

The Alpha King's Possession By Moonlight Muse Chapter 67

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1. A Queen MORGANA

It took us two nights to reach the Sanguine Empire and infiltrate the border patrol, making our way through to the palace undetected. I knew all the ins and outs of this place, it had not been hard at all.

We were now in my old bedroom. To my surprise, it was well dusted and kept clean, yet there was no one using it and neither had my things been removed...

"It's strange." I whispered, looking around my room, the nostalgic memories of me spending time in this room returning strongly...

Oh, how it felt like decades ago...

"What is?" Kian said, staring at my wall of weapons. "This wall is impressive."

"Thanks, I selected that dagger to kill you with from here." I smirked, my smile fading when I realised it had been placed back on the wall where it belonged.

Weird... My brother had wanted me gone, I'm surprised he didn't burn everything I ever owned, so why was this room kept like this?

My heart skipped a beat when I realised who must have kept it. Uncle.

"What's strange, my beautiful blood rose?" Kian murmured, wrapping his arms around me from behind.

I pressed myself against him, feeling his package against my ass. Was it wrong that I wanted him all over again? His lips met my neck and I shivered in pleasure. "That this room is exactly like I left it." I said softly, sighing at his touch.

Kian's hand ran up my waist, his fingers brushing my breast and my stomach fluttered, sending that throbbing need to my core.

"Perhaps someone here cares. Your uncle tried to plead for your life after all back then..."

"Hmm... That's true..." I moaned as his hand travelled down my stomach and massaged me between my legs. Despite the fact that I was wearing pants, I still felt myself ache in need of him. "Fuck Kian..."

He chuckled sexily, moving away.

"As much as I want to fuck you... We need to get moving." He said, smirking slightly.

I cocked a brow, looking him over.

"I expect you to make this up to me... Or I'm sure Thanatos will do it for you." I said, although I don't think I could handle Thanatos until after the war, he was exhausting in a very good

way. I achieved what I wanted, seeing Kian frown, much to my satisfaction.

"Love you, Thanatos." I said in a sing-song voice, Kian's eyes flashed as he struggled to come out, but Kian won this round, pushing him back, his eyes returning to hazel.

"I'll be the one to make it up to you." He growled, yanking me into his arms, roughly just the way I liked it. My chest hit his and my breathing became heavy, as I bit my lip.

"Good." I said, running my finger over his lips.

He bit onto it, sucking it gently, and I felt him throb against me.

"You're a tease." He growled.

"I am, yet you love it." I said, reaching down and cupping his package.

Satisfied when he bit back a groan.

"That I fucking do." He said before he moved back forcefully. "I'll stay hidden. You go, pretend you came alone... Get a scope of what's going through his mind and then we shall see what to do next... but are you sure you want to go alone?"

"I'm sure, it's better this way. I know Azrael, he'll just get aggressive if you come in like this." I said, kissing his lips before I walked to my door. Time to face him... Kian would not be mentioned at all, if things went as planned no one would even know he was here in the palace, that might just trigger this war off even more...

I stayed hidden, making my way towards Azrael's office. He would usually be there at this time. I just hoped he was not entertaining another random woman. I wrinkled my nose, remembering his lewd behaviour, glancing at the man who was standing guard at his door.

I quickly hid behind a pillar as two servant ladies walked by.

"The little prince is so cute."

"He is... What a fine young king he will be..." Their voices faded away, leaving my heart feeling a little excited.

A prince? Anastasia gave birth! I was an aunt!

The urge to forget everything and go see the baby almost took over, but I pouted and looked back towards the office door. I had to do this first... Stupid Azrael... I didn't want to see his ugly face, I'd rather see my nephews...

He really did have too much confidence in his security... But I knew the exact locations of the guards... I guess that's why it is so easy to get past them... Focusing on a gold jewelled vase that stood down the hall, I raised my hand and pushed it over with a blast of power, sending it toppling to the ground with a loud crash.

