

# The Alpha King's Tomboy Concubine

## Pleasure-Stricken Tongue

1341 Words

JOANNA ~~ “Right from this second, you belong to the Alpha King, Joanna.” My dad, Alpha Thomas, of Blue Moon Pack, voiced calmly. Too calmly, cutting through the thick tension that has settled in our warmth-lacking living room like a knife. He stood near the fireplace, his brows knitted as he held my gaze hostage, as if daring me to counter him once again. We have been arguing for what seemed like forever, but in that moment, my world stilled because I could tell his mind was made up. He looked me dead in the eye as he continued, failing to hear my silent cries, “We’re fortunate to have this opportunity, Joanna, and you know what this means for the pack—” “N-no.” I blurted, heart throbbing as the emotions rushed through my veins like a wave. I took a shaky step back, my fist clenching tight enough to dig my nails into my palm. “You can’t make me! I won’t let you!” I tried to stand my ground even though fear was beginning to rip me apart. After all, my dad was one of the respectable members of the Council of Elders, and he wouldn’t be defied, not even by his only daughter. My dad spat, his honey-brown eyes burning into mine icily, “Like I have been saying to you, it is decided!” “You should be grateful for this arrangement, and this is your duty to your pack—” He added ferociously, but I would be damned if I let him have his way. “Grateful?” I scoffed, unable to believe my ears. My eyes stung with tears I wouldn’t dare shed as I muttered, “Duty?” “Joanna—” My dad tried to silence me. But I didn’t let him, fighting back strongly, not just because I didn’t want to become a mere concubine to a man who had made it known that he was a heartless bastard, but also because I couldn’t imagine my life without the man I had loved for three years. My sweet Seth. “The people of this pack don’t even regard me as their Alpha’s daughter. They see me as less, yet you expect me to give up my happiness and relationship for them!” I exclaimed, fighting back tears as my mind once again wandered to Seth. He was the only man who had ever seen me as a woman. The only man who has seen beyond my huge biceps, unfeminine muscles, hardened figure, and countless scars that have earned me many ridiculous titles. Pain coursed through me when I recalled the number of times Seth and I had discussed our marriage and beautiful future. Gosh, if he hears about my dad’s crazy arrangement, he will be devastated. No. No, I will make sure he never hears of this. I will fight the entire world for him, including my dad, whose paternal warmth has gradually faded over the last decade, even though he was the only parent I had left. “Don’t you dare bring up that lowlife warrior in my presence, Joanna.” My dad seethed, anger flashing like a heated flame through his orbs. His lips parted again as he hissed like a venomous snake, “I have tolerated him long enough, but you have to put an end to that madness and get ready to please the Alpha King.” “To please him like a cheap w\*\*\*e!” I screamed at the top of my lungs. “He is happily mated and married for goddess’s sake! I won’t—” “Wake up, Joanna!” He snapped, his voice slicing through the space between us like lightning, forcing me to take steps back as his Alpha aura sank into my pores, aiming to break me. But I was able to resist him despite my inability to conjure a wolf spirit or even shift into one. Clearly, my physical strength that everyone but Seth mocked had its perks. “Being the Alpha King’s concubine comes with more honor and respect than that riffraff can give you.” My dad uttered, sounding much calmer than I expected. I soon realized why when I looked at him and caught him staring me down with obvious disappointment and maybe hatred. Just like he has been doing since I hit puberty and didn’t turn out to be the ideal daughter of a respected Alpha. In that moment, I could have sworn he had something to say about the baggy joggers and grey hoodie I was wearing, but instead, he sighed, mumbling words that further broke me. “You do know he is only using you, right?” He didn’t have to clarify for me to know he was referring to Seth, but still, he did. “Seth is an Omega Warrior who dreams of one day becoming the Alpha of a pack, and what better way to do that than marrying

you?" "He doesn't love you." My dad concluded. "Or you believe that he couldn't love me because I am the opposite of what a woman should look like, and I'm undeserving." I wanted to scream those words and argue with my dad, but I have come to understand that my words meant nothing to him. Rather than keep arguing with him, I decided to end it all. Turning around and heading for the door, I whispered, "What a father you have become." If my dad heard me, he didn't act like it, and neither did he try to stop me as I walked out of a building that used to be filled with love until Mom's demise—I shook my head before I could drown in the past, focusing on the only solution I could come up with. My boots pounded a desperate rhythm on the worn path leading away from the Alpha's house. The air was cold, a harsh slap against my cheeks, but I barely registered it. All my focus narrowed on the small, isolated barracks building where Seth, my sweet, loving Seth, had his room. "Disappearing with Seth will end it all. We'll be gone before dawn." That was the solution, and the thought of distancing myself from my dad's plans fueled my legs, and I broke into a sprint, ignoring the ache in my chest and the few warriors sitting at the entrance of the barracks. I thought, "I just need to see his face. To hear him say that he loved me regardless of what my dad thinks of us." I needed to know that he would run away with me.... Seth's window was dark, which was normal for the hour, but a silver light escaped beneath his poorly fitted door. My breath hitched, not from the run, but from the sudden irrational panic as I raised my hand to knock. But before my knuckles could hit the door, a sound stopped me. Although the sound was faint, muffled by the thick wood, it was unmistakable. The soft thud against the wall sounded so much like the familiar sound of his headboard hitting the wall. Could he be cleaning? I wondered, even though it was unlikely, and then came the sound that froze the blood in my veins. It was a moan. Or was my mind playing games on me? But then it resonated again—a deep, guttural sound of pleasure that was far too rough to be Seth's. It was raw and wild, followed by a lighter, higher cry. "He is just having fun. Touching himself while he waits for me." My desperate brain tried to convince me. However, when the pitch changed, and the higher sound reached a sudden, shuddering peak, a name ripped through the air as Seth's deep voice reverberated, confirming my biggest fear tenfold. "Caleb..." Seth moaned, calling out a name I never expected to roll off his pleasure-stricken tongue.