

The Alpha King's Princess

#Chapter 2 Get the little girl home

I shuddered. He knew. I should have known that he would know I wasn't twenty. I wanted to plead or explain, but the words turned into a squeak of terror as my tears flowed down my cheeks. I couldn't breathe.

He was going to kill me. He was definitely going to kill me, and no one would care. The Wolf Fang Pack was a small one like those that tended to get involved with vampires to try and secure more power. Did he think I was a threat? Would he try to interrogate me? Werewolf society had fallen into chaos since the vampires had united under their king and began to infiltrate and sabotage the smaller packs. Before I could say anything to assure him, he spoke.

"Look at me," he commanded. My eyes popped open, obeying him and hoping that I didn't look like a threat.

"How about we play a game?"

"A-A game?"

He narrowed his eyes and gave me a slow, cruel smile.

"If you win, I'll grant you sanctuary."

My eyes widened with a spark of hope.

"But if you lose...."

The ride was silent.

The rules of the game were simple. I had to survive the night in the forest near his home.

The truck stopped and the door unlocked. My jaw trembled, and I grabbed the handle. I opened it and slipped out of the car.

"Good luck," the driver said stiffly before closing the door.

I watched the truck turn and drive back to the house. I listened for the squeal of the tires until the forest went silent around me.

Then, something howled in the distance. Fear gripped me. I wrapped my arms around myself and cast my gaze around at every rustle in the bushes. I wanted to run. Maybe being on the run would be better than certain death, but I pushed that thought away.

There was nowhere safer for me than with Candido, so I had to pass this test.

But how?

Something rustled nearby. I turned as the beast roared and began to rush toward me. I screamed. I swore I wanted to survive. If I died, my stepmother and her daughter would be happy. I hate them. I want to live.

A powerful force that was not mine took hold of me, and I think I heard the wail of a wild animal.

The brightness burning through my eyelids woke me. I was lying in a bed of leaves, a little dazed. Nothing hurt. I didn't seem to be missing any limbs, but it was daytime.

I had survived somehow. I smiled in relief, looking up at the clear blue sky to where the sun was beaming down over the forest, drying the soaked earth and warming my skin. I sat up slowly as a rumbling sound approached from far away. It sounded like a truck, and I drew myself up onto my knees as I remembered.

They were coming back to check if I was still here. Would he be pleased that I had or force me into another crazy game?

I looked around the clearing and jumped back at the sight of the large beast nearby. It was still, lying a few feet away from me. Its fur was matted from the rain as if it had been there all night. Whatever it was, it was at least three times my size, with more fur than anything I had ever seen. I couldn't even recognize or guess what it was, but I knew it was dead from how still it was.

What had killed it? Why hadn't it also killed me?

I looked down as the coppery scent of blood filled my nose. My stomach turned violently. I dry heaved as I realized that my wet clothing was stained with blood and mud.

The rumbling of the engine grew closer. I turned and looked back as the truck stopped. An unfamiliar man got out of the driver's seat. He was dressed in a suit and looked about the same age as Candido. Instead of rich green eyes, his eyes were a deep brown.

Candido, dressed in a different suit, got out of the passenger seat. He stilled for a moment as our gazes met.

"Do you know what that is?" I shook my head, too frightened to speak. "How did you kill it?"

"Me?" I gasped and turned back to look at the corpse, then at Candido. The driver walked towards it and poked the beast with a shake of his head. "T-There's no way I killed it."

Candido tilted his head, staring at me. "Allen?"

The man turned back and nodded. “Dead. I can’t make out her scent on it from the rain, but it’s dead.”

My jaw trembled, and I shook my head. “I... didn’t kill it. I couldn’t have.”

The muscle in his jaw jumped as Allen drew closer.

“I guess the Moon Goddess hasn’t forsaken me after all,” I said, sagging a bit with relief.

I had never believed she was watching over me. I didn’t even believe my mother was watching over me. After everything that had happened to me over the course of my life, it was hard to believe that anyone was, but I was wrong. What else could it be if not the Moon Goddess’ grace?

Candido scoffed and grabbed me by the chin, pinching so hard that I thought I would bruise.

“Ow!” I cried, trying not to wrench away from him.

“You’ve already lied to me once, little girl,” Candido narrowed his eyes. “You are lucky not to have joined the others who have lied to me in a miserable death.”

“I’m not lying to you!” I said, my eyes burning as the emotions of the night seemed to surge forward and crash over me. His jaw clenched. I didn’t even bother to plead. “I’m not lying.”

I sniffled and slumped forward. “You... You said you’d grant me sanctuary... I passed. You said...”

My head was spinning. The world started to grow dark. I gasped for breath, fighting to stay conscious. Candido pulled me close. The world was going in and out, but I felt him trail his fingers across my cheek. I felt the fabric of his jacket in my hand and clenched my hand in it, turning into the warmth of his body. His scent was gentle and lulled me closer to sleep.

I felt him lift me and heard the crunch of leaves beneath his feet. I felt weightless and safe. Was this really the same man who had me thrown into the woods?

“You promised...” I whispered as my consciousness slipped away. I forced my eyes open and swore that his lips were tilted in just the hint of a smile.

The cruel alpha king was smiling? Was I hallucinating?