found true happiness."

"Yeah, she has." A tense silence fell between us, and just then, two elven women stepped out of the bedroom, bowing to us.

"Your highness, your queen is ready." One of the women said, a proud smile on her face as she looked at me,

I glanced at the door, my heart racing a little, before I gave a curt nod and walked towards the bedroom. I wanted to see her... Pushing open the door, I stopped in my tracks when I saw her standing there. Her back was to me as I slowly took in what she was wearing.

A sheer net dress with silver beads, gems and embroidered patterns along the bodice and over her sexy ass seemed to be the only thing keeping her modesty. With a corset back, that left part of her back bare, and made her tiny waist look even smaller. (This novel will be daily updated at www.noveljar.com) I could see her legs through the thin fabric, and there was a huge trail that spread beneath her. She looked breath-taking and I hadn't even seen her completely... Her hair was up in an elegant up-do. It was at that moment, that she turned.

Beautiful... 'Thanatos murmured in awe.

I knew he was lost for words, as was I

Like the back, the embroidery mainly covered her breasts, waist and stomach, dipping down slightly, underneath she wore a skin-coloured satin bodysuit. Her cleavage was partially on show and a soft silver shimmer covered her body, adding that tempting glow to her already flawless figure. Her lips were lighter than her usual deep red, yet her make-up was smoky and dark. A few tendrils of her hair were curled, framing her face. A silver diamond necklace was wrapped around her neck, and matching earrings hung in her ears. A crown sat on her head and she wore a few rings that sparkled when she moved her slender hands. Her glittering nails also captured my attention when she lifted her skirts slightly, turning her body.

Ethereal and fucking ravishing... She looked out of this world, almost... unreal...

She was always beautiful, no matter what she did, wore or didn't wear, and especially when we made love... But seeing her dressed up like that... She felt like a dream that if I reached out to, she may just vanish.

"I never knew the power and beauty of the moon could be challenged so easily..." I said huskily, struggling to find my fucking voice. I cleared my throat, but luckily she was admiring me and didn't tease me. Her eyes finally met mine and she smiled faintly

"I am after all the Alpha King's mate, if not I then who else can challenge the beauty of the moon?" She said airily before laughing.

That laugh... That fucking tinkle of happiness that made me feel fucking crazy inside... I closed the gap between us, my hands snaking around her waist and I pulling her against me.

"Fucking right, no one can, but tonight even the moon holds nothing in comparison. You look

... beautiful doesn't cut it..." There really wasn't any words...

She tilted her head, smiling softly as she gazed into my eyes.

"I've been called beautiful all my life... but to hear it from you... it's something so different. More so... Your eyes speak so much deeper." She said softly, her smile fading as she leant up, pressing her plush soft lips against mine. Delicious sparks rushed through us and I tightened my hold on her. (This novel will be daily updaed at www.noveljar.com) Our lips moved against each others in perfect synchrony. We were after all, made for one another...

I broke away when I felt myself getting fucking hard, my eyes flashing as Thanatos pushed himself to the forefront. I allowed him to, knowing he wanted to compliment her.

"You look ravishing, little mate, and it will be my pleasure to help you undress tonight." He said, his deeper voice overlaying with my own.

Morgana smiled.

"I like the idea of that." She said, with a wink.

Thanatos growled, yanking her back into my arms and kissing her once more, this time with a deeper hunger and thirst for none other than our mate...

A short while later, we had headed to the grand hall where this party was being hosted. I didn't often feel fucking short, but in this throng of people I was pretty average in height, with a third of the men being taller than me. They were all as pale as one another, yet not as light as Morgana. The hair on the elves ranged from light brown to almost white. Morgana and I stood out with her dark hair and my dark skin, but I think I like it, we weren't one of them anyway.

The king had pure white hair, and his eyes were a light green. He was a little taller than I was and was seated upon his throne emotionlessly. It was rumoured that he had been king for over one thousand and eight hundred years. How did he do it? Did they never tire of life? Was immortality a gift or a curse?

'A gift! Imagine being immortal and fucking mate every day forever.' Thanatos said.

My chest squeezed at that, the reminder that she won't live forever...

