

The Alpha Who Doesn't Know I'm His King

A shiver scrapes down my spine.

"Now..." his breath warms my ear, "welcome home, mate."

A bitter laugh escapes me before I can stop it. A dangerous reex.

Home? Him? Oh, Moon Goddess... this cannot be my life.

His eyes narrow, cold and probing. "What pack are you from?" he presses. "Didn't your Alpha teach you anything? I should speak to him. He did a terrible job taming the women in his pack."

"Oh, trust me," I mutter, "I had very long lessons on egotistical alphas."

He smirks, misreading my disgust as shyness. "Well... don't worry." He lifts my chin with a nger, dominance radiating off him like heat. "I'll teach you what you need. And you will learn..."

His voice drops into something dark and possessive.

"...that I am the one man you were made to kneel for."

My st curls so tight my nails bite into my palm. I'm one breath away from punching him in the face.

He doesn't notice.

Or worse—he does, and he enjoys it.

"Come," he orders.

Before I can object, he's already dragging me down the hall. Straight toward the velvet-roped VIP oor dripping with wealth, power, and secrets.

I follow—reluctantly—while my mind races, scrambling for a way to escape without exposing my powers.

Halfway down the hallway, his voice cuts through my thoughts.

"Tell me... from your scent, you're clearly a woman of the lowest rank." His lip curls. "Omega? Ordinary pack trash?"

"Something like that," I say lightly.

His eyes narrow with amused superiority. "So. Useless."

My head snaps toward him. "Excuse me?"

"You heard me." He shrugs as if stating a fact. "Women from weak packs usually are. Pretty faces, no skills. Good for warming beds and producing pups."

His tone hardens, dripping arrogance.

"And as the most powerful Alpha alive, it would be... embarrassing if my mate turned out to be a helpless little nothing. An Omega who doesn't even deserve to breathe in my presence, much less stand beside me."

He continues rambing—bragging about his strength, his lineage, how rare he is, how a "low creature" like me is lucky he even touched me. He's so deep in his own ego, I'm surprised he hasn't drowned in it.

My blood boils.

"Oh, don't worry," I say atly. "I'm far worse."

He smirks, and I instantly regret speaking—because the expression on his face says that answer turns him on.

And because he can't help himself, he adds:

"Though, to be fair, you do look delicate. Fragile. I'm curious how you managed to break a grown warrior's nose and ribs. Lucky hit?" He leans in, amused. "Or did he fall into your tiny, useless sts?"

I grit my teeth. "Do you want me to break yours too?"

His grin is slow.

Dark.

Hungry.

"Later," he murmurs. "When I let you."

I swear the moon goddess is laughing at me.

This—this—is exactly why I hate alphas. Selsh. Domineering.

Power-drunk pricks with god complexes. Creatures who mistake possession for care.

Who think everyone exists to orbit their ego. Kei is the perfect portrait of all of them.

He leads with force, not logic.

Threatens before speaking.

Clings like a storm, commands like a tyrant.

Talks like every word deserves worship.

And the worst?

He believes it.

He gives an order, expecting the world to rearrange itself around him.

He touches you, acting like he owns your pulse.

He looks at you like a wolf deciding what he wants rst—your loyalty or your body.

He drags me toward the hotel with a grip that says resistance is cute but useless.

My wolf whines, the traitor, whispering, Just a little longer... we should enjoy our mate while we can.

Enjoy?

I feel like I'm standing on the edge of a war I didn't consent to.

Kei unlocks the suite, pushes the door open, and before I can even force out a refusal, my traitorous feet move on their own—I step inside.

The place is enormous.

Floor-to-ceiling windows. Black marble oors. Gold accents that scream wealth. And the city below glows like a kingdom he believes already belongs to him.

I barely have time to blink—

He's on me.

His mouth crashes against mine with the force of a storm.

It's electric.

Violent.

Addictive.

A shock straight to my damn soul that makes my knees give out and my brain short-circuit for three humiliating seconds. Three seconds in which I literally forget my own name.

I hate it.

I hate him.

I hate how my body melts when it should be slapping him and breaking his ribs.

His grip tightens around my waist, territorial and scorching. His breath is hot against my lips as he devours me. For one treacherous heartbeat, I sink into the kiss—because the bond is a living chain around my throat.

Because it's instinct.

Because it's chemical.

Because the universe thinks it's hilarious.

He pulls back. His green eyes are dark, greedy. His thumb drags across my cheek—slow, possessive, claiming.

"You know," he he murmurs, voice low enough to bruise skin, "I wanted to kill every man who looked at you in that red dress."

My breath stops.

"But that won't be necessary anymore," he continues lazily, like he's stating palace rules. "Because from now on, you're not allowed to wear things like that. Not unless I approve it."

My jaw drops.

"And a dress like that?" His nose brushes mine. "You wear it only in my bedroom."

I yank back. "Sorry. Come again?"

He doesn't care about my shock. His mouth is already back on mine, hungry and impatient, while his hands slide exactly where they have no business going. Exploring. Claiming. Acting like this is all perfectly normal. Like policing what I wear is just step one of his deranged fantasy.

I want to scream.

I want to punch him.

I want to set the entire building on re.

And then—oh goddess—he tugs my dress down.

I freeze.

Absolutely not.

I grab his wrists. "Wait."

He growls—low, warning, impatient. A sound meant to make lesser wolves kneel.

I swallow hard, letting my face twist in disgust. "We... we both need a bath. Especially you. I can smell the blood of those men on you, Kei." I let a wave of nausea roll visibly through me. "It's making me sick."

He stiffens.

His eyes narrow, suspicious.

He leans in slightly—and that's when I see it.

He's already hard.

A painful, unmistakable arousal pressing against his pants.

My gaze icks down before I can stop myself.

His jaw clenches so sharply it could cut stone. He grits his teeth like it takes every shred of control he has not to shove me against the nearest surface and nish what he started.

For a moment, it feels like the whole room holds its breath.

Obey?

Dominate?

Devour?

I can practically hear his wolf snarling for the latter.

Then nally—nally—he exhales.

"Fine." His thumb brushes my lower lip again, hungry and possessive. "Wait for me." His eyes darken to something feral. "When I come back... we'll complete the bond. I'll make you mine forever. I'll mark you."

Just like that?

On the rst night?

Before I even know his middle name?

Before he even knows mine?

The arrogance.

The audacity.

The inated alpha ego of it all.

I force a sweet, stupid little smile—the perfect mask—because the last thing I need is him sensing the panic clawing up my throat.

The moment the bathroom door clicks shut—

I release my power.

Just a spark.

Just enough.

The lock on the suite door snaps with a soft metallic crack. My heart slams against my ribs as I slip into the hallway.

Then I run. Faster than I ever have in my life.

Down the corridor, the stairs and through the back exit.

No one chases me—at least I hope not—because I don't dare look back.

I throw myself into the rst carriage I see. "To the palace," I gasp. "Now."

The driver snaps the reins and the carriage lunges forward. Cold night wind whips through my hair.

And for the rst time in my life—

I'm grateful to be heading back to that suffocating palace.

He won't nd me there.

He can't nd me there.

I don't even have to reject him.

Don't have to anger the Moon Goddess.

I'm safe.

Finally safe.

...right?

A slow, wicked grin curls at the corner of my lips.

Because a part of me—the dangerous, prideful part—really wants to see his face when he discovers I'm not an omega.....but the future king.

Above him.

Beyond him.

Untouchable by him.

Let him come looking.

I almost hope he does.

Because the shock on his face?

I want front-row seats.