

He chose an heir so I faked my death novel

Chapter 3: Chapter 3

The next morning, I walked into the royal dining hall. It was a space reserved for royals and high nobility, decorated with ancient tapestries and crystal chandeliers. I had just sat down when my stomach turned. Dexter was holding court at the head table. Before him was an exquisite crystal platter. On it were Silverbark Fruits. The sacred fruit that only a pregnant Luna was permitted to eat, said to contain pure lunar energy that would strengthen an heir's alpha power. And he was feeding them to Jenica, one by one. "Open up," Dexter's voice was disgustingly gentle.

Jenica opened her mouth obediently, letting him place the shimmering silver fruit on her tongue. "Sweet?" he asked, his eyes soft. "Very sweet," Jenica cooed, closing her eyes in bliss. "I can feel the prince growing stronger inside me." I put down my coffee cup, the ceramic clinking against the saucer, and left. The sound of their quiet chatter and soft laughter followed me out. An hour later, a royal attendant knocked on my door. "Miss Noelle, the Elder Council requests your immediate presence." When I walked into the familiar room, everyone was already waiting.

Dexter sat on the throne, the golden crest of the Alpha King looming above him, making him look untouchable. Jenica sat at his right hand, in the seat reserved for the Luna. Elder Erin and the others were seated around the table. Only the last chair, at the very end, was empty. Waiting for me. "Noelle, sit," Elder Erin commanded, her tone that of one ordering a servant. I sat without a word. "Today, we are discussing the reallocation of royal residences," Erin began.

"After careful deliberation, the council has decided that the penthouse Luna's suite should be given to Jenica." "On what grounds?" I asked, my voice level. "The pureblood royal heir must absorb the most potent lunar energy in the city," another elder declared. "The penthouse is closest to the moon and will best nurture the pup's growing power." I looked at Dexter. He was staring at the table, refusing to meet my eyes.

"Furthermore," Erin continued, her voice sharp, "as the mother of the future prince, Jenica's status must be given the respect and recognition it deserves." "So I am to move all my belongings out?" I asked. "Yes. By the end of the day." The room fell silent. Everyone was watching, waiting for my reaction. Perhaps they expected tears, pleading, hysterics. But I just nodded. The pain was so deep it had

turned to a protective numbness. I refused to give them the satisfaction of seeing me break. Maybe I was never one of them to begin with. "I understand.

"I'll pack today." Dexter finally looked up at me, a flicker of confusion in his eyes. "That's it?" Elder Erin was clearly not expecting such easy compliance. "That's it," I said, standing. "Is there anything else?" "No," Erin said, a note of disappointment in her voice. She had obviously hoped for more drama. I turned to leave, but Dexter suddenly spoke. "Noelle, wait." I stopped but didn't turn around. "You... you really don't have a problem with this?" His voice was strange, probing. "Care about what?" I asked without turning. "Moving out of the Luna's suite.

Losing your status." I turned to meet his gaze. "Dexter, did I ever truly have that status to begin with?" His face went pale. "Noelle..." Jenica tried to interject, but I cut her off. "Congratulations, Jenica. The penthouse is beautiful. I'm sure you'll be very happy there." Then I walked out. That night, I returned to the penthouse suite I was about to abandon. Moonlight streamed through the floor-to-ceiling windows, casting a serene, ghostly light on everything. I packed my life into a few simple suitcases. A knock sounded at the door. Dexter came in, looking agitated.

"Noelle, we need to talk." "About what?" I continued folding a dress. "About... all of this." He paced the room. "Your reaction today... it wasn't normal." "Wasn't it?" I folded another dress. "I thought you'd be pleased. It solves your problem, after all." "What problem?" I stopped what I was doing and looked at him. "The problem of how to give Jenica the status she deserves while still keeping me placated. Now, it's solved." "Noelle, it's not like that..." "Then what is it like?" I walked toward him. "Dexter, I want to ask you for something." "Anything." I took a deep breath.

"I want you to reject our mate bond." His eyes widened as if I'd struck him. "What?" "Reject me, Dexter. Formally sever our bond." "Are you insane?" His voice trembled with a mixture of anger and disbelief. "Do you have any idea what you're saying?" "I'm perfectly sane. More sane than I've been in three years," I said calmly. "You have your new mate, your heir, everything you wanted. And I... I'm tired of being a pretty, useless ornament." Dexter's control snapped. "Noelle! How can you be so selfish?" he snarled, grabbing my shoulders.

"You're acting like a spoiled human girl who can't see the bigger picture!" A human girl. He finally said what he truly thought of me. "Yes," I said, my voice quiet but firm. "That's what I am. A human girl. A half-breed who doesn't deserve a royal title." "I didn't mean it like that..." "You did." I gently pushed his hands away. "Dexter, let me go. And let yourself go, too." He looked at me, his eyes a maelstrom of anger and heartbreak. "I will not reject you," he said finally, his

voice raw. "No matter what, you are my Luna." "Even when your heart has already left?" He had no answer.

Three days later, on the anniversary of the day we met, Dexter showed up at the door of my new, sterile apartment. He held an exquisite, embossed invitation. "Noelle, I... I want to make it up to you," he said, looking uncomfortable. "A private yacht party tonight. Just the two of us. Like it used to be." I looked at the invitation. The royal yacht, the Moongoddess. "Just the two of us?" I asked, my voice carefully neutral. "Yes, I promise." There was a pleading look in his eyes. "Noelle, give me one more chance. Let me prove how important you are to me." A chance?

I laughed, but only on the inside. A cold, bitter sound. Our bond delivered a constant stream of his affection for his brother's mate, every single moment of every day. And he was asking me for a chance? I swallowed the sarcasm and the burn in my throat, hesitated for a moment, then nodded. "Okay." Yes, I thought. A chance for one last goodbye. He let out a breath of relief and kissed my forehead. "I'll see you at the marina at seven." That night, I arrived at the private royal marina on time. The Moongoddess was docked, its hull shimmering under the lights.

The deck was decorated with white roses and candles, a picture-perfect romantic scene. Dexter was already waiting, handsome enough to break a heart in a dark blue suit. "You're here." He walked toward me, holding out his hand. Just as I was about to take it, a sickeningly familiar voice called from behind us. "Dexter, I wanted to give you a surprise." We both turned. Jenica was gliding toward us, one hand resting protectively on her belly, a sickeningly sweet smile on her face. Mark Twain

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