'We'll be together after we die.' I said to him softly, turning to Morgana who had been busy looking around the luxurious sculptures that were spread across the hall. That beautiful smile graced her lips.

"What is it?" She asked, placing her hand on my chest. "Let's make the most of the night." I said pulling her into my arms, about to kiss her when I felt the presence of the king himself approach.

Morgana and I both turned. I lowered my head ever so slightly, maintaining eye contact, and

the king did the same, whilst Morgana lowered her head graciously, the jewels in her ear's tinkling under the light. "King Kian, I never once thought that your people would even associate with us."

"Isn't it the elves who stay to themselves?" I asked, raising an eyebrow.

He nodded, as if thinking about this the first time.

"Indeed, perhaps... It seems my son has more plans for the future of our kingdom... You two are friends. Perhaps you can advise him to choose a woman for himself..." He said glancing at Morgana. "Although... I'm surprised that a Werewolf chose a vampire."

"Who said I didn't choose a werewolf first?" Morgana said, raising an eyebrow, I smirked slightly. (This novel will be daily updated at www.noveljar.com) "Race is of no importance your majesty, if the bond and love are there, then what more does a person need? I'm sure Orrian is just waiting for the right person."

"Perhaps... Sometimes more than choice, you need to see what is best for the kingdom." The King said, looking at an elven woman who was talking to a few others. A crown upon her head, she was dressed pretty extravagantly, and I realised he probably wanted this woman for his son. Well good luck, although the fucking fossil needed to get a move on...

'Haha fossil,' Thanatos snickered.

"A couple with a strong bond and connection is the most important thing for a kingdom, your majesty. Trust me." Morgana said, her arm curled around my forearm and her breast pressed against my arm ever so temptingly. My eyes dipped to her creamy boobs, I couldn't wait for tonight.

"I can't agree more. At one point I was planning on taking a queen for the sake of it, yet there was no approval or excitement there... but with Morgana... I knew she'd do great things." I said looking at my woman with such pride that I realised you really couldn't just settle for anyone but the one you love...

'She will do great things... especially with mini-Kian.' Thanatos added not very fucking helpfully, as all I could picture now was Morgana on her knees. I swear I did not want to have a fucking hard-on right now. "Very true... Perhaps I am rushing him." The king said.

"Considering your life span... I'd say yeah. You probably are." I said, making Morgana smile.

The king nodded, giving me a narrowed look.

"Well, enjoy the feast. For someone who is so young, you seem wise." He said, gesturing to the hall.

"We don't live as long, so we've got to get a move on with the time we have. Thank you, not only for this banquet, but for allowing us into your kingdom and treating us well." I said seriously.

I wasn't a trusting person, and I was excellent at reading people, yet surprisingly, despite the prince's past with Morgana and the fact that this was a reserved person, I knew I could trust them. When the war was over, I would surely pay Orrian back.

"Let's dance." Morgana whispered in my ear, her lips sucking on the lobe of my ear, I resisted a groan.

I looked at her, cocking a brow.

"Anything to see that gorgeous body of yours move." I growled huskily, wrapping my arm tightly around her tiny waist and kissing her hard. She gasped, locking her arms around my neck as I bent her backwards, kissing her passionately and not caring who was around. One hand cupped her thigh, the feel of those delicious sparks coursing through me as we kissed.

I let her up, smirking at how shocked and flustered she looked, one hand on her crown. (This novel will be daily updated at www.noveljar.com) "Wow..." She said breathlessly, her cheeks coated with a faint blush.

Well, it seems I can catch my little she-devil off guard too.

"Now let's dance." I said, leading her to the dance floor where other elven couples were dancing gracefully.

"I think they are a little outdated on dancing." I murmured, making her giggle.

"Dare we turn the heat up a few notches?" She whispered, moving her body sensually against mine.

"Sounds like a plan." I replied seductively.

I really had to fucking focus not to get turned on. I smirked, spinning her out before pulling her back against my chest, my hand on her stomach, the other running down her arm as she rubbed sensually against me, making pleasure fucking rush through me. We were getting a few looks, but really, I didn't give a fuck, too lost in the goddess before me. I spun her around and she let go of my

hand, twirling, before she ran into my arms once more. I lifted her, spinning her around, unable to keep the smile from my lips, seeing that happiness on her face.

