

The Alpha King's Tomboy Concubine

1531 Words

ALPHA KING DAMIEN ~~ “My King...” Elias, my Royal Gamma, rasped as he dodged yet another blow from me. Although I heard him, I didn’t respond. Or maybe I couldn’t because every part of me, including my tongue, has been consumed by the hot fury that was boiling underneath my skin. Who was I kidding? It’s been there since the last council meeting that got my hands tied in ways that did nothing to soothe my ego. “It’s been two years since the realm last felt the queen’s presence, King Damien,” One of the elders had said during the meeting. Even though I swung my tightly clenched fist towards Elias again, the memories of that meeting flooded my mind. I could see Alpha Thomas nodding in the corner as he presented his selfish interests. “The realm needs a queen, Alpha King.” Thomas had said, stepping forward with his head tilted, avoiding my heated glare as he continued, “And you need a woman by your side—” “The realm has a queen, and I have a woman!” I had snarled at Thomas, tucking away my aching heart because I knew none of them would spare me if they got a whiff of the truth that had haunted me for the past two years. “That’s true.” Elder Ben, a retired Alpha, chose that minute to speak. “But it’s also true that she has been away, neglected her duties, and put the realm at risk of—” Before he could finish, I snapped at him. Hell, I bared my canines at all of them, barely able to contain my wolf. “I’ve told you that she is travelling to create an alliance between our people and all other supernaturals. She is risking her life for you all to benefit for the goddess’s sake!” Lies. All of that was a big lie, one that I had cooked up to protect everything I stood for as the King. The throne room was silent for barely a minute after my outburst before someone else raised, “For two years, my King. That’s a very long time to be away, and Queen Lyra should know that.” Damn that name! The mere sound of it has my heart pumping rapidly and constricting painfully. “Exactly.” Thomas blurted, seizing my moment of weakness to corner me even more, “We need her back here, Alpha King.” “If she can’t return immediately, then we have to choose a new Queen to ensure balance,” Ben announced, and every single one of my thirty Elders backed him up. This wasn’t the first time we had had this argument, but the idea of choosing a new Queen was a first. For a second, I was too stunned to speak or even counter the idea. I could see my world falling apart while my wolf, Karn, stirred furiously within me. “f**k balance!” Karn grunted into my mind, pain fueling his anger. “I’m not taking another mate.” Yes, I stood by my wolf’s words, but at the same time, I knew I couldn’t bring her back... The Queen they wanted so badly was gone— While my thoughts welled like toxins, digging out memories that I had fought so hard to bury, another Elder stated, “It’s a good thing fated bonds no longer exist. It will make choosing and accepting a new Queen much easier.” Fated bonds had become a fantasy, but what L-lyra and I had as chosen mates was stronger than anything the moon goddess could have created before she decided to take a break decades ago. “I’M NOT TAKING A QUEEN.” I bellowed, putting my foot down as my royal authority sank into my Elser’s skin, breaking their resolve... or so I thought, but now I have come to understand that they came to that meeting prepared for my resistance. Which was why they muttered another option through no one else but Thomas, “Then please take a concubine, Alpha King Damien. Get Queen Lyra home, or at least bring in a concubine before things get out of hand.” If I didn’t know that rogues have been rising and attacking the western border since they believed that I was weaker because Lyra had been gone for far too long, I would have thought my Elders were threatening me. But they weren’t. Despite their selfish interests and greed, they were providing a solution that I couldn’t say no to. After all, an Alpha King has needs for a woman, and since I have been exhibiting various concerning traits, there was no way I could refuse when Thomas offered his daughter to be my Concubine. Karn wasn’t on board, but— “f*****g hell!” I exclaimed as pain shot through my stomach, yanking me back to the present. Elias, who had just landed a solid blow to my stomach,

quickly tendered his apology. He made the mistake of taking his gaze off me as he did, and I knocked him off his feet within a twinkle of an eye. His muffled groan echoed as his back hit the hard floor of my private training room, where we have been since—I had lost track of time. “I was saying that Alpha Thomas and Princess Joanna are thirty minutes away from the palace, My King,” Elias muttered, pushing himself off the floor effortlessly. “So?” I retorted, holding my Gamma’s big green eyes. If Elias hadn’t worked side by side with me since I became the King fifteen years ago, maybe he would have felt uncomfortable, but he simply answered, “Well, that happened to be thirty minutes ago. All hope of getting you dressed to receive them is—” “Are you crazy?” I scoffed. “She is not a Queen, and if Thomas is selling off his daughter like filth, I see no reason to play dress-up.” From the way Elias looked at me, I could tell he had more to say, but before he could, I queried, my voice coming out softer than I expected, “How about Elara? Does she know about the development?” I was certain hell would break loose if Elara, my dark angel of a daughter, found out that I was bringing another woman to our home. Aside from the realm finding out that Lyra was never coming back, Elara scared me the most. “I haven’t seen much of her, and I warned the servants against informing her,” Elias answered confidently. But I wasn’t relieved. Goddess knew I dreaded the moment she would confront me about the whole concubine situation. “If I can’t kill you, she will.” Karn scoffed. I rolled my eyes, but before I could respond to him, a familiar scent hit my nostrils, causing me to turn towards the door. My eyes found Axel, my Royal Beta, stepping in with a stack of papers in his hand. He instantly reported, “I have here everything you need to know about Princess Joanna. Her likes and—” “They are here.” Elias cut Axel off, beating me to it because I had no intention of getting to know her. She was simply a pawn—one that wouldn’t last. “Let me get you a clean shirt.” Elias gasped when I started taking steps towards the door in my sweaty pants and glistening bare chest. Pushing past Axel, I ignored the duo and walked straight to the living room, where I knew Thomas and his daughter would be waiting. However, I felt an uneasy shift within me even before I stepped into the living room. And it became more profound the second I did. “What is t-that smell?” Karn asked breathlessly, forcing me to inhale deeply as my eyes found her... Joanna or not. I mean, the girl I saw beside Thomas wasn’t wearing a huge ball gown or dressed to impress me as I expected. Not that I have been thinking about her, but this—a tall girl dressed in baggy jean pants and a sleeveless top that showed off her defined upper muscles. Her unnaturally light, short blond hair was tied up like she was going to the battlefield, and her face was plain. Not powdered. Her honey-brown eyes didn’t light up with admiration when they met mine, and neither did they go lower with intimidation. “My King.” Thomas’ voice hit my eardrums, but he couldn’t gain my attention. “Permit me to introduce my daughter. Joanna.” I thought I would have so much to say to her, rules to spell out, but my tongue dried up and perhaps died because this wasn’t the pawn I expected. Neither did I think Karn would whisper into my mind, his voice echoing with sheer disbelief, “M-mate—” My body tingled with unfamiliar energy that seemed to awaken my soul as my wolf confirmed, stuttering, “Sh-she is mate, Damien. We’ve a destined mate...”