

# The Alpha King's Tomboy Concubine

## Sea of Pink

1174 Words

JOANNA ~~ The walk to my supposed chamber was long despite being in the same building. Royal Gamma Elias led me through one corridor after the other, and they grew quieter... narrower, in fact, the further we moved from the ginormous throne room. It was crystal clear that what the Alpha King wanted was to keep hidden, like his shame, and far away from his precious space. Not like I wanted to be anywhere near him— “Here we are, Princess.” Gamma Elias’s voice sliced through my spiraling thoughts. I blinked rapidly as he pushed open the double metal door to my chambers. I followed him inside, but soon stopped dead in my tracks. T-the room. M-my chamber was a nightmare, draped in flashy silk and wrapped with shimmering lace. Yes, it was massive enough for me to have my daily warmups in here, but it was an eyesore. Hell! It was more like a physical assault on all my senses. The walls were a nauseating shade of powder-puff pink, trimmed with cream molding that looked like hardened cake frosting. Every inch of the floor was covered by a rug so white and fluffy it felt like I was walking on a freshly sheared sheep. I almost felt bad because my combat boots would show no mercy to the pristine wool. “I hope you love the decor.” Gamma Elias’s voice hit me again. “And the furniture?” Oh, the furniture! They were worse. My eyes drifted to my left, where a vanity table cluttered with crystal perfume bottles and a three-way mirror framed in porcelain roses stood. The air even smelled like a funeral for a flower shop. I guess my displeasure was written all over my face as my eyes scanned the dollhouse of a room, and that forced Gamma Elias to speak up again, as if he couldn’t stand my silence. “There is the bed, Princess. I believe that should be your taste.” He mumbled, his gaze burning the side of my face as I turned to look at the bed. It was a big canopy bed that dominated the space. The layers of frothy white tulle and satin ruffles placed on it made it appear even bigger, like a giant overdecorated marshmallow. It was the kind of bed a princess from a storybook would sleep in, yet looking at it made my skin crawl. “T-this is...” I paused, trying desperately to find the right nonoffensive word for the space. “Bright and gorgeous.” Two of the many words that do not describe who I was. “We tried our best to make the chamber suited for a Royal Princess.” Gamma Elias said, without meeting my eyes. He seemed just as uncomfortable in the sea of pink as I was. Before either of us could explode or barf, the door swung open again. Then two women dressed in the same prim maid uniform I had noticed upon my arrival walked towards us, heads bowed so low their foreheads nearly touched their knees. “This is Sela and Mina,” Gamma Elias introduced them. “Your personal maids. They will attend to your needs. Food, clothing, bathing—” “I don’t need help washing!” I snapped, my eyes rolling to the back of my skull. The maids flinched, peeping at me with wide, terrified eyes. Briefly, they stared at my muscular frame and scarred knuckles. I saw the judgment there, the confusion. They were expecting a delicate flower to match this room, but all they got was me. I couldn’t blame them, but— Suddenly, a piercing shriek echoed from the hallway, slicing through the cloying scent of roses. “I DON’T CARE FOR YOUR EXPLANATIONS!” For a moment there, I believed the high-pitched voice belonged to a harmless young girl, but the instant change in the room’s atmosphere made my brows furrow with confusion. Sela, a dark-skinned girl with even darker hair and features, turned pale like a ghost, and Mina, a tall girl with curious brown eyes, seemed to cower at the sound of that voice. “I WANT HER GONE! SHE IS NOTHING BUT AN INSULT!” As those words echoed down the corridor, Sela and Mina trembled, moving far away from the door as if they could sense a looming threat that I didn’t know about. “Who is that?” I

asked Gamma Elias, hoping he could clear the air. But he stunned me the most. The man who had been stoic and firm since the moment I met him was suddenly shaking in his boots. He actually took a step back, his eyes darting to the door with pure, unadulterated dread. "I—it's the Princess..." Gamma Elias stuttered "The Princess? What Princess?" I urged him to tell me more because I was under the impression that I was the only Royal Concubine the King accepted. Gamma Elias was about to tell me more, but he was cut off as the screams grew louder... and closer to my once quiet wing of the palace. "LET ME GO, DADDY!" I heard her, like a whirlwind of rage approaching fast. Daddy? Gamma Elias couldn't be the daddy. He wouldn't be this terrified of his own child— My eyes widened with realization. The screams, demanding words, and reactions from the trio in my room finally made sense as I recalled one of the important people my dad kept mentioning to me in the car. Princess Elara. Alpha King Damien's only daughter. "You can't go in there, Elara. Please, just listen to me." The King's booming voice reverberated next, confirming that the rude-ass, extremely spoiled princess was making her way to me like an aggressive tsunami. "YOU CAN'T STOP ME! IF YOU CAN'T THROW HER OUT, THEN I WILL!" Hmmm... how old was she again? I couldn't recall that detail as I braced myself for impact. Then the doors flew open with such force that they hit the pink walls with a deafening crack, giving way to a girl so beautiful I nearly forgot she had been screaming down the walls. Her eyes were captivating in a way that seemed unreal, and her shiny black hair, despite being disheveled, fell perfectly down her shoulders, kissing her waist like— The second our gaze met, her beauty faded, replaced by the irritation and disbelief plastered all over her face. "This is her?" Princess Elara's thin lips parted with disdain as she looked back at her dad, who arrived a second ago. Then she laughed, like an evil, ancient witch, "You've got to be kidding me, Daddy. This is the woman you brought to our home to replace Mom?" If I had any intention to treat her gently and speak kindly to her because she was a child... well, such intention ceased to exist as her words scratched the surface of my very fresh wound like sharp, infected claws.