

He chose an heir so I faked my death novel

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My fated mate, Dexter, became Alpha King when his brother died. The crown came with a price: he also inherited his brother's mate, Jenica. All because she could give him what I couldn't. A pureblood heir. Every single morning, I was forced to endure the scent of another she-wolf on my mate's skin. A constant, suffocating reminder that I, his fated half-breed, had failed. That was my torment. My reality. Until the day Jenica announced she was pregnant. "Congratulations, Jenica. A pureblood royal heir brings new hope to the kingdom." Elder Erin's voice drifted from the council room.

I froze outside the door, clutching the lab results I'd just collected. Dexter had claimed he needed this data on the royal bloodline's stability to prepare for the succession. But now, it was clear a new successor had already been chosen. "Moon Goddess bless us, this child will be the strongest heir our kingdom has seen," another elder said, his voice thick with reverence. "A pureblood Alpha prince. The first in centuries." I pushed open the door. The conversation died instantly.

Dexter sat at the head of the table, the royal crest—a silver full moon crossed with sharp claws—hanging above him. Even in a tailored human suit, his power was a physical presence in the room, an aura of command that radiated from him with every breath. Beside him, Jenica gently stroked her slightly swollen belly. A proud, triumphant smile on her face. The mother of the future prince. But my eyes fixed on the necklace around her throat. The Moonglow Stone. A sacred relic only the Alpha King's true mate is permitted to wear. It was mine.

"Noelle." A flicker of something unreadable crossed Dexter's eyes when he saw me. "You're here." I didn't look at him. My gaze remained fixed on Jenica's throat. "The Moonglow Stone looks good on you," I said, my voice flat. Jenica's hand instinctively went to the necklace. She smiled, a picture of elegance. "Thank you, Noelle. Dexter said the royal heir needs the stone's power to stabilize his alpha energy." "Noelle, sit," Elder Erin said, gesturing to the chair furthest from the head of the table. "We have matters to discuss." I sat, placing the report on the gleaming wood.

"The data is all here. The royal bloodline weakens by the third generation, unless..." "Unless what?" Dexter's voice held the sharp command of the Alpha King. "Unless both parents are of a pure royal bloodline." The air in the room went still. Elder Erin nodded, her expression smug. "Which is why Jenica's presence is so vital to the kingdom. She comes from an ancient, pureblood line. Her child will be the most precious of all—a full-blooded royal heir." Dexter's eyes searched my face, looking for something. Maybe anger. Maybe protest. Maybe heartbreak. He found nothing but a placid mask.

"I understand," I said, rising to my feet. "The Moonglow Stone should indeed protect the pureblood heir. I'll have the rest of the Luna's ceremonial items from my suite sent over as well." "Noelle..." Dexter finally spoke, a trace of uncertainty coloring his tone. "Is there anything else?" I asked, looking directly at the Elder. A satisfied glint appeared in Erin's eyes. "No. You may go." I picked up the now-empty file folder and turned to leave. As I reached the door, I heard Jenica's soft, cloying voice. "Dexter, I feel the baby moving. He must be sensing his father's Alpha power.

This energy... only true royalty can possess it." Then came Dexter's low, awed reply. "Yes, I can feel it. This power... this is what a true royal heir should feel like." The door clicked shut behind me. Later that night, I sat in the temporary room on the twelfth floor I'd been relegated to, staring out at the city lights. It was a pale imitation of the royal penthouse suite. No circular bathtub, no sprawling balcony, not even a king-sized bed. Just a standard double. A knock came at the door. "Come in." Dexter entered. He'd shed his suit jacket, his shirtsleeves rolled to his elbows.

Even alone, he carried the unmistakable aura of a king. "Are you angry?" he asked quietly. "Why would I be?" He sat beside me on the bed. "About the Moonglow Stone. About Jenica. About... the succession." I finally turned to look at him. "The succession?" "Noelle, you know I have to put the kingdom first," he said, his voice laced with the practiced weariness of a king. "A half-breed cannot inherit the throne. It's been an iron-clad rule for a thousand years. I need a pureblood heir." My mind flashed back to three years ago.

The night he'd first fastened the Moonglow Stone around my neck, right after our bonding ceremony. "There's only one woman worthy of being my Luna, and that's you, my fated mate," he'd sworn. And, "Noelle, I swear, no matter what happens, you are my only one." And now? "This is just for the continuation of the bloodline, Noelle." His voice was soft, coaxing, manipulative. "My love for you hasn't changed. Jenica is just... a political necessity." A necessity for the kingdom. What a noble, convenient excuse. I nodded. "I understand." "You do?" He looked visibly relieved.

"I do." I shifted closer, moving into his space as I had a thousand nights before.

"Come on, hold me." I tried to make myself believe it. Believe that none of this was his choice, just the heavy burden of his crown. Dexter immediately pulled me into his arms, his chin resting on the top of my head. This embrace, once my sanctuary, now felt like a cage. And then I smelled it. The scent of sandalwood, wild and aggressive, seeping from his skin. Jenica's scent. It wasn't new. For months, it had clung to him like a film he couldn't wash off. I'd forced myself to ignore it.

Even when the agony ripped through our mate bond as he mated with her, I'd still force a smile when he came back to me. But tonight, after everything that had happened, the scent was sharp. Unmistakable. A nightmare I couldn't escape. My body stiffened, and nausea coiled in my gut. Mark Twain

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