

The Alpha King's Possession By Moonlight Muse Chapter 70

1. His Real Face MORGANA

"It hasn't been long." I said, strangely calm as I stared at him. "You knowing I was here. Might have been the first alarm bell..."

Although that was something Kian pointed out, I was far too adamant that my uncle could never be so.. It almost felt as if I was seeing him for the first time. How had I never noticed this before?

The screaming truth that was blaring in my head, telling me that he was responsible for my father's death, was making my heart clench. How could he? And then pretending to care for us, for me? I remembered how loving and caring he always acted throughout our lives...

He smiled and nodded, pouring himself another glass and picking it up. Although something told me not to let him get his strength up... (This novel will be daily updaed at) I didn't move. I needed to hear the truth from him.

"Why did you do it?" I asked quietly. "Father loved you."

He smiled faintly, raising an eyebrow.

"You seem to have all the answers, *Morgana*. I'm sure you know."

Yes, I did; for power, the greed for the crown and the title of king.

"For power... but then... I'm surprised that Azrael is alive considering you want the throne for yourself." I said calmly, right now I wished I had the ability to mind link Kian. I just hoped he could feel what I was feeling through the bond, because I might need him...

"Well... I didn't want an all-out war... Things have to be planned... With him as king, he will have to ride out to war, which will leave the throne clear for me to take."

"Wrong, you are third in line after Azrael!" I growled, my eyes flashing and my heart thundering at the very thought that my nephew may be targeted.

"You really are so innocent." He said, reaching over, he caressed my cheek.

I smacked his hand away, glaring at him.

"Don't touch me with those hands that murdered my family!" I hissed.

How dare he kill both mine and Kian's fathers! He will not get away with this.

"These hands have held yours, caressed your hair and cheeks for years... The hands of your uncles have always been the same." He mocked.

"How could you?" I said, disgusted. "Did you feel happy knowing that you took your own brother's life?"

"He never saw it coming, he was a lot like you actually." Uncle smiled, sending a chill down my spine. "Impulsive, proud, full of love and compassion, yet so stupid that he was blinded by a few acts of kindness.... I wouldn't have killed him if his stupid advisor hadn't started to get so suspicious of me... Well not that soon anyway."

The enchanter who had kept my truth masked... He was so powerful, though... How had uncle even got the upper hand on him, I had no idea.

"How do you think I felt the moment he died, the little bastard princess had eyes as dark as my own? It angered me, looking into that wretched face of yours. (This novel will be daily updated at)" He hissed, now looking at me with unmasked resentment. "I first thought you would make a good partner... Someone who would side with me and trust in me, but you seemed to have a strong will to do the right thing. So what better way than to target the fool Azrael and pit him against you."

My stomach churned at his words. He really did that?

"What exactly did you tell him?" I asked, focusing my abilities to look into his mind.

I hit a blank wall, but at the same time, he didn't seem to realise anything. My heart thundered but I remained passive. Did his abilities give him the power to block his mind? Did he have the same ability as mine or was it different? He knew more about my abilities than I did of his.

"Just fuelled his thoughts on how you were more loved, how your father only saw you and how he was a failure... Subtly of course, but he drank it all up, thinking of you as someone who wants his throne. Poisoning the mind of someone who already feels threatened is a lot easier than one would think." He smiled at me, that same smile I grew up seeing. But now all I could see was his

reality, which still felt too hard to digest.

"So, I'm presuming you're the reason he hated my mother?" I said quietly.

"Perhaps. Killing her was not hard either."

I felt as if I had been slapped across the face.

He did that, he did that. My heart was thundering and I felt as if my head was squeezing with the revelation

"Why?" I whispered.

"She was far too smart for my liking and influenced your father a lot. He often took matters of state to her and listened to her. Now we couldn't have that happening, could we?"

My anger flared inside of me and I clenched my jaw, I needed to hear it all.

"And the Alpha king?"

"Araqiel? He wanted to join ties with this kingdom and my brother was a fool to agree. So... I decided to nip that in the bud before they threw water on my plans." He said icily. "What's wrong, Morgana? Does it hurt to know that your entire life was a lie?"

He paced around me, yet I made sure to keep my eyes on him, turning as he did.

"No, just disgusted at what your aim is. It is clear you intercepted and manipulated the letter that Kian sent."

"Kian, so you are on a first-name basis..." "Yes perhaps," I said coldly. "You don't need to know."

