

New Position

Alexander

"Alexander, you should now go and get ready for the welcome dinner. Our family and some of the pack members will be there, and you can bring your human friend as well," my father said sternly, turning his back toward me. He had always been cold toward me since my mother left us. Without replying, I left his study, closing the door behind me.

I made my way back to the guest room where Tiara was staying. Stepping inside, I found her quietly occupied with her thoughts, gazing out the window at the picturesque scenery. As I locked the door, she turned toward me, her eyes meeting mine.

"Get ready. We're going to the royal feast," I instructed and my brow knitted as I watched her eyes are with horror.

"What's wrong?" I queried, slightly tilting my head and eyes squinting.

Her beautiful face lled with worry as she replied, "Umm... I don't have anything fancy to wear for the feast."

"Don't worry, angel. It doesn't matter to me what you wear, and no one dares to judge you," I assured her.

Tiara looked upward as if lost in thought before nally walking to her luggage, opening her suitcase, fumbling inside, and searching for something. I couldn't help but watch her with curiosity as she held up each dress, carefully contemplating how it would look on her. She had only ve dresses and tried them on repeatedly, still looking confused.

As if sensing my gaze on her, she lifted her big doe eyes and found me staring at her shamelessly.

"What happened?!" She whispered, biting her lips hesitantly and looking at me with her innocent eyes.

"Nothing!" I shrugged nonchalantly, shaking my head.

"You... You are staring," she murmured shyly.

"Okay, ange!! I am leaving," I rubbed my nape hesitantly. "But I'll be back in thirty minutes, so please get ready quickly," I urged her.

"Thirty minutes?!" she repeated, her brow furrowing with concern. I nodded.

"Okay," she replied, turning and picking up a dress, striding toward the bathroom.

I took a deep sigh and left Tiara alone in the guest room, making a mental note to take her shopping and buy her more dresses so she didn't have to think much. Dressed in a sophisticated black tuxedo, I impatiently knocked on the door of her room after exactly thirty minutes.

When Tiara nally opened the door, my breath hitched at the sight before me. She looked absolutely stunning in that simple red dress, the fabric gracefully owing to about half of her calf, accentuating her every move with elegance and poise. I was amazed at how she made that simple dress look extraordinary.

"Shall we?" I asked and she nodded shyly. I gestured to her to move forward as I followed her behind.

As we made our way toward the royal dinner hall, I couldn't help but notice the awe-lled expression on Tiara's face. She looked around with excitement.

The chandeliers above cast a warm, golden glow on the opulent decorations, creating an enchanting ambiance. The air was lled with the mouthwatering scent of freshly prepared delicacies, adding to the excitement of the event. However, beneath the joyous atmosphere, I could sense an underlying tension as some attendees were genuinely happy about my return, while others harbored resentment.

As we entered the grand hall, Tiara gasped softly, clearly impressed by the sheer grandeur of the place. The towering ceilings, intricately designed pillars, and majestic tapestries adorned the walls, creating a breathtaking scene.

"Wow! It's so large and beautiful," she whispered in amazement.

I couldn't help but smile at her reaction, feeling a sense of pride in showing her the wonders of my world.

"It's the royal palace. I will take you on a tour tomorrow," I promised her, knowing that she would be captivated by the splendor it held.

Her face lit up with joy, and she grinned at me, her excitement contagious. I marveled at how she found happiness in the simplest of things.

As I walked into the grand hall, I couldn't help but notice Abigail sitting with my family. Her eyes seemed to reveal her displeasure at Tiara's presence by my side, but I chose to pay little attention to it.

I took Tiara to introduce to the members of my family who had made my life complicated yet were still an inseparable part of it – my stepmother, Ella, and my stepbrother, Arthur.

The bitterness was evident in the cold gazes of my stepmother, Ella, and my stepbrother, Arthur. They resented me for ascending to the throne they had coveted. Seated next to my father, Ella's forced smile barely concealed her disapproval, while Arthur's narrowed eyes across the table showed his simmering resentment.

Yet , I decided to perform the formal introductions.

"Tiara, this is my stepmother, Ella," I said, trying to maintain a polite tone despite the underlying hostility.

Ella responded with a curt nod, making it clear that forming a bond with Tiara was the last thing on her mind. I then turned my attention to my half-sister, Alice, who had always been kind and understanding towards me.

"And this is my half-sister, Alice," I said, my voice softening as I introduced her.

Alice offered Tiara a warm smile, extending her hand in a friendly greeting.

"It's lovely to see you, Tiara. I've been wanting to meet you ever since I heard that X brought a girl as a friend," she said with a mischievous smile but still indicating her enthusiasm and curiosity about Tiara's presence.

Tiara returned Alice's smile, visibly relieved by her warm and welcoming attitude.

"It's a pleasure to meet you too, Alice," she replied warmly, feeling more at ease with Alice's friendly demeanor.

As we moved on, my gaze shifted to my stepbrother, Arthur, who glared at us with evident displeasure.

"This is Arthur, my stepbrother," I introduced him as my voice was tight with tension.

"Arthur, this is Tiara, my friend," I continued, making it clear and giving him a 'stay the f**k away from her' vibe.

Tiara extended her hand with a friendly smile, but Arthur's response was far from cordial. Instead, he took her hand and brought it to his lips, holding it for a moment longer than necessary, which elicited a furious growl from me.