I flinched at how loud that was. As predicted, the guard outside Azrael's office door rushed to check, and I quickly rushed to the door, slipping inside and shutting the door ever so silently

behind me. I let out a small breath of relief silently, turning and looking around the huge office. I could hear Azrael muttering to himself, and it was clear he was alone, no women, perfect

I walked silently through the large arch and towards where I could hear him. The familiar sight of my brother's frowning face came into view. His hair was slightly longer, his displeasure clear as day as he paced in front of his desk, running his fingers through his hair, which was surprisingly missing the crown that he wore so proudly.

The tables were covered with maps and so was the floor... I frowned. Why did he look almost concerned?

"That... fool..." He grumbled, pouring himself a glass of blood, splashing it over the maps.

Smiling slyly, I snuck up on him, leaning in towards his ear.

"Boo." I whispered.

"Aaah!" He screamed, dropping his glass as he jumped away from me, raising his hand to attack.

I burst out laughing, stepping away from his reach.

"Missed me, dear brother?" I asked mockingly, staring at Azrael, who looked like he had just seen a ghost.

He placed a hand to his heart, looking me over.

"Morgana... Is it really you?" He asked, narrowing his eyes, stepping closer and to my surprise, cupping my face with one hand. "You're real..." He let go of me as if I was dirt and wiped his hand on his pants.

I in turn, wiped my cheek. God knows where his hands have been "Of course I am real. Yet you're acting weird." I said, stepping back.

"Obviously... I mean... How, how are you here?" He asked suspiciously.

"I have my ways, but care to tell me why you broke the peace treaty? When you yourself gave me away for the sake of it?" I asked, frowning coldly.

He scoffed,

"Me? It is they who turned their back on me. Clearly, you gave him such a hard time that he didn't think it was worth holding up the bargain! Couldn't you have done that much for your people and spread your legs for him like the good little whore that you are?" Azrael scoffed.

There's the idiot I knew. I crossed my arms, glaring at him venomously.

"I am no whore... Are you really blaming me for your own faults?! Ki- Alpha Kian sent you a treaty to even consider trade with this kingdom, but-"

"And you believed him? He did nothing of the sort." Azrael replied with contempt. "I'm still concerned about how you got in here. Was it uncle who allowed you in?"

"I snuck in; your security is not absolute." I spat.

"Well, you are no longer welcome here. You could not even protect your people and now you come back for shelter? So did the king no longer want you? Did he grow bored, perhaps? Did he kick you out? Whatever the reason, you are no longer part of this kingdom!" He said turning his back to me.

"Do not turn your back on me, Azrael! I have come to offer you the hand of friendship with Clair De Lune, one final time, for your people consider it and withhold from this war."

He scoffed resentfully, turning his head towards me.

"And what are you? The Alpha King's little messenger?" He spat, looking at me as if I was lower than the dirt beneath his feet.

I raised my eyebrow, grabbing hold of the collar of my cloak and shirt, pulling it down.

"No, I am the Alpha King's fated mate and the Queen of Clair De Lune." I said, my voice strong and powerful. My eyes blazed as I stared him down, baring my neck to him, to allow Azrael to see the mark of the Alpha King upon my neck. "You are speaking to a queen, so if I were you, I'd show some respect." 3

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1. Something At Play MORGANA

Azrael's eyes widened and he stared at me shocked, before the familiar suspicion and anger

replaced it.

"Mated to one of those beasts... How father is probably turning in his grave." He said, with disgust

I closed my eyes, trying to calm down. I had to, for our people and for Kian, who was doing this for me... For My kind.

"I am here to warn you to pick the right side, countless men will fall if you continue on this path. Azrael, if not for me, do it for father, whom we both loved." I said, or so I hoped...

Focusing my mind on penetrating his, the familiar shrill sound filled my head before I managed to hear a glimpse of his thoughts.

'Father... I wish he were here... he would have known what to do...'

I frowned, and continued. "For our people and for your son... make this kingdom something he can be proud of. If you join hands with us, we are willing to give this kingdom the food and supplies it needs." I said softly.

