

The Alpha King's Claim chapter 1

Serena

Paintings.

I always love them. Whenever there was an art show near Manhattan, I make it a point to go check the artworks and possibly buy one. Or two. Or three of them.

What I look for in a painting were the strokes the painter uses, the use of colors and how they blend in with the picture in general, and of course, the drawing.

I had always been a sucker for fantasy-inspired paintings. Fantastical landscapes, mythical creatures, men and women wearing weird clothing, oh yes, I collected them all. They had always reached out to a part of my soul that I had been guarding since I lost my parents. They had always called out to a part of me that I wasn't sure what.

Maybe, my parents as painters could be the reason. They influenced my tastes after all. But deep inside me, I knew there was always something special about these types of paintings I couldn't quite figure out.

One rainy day, I ran across an antique shop in downtown Manhattan about to be closed by the bank for bankruptcy. The different antique displays were spread all over the street in the hopes that some passers-by would still buy them.

I caught sight of a beautiful painting of a landscape. Breathtaking it was and purely, for lack of a better word, out-of-this-world. The painting showed a mountain range with its slopes covered in autumn trees. In the center of this mountain range, just nestled on top of the hill was a silver-plated castle. The details were extraordinary, magical even. I couldn't resist its call, so in the end, I bought it. Plus, I didn't want it to be wet with the rain. I wanted to give it a home.

The antique shop owner, an old lady probably in her late sixties, was gracious enough to give me a discount considering the painting had smudges on the edges due to its aged state. I was kind enough to refuse it. If she was in bankruptcy, at least my full payment of the painting would help her in some way.

"May the magic be with you always," she said with a smile as we parted.

I just shrugged my shoulders never really thinking much about her words. I didn't know then, it had meaning.

The first night the painting was with me, I dreamed about magical creatures: behemoths in the sky, beautiful mermaids swimming in the ocean, and fairies hiding in the woods. The dream was lovely. I didn't want it to end.

The second night, I dreamed about the castle on the hill. It was beckoning me, wanting me to go there. I woke up in the middle of the night panting. Not knowing exactly what got me so worked up.

The third night, my dream brought me inside the castle. It was enormous with arched roofs and glass walls. In a blink of an eye, I was sent to a bed chamber. The sheets were covered with an embroidered insignia: a profile of what looked like an animal—a wolf—and around it were curves, lines, and symbols I had never come across. It was beautifully colorful.

But what really captured my attention was the one lying on it. It was a man and from what I could gather, the king of the castle as he had a crown on top his head screaming almighty powerful.

Of course, that wasn't the only thing that made my eyes pop.

It was a certain body part of his that stood like a rod as if saying 'hi' to me. It was located down south. Really, really down south. Lower than his waist and just between his thighs.

His right hand, oh yes, it was curled into a fist, wrapping securely that body part of his like it was its second skin.

The thing that woke me up from that weird dream was when his hand started pumping and he groaned like it was the best fucking masturbation he had.

I had to take in deep breaths just to calm myself down. One, two, three. One, two, three. But I knew I was fooling myself. I felt wet, hot, and bothered by it and I stayed like that for the whole day until the fourth night came.

The dream didn't start with anything magical or downright erotic really. It was just me inside my bed, lying like a log, unmoving, yet inside my head, I heard an ethereal voice—a woman's voice—calling out to me to stand up and touch the painting.

And like a puppet, I did.

The next thing I knew, I woke up inside that castle's majestic bed chamber with the said king on top me