I was glad I was wearing a high collared dress to hide my mark. If he wanted to hurt Kian, he could instantly kill me and end Kian too. I couldn't risk that.

"So, you killed both the previous kings... instigated everything... made Azrael join the fae..." I murmured. "You will pay for your crimes, Uncle."

His eyes flashed dangerously and I instantly raised my arm, raising a shield. I blinked, realising he had disappeared. I spun around, sensing him behind me.

What the-How?!

I sent a blast of power, spinning around, ready to deliver a kick, but he was gone once again. (This novel will be daily updated at) My leg connected with the ground. I turned as something hit the back of my head and I managed to connect with his hip, sending him staggering back, but once again he vanished.

Teleportation?

My heart was thundering as I looked around the room.

Do I stay or find Kian?

Kian.

I ran towards the door, only for Uncle to appear before me. A cruel smile on his face as he kicked me in the chest, sending me to the ground. I rolled over, jumping to my feet and ran at him, sending a blast of power at him. Once again, he vanished before it reached him, and suddenly I felt the coldness of a blade pressed to my neck.

I froze, knowing one wrong move and my head was gone. Our hearts were pounding and we were both breathing heavily, as he leaned in towards my ear. His breath in my ear making me shudder inwardly.

"See... The abilities we have are far too different... I am and always will be superior."

I felt the power around me, and in the last moment, I sent a blast of power towards Azrael's collection of bottles, sending them shattering to the ground and praying someone heard. My eyes were trained on the door, yet the moment I saw it open, everything shifted and I was somewhere dark and cold. (This novel will be daily updated at)The blade sliced into my neck and I was thrown to the floor roughly.

I spun around, nothing...

All I could see was the stone walls of a cavern with no entrance.

"No one will ever find you here..." Those were the last words Uncle spoke before he vanished, leaving me alone in a tomb where not even the rats could reach me...

The Alpha King's Possession By Moonlight Muse Chapter 71

1. 71. For Two Kings K/AN

Something was wrong. The moment I felt her storm of emotions through the bond, I left the room; grabbing some poison, antidote, and a long sword from her collection. I followed her scent as my emotions filled me like a storm. Not caring for the guards who started shouting and chasing me.

"I need to find *Morgana*!" I growled, ripping them off me as I let my nose lead me, trying to calm the worry and fear that were gripping me for her safety.

'Mate is in danger!' Thanatos thundered and I could feel him trying to come to the front.

I rushed through the doors where her scent was strong and several guards were gathered, clearly looking for something. (This novel will be daily updated at)Morgana's scent was strong here, as well as the overpowering smell of blood.

I took in the scene before me, the entire floor was practically covered in blood mixed with

shattered glass, and several guards were searching the room.

"What the... Who are you?!" One of them asked.

I raised the sword I had taken from *Morgana's* room, a silent warning to the ones who were trying to approach to stop in his tracks.

"I wouldn't come any fucking further if I were you." I growled. "I'm Kian Araquel and I want my

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mate."

"Mate?"

"*Morgana!* Her scent led me here, I felt something wasn't right. Where the fuck is your king?!" I snapped, my eyes blazing.

Actually, I had no fucking time to waste. I'll find him myself! I ran from the room, remembering the fucking asshole's scent.

"Alpha... She was in that room. We heard a crash and she's gone... We don't know how they left." One of the dickheads following me said.

That's why I'm finding her fucking brother or uncle.

"What are you doing here?!" The Vampire King's fucking irritating voice came and I stopped in my tracks, grabbing him by his neck and slamming him against the wall. Letting my aura surge around me.

"WHERE IS SHE?!" I growled.

"Who?!"

"*Morgana!*" I hissed, feeling several knives at my back.

"She... She's with our uncle in the study! Now let me down!" Azrael hissed.

I dropped him, spinning around and knocking the weapons away.

"I went to the study. There was no one there. Something happened to her." I growled.

"Your majesty, we heard the sound of crashing, but when we opened the door, both their highness' Malachi and Princess Morgana were missing."

Azrael seemed to realise something, he pressed his lips together.

"Speak nothing of what happened here to anyone. Tell the rest of the men not to spread the news of our... guest. (This novel will be daily updated at)" He said staring at me. "Guard your queen and prince with your life and allow no one, and I mean no one, to see them. Dismissed!"

Once the men bowed and walked off, he looked at me.

"So... then... Is it possible that Malachi is..."

Well, at least he didn't see as much good in him as Morgana did.