"Then why refuse all my mail! I have sent several letters! I let my pride go and pleaded with that monster to uphold his words!" Anger blazed in his eyes, and yet I couldn't ignore his insult of Kian.

"He is far from a monster, Azrael, he is a king, one that you can only hope to be." I said coldly, "As for your messages; we received one, with your seal saying you refuse the offer we sent and that you have joined hands with the fae!"

"That's not even possible! Only I have access to-"

The door opened and Uncle Malachi stood there, his eyes wide.

"Morgana!" He said, his face softening and concern flooding his features as he ran over to me, pulling me into his arms tightly. "Thank the gods you are ok!" –

"Uncle..." I smiled, wrapping my arms around him tightly. His heart was pounding, and he kissed the top of my head several times. "I heard from the guards that the

old western small gate lock was tampered with and there's only one person I know that used and fiddled with that exit!"

My eyes widened. Uncle knew I used to sneak out? I was surprised, but I'm glad he never mentioned it to anyone.

"So you knew I used to sneak out?" I asked, smiling up at him.

He smiled warmly and nodded, cupping my face.

"I knew you were safe, so I saw no harm in it." He said, stroking my hair. "How have you been child? I'm so sorry I didn't come after you..."

"There was nothing you could have done if you had." I said quietly.

He sighed, "Well, I'm glad you are here, is everything ok? With the war going on I am glad you are back home and safe, have you drank something? Rested?"

"You two are a waste of my time, leave." Azrael said with irritation.

I ignored him and smiled at Uncle Malachi.

"Yes, I have had a drink,"

"Then sleep, it's late." Uncle said lovingly.

I couldn't argue right now, even if I wanted to discuss this more. I think I needed to tell Kian about the letters...

"I will head to bed, but we need to talk tomorrow." I said, "It's very important."

Uncle nodded.

"Of course." He said, kissing my head. "Your room is as you have left it, Anastasia's orders."

Azrael frowned. "She just hoped you'd return someday."

"Well, my sister-in-law is far more useful than you are." I stated, making a mental note to thank her.

Uncle walked me to my room, I was about to tell him about Kian, wanting him to meet him, but remembering what Kian had said I didn't.

'Trust no one and stick to the plan.'

The man was far too careful, but the walls had ears too. We needed to be cautious, I guess. Bidding Uncle farewell, I locked my bedroom door after me, looking around the room in search of Kian.

"Kian?" I whispered.

I turned, seeing him step out of the bathroom area. I walked over to him, wrapping my arms around his neck as we kissed deeply.

"So, anything?" He asked, not letting go of me.

I quickly filled him in with everything that had occurred with Azrael.

He didn't speak, listening with a frown on his handsome face. Now letting go of me and crossing his muscular arms over that firm chest of his, his face holding that calculating look that meant he was thinking of something.

"Wait, say that again?"

"Hmm? That uncle is the sweetest?"

"No... How he knew that we snuck in..."

"Oh, he knew my old antics. He's happy I'm back. I actually want you to meet him, officially, he is the kindest soul, and that's saying something for us vampires." I said amused.

But Kian didn't seem to find it as warming as I did.

"Your uncle, what's his story?" He asked.

"Story?" "No children? Wife? Woman? Anything?" He asked. I frowned thoughtfully.

"I... He never got married... never found his beloved." I said sadly.

"So, someone as nice as him never settled for anyone. Is he a player then?"

omeon

I raised an eyebrow.

"No..."

"Seems odd."

"Kian... are you actually thinking my uncle may not be what he seems?"

"I don't know... The fact he knew that you snuck in... Ok... but why did he rush to the office? How did he know you were there? Wouldn't he have searched everywhere for you, or even come to your room first? No one came here. Why was he alerted about a break-in, why not Azrael?"

He had a point, but...

"Things and regulations may have changed, my love. It must be to help Azrael with everything that's going on. Uncle cares dearly for us, even with Azrael being the jerk he is. Uncle loves him."

"Yet he didn't ask you anything about your life there? Just wanted you out of the room and away from Azrael?" Kian asked.

I frowned, feeling my irritation grow.