The lights above glittered off her clothing and jewellery as I slowly lowered her, moving slowly to the music.

I'll fucking give anything to keep that smile on your face. I promise to keep you happy...

Even knowing what tomorrow and the following few weeks meant... (This novel will be daily updated at www.noveljar.com) I would cherish this fucking moment...

I love you.

The Alpha King's Possession By Moonlight Muse Chapter 66

1. 6 A Hard Decision MORGANA

The following day, after breakfast, we set out before the sun was even up in the sky: Having packed more supplies and a good number of antidotes just in case. We were given two horses although Kian wasn't too keen on it, Orrian said it was better for us to ride them until they tire and then reserve energy. Agreeing it would help a little, we took the horses.

I was dressed in pale grey pants, a long-sleeved, fitted top and a hooded cloak on top. Despite them being from the elves, we made sure they just looked simple, with no elven thread-work on them, not wanting to let my brother know where we were coming from. Kian, on the other hand, refused to wear anything of theirs, and I had to admit it was rather amusing when his ego got in the way.

We were now at the borders of Elandorr, and although Orrian would see us again in a few weeks, he stubbornly wanted to come to see us off.

"Thank you to you and Elandorr for everything," I said, looking down at him, as I held the reins of my horse in one hand.

"I wish you all the best on your next venture." Orrian said, getting off his horse and walking over to mine.

I glanced at Kian, I hoped he didn't get irked before I looked down at Orrian and raised an eyebrow

"We don't need luck, but let's see how welcoming Azrael is." I said, glancing at the seven men who flanked Orrian, I had learned that these were some of his most trusted men.

I was still shocked that Kian wanted to try to help the Sanguine Empire for my sake, but it only showed that he was a true king and one who deserved the title he held.

"It is the first time you stepped into Elandorr and I fear it may be the last. The next time we meet, it will be as allies on the battlefield... You will be the queen of Clair De Lune, and I will

simply be your ally..." He said, this time I could see the emotion in those eyes of his. His sadness, wistfulness, the eyes of a man who had lost so much.

A sharp wind blew past us, sending both mine and his hair flying, but we didn't break eye contact. He needed this closure, so I would allow him to say what he needed. We could do at least that much in return for all he was offering us.

"An ally and still a friend." I said quietly.

He nodded, giving me a smile that held no happiness.

"I know you won't appreciate me saying this, but you will always be my Moonlight. I want you to know that, although I can tell that you are content and truly happy." He said quietly,

looking at Kian.

It may have been a few decades ago, but it was clear Orrian had held hope that one day I would come to him.

"Let me go Orrian, from your heart. Make space for someone more, someone who can return the love that you have to offer. I was never yours." I said softly, wishing he found the same love that I held for Kian.

He looked down and nodded. "I once thought you were the one for me. Perhaps we could be, but you weren't mine. It's true, you never were mine. I can see that Kian is the one who has given you happiness that I never could. Goodbye, my Moonlight... For the next time we meet, I will not address you as such." 1

I nodded and offered him a gentle smile.

"Thank you. In decades to come, you will remember the woman who was just a passing moment of your life and laugh that you ever thought you could never love again, because I believe that you will find her. The one who becomes your all." I said quietly, and I meant it.

"Or him." Kian added with a cold smirk.

Orrian raised an eyebrow, and I looked at Kian.

"Well, whichever works. Orrian is rather pretty." 1

"Thank you very much. At least you can admit that I am good looking." Orrian said, frowning slightly.

"There's a difference." Kian replied with an antagonising smirk, I thought I saw the faint glimmer of a smile on Orrian's face as he and Kian gripped each other's forearms and shook, before Orrian moved back.

"See you soon." Kian said to Orrian who nodded, and with a final smile at Orrian, I turned away. Kian and I nudged our horses into a trot, passing through the veil and beyond the borders of Elandorr.

The wind rushed through my hair as I nudged the horse into a gallop. Making sure to stay ahead of Kian, only for him to take the challenge and try to outdo me. However, I was definitely the better rider.

"Seems like I'm better at horse riding than you are my love." I said tauntingly, with a small smile on my lips.

