

The Mate Bond from Hell

Oh, how I want to wipe that smug expression off his face.

Why him?

Why him of all people?

Of all the bastards in this world—of all the arrogant, power-drunk alphas who think women exist to kneel at their feet... I get him.

Seriously, he can't be my mate. Him? f**k.

The universe must be laughing in my face.

Men are already infuriating creatures, but high-ranking ones?

They're worse. The higher they climb, the more monstrous they become.

And Kei?

He is the summit.

I never expected to meet my fated mate. I didn't crave the fairytale. I didn't even fantasize the way my wolf sometimes did. If anything, I hoped—hoped—that if the goddess cursed me with a mate, he'd be someone simple.

A warrior.

An omega's son.

Someone I could actually tame.

But no.

Fate gifts me the most dangerous alpha alive.

He is ice and re woven into one lethal, impossible man.

And I already know—we will never work.

The thought of rejecting him claws at something raw inside my chest, but it's inevitable. I can feel it brewing like a storm waiting to strike.

Rejecting a mate is forbidden—practically a sin. A spit in the Moon Goddess's face. No one does or even thinks of it.

But at this rate, I'll be the first in history.

Lucky me.

Kei's arms remain around me—unyielding, unbothered, immovable. I press against him, trying to create space, but it's like pushing a mountain.

He doesn't budge or even breathe differently. It's like he doesn't notice—or like he doesn't care.

I don't want to use my power to rip free from his hold—not here, not with all these eyes watching—but the urge pulses beneath my skin like a blade begging to be drawn. The temptation is sharp, dangerous.

Because the last thing I need is for him to discover who I truly am—the Alpha King's daughter.

My father would celebrate a son-in-law like Kei. And Kei would seize the opportunity without hesitation. A mate-bond with a royal? A clean path to a throne meant for me.

I was born to be king. Not him. Me.

So revealing myself is not an option.

Thankfully, my scent is masked as Omega. He'll keep believing I'm one... at least until I escape and reject him.

My scent will expire soon, and once it does, he'll know. Midnight is approaching, and I need a plan—fast. I need to break free of his hold, slip away, and return home before he realizes the truth.

His mouth brushes my ear, warm enough to freeze me in place.

"Stop ghting to get away from me. You can't run," he murmurs, velvet wrapped around steel.

A low, lethal laugh vibrates through his chest and into mine.

"Little wolf... I hunt things that run."

His grip tightens—not painfully, but possessively. A warning wrapped in warmth.

"And you smell far too good to let go."

Unlucky doesn't even begin to describe my situation.

Before I can respond, a furious snarl erupts behind us.

"That's her! Alpha Kei—discipline this b***h who attacked me!"

I turn just as the i***t I demolished earlier limps forward. His face is swollen; his ego is what's truly shattered. The rest of his group hang back, uncomfortable, embarrassed to be associated with him.

"She did this to me!" he sputters.

"When we were supposed to have s*x, she—this slut tried to kill me! She's a tease, a lthy little w***e using her body like a cheap tool! Some crazy omega b***h who doesn't know her place—"

My jaw tightens. Not because his insults hurt—they don't—but because he's so loud, so stupid, so painfully pathetic that even the Moon Goddess would roll her eyes.

But I don't even get the chance to feel angry. Kei moves before the thought fully forms in my head.

His grip on me disappears. In less than a heartbeat, he's no longer beside me.

A sharp crack shatters the air.

The man collapses—limbs slack, head twisted at a grotesque angle. Like a puppet whose strings were ripped away in one violent motion.

Dead.

Gasps erupt around us—his friends, the warriors who chased me earlier, nearby guards, scattered guests, random Omegas. The entire room freezes.

I stare—not at the corpse, but at the speed of it.

The ease.

The viciousness.

Kei killed him. Instantly. Without hesitation. Without even bothering to change his expression from mild annoyance.

"A-Alpha... you killed him for a—a—" one man stammers, a warrior from Kei's own pack.

"Say it," Kei growls, without even turning his head.

The warrior swallows the rest of his words, the air thickening around us until it's suffocating.

But one of the dead man's friends is either stupid... or suicidal.

"Why would you kill a man for some ugly bit—"

He never nishes.

Kei is on him in a blur, a violent echo of dominance and rage. His hand plunges into the man's chest as if the ribs were nothing but wet paper.

The sound is sickening.

The man screams once—short, strangled—before Kei rips his heart free.

Silence.

A trembling, horried silence.

Even the air seems too afraid to move.

Kei drops the heart onto the marble oor. The thud echoes like an execution bell.

"Who else wants to question me?" he asks, voice calm and icy.

And in that moment, he proves exactly why he is the most feared Alpha alive.

Every story I've ever heard about him falls short.

He is so much worse.

Then he turns his head—just slightly—but it's enough to still the entire room.

"She is my mate."

My breath catches.

Stutters.

Skips entirely.

"And your future Luna."

A collective shudder runs through the group—spines straightening, eyes widening, faces draining of color. A few bow. Some simply freeze like prey caught in the shadow of a predator.

Meanwhile, bile rises in my throat.

Luna.

Of all the insults I've endured—princess, queen, little royal brat, royal pain, your little highness—the word Luna hits me like someone dumped sewage into my ears.

Me.

Daughter of the Alpha King.

Future ruler.

The child the prophecy demanded be born to take the throne.

Being called a Luna feels dirtier than being called a w***e.

Kei steps toward the corpse, his voice dropping into something primally terrifying.

"You do not breathe about her."

A pause.

"You do not look at her."

Another pause.

"You do not put your lthy mouth on her name."

Silence stretches, thick and suffocating.

"Everything that is mine," his gaze ickers back to me—slow, claiming, possessive—"is untouchable."

He nods to a nearby warrior, voice returning to cold command.

"Get rid of the bodies."

They scramble to obey, practically falling over each other in their panic.

I stare at the broken bodies one last time.

He killed him for insulting me.

And another for questioning him.

Just like that—two lives gone.

I don't know if I should be horried... or disturbingly turned on by the way he did it without hesitation.

As they drag the corpses away, I seize the opportunity—my opportunity. My one chance to escape. My legs are ready to run. Freedom is right there. I can almost taste it.

I shift my weight, preparing to launch—

A hand claps around my wrist.

In the next heartbeat, Kei is beside me.

As if he teleported. As if the devil himself blinked into existence.

"I warned you," he murmurs, voice low and razor-edged. "I chase things that run."

He tilts his head, studying me with a predator's calm, emerald eyes sharp and unreadable.

"Where do you think you're going?"

"Home," I whisper, desperate. "Back to my pack. My family—"

He cuts me off with a single, sharp sentence.

"I am your new family."

I almost choke. "What? I have to go back and say goodbye. This isn't—this wasn't planned —"

He actually scoffs. Like I'm naive and a child speaking nonsense.

"Didn't they teach you anything in those mate-bond classes they force on women?" he asks, eyes raking over me, assessing and claiming all at once.

"When you meet your mate, he becomes your family. And if he's an Alpha..." His voice drops to a dark, sinful purr. "Then he becomes your law. Your ruler. Your entire world. Your new god."