

# He chose an heir so I faked my death novel

## Chapter 5: Chapter 5

"A surprise?" Dexter asked, his voice suddenly taut. Jenica came to a stop beside him, stroking her belly. "Our prince... he just moved," she said, her voice trembling with manufactured awe. "Not just a kick, Dexter. It was an Alpha-pulse." Dexter's expression transformed instantly. "An Alpha-pulse?" he asked, his voice thick with eagerness. "Are you sure?" "Positive," Jenica nodded. "The power... it was like a bolt of lightning inside me. The royal physicians said only a future Alpha King can release that kind of energy in the womb." My mind flashed back to a night three years ago.

Dexter and I were watching a meteor shower from the balcony. He'd said, "Noelle, if we have a child, I want you to be the first one to feel his power." He'd also said, "I want to witness every one of our child's firsts with you." And now? It was as if I'd faded into the background, a ghost at my own party. He rushed to Jenica's side, placing his hands reverently on her belly. "I need to feel it," he said, closing his eyes in concentration. A few seconds later, his eyes flew open, blazing with a feverish excitement. "By the Moon Goddess!" he whispered, almost shaking. "This power...

this is the true royal bloodline!" Jenica leaned happily into his arms. "I knew it. I knew our prince was special." "He is," Dexter said, kissing the top of her head. Then he remembered me. "Noelle, did you hear that? An Alpha-pulse! The first in centuries!" I stood there, watching the perfect royal couple, the soon-to-be parents. "Congratulations," I said quietly. They were so lost in their own world, they didn't hear me. "Dexter," Jenica said, suddenly grabbing his arm with a look of distress. "I feel... something's not right. The energy is too strong.

I'm a little scared." "Don't be scared," Dexter said, instantly on high alert. "I'm here. I'll protect you and our pup." "But..." Jenica glanced at the yacht. "Tonight is your date with Noelle." "That doesn't matter," Dexter said without a flicker of hesitation. "Your safety, and the pup's, is more important than anything." I remembered my birthday two years ago. I was in the hospital after a minor lab accident. Dexter canceled a critical royal council meeting and stayed by my bedside all night.

He'd said, "Noelle, nothing is more important than your safety." He'd also said, "In my world, you will always come first." "Noelle," Dexter said, finally turning to me as if remembering I was there. "I'm afraid the party is off. The heir's first Alpha-pulse needs to be stabilized by his father's bloodline. I have to stay with

Jenica." "I understand," I nodded. "You do?" He looked surprised, and relieved. "You're not angry?" "Why would I be? The heir's safety is paramount." Dexter let out a sigh. "You should still take the yacht out.

Your assistant is already on board, and everything is prepared." My assistant. A human girl named Sarah, my research partner from college. She knew nothing of the werewolf world, believing I worked for a high-powered biotech firm. "Sarah is already on board?" I asked, my voice carefully neutral. "Yes, she arrived an hour ago," Dexter said distractedly, his full attention already back on Jenica. "Then I'll go find her." "Okay," he said with a dismissive wave. "Have fun, Noelle." Have fun. I turned and walked toward the yacht. Behind me, I heard Jenica's delicate voice.

"Dexter, I feel it again! The prince is responding to you!" "Really? Let me feel..." I stepped onto the deck of the Moongoddess. Sarah was at the bow, the sea breeze whipping through her red hair. "Noelle!" she ran over, ecstatic. "This yacht is insane! Your boss is so generous!" My boss. She thought Dexter was my boss. "Yes, he is," I said, my voice flat. "He was called away on urgent business." Sarah, oblivious to the chill in my tone, continued excitedly. "Well, that just means more sister time for us!

I brought your favorite champagne!" I looked at her innocent, happy smile and felt a pang of guilt. "Sarah," I said, "if anything happens tonight, I want you to know how grateful I am for our friendship." "What do you mean, 'if anything happens'?" she laughed. "Noelle, you're being weird. C'mon, relax! Let's get this party started!" The yacht began to pull away from the marina. I stood on the deck, watching the lights on the shore grow smaller and smaller. Dexter and Jenica were still there. They were holding each other tightly, lost in their shared dream for the future prince.

Neither of them so much as glanced toward the departing yacht. No one noticed me leaving. The night grew darker, the waves higher. While Sarah was in the cabin preparing snacks, I went to the cockpit and activated the auto-pilot sequence I had set up earlier. The yacht followed its pre-programmed course, heading deep into international waters. I pulled out the burner phone and sent a single, encrypted word: "Execute." Then I walked back onto the deck and watched the distant city lights, one last time. Three hours later, in the Royal Headquarters tower.

Dexter was in the Luna's penthouse suite, watching over Jenica as she rested. A beta guard, drenched and pale as a ghost, burst into the suite. "Your Majesty!" he gasped. "The Moongoddess... Miss Noelle's yacht... it exploded in the storm!" Dexter shot up from his chair. "What?" "The Coast Guard is on site... they said

with an explosion of that magnitude... there are no survivors." But he didn't go to the penthouse . He went to the small , impersonal twelfth - floor apartment Noelle had been forced into . He unlocked the door . The room was empty .

All the furniture was there , but everything that was hers was gone . No , not gone . Left behind . On the nightstand , arranged like offerings at a tomb , sat every gift he had ever given her . The birthday necklace . The Valentine's Day ring . The Christmas watch . And there , lying starkly in the center , was the red string bracelet he had woven for her the night they'd bonded . It had been cleanly severed by a pair of scissors . He picked up the broken bracelet , his fingers tracing the knots he had so carefully tied . Each knot had been a promise . I will love you forever .

I will protect you forever . I will make you the happiest woman in the world . Now , all those promises were broken . Just like the bracelet . He sat on the edge of the bed , holding the severed string up to the light . The red thread glowed faintly , like dried blood . He remembered the night he'd made it , three years ago . Noelle had sat beside him , her head on his shoulder , watching his fingers weave the threads . " Why red ? " she'd asked . " Because red is the color of fate , of eternal love , " he'd said . " This bracelet will be a witness to all of our tomorrows .

" She had smiled , a sweet , trusting smile . " Then you'd better make it strong . I don't want it to ever break . " " It won't , " he'd promised . " Never . " Never . What a bitter joke . 3/4 Chapter 5 +25 Bonus He covered his face with his hands , the broken bracelet slipping through his fingers and falling to the floor . " Noelle , " he whispered into the silence of the room . " I'm so sorry . Is this ... is this when I lost you ? " Mark Twain

If you enjoy this work, please consider supporting me.