

Chapter 24 The Threat

Alana

I hid behind William’s back as hundreds of lights held by soldiers and Belinda spotted us in the rain.

“Turn off the lights!” William commanded the guards. “You are all scaring Alana!”

They quickly put them down while Belinda ran towards us, confusion and disbelief in her eyes.

“William, what are you doing with that woman? How could you kiss someone like her?”

But instead of answering her, he ignored him and looked at one of the guards. “Give me a blanket now!”

Someone hurried at us, putting us under a big umbrella and handing William two blankets.

“Here, alpha prince.”

He put them all over my shoulders and pulled me closer into him.

“Come on, Alana. The rain is still pouring down. You might catch a cold.”

“O-Okay.”

He picked up my soiled bag from the ground to put over his shoulder as he ushered me back into the path of the castle’s gate.

“William, answer me! William!” Belinda chased after us together with all her servants who are scrambling to keep her under the shade of an umbrella. “What are you doing with a girl like her?! Why are you kissing her when you already promised to me?!”

William stopped to tilt his head towards her, wearing a dark expression on his face that stopped all the chatters of Belinda and the servants. “Say another word again against Alana and I will make sure you can’t use your mouth anymore. You understand me?”

His voice is cold and menacing just like when he spoke to my father back at the mansion that I also felt fear somehow.

Belinda jerked in terror and then bowed down her head in silence.

“Come on now, Alana,” William said to me using the gentlest of his tone as he huddled me back into his arms leaving the north princess shivering in both rage and envy.

I took a warm shower when I got back to the room and when I got out, William was waiting for me on the balcony holding a hot cup of tea for me.

Seeing his tender eyes looking at me made me burst into tears. “W-William... I’m so sorry.”

Suddenly, I was on his lap being comforted by him again.

“Shh. You should not be. It’s me who should say sorry. I have been insensitive about your feelings. Once the alpha king and the luna come back from their trip, I will introduce you as my mate to them, okay?”

I froze when I heard that. Just thinking about meeting the great alpha and the luna just melts my knees away.

“But I am so nervous. What if I cannot answer their questions? What if I would just embarrass you?”

William chuckled, bringing his hands on my nose to poke at it playfully.

“Alana, there is nothing you will do that will embarrass me. You are a phenomenal lady already. And my parents will be so welcoming of you when they meet you because they know how long I’ve been waiting for you.”

I did not reply and even averted my eyes. Insecurity holds me again hostage.

“Do you trust me that everything will be alright?” he asked, seeing the doubts in his eyes.

Disappointed to myself for feeling this way, I forced myself to nod at him.

“I do. I do trust you.”

The smile that came out of William made it so gratifying that lying to him is worth it.

No worries. I will just have to muster all the courage I have to face the alpha king and his luna.

“Thank you so much, Alana,” William said and hugged me tightly so that I could only close my eyes and ignore the heat rising into my core.

God, he smells so good.

That night, someone barged into the room. Expecting to see William, I opened the room to see Belinda behind it.

“Who are you for William to care for you so much?” She pushed me forward and a servant from behind her shut the door. “Tell me which family you come from?!”

I jerked when she shouted at me reminding me of my time when my stepsister and stepmother used to treat me.

“I came from the Brookefields,” I answered shakily as sweat began breaking off my skin.

She arched her brow at me as she continued stalking me until I hit a wall behind my back. “Brookefields? Really? Are you a maid there? From which mansion?”

I was not able to say anything for the shame of being known as the woman in the basement.

Belinda snickered seeing the confusion in my eyes.

“Alana, right? I am telling you now to stop flirting with William! I know he has a heart for pitiful women like you but don’t use it against him!”

I bowed down my head as my vision began to get blurry.

“Can you handle William?” She challenged me while directly staring at the scar on my face, clearly mocking me.

Conscious, I covered it with my hair making her grin even wider.

“He is the alpha prince while you are just a servant. You two are not meant to be. Do you have eyes? Can you see how lowly you are compared to him? Compared to me whom he is betrothed to?”

I swallowed the acid in my throat.

“He said I should hold on to him because I am the one he wanted,” I replied in a low voice as I slowly met her eyes. “I am sorry but I am obeying him.”

William has put his faith in me and asked me to trust him so that is what I am going to do.

“Of course, he will tell you that because he pities you! He always does that to every pitiful woman he comes across! Tell me, do you really believe that you are suitable for his partner? Are you cut to be the next queen luna?”

A deafening silence ensued.

“No, I cannot handle William because I don’t need to. I’ll just... I’ll just care for him and support him all the way through just that is what... that is what I want to do.”

Belinda seemed to have been caught off guard but she easily recovered from it.

“You can say things like that for now because you haven’t experienced what it’s like to love someone like him. I am sure you won’t survive.”

She closed her hand on my neck tracing at some scars on it, making me gasp in pain even though they were already healed a long time ago. This is the same thing my stepmother does to me every time she is annoyed by me for some reason.

“Alana, William is mine and I will not let anyone steal him away from me, you understand?”

I gulped seeing the threat in her voice but I remained a bit confident because of the assurance William gave to me. I fought my fear and looked her in the eyes.

“He is not yours. He belongs to himself.”