

## Mated To The Alpha King (by Gabriella)

Chapter 3

Instead of an old man, it is a younger and more handsome man. His hair is a bit long, pulled back in a bun. Normally it will look ugly on a male werewolf but this guy... it makes him look handsome and dangerous. Wearing a black shirt, Alpha Blake stands out among his warriors and pack members. His large frame and tall height take him to an advantage, making him look like a real leader. With his hair and tribal tattoos, I can see every girl in our pack is captivated.

But not me.

"A pleasure to welcome you in our home, Alpha Blake," my father approaches and welcomes with a smile.

"You call for a truce, Alpha Robert?" he asks, his voice deep and foreign. His accent sounds like what a foreign savage would usually sound like. But it sounds so attractive and husky. It suits him.

"Yes, we are hoping you will accept our humble offers for peace," my father explains, signaling others to show Alpha Blake all the foods that have been prepared and all the golds he has gathered for this special night.

"Peace?" Alpha Blake asks and I feel my heart beating fast, hoping he will accept.

"Y-Yes, peace, Alpha Blake," father replies. "I humbly ask that you accept my truce. This is everything I can give you and it will mean a lot to me and for my pack. Let's forget the past and move on from the wars we've fought. It's time for an era of peace and prosperity between our packs."

There is silence for a moment. But then Alpha Blake grabs my father by the neck and the whole crowd gasps. The warriors quickly scatter around, ready to strike right before Alpha Blake makes a move to my father. The enemy warriors readied as well to strike. I see my mother crying as she watches my father, being held by the neck. I feel like my body is frozen as everybody else panics.

Alpha Blake grins, as if delighted by the commotion he's caused among our pack. His fangs showed off and his eyes are darkening. "Our pack doesn't forget, Alpha Robert. You call us savages, you belittled my warriors, started fire in my territory, and now you call for a truce?" He laughs evilly, so much hate written across his face. "You will die tonight, Alpha Robert," he promises, "and your pack will be mine."

Just before he can do something that will seal the fate of my life and my pack, I run to them in haste, screaming at the top of my lungs, "No! Stop! Please!"

With my short dress, I know my panties are already showing, revealing my fair legs. My heels are making it even harder to run. Alpha Blake instantly removes his hand from my father's neck the moment he sees me. Whether because of his curiosity of who I am or his surprise, I will never know. I approach him with reddened cheeks. He stares at me, speechless, awaiting me to say something.

Anything.

Breathless, I fall down on my knees in front of him. "Please don't kill my father, Alpha Blake," I beg. "If it's gold you want, you can have it. If it's territories you desire, we will give as much as you need. But please don't kill my father. We only want peace."

I look down at the ground, tears falling down my cheeks. Anyone knows that I would've been killed by now. I know my fate will be death the moment I screamed at him to stop. Anyone who dares disrespect an Alpha deserves a severe punishment. But instead, I feel a warm hand grabbing my chin and urging me to look up, my eyes gazing up at the darkened eyes of Alpha Blake. Tingles shot through my whole body the moment he touched me and I felt my skin burning on fire.

I can't believe it. He's my—

"Your father is weak," he snarls. "He surrendered to a half-baked war and you call him your Alpha?" he snickers with disgust. "An Alpha never backs down from a fight. An Alpha fights alongside his warriors, and dies on the battlefield, like a true warrior." Then he looks at someone behind me who I think is my scared father. "You don't deserve your title, Alpha Robert. And you don't deserve your daughter..."

Right then, I felt it. His fingers sliding up from my chin to touch my cheek. I close my eyes, savoring his touch. I can't help it.

"A brave girl with a precious beauty like yours don't deserve to stay in this place forever," he growls, his dark eyes holding so much meaning.

Suddenly, I open my eyes with anger. Slapping away his hand from my face, I glare up at him. "This is my home. This is where I belong and I won't let you insult it."

His shock is sudden but it was washed away by his deep low chuckle. I think it's safe to say I'm not the only one shocked by this sudden outburst. But I can't help the attraction I felt when I saw his smile. How can a dangerous Alpha look so much like an angel?

Even Lucifer was once an angel.

"If peace is all you ask, then you shall have it," he finally speaks, his eyes flaring. "But I ask for one thing in return."

My eyes flutter with joy, I'm even crying with tears of joy. "Ask anything you want... and you will have it," I mutter under my breath.

His eyes flicker with darkness as he gazes down at me with a look I don't recognize. "I want your hand in marriage."