

# The CEO Alpha King Chapter 11

Chapter 11 Lonely

Writer's POV

Few minutes later, Grandma Felicia was standing before the king in his large sitting room.

Both of his guests must have left because the room was empty save for the Alpha King who sat still on his large chair and appeared to be in deep thoughts.

"My lord. Your Highness." Grandma Felicia bowed, showing submission to him. At first glance, the scene looked wrong. An older woman bowing to someone who was old enough to be her son.

But they all knew the king was far older than anyone else. He had lived for years, and could be two times older than the woman.

He looked like he would be in his 30s but he was for a fact more than a century old. It's just like they say, looks could be deceiving.

He lifted his eyes to Grandma Felicia who knelt before him, snapping out of his thoughts, he could perceive Isaac fears blasting through the walls from the other side of the room.

"Rise Felicia. What is it?" He asked, staring suspiciously at her as she shifted uncomfortably from one foot to another.

"Um..your new slave. She doesn't know your rules very well and she has committed a grave sin. Please let her so I can teach her and she won't make that mistake again." She pleaded, looking up at the Alpha.

A dark smile, almost unnoticeable, curled up his lips.

"You know you have been one of the people I've known for years, Felicia. I've known you for so long and you also know me." He started.

"I'm glad you actually know me and you know I won't release her to you. All I can assure you right now is, that little wolf is fine." He finished, keeping his dark gaze on the older woman.

"I know that my Lord. And...I'll take my leave now." She gulped, wanting to say more but scared of how he would react. She turned, leaving the sitting room.

Just at the door, the king's voice stopped her.

"I'll release her to you soon."

A smile lifted up her features and contented she left the room.

She knew the king too well. And just like any other man in power, challenging him or pleading with him would only anger him more. She knew this and that was the only reason she lasted in the castle longer than anyone else.

She had seen a lot of servants fall. She had seen slaves murder each other in fight for the king. She had seen slaves take their own lives too and yet she lasted, she stayed,

overcoming every fear and following every command.

She knew better than to disobey the king. She knew and memorized his rules every day and night. She never questioned his judgement, and after years of that, they grew closer than any other servant that had served him.

She would serve him with all her heart. She would be by his side. But also she would be here to see his redemption. It was starting, she could feel it in her heart and she couldn't wait to see the King fall into it.

Happiness filled her heart, the whole plan was working perfectly. Just like the moon goddess wanted, exactly how she had predicted it.

"Grandma!" Isaac called, walking briskly towards her, sweat covering his forehead in anticipation.

"Don't worry dear. I've seen to it, the king doesn't have intentions of punishing that child further. You'll be shocked at the end result of everything." Grandma Felicia assured, tapping his shoulders to calm him.

But the words didn't make Isaac feel any better than he was. He was worried and there was little to nothing he could do. He follow me to the pack's hospital. I need her blood or anything for a DNA test. I need to know. I need turned to look at him once they were outside the king's castle.

"If you are too eager to find out if she is really the one you have been looking for. Then go into her room, you can find her hair or something. Just look for her comb, use it and find out what you want to find out." The older woman said.

Isaac's eyes widened in realisation. "Yes. Yes. That's right but don't you think I also need her permission in order I'll suggest you do all these secretly. It'll be less painful to her if the results come out negative and she doesn't know a damn thing about it. I know you will be able to handle the pain but that child might cry over it for days. You have been kind to her so she'll really feel bad about it." Grandma Felicia advised, as they continued walking.

Isaac nodded in response, kissing her on the cheeks and shouting a thank you before running hearing the footsteps and sounds of the supposed spirit of the king's formal maid, she breathed out a sigh of relief.

She realized the room wasn't as dark as it was anymore. There was no source of light and even with her werewolf eyes, she could hardly see a thing. But now, she could see the outline of the bed, and a few other things.

She didn't know why, but she was glad. The room was quiet and thought everything was normal and she loneliness laced her heart.

Loneliness had always been a part of her since she was born. Her sister never cared about her nor her step father. And since she never got a chance to meet her real father, she had no idea what he looked like either.

Memories of the past, her sad lonely life flashed through her mind. One in particular, she couldn't forget. It was her high school graduation and no one came. She remembered every other student with their proud parents was no one.

Then she had made a decision to not attend college and no one talked her out of it because no one cared. And though Kate was the only sister she had, only true blood relative, she loved her. Despite her horrible treatment towards her.

And even though it was dumb and unrealistic, she hoped that maybe one day Kate

would realised her ways and start caring about her.

But she was wrong. That hope was lost.

Kate hadn't called her since she arrived on her, not once to know if she was alive or dead.

Maybe she really meant what she had said; that she will be no sister to a slave. Maybe she has truly forgotten me. Serena thought sadly.

Tears filled her eyes and rolled down her cheeks before hitting the cold floor.

Crying had always been part of who she was, it seems like she temporarily forgot how to cry since she got to the king's castle. Or maybe it was because she had become calm and happy.

