

The Alpha King's Tomboy Concubine

Destined mate

ALPHA KING DAMIEN ~~ Destined mate... fated bond... She's Mate... Those words kept echoing in my mind even after I left the throne room... after I left her presence, where her natural scent, one that reminded me of how the earth smells during a stormy rain and wild lavender, almost drove me insane. Fuck! It's a fluke. This raw feeling growing from my core has to be a fluke. There's just no way I have a destined mate. "She can't be my mate!" I murmured under my breath, and those words felt like a desperate prayer to the goddess I no longer believed in. Destined mates no longer existed. The bond went extinct decades ago, which was why every werewolf got the chance to willingly choose who to mate with. It was how Lyra and I could forge the beautiful bond we had—one that I have been holding on to for two years. "She is, Damien." Karn's voice ripped through my mind. His excitement was loud and crystal clear. In fact, his presence was intense. More intense than it has been since the last time we saw Ly-Lyra. "This is no fluke. It's real, and I can feel it." "Feel it?" I scoffed, blindly walking through the dimly lit corridors of the palace that held so many memories. "How do you even know what to feel? No wolf has perceived a mate in—" "Yeah. Yeah." Karn cut me off. "You are right, and that's exactly what makes us special. We have broken the curse." "Silence, Karn!" I snarled internally, running a hand roughly over my face as I stepped into my chamber. My wolf's focus was agonizingly misplaced, and it was killing me. "She is wolfless. She's nothing but a Concubine forced on me, so do not—" "Do not talk of her like that, Damien." My wolf's voice was dangerously low as he spat into my mind. I could feel him stirring underneath my skin, his anger colliding with the rageful confusion that was consuming me. "She's ours to respect and protect." Karn seethed, showing emotions he had never expressed for anyone else but Lyra. Hell, he was angrier than he was when we found out that Lyra had left us for— Argh! All of this was too much for me to bear. "Is everything alright, My King?" Axel's voice came suddenly. If I weren't a well-trained Alpha King, I would have jumped out of my skin. Instead, I turned to find him standing behind me like a hopeful puppy. I suppressed the urge to ask how long he'd been there, knowing he'd likely been tailing me since I left the throne room. "What do you want, Axel?" I groaned, definitely not in the mood for his unending disturbance. His lips parted, but before he could respond, I sighted the files he was holding and, knowing they contained details about Joanna's life, I quickly muttered, "You know what? Just leave." Axel's serious expression, which always made it known he was in Beta mode, fell. Within a twinkle of an eye, he was the little boy I grew up with, and he exhaled, "I know this is hard for you, Damien, but why don't you take the chance to know her? She seems like the one you need to move on—" "Don't you dare!" I snarled at my best friend, the only person who knew the truth about Lyra's whereabouts. If he were someone else, he would have cowered, but Axel saw past my rage even when I couldn't and tried again, speaking softly, "I have researched her, and you know I won't advise you wrongly—" "Just leave, Axel. I do not want to hear it." I cut him off, holding his gaze warningly. He nodded but set the files on my bedside table before he walked out quietly. As his footsteps receded, I walked up to the door and slammed it shut. Leaning on the wooden door, I tried to control my trembling hands and my racing heart, but failed. The mate bond was a time bomb, even though Joanna couldn't perceive it. With time, it will grow, and I will be at its mercy like my ancestors. "I have to put an end to this madness." I muttered to myself and breathed with determination, "I have to reject her before it explodes in my face—" "No, you won't do that." Karn spat. "I won't let you." "You are not in charge here, Karn; I am, and I will reject her." I retorted firmly. Saying those words again caused my

insides to twist, triggering a pain I didn't know until now. Before I knew it, pain turned into anger, and I seethed at my wolf, "I can't believe you have a new favorite now. You suddenly don't love Lyra anymore." "You f*****g hated her guts before we saw her," I lashed out again. "So what f*****g change?" "The mate bond, Damien," Karn murmured through our link. "The mate bond changes everything. It has opened my eyes to something electrifying... something we could never have with Lyra." "How do you know? We had it all with Lyra, and we love her." I barked, knowing no better way to handle the pain eating me away on the inside. "The fact that she left us for another is enough evidence to know better, Damien." My wolf uttered with all the emotions we had both buried over the years, and his concluding words punched me hard: "And it's high time we stopped loving her." The truth was painful to the ears and bitter to swallow, so I spat it out without hesitation. "I will not forget Lyra or stop loving her," I affirmed, breathing heavily as I subconsciously realized that I had lost everything. Everything, including my self-respect. And as if that, coupled with the fact that I was about to experience the traditionally painful process of rejection, wasn't enough, I heard her voice down the hall. Scratch that, it was a shriek. "Daddy!" My daughter's cold, dark fury that rivaled my own hit me even before she barged into my room. When she did enter my room, and her eyes, those replicas of Lyra's, met mine, I saw a mixture of rage and condemnation in them. And I just knew it was over for me.