

Faking My Death to Escape My Alpha

Chapter 1 - Chapter 1

My fated mate, Alpha Anderson, wanted to destroy me.

“The Wolfsbane poison must be precise—make sure it kills her inner wolf completely,” he whispered, believing I was unconscious.

He said this while gently tending to the burns he had orchestrated, all to make room for his other woman and their secret pup.

He kissed my forehead.

“Be brave, little one. It will be over soon.”

When I woke, I was scarred, broken, and my wolf severed from my soul.

He held my hand, ready to force his bastard child into my arms.

He thought he had turned me into a powerless Omega he could control.

He was wrong.

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“Don’t argue with me. Follow my plan exactly. The Wolfsbane poison must be precise—make sure it kills her inner wolf completely. She can’t suspect a thing.” My mate, Alpha Anderson, spoke with cold calculation.

“Once she wakes, I’ll take her to meet Shirley’s pup. Without her wolf, she’ll have no choice but to cherish the child as her own. No Omega has ever challenged an Alpha’s decision.”

The Healer wiped the sweat from her brow, her conscience clearly troubled.

“Alpha, please reconsider. Rosalie will be covered in burn scars, and now you want to kill her wolf too? This is beyond cruel—it’s a living death. How will she face the pack elders as an Omega?”

“And what about Shirley’s pup? The child, Rowan, is your perfect image. What if Rosalie sees the resemblance? Everything will fall apart!”

Anderson reached out, methodically applying Moonpetal Salve to my cracked lips with a surprising gentleness.

His voice held a note of practiced sadness that made my heart ache despite it all.

“She won’t notice. Once she’s an Omega, she has to stay in the Ironclaw Pack. She cannot afford the risk of leaving.”

“I promised Shirley I would give her a magnificent Bonding Ceremony. I would watch our pup grow up at my side. Even though she’s mated to another Alpha now, I won’t let her worry about our child’s future.”

The Healer sighed heavily, looking at my pale face on the den’s cot.

“Rosalie is a good wolf. You grew up together in these territories. Why are you choosing that... never mind. If you’re determined, then proceed.”

“Prepare the Wolfsbane. Make sure it’s done cleanly. No traces. I want it done before she wakes—I don’t want her to feel more pain than she must.”

The Healer hurried from the room, her footsteps echoing with reluctance.

Anderson pulled out his phone, sending a voice message to his Beta.

“Has the arsonist been silenced? Stick to our agreement—two hundred thousand in compensation, help their family relocate beyond the Ironclaw Territories. Rosalie cannot find out.”

I couldn’t stop the tears from falling, soaking silently into my pillow.

Anderson continued to tend to my burns with warm cloths, his touch gentle even as he plotted to ruin me.

Despite the warmth of his care, a chill settled deep in my bones.

So this was the truth—the Bonding Ceremony I’d dreamed of for five years was a lie for Shirley’s benefit.

The fire was no accident.

He was just clearing an obstacle for Shirley, the mother of his secret child.

Everything I believed about our shared happiness had been a carefully constructed illusion.

Lies and betrayal—that was the true foundation of our bond.

I struggled to open my eyes against the heavy sedation.

But before I could fully wake, another needle pierced my skin, this time carrying something far worse than anesthesia.

Before they wheeled me into the treatment room, Alpha Anderson pressed a gentle kiss to my forehead.

“Be brave, little one. It will be over soon. Rosalie, I’ll be waiting for you.”

The poison burned like liquid fire through my veins. My wolf howled in agony, her cries echoing through my mind as she fought the venom.

As my silver-tipped wolf’s presence began to fade, my heart grew as cold as the poison destroying her.

When I next opened my eyes, I was back in the Healer’s Den. The burns still covered my body, but something far worse had been taken.

The familiar warmth of my wolf, the swift presence I’d known since birth, was gone. Only a hollow emptiness remained.

Anderson sat vigilantly by my bedside. When he saw me wake, his face showed perfect concern, as if he hadn’t just ordered my soul’s execution.

He took my hand, pressing it to his cheek with a tenderness that made the betrayal cut deeper.

“Rosalie? You’re awake? Are you in pain anywhere?”

“Tell me if it hurts. I’ll have them adjust your medicine.”

His storm-gray eyes were as loving as ever, but now I could see the void behind them. The calculating coldness that had always been there, hidden beneath his warmth.

It was terrifying to realize how far someone would go for another’s love. How utterly they would destroy a life that stood in their way.

I shook my head slightly, reaching up to touch the stubble on his jaw, playing my part in his cruel charade.

“You haven’t slept all night, have you? I’m fine. Get some rest.”

Anderson accepted my words without suspicion, his guard finally falling. Soon he was asleep beside my bed.

