

# Mated To The Alpha King (by Gabriella)

Chapter 1

I wake up to the sound of someone knocking on my door as the sunlight starts peeking in my bedroom. Groaning, I cover my head with my pillow. It's too early in the morning.

"Scarlet?" I hear my mother's voice calling on the other side of the door.

"Go away," I moan out, my voice muffled by the pillow. A few seconds pass by and I sigh, thinking she already left. Then I hear the door knob turning and my mother comes in, looking at me with a displeased look.

"You should be up by now, young lady. Today is a big day. Everyone's already up and you're still on your bed, sleeping?"

"Mother, please... let me sleep."

"No," she answers firmly. "Get up. We need to find you a fine dress. You should be prepared beautifully for tonight."

"Tonight?"

"Have you forgotten?"

"What?"

"The Shadow pack is visiting. Alpha Blake, together with his Beta and warriors are coming tonight."

The moment I hear it, I grimace in discontent. I almost forgot. My father has invited Alpha Blake to visit our pack a long time ago to offer a truce. For a time, the Alpha hasn't answered our request. But when he did, the letter says he wants something in return. My father thinks it's gold he wants. But I hardly believe the infamous Alpha Blake, who can have anything he wants, kill whoever he likes, will ask for a pile of coins in exchange for peace.

I despise him. For everything he's done to our pack. And my father is a fool for trusting him.

"The pack needs to be presentable tonight," my mother continues, "and you, young lady, need to be on your best behavior. I don't want you doing anything that will get on the bad side of the Alpha."

Sitting up, I look up at my mother and nod. "Yes, mother."

She sighs when she sees my sad expression. "I understand how you feel, sweetheart, but you have to understand this is the only way we can make peace with our enemy. Alpha Blake has a strong pack and we are helpless against his warriors. You have to understand, your father and I are only doing what's best for the pack."

"I understand."

"Good." With that, she tucks my hair behind my ear, kissing my forehead. "I've prepared your breakfast in the kitchen." She proceeds to walk around my room, opening my curtains and letting the sun shine through the darkness. Her red hair shines bright as the sunlight touches it. My mother is a redhead, just like me. Some say I look like her when she was younger. With my long red hair and blue eyes, the similarities are uncanny.

"You look exhausted, sweetheart," I hear my mother saying. "Did you sleep well last night?"

"No," I answer truthfully.

"Is it those dreams again? About seeing a big black wolf?"

I nod. "I usually dream about chasing the wolf. But this time... he's the one chasing me."

"And did he catch you?"

"No."

"Hmm... Perhaps you should let it catch you and see what it all means. You might be surprised."

"It's just a dream, mother. I don't think it means anything."

"You'll never know," she shrugs. "Come on, sweetheart, you need to eat breakfast."

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"You look like a fat guy with long hair," my friend, Janna, comments, looking at my baggy dress in the mirror.

"Do I really look that bad?" I sigh.

"No, but your dress does," she replies, taking another dress from my closet. "Try this one."

I remove my baggy comfortable dress, trying the new one she just gave me. "Well, this looks nice."

"Yeah, better," she agrees. "Why are you even dressing up like a pretty Barbie for the Alpha? He's a savage. I don't think he'll care about a pretty-looking girl wearing a pretty dress."

"I know, but my mother insists I should look pretty and presentable tonight."

"Then just wear a hoodie and skirt, that looks presentable enough."

I chuckle. "I don't think so."

"Who cares what Alpha Blake thinks anyway?"

"Don't say that. If my father hears you, you'll be in big trouble."

She pouts. "Why so? He knows everyone hates Alpha Blake. We're just inviting him over for a truce and nothing else. We don't owe him any favor."

"I hear he wants something in return," I say with a whisper.

"What is it?"

"I don't know. But my father thinks he wants gold."

"We have a lot of gold."

"I know but... Alpha Blake is not known for stealing gold, mainly because he doesn't need more than he already does. He likes to kill, he wants victory, and I think that's what he's after."

"Wait, are you telling me that he's coming tonight... so he can kill everyone?"

"I don't know... but I'm scared for my father's safety. He's blinded by his grief. We lost a lot of warriors from the last war and innocent lives are at stake. He wants to do something to save the pack."

"If something bad is about to happen tonight, we have to tell others."

"I will tell my father about it. Hopefully, he will listen."

"Of course, he will. You're his daughter."

I nod my head but, in all honesty, I don't know if my father will listen to me. Being a girl, I am not trusted for having the right opinions. He says I'm easily angered and I'm good at keeping grudges. But it's just who I am. I don't trust everyone. Is that such a bad thing?

"Have you ever seen Alpha Blake, the destroyer?" Janna wonders out loud.

I look at her with the same curiosity in our eyes. "I've never seen his face but my father told me certain things about him. How his wolf is big and his stature is physically stronger. He fought on the battlefield with unbelievable strength. They said he's a monster, one that no one would dare to face."

"I bet he has an old ugly face," Janna comments, making me laugh out loud.

"For your information, he's not that old," I retort. "Beta Leo said Alpha Blake is the youngest and strongest werewolf he's ever encountered."

Janna's face defines interest. "I can't wait to see this Alpha. There must be a good reason behind all this strength and intelligence he has. He's never been defeated — a prodigy."

"We'll find that out soon enough," I say as I look through my closet. "For now, I need to find a good outfit for tonight."

"How about this one?" Janna asks, showing me a black sexy short dress that reached just around my thighs. With an evil smirk, she gazed at me and I knew exactly what she was thinking.

I begin to wear the dress in a few seconds and when I'm finally taking a look at the mirror, I see my black sexy dress hugging my perfect figure. Janna and I exchange evil looks. This will drive my parents crazy mad at me. Turning around, I look at my bum almost popping out.

"Perfect," I whisper to myself.