

The Alpha King's Tomboy Concubine

Volcanic Flame

1237 Words

ALPHA KING DAMIEN ~~ I had vowed that I would never set foot in this wing of the palace as long as she occupied it. I thought I would keep my distance, and when I found out she somehow happened to be my destined mate, I believed I would reject her the next time I set my eyes on her. Yet, here I was, standing in the center of her room, looking like a dummy. I could feel a headache throb behind my eyes as Elara threw her question at me. "This is the woman you brought to our home to replace Mom?" A few minutes ago, I was grateful that Elara didn't snap my neck when she stormed into my chamber earlier, but now that I'm standing in this suffocating space, I'm itching with discomfort. I shouldn't be here. My daughter shouldn't be here. But Elara wouldn't listen to reason, and my feet had followed her as if drawn by a wire I couldn't cut. "Say something, Daddy." Elara hissed, barely hiding the hurt glinting in her orbs. "Tell me she isn't here to stay." Inside me, Karn was pacing, Elara's words hitting him like daggers. He hated Elara's approach even though he adored her. While I aimed to drag Elara out here, Karn wanted to reach for Joanna as if to shield her from the very storm Elara had brought to her doorstep. "Fine! If you won't say something, I will." Elara shrieked, her voice cracking the silence. She pointed a trembling finger at the two maids, who looked ready to melt into the floor. "You two! Pack whatever trash belongs to her and throw it out of the palace gates! Now!" The maids didn't move. Instead, they looked at me, pleading for direction, but I was frozen, watching my daughter's grief, one that I understood well because we both lost someone close to our hearts, manifest as venom. Elara turned her fury on my Gamma. "And Elias! Bundle her out, too! I want her gone before the sun sets!" Elias straightened his back, his face pale, but his voice held that stubborn, formal edge that set him apart. "Princess Elara... I cannot dare to throw out a royal princess." "Please do," Joanna muttered. The words were so quiet, so devoid of hope, that they hit me harder than a physical blow. Simultaneously, my daughter lashed out, "I AM THE ONLY PRINCESS IN THIS REALM." Her tone was the complete opposite of Joanna's. She screamed, her face turning a dangerous shade of red. "She will never be one! She won't even be a concubine here because I won't let it happen!" "Throw her out, Elias! NOW!" Elara commanded again, her pain freezing my tongue and other senses. I opened my mouth to intervene or at least say something to soothe Elara's rage, but Joanna beat me to it. Her voice was firm, steady, and entirely lacking the fear that usually greeted my daughter's tantrums. She also didn't try to appease Elara like everyone, including me, would do. "Look here, Princess," Joanna called to Elara's attention. Heck, she commanded it and didn't blink as she added. "I don't want to be here either, and I definitely do not care for your Princess title." With the same level of confidence, she added, "You want me gone? Great, because I would die to get out of here—" "You do not talk to me like that!" Elara gritted her teeth, her anger burning hotter with every word Joanna said to her. "I'm your princess, and you will not speak unless—" "Then act like a princess." The woman I believed would be a pawn shot back, her tone almost bored. "Because right now, you're just a loud-mouthed kid who's upset her daddy brought home a new toy she didn't ask for. Well, newsflash: my daddy brought me to this toy house that I didn't ask for, either!" Joanna stated sharply, closing her eyes briefly as if to shut everyone out. The room went deathly silent. Even Karn stopped pacing inside me, listening to the raw honesty in her voice. Elara stood there, her mouth opening and closing. She was a girl used to everyone trembling at her feet or coddling her grief. She had no comeback for Joanna's blunt, cold reality, and I moved to put an end to this. Caution, Joanna. Or

maybe yank my daughter away. “You’re... you’re a nobody!” Elara sputtered, her shock quickly turning into desperate insults before I could shield her. “Take a look at yourself! You will never fit in, Freak!” “Baby, t-that’s enough,” I uttered instinctively... or maybe it was the bond that forced me to defend Joanna. Whatever it was, I hated it as soon as Elara turned to me, tears brimming in her eyes as her chest heaved erratically. “Are you choosing her over me, too? She insulted me, yet you chose her side.” “N-no. No, baby. I would never... I just—” I rambled. Gosh! I f*****g stuttered while those honey-brown eyes pierced my skull. I would gladly let the floor swallow me this instant. “I hate you!” Elara was shaking now, tears finally spilling over her flushed cheeks. She angrily wiped her face, exhibiting her known hatred for weakness as she spun to face Joanna again. “I hate you. All of you! But most especially you, Freak!” Perhaps Joanna finally saw past the strong facade that Elara had been showing, but she didn’t respond. She simply stared at Elara, who broke down despite her attempt to remain strong. “I’m going to make your life a living hell! Every second you breathe the air in this palace, you will wish you were dead! You will wish you had never come here. I promise you!” My daughter used the last of her diminishing strength to scream at Joanna. Without waiting for a response, she tore out of the room, her small footsteps echoing down the quiet corridor like a drumbeat of war. “Elara!” I roared, but the only response was the slamming of a distant door that echoed through the wing like a gunshot. I took a step to follow her, my instincts as a father screaming at me to go comfort my child, but a sound stopped me before I could take another step. A whisper so faint I almost missed it. “Hell? I have been through that s**t, lived through it, and survived its volcanic flame.” Those were Joanna’s words. Words so raw and quiet that it felt like I was invading her thoughts with my Alpha hearing. I stared at her longer than a heartbeat, and I caught a glimpse of her eyes. They didn’t hold anger, but they twinkled with dejection and the kind of exhaustion that made my breath hitch. I couldn’t shake the image of that look even as I ran down the corridor to get my daughter. My wolf howled in protest, demanding I go back to Joanna and get an answer to the question etched in my mind. “What has she lived through?”