"You're very beautiful, Tiara," a sly grin played on his lips as he appraised her with an unsettling glint in his eyes, challenging me to react.

"It's a pleasure to meet you," Tiara said hesitantly, clearly feeling uneasy under his lthy gaze as she pulled her hand back.

"The pleasure is all mine, beautiful," Arthur replied with an air of arrogance, further fueling my anger.

I narrowed my eyes at him, warning him to back off, but he seemed undeterred by my silent threat, reveling in his childish games.

My frustration grew as I looked around to take a moment before I punched in his face.

Father's angry glare sent me a message through the mind link, "Behave yourself".

Reluctantly, I maintained calm composure and escorted Tiara to her seat. As we took our places, my father rose to address the guests.

"Ladies and gentlemen, tonight is a special occasion as we gather to celebrate my son, Alexander's triumphant return," my father's alpha voice reverberated throughout the hall, capturing the attention of all those present. "I want to express my heartfelt gratitude to each one of you for joining us and being part of this joyous evening."

He continued to express gratitude for their presence and welcoming me back home after my time away.

As my father's speech drew to a close, his attention shifted toward Tiara, and his tone turned stern and authoritative.

"Tiara," he began, "as Alexander's friend and the newest addition to our pack, I extend to you the opportunity to formally join our ranks and accept the position of an Omega."

Fuck the timing!

Tiara

I was momentarily speechless upon hearing X's father, King Axel, ask me to accept a position in his pack. My head turned toward X as I heard him cursing under his breath. His jaw clenched, and the expression on his face turned so cold that it could kill with just one look.

I looked around feeling everyone's eyes on me. The room fell into a hushed silence as if everyone waited for my response.

My attention shifted back to the King as he began to explain the position of Omega in his pack.

"In this position," King Axel continued, "you will be provided with all the necessary provisions - a place to stay, food, and p*****t for your services to the pack." He paused, observing my face as he asked again, "So, do you accept this position as an Omega in our pack, The Moonlight Kingdom?"

I took a deep breath as I got up from my seat. "Your Majesty, I would be deeply honored to accept this position. I want nothing more than to work and serve the pack to the best of my abilities," I responded with a voice lled with gratitude. I was truly surprised and grateful for them to offer me the opportunity to work here and earn a livelihood without depending on anyone. I had lived my whole life independently and never wanted to rely on the favors of the Lycan prince.

"I accept the position of an Omega, Your Highness," I rearmed rmly. King Axel nodded approvingly, his eyes icking between X and me. "Very well, then. Welcome to the pack, Tiara. I trust you will serve with dedication and loyalty," he said with the authority of a King.

"Enjoy the meal," he raised a toast, and everyone followed suit, taking sips of their drinks.

Throughout the dinner, I could feel Arthur's lingering gaze on me. He smiled and raised his glass as I glanced at him. It only added to Alexander's annoyance. Alexander sent Arthur some warning glares, but Arthur seemed to ignore them and kept checking me out.

I saw Alexander's hold on the glass tighten, and he broke it the next moment, lling the room with gasps.

Oh God! The tension between them was so intense that it made the atmosphere suffocating until the King interrupted, sending threatening stares at both of his sons as if scolding them through a mind link.

However, I focused on devouring the royal feast. The food was so delicious. I hadn't eaten something like this in my entire life. I couldn't get enough of it. I noticed X watching me with amusement in his eyes, and then I realized I was eating in a very unsophisticated way.

Feeling embarrassed, I swallowed the food in my mouth and set the fork and knife down. But X lled my plate with more food and gestured for me to savor the delicacies.

As the last plates were cleared from the table, I noticed couples gracefully dancing across the ballroom oor. I was captivated by their swirling movements and the romantic atmosphere. A soft smile unknowingly played on my lips as I watched couples express their affection.

"May I have a dance with you?" Arthur's arrogant voice pulled me from the moment. His hand extended, and he looked at X with a challenging glint in his eyes.

"f**k off!" X growled, gritting his teeth, to which Arthur smirked, casting a sidelong glance at X.

Feeling uncertain about how to react, I glanced brie at X. His expression was unreadable, and I didn't know how it made me feel about what he wanted in that moment. I turned to face Arthur as I rose from my seat to show respect to a royal family member.

"I am sorry, Your Highness, but I don't dance," I replied softly. Annoyance ickered in Arthur's eyes before he quickly wiped it away and smirked.

"That's ne," Arthur said dismissively. "Let me at least walk you to your room," he persisted with a wicked smile.

"Don't bother, Arthur. I am here. I can take care of my friend," X scowled, his voice tinged with annoyance. Arthur chuckled, and his laughter was laced with sarcasm.

"Yes, you can certainly take care of your friend, but remember, she has to move to the Omega quarter," he sneered, emphasizing my new position in their pack.

I felt X clench his st and was about to throw a punch at Arthur's face. I swiftly grabbed his arm before he could cause trouble for himself by getting into a ght with his stepbrother during the royal feast hosted by his family.

His eyes snapped to mine, and I shook my head subtly. His eyes softened again, and a mixed feeling appeared in them that I couldn't comprehend. However, the spark and that unknown sensation from our contact remained, and I didn't understand why it happened every time he touched me.