

The Prophecy

Alexander

"Alexander, get your friend settled, and then meet me in my study," my father ordered and his tone was firm and tinged with the authority of a king.

I nodded in acknowledgment as he left, accompanied by his beta who followed closely behind.

"So, did you miss me, X?" Abigail asked playfully, a seductive smile dancing upon her lips.

"Aby, you know I was busy studying," I replied nonchalantly, shrugging my shoulders.

She rolled her eyes, clearly unimpressed by my response.

"Ah, I know what you guys do in the human realm, X. Books and girls, right?!" Abigail taunted, her voice laced with teasing undertones. "But you will forget about all those girls when you have me," she smirked, trailing her hand along my chest.

"Aby, I'm really tired after the journey. Would you please excuse me? I need to show Tiara to her room," I scowled as I removed her hand from my chest. Abigail frowned, but I ignored her protest.

My gaze shifted to Tiara who was watching Aby and me with curiosity in her eyes. I took Tiara's hand and felt her hesitation as she tried to pull it away from mine. But I tightened my hold on her hand and guided her toward the guest room.

"So, you have an *ancée*, and yet you were in that hotel room?!" Tiara accused, her eyebrows furrowing and eyes narrowing at me with disbelief as soon as I locked the door behind us.

"You dare to judge me," I lifted an eyebrow as I challenged sternly.

I had never felt the need to explain myself to anyone, and I didn't owe her an explanation either. Abigail and I were engaged for the sake of an alliance, not for love. However, I had every intention of being completely loyal after my marriage. That hotel incident was my last venture into fun.

"Of course, you're the Lycan prince and next in line to be the Lycan King. You can do anything, and it's not a crime," Tiara taunted sarcastically, her words dripping with disdain, provoking me.

I was already frustrated, and her taunting only fueled my anger. The next moment, she was pinned to the wall, her hands seized above her head in mine and my hard body pressed against hers. Her eyes widened with fear as her breathing hitched. *f**k!* It was a very bad move because the spark of touch ignited countless goosebumps and sent a signal to my *d**k*. I was painfully hard in my pants.

"You dare mock me, baby," I whispered a warning and couldn't believe my voice sounded so husky. I panted as our breath mixed, her scent entering my senses, making every ber of my body scream to surrender to desire for claim my mate.

"Why did you bring me here then?" She whined, writhing and avoiding eye contact.

"Angel, you're here because I need you to be with me, don't forget," I whispered as my voice became heavy and thick with longing.

Despite her face contouring in confusion, she gasped, her plump red lips parted, and my focus remained xated on her tempting mouth. I licked my lips as I wondered, what if I kissed...

I was abruptly pulled back to reality as she wiggled, unconsciously rubbing her soft body against mine in an attempt to free herself.

"Let me go," she whispered breathlessly, her chest heaving against mine. She was so close that I could feel her swollen *n****s* pressing against her dress. *f**k!* If she kept tempting me like that, how could I resist? Instinctively leaning into her neck, I inhaled deeply, savoring her scent as Xylon howled in my mind, pushing through my control. I abruptly released her and left the room before I forgot everything and gave into the desire to claim her mine.

I made my way toward my father's study, my footsteps echoing softly in the corridor. However, my mind was still preoccupied with thoughts about what had happened in the room. Why did I find it so hard to resist that girl?! I hated that she made me lose control.

With a frustrated sigh, I approached the door and knocked.

A familiar voice called out from inside, "Come in."

Pushing open the door, I stepped into the room, closing it behind me.

"Father, why didn't you inform me that Abigail would be coming here?" I questioned and my frustration was evident in the undertones of my voice.

He regarded me with a measured expression before addressing my query.

"Alexander, she is your future bride and you don't seem to be happy to see her here. What's wrong with you?" Father narrowed his eyes at me.

"Nothing. I was surprised to see her here," I mumbled coldly, raking a hand in my hair.

What's wrong with me?

I didn't know myself because I was actually behaving weirdly nowadays.

"I hope you haven't forgotten about the prophecy. The Lycan prince born four days before the red moon will become the tenth Lycan king and to save the realm he will have to mate with the Fae princess who is the true heiress to the crown. Therefore, the elders had made this alliance long before your birth, Alexander. Abigail is the crown Fae princess and she will be the next Lycan Queen and your bride. This alliance cannot be broken at any cost," he reminded me.

