

He chose an heir so I faked my death novel

Chapter 2: Chapter 2

Dexter felt me stiffen. "Noelle?" He stroked my back, his touch suddenly alien. "What's wrong?" I didn't answer, fighting the bile rising in my throat. The cloying scent of sandalwood was choking me. "Look at me." He lifted my chin with his finger. I met his gaze. Those deep blue eyes that once held a universe meant only for me now felt like a stranger's. "I need you to trust me," he said, his fingers moving to the belt of my robe. "No matter what happens out there, between us..." His lips met mine, a familiar warmth against the cold dread in my veins.

I closed my eyes, desperately trying to find that old feeling. Trying to convince myself this was my Dexter, my Alpha King, my mate. His hands began to roam, gentle and skilled. "Noelle, I love you," he whispered against my ear. "Only you." But the sandalwood on his skin screamed the truth. An image flashed in my mind, something I'd seen an hour ago. Jenica's private Instagram. She'd posted a picture from the royal garden party, beaming, her caption reading: "Feeling the moonlight with my little prince. All is well." A vile thought clawed at me: Was this how he touched her?

His own brother's mate? My thoughts spiraled. I snapped my eyes open, ready to push him away. But just as I lifted my hand, his phone rang. He'd blocked our mind-link for our private time, but he hadn't silenced his phone. The shrill ring sliced through the silence. Dexter stopped, frowning. "Who could be calling at this hour..." He glanced at the caller ID, and his expression shifted. "The Royal Hospital?" He answered immediately. "What is it?" An urgent voice crackled from the other end. "Your Majesty! It's Lady Jenica! The unborn pup's Alpha signature is flaring!

"We're afraid she might go into premature labor!" "What?" Dexter shot up from the bed. "The prince's energy waves are too strong. Only your alpha bloodline can stabilize him. Please, you must come at once!" I watched Dexter's face. The moment the word "prince" left the doctor's lips, a light ignited in Dexter's eyes—a feral, possessive glow I had never seen before. It was the pride of a father, the desperate craving of an Alpha King for his pureblood heir. "I'm on my way," he said, already moving. "Dexter, don't go," I begged, my voice trembling as I grabbed his hand. "Stay.

"You promised me tonight." He shook my hand off without a second thought. The warmth was gone, replaced by a chilling authority. His brow furrowed, his tone leaving no room for argument. "Noelle, stop it. This is about the royal heir. It's not

a game." But how could she be in trouble? An hour ago, Jenica was flaunting that same heir on Instagram. Seeing the look on his face, my heart sank. I stood up, my own voice turning to ice. "Fine. Then I'm coming with you." Dexter turned back, his eyes instantly sharp with suspicion and open irritation. His words were clipped, laced with distrust.

"To do what? I'm warning you, Noelle. Don't you dare go near Jenica." His words were a knife in my chest. "Nothing can happen to Jenica or my child!" he snapped, his voice cold as he rushed to pull on his jacket. To get past me, he shoved me out of his way. I stumbled, the back of my head slamming against the sharp corner of the nightstand. A sharp, blinding pain shot through me, and I felt warm liquid trickle through my hair. But Dexter was already gone. He threw on his clothes, grabbed his car keys, and rushed for the door.

"Dexter!" I cried out, my hand coming away from my head sticky with blood. He paused at the door for a fraction of a second. Without looking back, he said, "Noelle, I have to protect my heir." Then the door slammed shut. I listened until the roar of his sports car faded into the night. I sat on the bed, staring at the blood on my hands. It wasn't the first time. Whenever the needs of the kingdom clashed with my needs, his choice was always brutally clear. I stood and quickly tended to my wound. Then I drove to the Royal Hospital. The VIP wing was ablaze with light. I didn't go in.

I stood in the hallway outside her room, a silent observer, peering through the glass of her door. Dexter sat by the hospital bed, holding Jenica's hand tightly in both of his. Her face was pale, but her eyes shone with triumphant happiness. "Can you feel it?" she whispered, stroking her belly. "Our prince is getting to know his father." Dexter nodded, his expression impossibly tender. "Yes, I can feel him. This power... this is what a true royal bloodline feels like." He leaned down and kissed her forehead. "You and our pup are everything," he murmured. "Her human blood makes her fragile.

She could never truly understand our world, or give me a perfect heir like this." My heart didn't break. It just stopped beating. It wasn't anger. It wasn't heartbreak. It was a moment of absolute, chilling clarity. Numb, I turned, walked back to my car, and pulled out a new, untraceable burner phone. With steady hands, I sent an encrypted message. "In four days, get me out." Mark Twain

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