"Kian, Malachi Araton is not who you're implying, and I'd appreciate it if you'd stop." I said, not wanting to get angry at him.

"Morgana, I won't sugar-coat it, I don't trust him. Something about him is fucking off, and I am a very good judge of character."

"As am I! I am far older than you Kian, I have known my uncle for decades, he is not a bad man!"

"Calm the fuck down. Don't get defensive, just give me an answer then. Doesn't it seem a tad too fucking weird?"

"Aren't you a tad too suspicious?" I shot back, glaring at him.

His eyes flickered as he closed the gap between us, in a flash he had me slammed up against the wall. I gasped at the impact, glaring into my man's eyes. Even when I was angry, that desire for him coursed through me.

"Do you want to be punished for being so disobedient love?" He growled.

"Depends on the punishment..." I whispered.

A sense of Deja-Vu flashed in my mind as I stared into his eyes.

"It might be a good one... If you calm the fuck down and see my point..." He said, pressing his body against mine, his hands still pinning my hands between our chests. I struggled, but he

you may be older than me, Morgana, but I assure you I have been playing this game far longer....When it comes to the game of power, lies, and deceit... I know how the mind works... I wouldn't trust your uncle, not until you penetrate that mind of his and see what's going on in there... If you find nothing, I will admit that I was wrong, but until then, I would advise that you withhold your judgment of him and proceed with caution."

His husky voice sent shivers of pleasure through me. He was being reasonable, but he was wrong about Uncle Malachi.

“Very well... and if you are wrong, then I will punish you.” I said, a devious smile crossing my lips as an idea came to my head.

“Something tells me your idea of punishing me is going to be fucking crap.” He replied coldly.

“Not at all... It’s rather fun actually. You will let me do makeup on you. Red lipstick, glitter and all.” I giggled imagining it. 1

He frowned, clearly displeased.

“The only red lipstick I like on me is when it comes directly off these lips.” He said, taking hold of my chin and rubbing his thumb along my plump lips. I wrapped my mouth around his thumb sucking on it sensually and making him growl quietly before I let go of it, my stomach fluttering

“So... either way, do we have a deal?”

He was silent for a moment, before he tilted his head.

“Fine... But if you’re wrong... then be prepared for your punishment.” He said, smirking as he let go of me and took his shirt off.

Something told me it was not the usual spansks... My core knotted, was it wrong that I wouldn’t mind losing to him all the time if I got to be punished?

“Won’t you share what the punishment is?” I asked, as I turned to undress for bed too.

He stepped closer to me, running his fingers between my ass cheeks, tugging on my thong slightly and making me bite down on my bottom lip. My breasts grazed his bare chest. His lips met my neck before he whispered in my ear.

“I’m going to fuck this ass.” He said huskily, making my eyes widen and heat rush to my core, igniting that forbidden desire deep within me...

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1. Blood MORGANA

The following day, Kian once again laid low whilst I left to talk to my brother. Blood had been sent to my room, but there was only one type I drank now, and

that was my mate. The handsome, god-like man who was everything a girl could dream of and more.

I had pulled on a high neck, sleeveless, maroon crushed velvet dress which fell to the floor with slits down each side, paired with a small tiara and heels. I had decided I would visit my brother's quarters, because I really wanted to see my nephew!

With Azrael, he surely wouldn't even let me look at him. I looked down at the pouch in my hand. (This novel will be daily updated at www.) It wasn't much... But it was the first time that I was meeting my nephew, so I wouldn't come empty-handed.

The guards that flanked the doors of the king's quarters didn't look surprised to see me, it seemed word had gotten around that I was back. They bowed to me and I smiled faintly.

"Let the queen know that I'm here." I stated.

One of them nodded and opened the door, telling the servant standing inside to pass the message. I waited patiently, and a few minutes later, I was told to enter and to follow the lady in waiting.

I walked through the luxurious halls, picking up on the scent of my nephew instantly. It was strange, but since Kian had marked me my sense of smell was a lot stronger. Something I didn't even notice; it had just come to me.

