

The Alpha King's Claim chapter 10

Serena

I sat stiffly on my seat whilst looking down at the celebration in front of me. Every guest was laughing and lively and really enjoying the moment. I envied them. This was exactly what I envisioned my wedding reception to be, but unfortunately, I married the wrong man.

That aforementioned wrong man sat next to me, on his throne that looked very striking. It was literally an enormous head of an animal—a wolf most likely—with its mouth filled with serrated teeth and opened wide to accommodate my husband's royal butt.

Ever since the wedding ceremony ended, he had been sporting a rather unreadable expression on his face. It was not a scowl or a frown. Just a blank face. He would show a smile when needed, but I knew he was just faking it like I was.

I clearly remembered everything that went down on that ceremony. I remembered the bright light in the form of chains and how it left a weird mark on both of our wrists. I remembered myself suddenly turning anxious and afraid; felt confused and clueless. A second later, a sense of completeness filled me and for an unexplained moment, I thought standing with the king felt right.

That wonderful euphoric feeling was gone in a snap. It was replaced with fear again and with that, my hands visibly shook. I wasn't sure what the markings on our wrists meant. I was hoping on the back of my mind it wasn't something serious.

King Aero saw my discomfort and just as expected, he acted like a loving husband-to-be, assuring me that it was alright. He probably thought I'd back down on our agreement.

Huh, like hell I would. I just needed to see through this day and I'd be gone in this realm forever. Never mind whatever my mark meant.

But 'seeing through this day' unfortunately included kissing the damn man. I knew I couldn't run away from this with all the pairs of eyes trained on us, so I did the only thing I could do at the moment and it was to curse.

"Shit."

The moment his mouth met mine, I wanted to gag. It was the coldest kiss I had ever received in my life. I had received kisses before in the form of my ex in high school, in college, and the last one in the place I used to work at. Though they didn't look as godly as this man was, I should say they kiss better than him.

However, during the process, I found myself slightly parting my lips and an explainable urge to dive my tongue inside his mouth filled me. I was glad I was able to control it, but it was with difficulty.

For a moment, I thought I was safe, but I guess I was wrong. To my surprise, he reciprocated the gesture and even went as far as to really deepen our wedding kiss, inserting his tongue inside the soft walls of my mouth and violating me in every inch possible.

My heart pumped erratically, filling my whole body with a high dose of overexcited blood. I couldn't think straight at that moment. I heard the shouts and hollers of the audience. I heard the loud claps and the blaring trumpets around us. I didn't care about all of it. All I cared about was how his mouth devoured me and I let him... I actually let him. I even answered his heady kisses with a hungry batch of my own.

Soon enough we were going at it as a real newly-wed couple would and I found myself eating up my words. King Aero was indeed a damn good kisser. He was better. So much better...

What broke our intense session was the loud fireworks in the night sky. I thought this realm didn't have one, but surprise, surprise, they actually had light displays that could contend with the ones on Burj Khalifa.

He pulled out first, effectively breaking our kiss. He looked at me with wide eyes and sporting a pair of red lips. My red lipstick smudged them in the process. It looked funny and sexy all at once. I was supposed to feel guilty, but it didn't cross my mind. I was too preoccupied with my stunned self too.

What just happened? My brain cried out.

Judging from the shocked look on his face, he didn't know what just transpired between us too.

"Get inside the coach," he grounded, the muscles on his jaw tensing.

I looked around and was happy to see that nobody noticed our little drama. They were too busy watching the magnificent colorful lights ahead of us.

When I didn't budge, he grabbed me by the elbow and pulled me with him to the stairs conveniently stationed in front of where we stood. I acted as if I was giddy and excited, showing a bright smile while the spectators along the pathway lowered their heads.

When we reached the coach parked at the end of the pathway, he opened the door for me, and with sharp eyes, silently told me to climb inside. I did because I wanted to drop my acting already.

King Aero climbed up too and soon, the coach moved with us inside its interior surrounded by awkwardness and a whole lot of tense silence...

“What do these markings on our wrists mean?” I asked after a few minutes, wanting to cut the tension between us.

He was facing his side of the coach window; his expression hidden from my view but I could easily imagine a scowl on his face at that moment.

When I chanced a look at his reflection in the glass window, I realized I was wrong. His expression was unreadable. He was in deep thought, looking in the distance with blank eyes.

He didn’t reply until a few minutes later when he plainly said, “I’ll have my people look into the marks. Don’t concern yourself with it.”

I was surprised. Honestly, I thought he had an idea.

“You mean you don’t know—”

“Not yet, but I’ll know soon,” he interrupted, looking agitated.

My brows furrowed and I mentally grumbled. It seemed he was back to his rude attitude once again.

“Very reassuring to hear,” I stated, crossing my arms over my chest.

“Our agreement is still binding, woman, if that is what you’re concerned about. I’ll bring you back to your realm the soonest possible time, but for now, do as you are expected to do, act like my wife and my queen.”

“Duly noted.” I stared at the landscape outside my window with a deeper frown on my face.

His wife and his queen huh? I scoffed. What a total bullshit.

But as far as I hated admitting it, he was right. This was the reason why we underwent this fake wedding in the beginning, so I had to straighten up my spine and use the best acting skills I have.

Our travel to the castle took only a few minutes, but in that short amount of time, I was bombarded by the memory of the wedding kiss we shared: his supple lips on mine ravishing me, craving me, and making me feel like I was the most desirable woman on his realm.

Despite myself, I bit the bottom of my lip and gulped hard. Hell, I shouldn’t be easily misled by such an act.

Whatever happened to us at that time, I think it was just because of the pressure around us. Certainly as plain and simple as that. Nothing more to add.

When we reached inside the castle, we were both ushered towards the throne room and that was where his subjects paid their respects on me as their queen.

I wasn't given a crown. It seemed they didn't use one if the king's absence of a crown were an indication. They showed immense respect for both of us, however; enthusiasm and excitement filled their eyes despite being crownless.

Back on the now, I glanced at my king husband on his throne with a newly filled chalice on hand. The night was getting older and little by little I was beginning to feel apprehensive.

The next hurdle to take was now surviving the night in one room together with the king.