"Well, I don't really see the need for me to know how to ride. Thanatos already finds this insulting. We don't ride other animals when we can fucking shift." Kian said, turning to me.

Our eyes met and I smirked. "Well, just admit that I am better at it." I said haughtily.

"You are, I won't fucking deny that, but then again, you're pretty good at riding regardless of what it is." He replied with a smirk, looking me over. "But don't let it get to your head

sunshine." 1

I rolled my eyes, despite my stomach fluttering at his words."

"Cat got your tongue?"

"Just a wolf." I replied in the same tone before I became thoughtful. "Kian... You once said it was a vampire who killed your father. How can you be so sure?"

He frowned deeply. Our horses were now at a steady trot, and the mood suddenly became serious.

"I witnessed my father being killed, but I was helpless. I saw the vampire... Father was fucking confused, saying he didn't understand when all he wanted was peace...but the vampire didn't care..." His voice was cold and filled with a burning rage.

My own heart was pounding just listening to him. Unlike me, who assumed that a werewolf killed my dad, he knew it was a vampire. I reached over, placing my hand over his comfortingly, sensing the excruciating pain through the bond, although I knew he was trying to mask it.

"You saw it?" I asked, shocked.

Kian looked ahead and nodded.

"He had released a poison in the air and I remember breathing in whatever crap he had concocted, barely able to walk or keep my eyes open. It's all a haze or I would have caught his scent. I just lay there, watching him kill my father, slowly... painfully... As if it was an entertainment for him... My father signalled to me to stay the fuck down and you know what? I did. Like a fucking useless coward." He was angry, and even disgusted with himself.

"Kian... you did what was right." I said softly, "You were in no shape to fight."

"He tried to use his Alpha command on me, but when that didn't work, he warned me that if I got up, it would be the end of the entire kingdom." He continued, I knew it was hard for him to say. I stayed silent, my heart aching for him.

"I would never have tried for the fucking title of king, but my father had wanted me to, saying that Cain could not become king, that he was not fit for it... All I wanted was to just live happily... but he reminded me of his wish as he was pinned to the ground, unable to move. I simply watched, watched my father die..."

"Pinned him down..." I mused. Did he mean with powers? But that was rare...

"There is something about that vampire that I'll never forget." He said quietly, his jaw clenched.

"What is it? Maybe we can find him." I said softly.

"The colour of his eyes. There is only one vampire whose eyes are as dark as that killers." He said quietly, now turning to me. Our eyes met and I understood his silent statement. As mine...

Dark... Mine was the darkest... There was no one in the Sanguine Empire whose eyes were as dark as mine...

"There's no one... Not even Azrael." I murmured.

"I did take a look when I came. None of the officials had that colour eyes, only you, but the vampire was a man." He said frowning.

"I'm sorry... It must have been hard to look at me." I said softly

He cocked an eyebrow.

"When you're that fucking hot? You're rather easy on the eyes, although my cock gets hard at the sight of you." He said now smirking arrogantly.

I raised an eyebrow

"Oh? Well... that's good, because I like mini-Kian being hard for me." I said, giggling.

He frowned at me, and I knew for a fact that Thanatos would be laughing. 1

"The two of you fucking annoy me." Kian growled.

"Yet you love us." I said, and just like that, the mood lifted. "Race you to those hills!" I shouted, snapping my reins and galloping off ahead.

"That's cheating, little she-devil!" Kian growled.

I laughed as the wind rushed past me, the sound of galloping hooves loud in my ear.

"Then you can punish me later." I teased not slowing down.

He was hot on my heels, and I couldn't stop the smile that graced my lips. Yes, we were going to the Sanguine empire, not something that I had a good feeling about... but with Kian by my side. We have got this.

I shrieked in alarm when he suddenly caught up, grabbing the reins of my horse and pulling it to a stop. I held on as my horse neighed, rearing on its hind legs. He smirked in victory, grabbing my elbow and flipping me onto his horse. I clung on to him like a ridiculous damsel in distress, my heart pounding at his wild move. Yet... the moment those lips of his met mine, I forgot everything else because in his arms. I was a mess, losing myself in his perfect kiss..