"Morgana!" Anastasia's voice came rushing out of the archway that led to their personal lounge.

"Anastasia." I said.

We weren't exactly close. After all, Azrael and I clashed a lot and I was kept at a distance from his personal life. No doubt he didn't trust that I wouldn't tell Anastasia what a sleazebag he was. I now hugged my sister-in-law. She looked the same as ever; her hair pinned into an elegant bun, a small crown upon her head and she wore a deep plum coloured dress.

"And she comes to cast her negativity upon my son." Azrael's voice came.

Anastasia said nothing, giving me a small apologetic smile, but it wasn't him I was here for.

"Oh, he has enough negativity from you. I dare not add to that. What is his name?" I asked, walking beside Anastasia into the lounge.

"Remiel." Anastasia said as I spotted the child in my brother's hands.

My heart skipped a beat. I made my way towards them, staring down at my gorgeous little

nephew. He was... beautiful. Emotions surged through me and I reached out for him, not even reacting to the fact that Azrael allowed me to hold him. (This novel will be daily updaed at www.)He was so light! His deep red eyes were staring up at me with curiosity.

"Remiel... He's beautiful." I whispered, taking a seat as I cradled the child to my chest, inhaling his full head of black hair. He was at least a few weeks old...

"Thank you." Anastasia said.

I pray that you are not like your father, grow to be a king that your grandfather would be proud of.

"Why did you come here unannounced?" Azrael spoke after a while. I was glad he had allowed me a few moments with Remiel, who was currently holding my finger.

"I wanted to see him." I said, easing my hand out of his grip and opening the pouch that I had been holding tightly in my other hand.

Instantly, Azrael had Remiel from my hold, his hand closing around my neck. Anastasia gasped but I simply looked at Azrael. Never have I felt so disappointed... He really didn't know me, did he really think I'd hurt my nephew?

"It's a gift for the future king." I said, masking the pain that wrapped around my heart.

He was about to snatch the pouch from my hand, but Anastasia's hand was enclosed around his, giving him a small nod. He looked at us both, with disgust, but retracted his hand.

"What gift can you give him?" He spat.

I looked down at the pouch in my hand, slowly opening it and doing my best to mask the fact that I was feeling hurt from them.

He will not get to me. I retracted my hand, drawing out the pendant, a pendant that belonged to Kian, one that he had with him and had been in our luggage. I had asked if I could have it this morning after rummaging in our small selection of supplies to see what I could give to my nephew.

The chain was made of platinum gold, in looks, it appeared silver and was one of the most used and expensive material for jewellery in Clair De Lune. The chain was long, with a rectangular tag at the end. The front had the image of the moon and below it the symbol of Clair De Lune. Behind it were the words; 'A true king bends his knee for his people'

"From the King and Queen of Clair De Lune." I said quietly, placing the chain on top of Remial's blanket. (This novel will be daily updaed at www.)"You may hate him, but... please don't throw the gift out."

I turned to Anastasia as I said this, and she gave a slight nod, taking her son from her husband.

"Thank you." She said. I stood up, kissing the baby on his soft cheek before she took him away. I looked at my brother, who looked disgusted.

"Shall we talk?" I said coldly.

"Yes, let's. However, it is rather early is it not? You know, I am only at my office at nine."

"War does not wait for anyone."

"Yes, and I hate thinking about it." He grumbled, entering his office and sitting in his chair as if he owned the place.

Well, he did.

"Yet you willingly signed up for war."

"Don't pin this on me." He growled.

"I know, you say that you sent letters..."

"Yes, I did! Yet you all just attacked my men on the borders! Killed our messengers! I have the letter from the Alpha King himself. Maybe that will shut you up!" He growled.

My heart thumped, a letter from Kian? He opened his desk drawer and began looking inside, a frown crossed his face and his movements became more irritated.

"What the..."

I infiltrated his mind, flinching as the shrill sounds screamed in my head before it vanished.

...right here! Where the fuck is it! Did she take it?!

"What is it?" I asked. So, he had indeed gotten a letter...