How I wish I had a big brother like him. The thought crossed Serena's mind as she smiled sadly, resting her head against her knee once more.

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Right outside the castle, Isaac ran into Serena's room sweeping his hair backwards.

He went through her things and found a brush lying on her bed that had her hair in it, letting out a small smile before bringing out a small white bag from his pocket.

He took out the hairs from the brush and shoved them into the small bag before dropping off the brush.

As he ran out of the mini mansion, he bumped into his friend Kendrick at the door who staggered backwards, looking up at Isaac with confused eyes.

"Yeah man. Where are you rushing to?"

"I'm so sorry but I have to go. If it turns out well you'll be the first to know." Isaac replied to him not waiting for him to utter another word. He ran to the Jeep, the one he uses to go grocery shopping.

As he drove out of the estate, the guards on duty asked him a lot of questions and he did a lot of talking and convincing before he was finally let out.

Soon, he was finally out of the king's castle and the estate. He drove to the nearest pack hospital there. His hands were shaking nervously.

He jumped down from the Jeep, locked it before walking into the hospital to seek for a doctor.

Just at the entrance, a nurse attended and directed him to the doctor's office.

In a few hours, he had dropped the hair and the process had started and the results would be out in two days.

On his way home, his palm grew sweaty against the steering. His heart thumped unsteadily in his chest and butterflies flew around his stomach.

He didn't know what to think. He didn't want to be too sure but at the same time he was sure.

When he got to the estate, a guard stopped him inquiring once more about his movements.

"I'll get going now. I'm just feeling a little sick." He lied smoothly, before driving off, smiling proudly.

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"Father, what happened? Speak to me." Martins demanded staring uneasily at his father who sat calmly in his chair, an unlit cigarette between his lips.

"The king. It's the king, I think I've got a weapon that I can use against him. I've been waiting for one and I've finally gotten it." Martin's father replied to him, smirking widely. "Okay then. That's good news, then why do you look so worried and what's the weapon anyways?" Martins asked, rolling his eyes in irritation before resting against his father's desk.

"It's a girl. His slave. His only slave, the one you have gotten her number." His father revealed and Martin's eyebrows furrowed in annoyance.

"Serena? How can Serena be a weapon, father?" Martins said, pushing himself off the desk to pace around the room.

"I have seen it. There is one thing about that little girl, there is something in her that he wants. He needs her, but first he needs her to be very loyal to him. I just have to find out what he needs in her. I have to use it against him and you are going to play a big role making that happen." Martin's father explained, throwing the cigarette against his desk before standing up.

"Um.. things are still not making sense to me here, father. That Serena girl, she has absolutely nothing that will attract the king to her. I saw it, the first time they met I was there, remember? She bumped into him, spilled coffee on him and he went mad. It was Adam who kept him at bay because most of the workers and guests were present that day." Martins explained, as he stopped pacing to glare at his father who was paying him no attention as he was thinking deeply.

"You don't understand son and neither do I. There is something, a bond between them that even the king doesn't know about." The older man muttered after a while.

"They need to get closer for me to use her. Finally, all these years and the king's weakness shows up. Finally, I'll have a way to destroy that arrogant king and I'll take over his throne, his estate, his lands. Everything he owns would be mine." Martin's father said, smiling deviously, clenching his fists beside him.

"And you my son, you are going to be a prince who will take after me. The most powerful king ever."

"I'm not an Alpha, dad. I don't think I can..." Martins started to say but his father cut him off.

"You can! You will. I will make sure of it and I will eliminate every obstacle, everyone who will stand against us. Against you." His father vowed and Martins smiled, squaring his shoulders proudly.

"Thank you for that. I appreciate it."

"No problem. You are my son and our generations continue with you. Your mother ought to be proud of us, Martins. Start making more preparations, the fall of the great king is near. We just need a little bit of patience and everything will eventually fall in line."

"But father, you haven't answered my other question. Why do you look so worried?" Martins asked again, looking closely at his father whose smile fell.

"Because it's not going to be easy. In order to achieve this, a lot of my men will have to die. And the king is very smart. But I just have to outsmart him, beat him at his own game and this war would turn out in our favor." Martins father started, walking over his desk to meet his son.

"Today I saw it, the way he looked at me made me think he knew all of our plans. I almost lost it with his hard cold gaze on me like that."

“So, does that really mean he has unknown powers?” Martins asked, worry flashing over his features.

“I don’t know. I don’t believe it. It’s just his strong aura that makes wolves around him tremble and nothing more.” His father explained.

Martins sighed.

“Okay, I think I need to carry out my own part of the plan now. I need to call or at least text Serena to make her think I’m interested in her or something.” Martins said, snatching the cigarette on his father’s desk before leaving the room slamming the door shut behind him.

He stood outside, lit the cigarette and dialled Serena’s number. She picked on the third ring