"Father, you don't have to remind me of this constantly. But I think you've forgotten that true heiress is still missing, and in her absence, Abigail is just a replacement," I scowled, turning my back toward him and exhaling loudly.

"But Abigail is still a Fae princess and heiress of the Fae kingdom. She is going to wear the crown because the *rstborn* of the Fae queen is still missing. We don't even know if she's alive, so she's practically considered dead."

I huffed out a laugh in mockery. It was incredibly stupid how they changed the rules according to their convenience. As if sensing my *deance*, Father narrowed his eyes at me.

"Alexander, don't forget you were born with certain duties to fulfill, and the fate of the entire realm depends on you. The prophecy warns that if you do not marry the crown Fae princess, the entire realm will be consumed by chaos and destruction," Father declared with a stern expression.

Fuck my destiny!

"I understand my responsibilities, Father," I replied, feeling the weight of my duties. He simply nodded in silence.

"Where is your friend?" He questioned abruptly.

"She is currently in the guest room," I replied, meeting his gaze directly.

His next question carried a hint of skepticism, "Is she merely a guest, soon to depart?"

"No, Father. She will be staying with us," I declared firmly. "She has nowhere else to go. I am in the process of arranging a suitable room for her here in the palace, so she can permanently reside with us."

"What did you just say?" his voice rumbled, his glare intensifying.

"You heard me, Father," I responded, exhaling heavily as I shook my head, lifting my eyebrows and furrowing my brow. A response that hinted at my frustration with his interrogation.

"You know the rules, Alexander," Father's voice carried a mix of disappointment and sternness as he locked eyes with me. "You cannot defy tradition. She can't stay in the palace."

"She is my friend," I protested, growling.

"Alexander, you must understand. She is not of our kind. She is a human, a mere mortal. How would you justify this to our pack if she lives in the palace?!" he challenged, his gaze unyielding.

Deep down, I knew he was right. I knew the risks and the consequences, but I needed her before my eyes.

Fuck! Why did I start to feel so possessive of her? I had never felt that for anyone else before.

I *f****g* hate the mate bond!

"In a few days, you will ascend the throne as king. I understand that you may feel invincible and think that you can change the rules and laws to suit your desires. But consider the long-term repercussions. Some rules and laws exist to maintain the fragile balance and peace between our kinds," Father explained as his words had a hidden meaning that I couldn't decipher completely. Maybe it was his experience speaking to me.

Reluctantly, I nodded, acknowledging the validity of his words.

"However," Father continued, his tone shifting slightly, "she can live within our pack, accepted as a member."

"But she is new here, Father. She doesn't know anyone else. She came here with me. How can I leave her alone to live in the pack among Lycans? No, that's not going to happen," I admitted firmly, as a wave of protectiveness washed over me.

Father gazed at me again in disbelief, his eyes narrowing and brows furrowing.

"If she wishes to reside in the palace, she must accept a rank within the pack," he proposed, still staring at me as if trying to look past my eyes.

A frown creased my brow, knowing what he meant by that.

"Given her human nature and vulnerability, we cannot appoint her as a soldier or higher rank within our pack. That leaves her with only one option: accepting the rank of an Omega and serving the pack," Father explained.

My shoulders became tense as the reality dawned upon me.

"No, our mate cannot be reduced to an Omega. Tell him that she is our mate, our Queen," Xylon's voice erupted *ercely* in my mind.

"Xylon, calm yourself down," I said through the mind link, exasperation lacing my voice. "We must think rationally. If we create a commotion, it could put her life in danger, even from our own people, if they discover her true identity."

"You need not worry, Alexander," he reassured me as if sensing my distress. "You know that the Omegas in our pack hold a respectable position. She will be well taken care of and paid decently for her service to the pack, ensuring she leads a dignified life." His hand rested gently on my shoulder as he spoke.

I simply nodded in response, my mind weighed down by the weight of my decision.

The risk of someone discovering her true identity was simply too great. She was my responsibility, my secret to protect at all costs.

Perhaps, for now, this was the best way to ensure her safety until I could find another way.