"Yeah, as you know... We did not want war.... But it's clear your uncle had plans." I said turning away. "I need to find her."

"To send me to my death..." Azrael murmured, almost in shock before the irritation settled in. "I will assist you in finding them!"

His eyes were filled with anger. I glanced at him, not bothering to wait for him as I let my senses and the pull of the mate bond guide me...

Twenty minutes had passed and I was growing restless, Morgana's scent had just vanished, so we had switched to tracing Malachi's scent instead. It was futile, he was nowhere in fucking sight.

"Is there any place he may have gone?" I asked Azrael, who hadn't been of any fucking help.

"I don't even know how they left my study..." He said.

"Just think where they'd go, not fucking how." I said, feeling my restlessness growing.

He frowned thoughtfully before he snapped his fingers.

"The tombs."

"The tombs?"

"We have some underground tombs... I was told by one of my pair of 'eyes' that uncle headed to the tombs at times..."

Eyes? So he was a suspicious man, guess he wasn't a complete fool.

"Lead the way there." I said coldly. "So, you never trusted him?"

"I trust no one." He replied, leading the way deeper into the palace.

I didn't trust him either, he could be leading me to my death for all I knew... yet... I had nothing else to hold on to but the fact that I should never have allowed Morgana to go out there alone. If anything happened to her, I'd never forgive myself.

My heart skipped a beat and the sudden feeling that she was close filled me. Thanatos began

pacing in my head. I was trying to remain calm, but I couldn't deny the worry and fear that filled every inch of my mind was threatening to explode.

"Why can't I smell you?" Azrael asked suddenly, his red eyes glinting suspiciously.

"I'm using a cloaking spray." I said frowning. "I think she's close..."

"How?"

"I can sense it."

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"Mates..." He said with disdain.

We were heading lower, deep beneath the castle; it was getting colder, darker and narrower. The damp and cold bit into my skin, reminding me of the icy temperatures outside.

Azrael slowed down when we reached a dead-end. I looked at him sharply, yet he was observing the wall.

"I don't actually know the way in." He said.

'Fucking stupid.'

I agreed with Thanatos.

I frowned, stepping forward, staring at the wall...

"The old tongue..." I murmured, stepping back and staring at the cracks in the walls. "It's etched in the walls.

"I don't understand our ancient tongue, nor do I speak it." He replied.

"I do... I learned each of the seven tongues...(This novel will be daily updaed at)" I murmured.

"The seven tongues? Do you mean you even understand the elven tongue and the languages of the dying race of dragons?" He asked shocked.

"I may not be as old as you, but I assure you, I put my time to use." I said.

"Hmph." He scoffed, clearly irritated.

"Slice your hand and smear it on the wall..." I said after a moment.

I prayed she was here...

He frowned taking out a dagger and slicing his hand before rubbing his hands along the rocks.

Nothing.

"What a waste! Clearly, you know--"

We felt the ground tremble slightly before a gold hue rushed through the cracks in the stone and his blood spread across it.

"What the...?"

"These tombs can only be opened by a royal." I said, glancing at Azrael.

How this man was related to Morgana was beyond me.

"Ah..." He said, as we now stared down a dark corridor.

I didn't wait, my heart thundering and Thanatos' encouragement that Morgana was near fuelling me as I rushed ahead. However, we hit another wall and once again Azrael unlocked it. The moment the wall opened up, we were looking into a huge cavern.

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avern.

The smell of blood was mixed in with Morgana's intoxicating scent and the faintly familiar smell of her uncle.

"Kian?"

I saw her get to her feet, my own heart thundering as I closed the gap between us and pulled her into my arms. Sparks rushed through us, like electricity, and our hearts beat as one. Fast, relieved and fucking happy that we were united once again.

"Kian! Thank god!" She whispered, her arms tight around my neck.

"What happened?" I asked, kissing every part of her neck, shoulder and face I could reach.

She took a shaky breath, her eyes closed as she let me kiss her, her grip on me tight, before our lips met in a desperate kiss that fuelled my raw emotions. Fear... I had felt it and now that she was here in my arms, I could breathe again.

"Finally, you found someone who can tame you." Azrael's remark made her pull away slowly as the entrance behind him closed with a grating rumble.

"Yes, I have." She said softly, looking surprised to see him here. "You're here... Uncle... He killed both the kings of our kingdoms and my mother! He poisoned you against me!"

Her heart was thumping, as she looked around as if he may just appear.

