

The Alpha King's Tomboy Concubine

The Royal Concubine

1276 Words

JOANNA ~~ “Permit me to introduce my daughter. Joanna.” My dad announced as soon as he greeted the Alpha King, and even though he had warned me on our way here to at least act right since I failed to dress like he wanted, I couldn’t bring myself to bow to the King. But our gaze met. And for a moment, my brain froze. All sounds in the huge throne room seemed to die as my wide eyes rolled down his perfectly chiseled face to his even more perfectly carved body. His eyes were pure, hard onyx, devoid of warmth, yet burning with a feral intensity. I had prepared myself for many things, including his arrogance, his coldness, and the disdain I was used to seeing in people’s eyes when they saw me, but damn! Nothing could have prepared me for this—all of him. I was used to being the buffest in the room, but he made me look like the tiniest of punies. He stood tall like a mountain, and somehow, I knew he would be just as hard even though I hadn’t touched him. Goddess, do I itch to trace his sweaty muscles with my fingers and— “Joanna!” My dad’s disapproving voice cut through my moment of fantasy and what I would gladly call awe, despite all I have heard about the cruel Alpha King. I blinked rapidly and slowly lowered my eyes as I whispered, “Greetings, Alpha King.” Although my dad had used the duration of our journey to the Royal Pack to lecture me on how to present myself to the King in hopes that I would gain his favor, I couldn’t bring myself to say, “Thank you for the honor you have bestowed upon me.” I mean, what honor is there? “Joanna!” My dad hissed, this time warning me not to act foolishly. But before he could make me lick the floor of the throne room to get him more money, Alpha King Damien gasped, his booming voice almost inaudible, “Y-you do not perceive that?” Did he just stutter? The same man whose coldness has been said to freeze the sun? “No, My King.” My dad answered, eager to please the King. However, King Damien didn’t acknowledge his response; instead, he repeated his question, his voice firmer as his gaze burned into my skull, “You do not perceive that?” I knew for a fact that he was talking to me, yet my dad chimed in, “Apologies, my King, but Joanna can’t perceive much.” And he added, his shame echoing with each word, “She is wolfless.” “Hmmm...” Alpha King Damien hummed. “Of course.” That was all he said, but it felt like a slap on my face and a reminder of who I was. Silence loomed in the room, and my bottled-up anger began to bubble. The awe I once felt in his presence evaporated, replaced by raw irritation. He looked at me with the same cold disdain everyone else did—just like Seth. The familiar ache of rejection tightened my chest, fueling my immediate need to train, to feel the reliable burn of muscle instead of this emotional rot. “You amuse me, Thomas.” Damien sneered, holding my gaze like he intended to shatter whatever was left of my soul. “You actually think I would give you all that money for her?” Ouch, I wanted to cry. But I held it back. But my shameless dad laughed as if the King had just cracked a joke and not insulted me. “It’s not about the money, My King—” “Enough!” King Damien snapped before my dad could say another word. His onyx eyes shifted between us but lingered on me as he gritted, “I will give you the money, but don’t you ever dare to corner me in court again.” “I would never—” My dad started. “Henceforth, your words. Heck, your tongue belongs to me.” King Damien cut him off ferociously. “Do well to keep that in mind, or I will cut your tongue out and cut her into pieces you won’t recognize.” That wasn’t a threat. It was a vow he made with his gaze scorching mine. “Every part of her will be ripped apart right before your eyes.” I searched his onyx eyes for any hint of emotion. Sadness, pity, or even disgust. But there was nothing. He was utterly emotionless. Perhaps he expected me to flinch or thought my dad would be terrified at the

thought of seeing me die in such a torturous manner. Of course, I wouldn't want to die like that, but at the same time, I mean little to nothing to my dad, so his treats were meaningless— “Do I make myself clear?” He barked. “Y-yes. Yes, my King.” My dad stuttered, feigning concern as he fell on his face. I couldn't help but scoff under my breath, but loud enough for both men in the hall to hear me. I saw the King's brows furrowing before I took my eyes off him. If he noticed my lack of interest, he didn't react. Instead, he graciously strolled out of the hall, his body glinting with sweat and commanding—damn that body of his! “This is all your fault!” My dad snapped at me as soon as the King was out of earshot. “What did I not do now?” I sighed, rolling my eyes. “Everything, Joanna!” He hissed. “Look around you and see how out of place you look and that foul attitude of yours—” “If I am so out of place, why don't you take me back home!” I hissed right back. “Or even better, free me from the damn chains you have wrapped around me—” “Joanna!” He yelled, losing his composure. The air was tight with his rage. I held my breath, convinced that he would strike my face any moment, even though he had never raised his hand on me before. Just as he took a step towards me, he was stopped dead in his tracks as a man cleared his throat deliberately. “I'm Royal Gamma Elias.” The man introduced himself to me. “Welcome to the palace, Princess Joanna.” W-what? P-Princess? My eyes went wide with shock, as I couldn't remember the last time anyone called me by that title. While I wasn't born a royal Princess, I remained the Princess of Blue Moon Pack, but that title died with my mom. “Just Joanna,” I uttered, unable to accept that title, especially when I knew I was just a concubine in this palace. Royal Gamma Elias smiled stiffly but continued speaking regardless of my attempt to correct him, “If you would come with me, Princess Joanna. I have been asked to show you to your quarters.” Just like that, Princess Joanna stuck, but not as well as the Royal Concubine. Before I could take a step towards the Royal Gamma, my dad grabbed me and whispered into my ear, “Nothing is stopping a Princess from becoming a Queen if she acts like one.” It was his last, desperate attempt to mold me into someone I couldn't be. I walked away from him with the weight of the new title, a new life, and the old chain pulling apart my muscles, showing no mercy.