Someone was playing us, and it had to be someone close to Azrael to get in here... He had guards outside the door constantly... Kian's words filled my mind once more, and I really hoped he was wrong.

"It's not here! Did you take it?!"

"Oh, for god's sake, Azrael! How could I have taken it?! I'm sure you had your guards watching my room!" (This novel will be daily updated at www.) I hissed. He

glared at me, but I knew I was right. I needed to get through to him, and for that I needed to control my anger.

"Azrael, listen to me. We received a letter from you, you received one from us... Don't you think there's something far too suspicious about that?"

"Oh, please, the only reason you want to be allies now is because you know the fae and us combined can take you out."

"We can still win, don't underestimate us... but for the sake of our men who will ride to battle, think calmly. Someone is pulling the strings and we are playing right into their hands by arguing. You don't want a war, right?"

He glared at me, but it was clear he was at least paying attention.

"Azrael... Kian or the werewolves did not kill father-".

"Oh please! Of course, you will say that since he marked you!" He spat, jumping to his feet.

I glared back at him,

"No! I read his mind!" I shouted.

His eyes widened and he looked confused.

"What?"

"I have the ability to. Are my eyes not enough to tell you that? I have the gift of reading one's mind, and I assure you that Kian is not behind this. I feel... I mean, I even thought it was you at one point..."

"You..." He burst into mocking laughter. "Oh, please, you are crazy."

"Shall I prove it?" I hissed through gritted teeth. Getting this fool to listen was trying my patience.

"Go on, what am I thinking?" He said haughtily, pouring himself a glass of blood.

Dickhead...

I honed in, past the barrier, speaking every word that he was thinking as he thought them.

'She's a fool to even think that I'd believe this joke. What the... Wait... How-how is she doing that? Can you really read my mind?'

"Yes, I can." I said, making him collapse into his seat looking stunned. "So you really have more Araton blood running within your veins than I..."

"You know that the secondary line has higher chances to have these abilities... The firstborn becomes king... the second becomes their strength..."

My words faded away as I realised what I had just said... Kian's words rang in my head like an alarm bell. 'Eyes as dark as yours...'

Fuck...

Just then the door opened, and I knew who had entered without even turning... Uncle Malachi

"Ah, you two are here already, earlier than I thought. Now, what are we discussing?" He asked, coming over to the desk smiling warmly.

"Morgana here."

"I was saying how we should try to stop this war. Shall we have a drink first?" I interrupted, grabbing two more glasses and a fresh bottle of blood from Azrael's blood bar.

"Oh, I have had breakfast." Uncle said smiling.

I did my best to keep my heart steady. A theory... Our eyes were lighter the less we drank... (This novel will be daily updated at www.) What if someone wanted to keep their abilities a secret and to do so... drank far less than they needed?

My stomach fluttered as I poured three glasses, making sure to fill Azrael's too. He seemed rather displeased that I had cut him off, but... if Uncle was the culprit... I did not need him to know of my abilities.

"You may have had your breakfast, but it's my first day back here, Uncle. Will you not drink for me?" I asked, looking into his eyes.

He held my gaze before simply smiling and nodding slowly. I picked up two glasses, handing him one, and looked at Azrael, who was grumbling away

"I don't have time to drink with you! I have things to attend to, we are moving for war soon enough!" He said, standing up. He downed the glass, giving me a glare with his eyes that didn't change colour, typical Azrael would never starve himself. In fact, I knew if he had special abilities, he would make sure the entire kingdom had known of it.

"You can tell Uncle all your crazy theories!"

"I will!" I retorted, trying to act as normal as possible as Azrael stormed from his office.

I smiled at my uncle as we clinked our glasses, both of us downing it in one go, it tasted nothing like Kian's, he had ruined even blood for me.

"That was pleasant." Uncle said, placing his glass down.

My gaze stayed trained on him, waiting for him to lift his head.

"It was." I said placing my glass down as well.

"S... When did you figure it out?" Uncle asked softly.

My heart raced when he turned towards me. I stared into his eyes that were now a dark deep red, mirroring my own...