"He can teleport, he has an ability... I saw his eyes, Kian... They were like mine."

I frowned, taking in what she said when Azrael stepped forward, anger clear in his face, but at the same time, I could tell he was putting all the pieces together.

"He truly wants me dead then... Teleportation... Wait, my family!"

"He doesn't know Kian's here... If he returns, and he will, we can get him. (This novel will be daily updated at)Then he won't do anything to Anastasia and Remiel..." Morgana said, her heart was thudding and I knew she too was worried about her brother's family.

"We move fast. I have a poison that will work well on vampires. The moment he comes close, Morgana... If you can inject him... I'm sure it will stop him from teleporting, and then... I'll move in." I said, caressing her waist, glad she was fucking ok.

"We move in." Azrael said, his voice laced with fury and hatred.

I didn't argue, knowing we could use all the fucking help we could get, especially if he could teleport. I just hoped he didn't realise we had gotten here...

"How did you know your uncle came down here, if he was teleporting in?" I asked, letting go of

Morgana and looking at her brother as we both moved away to the shadows.

"He would often come from the lower floors. Maybe that's why the rock looked so unused, I doubt he was using his blood to get in..."

"So it could be possible he can only teleport short distances?" I questioned.

"No fucking idea." Azrael said.

Morgana looked at me and I knew that this was our only chance... Our eyes met and I silently told her it was going to be ok. To know that our fathers were killed by the same man... We weren't enemies but one and the same. Suffering due to the same man... Tonight, Malachi Araton will die.

Time seemed to pass slowly, although it was probably not even an hour before I saw the man materialise in the centre of the room. He grabbed Morgana, who had been sitting on the floor, yanking her up. My eyes flashed and I knew he'd sense us immediately, hoping that Morgana managed to inject him.

When it came to her, it was fucking weird. I could rely on her, like I knew she was my fucking equal, a team. Despite the strong urge to protect her...

A piercing roar of rage echoed in the tomb as Malachi stumbled to his knees.

Perfect.

"What did you do?!" He hissed, as Morgana wrenched free, both Azrael and I moved forward in a flash.

Act fast. With the way he was... I didn't trust that he'd try to teleport.

"No...What." He saw us both and anger filled his eyes. "You two..."

It was as if he wasn't seeing us at all. His body began to tremble as he frowned, and I knew he was trying to teleport.

"You killed father and tried to have me killed?!" Azrael hissed.

"No no... It's lies!" Malachi hissed as he got to his feet, drawing a dagger and lunging at me. "They are here to kill you, Azrael!"

"Oh? So, you just happened to forget to mention your special abilities?!" Azrael deflected his hit, but Malachi was faster, kicking him away. Instantly I moved in, bringing Morgana's sword up. I blocked his attacks, aiming a roundhouse kick at him. He stumbled back and I spun around, punching him in the face. The sickening crack making him hiss as I struck him with the sword down his chest.

"This is for every innocent soul you took, for every ounce of fucking pain you caused; my mate, and for the two kings who wanted peace." I hissed, plunging the sword straight into his chest.

Blood splattered over me, but it caused me nothing but satisfaction. I wished I could torture him, but with the likes of him, ending it fast was best.

"And for our people." Morgana said, quietly approaching us just as Malachi managed to push the sword from his chest, blood dripping from his hands from

the blade. I gave her the smallest nod and she drove her hand into his back and ripped out his heart.

His eyes widened in shock. No, he hadn't seen that coming.

"Mor..." He fell forward dead. I stepped back as the body hit the ground, kicking his face off my foot.

"Give me his heart." Azrael said, snatching it from Morgana's hand.

I raised an eyebrow as he bit into it, feeling a tad fucking disgusted. I knew that tradition of the vampires, eat the hearts of their enemies as a sign of victory.

Not that he was the one to kill him... but I'd rather Morgana didn't eat it...

'Yes, let's keep Mate's mouth full with our tongue instead. The vampire can keep the heart.' Thanatos muttered.

For once, I fucking agreed with him, one hundred percent. (This novel will be daily updated at)Although I think he didn't realise we literally ripped people to shreds with our teeth... Yeah, let's just fucking forget that fucking part. 1

I looked at Morgana, even with splashes of blood across her hands and face, she still looked fucking beautiful.

We did it. Together.

I pulled her into my arms, making her gasp, those sparks rushing through me as I claimed her luscious lips in a deep kiss, one that she returned with equal passion....