

The Alpha King's Claim chapter 14

Serena

I didn't need a translator to tell me what the wolf wanted to do. I mean come on, what else would we be doing in the bed other than... It was crazy of me to even think such. That would be bestiality and obviously gross.

But of course, the wolf could always turn back into its human form like those ones I saw in Teen Wolf and would have me come face to face with my new husband and his uhm...naked form.

Technically, if this was a real wedding, we'd already been exercising our husband and wife rights, but this was far than real. He couldn't possibly be wanting to do that now when he strongly expressed his dislike on women a day ago.

What changed?

But as I waited, he didn't change into his human form. He just snapped at me and continued pointing to his king-sized bed with his snout.

Truthfully, I loved how his wolf looked. Sure it still scared me, but I was mesmerized by the midnight color of his fur and how it emanated power. Part of me wanted to cower before him and another part of me wanted to adore him...er...his wolf.

When I didn't do what he ordered, I was ready for some kind of verbal punishment. However, he leaped towards me instead and I was pushed straight down the ground.

Squeaking, I used my arms to cut my fall. It was effective, but my butt still hurt like hell.

"Oww," I winced, touching my behind.

I looked up and my eyes widened. The wolf was on top me, caging me with its limbs while its head lowered, trying to smell my neck.

It growled low. I couldn't interpret the sound if it was pleased with our position or angry at how I looked like a mouse ready to be skewered. With its golden eyes however, it stared at me with so much love and devotion.

Or maybe I was just seeing things.

Its paws hit the tendrils of my hair. I winced again, feeling the tight pull on my scalp. He was thoughtful enough to step an inch back, freeing the tension on my head.

"I thought you hate women," I snapped, giving him a betrayed look, "Did you change your mind?"

In a second, a dark violet mist surrounded the wolf and then, King Aero took its place, his hands securing my wrists while his legs immobilized my knees.

"No, I didn't," he stated in a low voice. I didn't dare look down. I knew what awaited me if I did and I wouldn't be able to un-see it.

He huffed at me, his warm breath fanning my forehead.

"Come morn, you'll be leaving this realm," he stated before extricating himself away from me and leaving me tongue-tied not because of his words, but because I saw his wonderfully shaped butt.

I quickly sat up and despite myself, I watched him leave through the balcony. A brief pang of pain made me furrow my brows. No, it wasn't physical pain. It was that kind of pain deep in the heart. It was surprisingly close to rejection.

By morning, I was ready to 'realm hop', or at least that's what I thought of when returning to Earth. I didn't have a good night's sleep really. Thoughts of the King's words and his beast kept me from ever having it.

I wore the same clothes I used back in my first appearance here and waited for the king outside the balcony where an outdoor furniture set was placed.

When he arrived, I thought he'd pass through the same area where he left last night. Instead, he appeared from the receiving room all dressed in fresh clothes: a dark red coat, a pair of black jeans and a white shirt. His hair was brushed up neatly. He looked a lot like an Earth's model wearing the most popular fashion ensemble.

Was he preparing to go with me too?

My inner thoughts betrayed me crying out, 'yummy,' and briefly, my throat felt parched.

"Let's go," he sharply muttered, not looking at me.

I stood up from my seat and glanced at his back. Elijah was behind him, silently waving at me and smiling.

"Take care, Queen Serena," he stated.

I frowned. "Just Serena, please. I'm not your queen."

"You are," he corrected.

I heard a loud groan on my right and glanced at the King who was looking impatient.

"I said let's go."

I nodded and gave the crown prince a parting wave.

"How shall we travel back to my realm?" I asked, genuinely curious.

Still, he didn't look at me when he said, "I jump. You hold me. Don't blame me if you fall."

"What!" I wrapped my arm around his elbow without even thinking.

In response, he glared at me but didn't complain.

Milliseconds later, a break on space appeared in front of us. It was just a crack at first until it widened and took the shape of an oval filled with little spikes of energy.

I gasped as the King stepped inside without a head's up.

"Your High....!" I yelled but wasn't able to finish my word as I suddenly found myself alone, standing on the front porch of my apartment in Fort Strait.

I looked around and found no soul in sight. It was midnight after all judging from the cuckoo wall clock near my swing set.

"Thanks for staying true to our agreement," I murmured to myself and pulled out my spare key in a secret hole on the ceiling.

My apartment appeared the same as I left it except for the daisies in my vase that had wilted. I checked the digital clock on top my kitchen island and it read, May 16, 2019. Roughly five days had passed. It seemed the time on Earth and Phanteon was close to similar.

Sighing, I went to my bedroom upstairs and went straight ahead to strip myself. God, I was so relieved everything about that realm had come to pass. Maybe I would just think of it as a dream in the coming few days, but as I stared at the crescent moon mark still embedded on my right wrist, I highly doubt I would ever call it a dream.

It was my remembrance of the insensitive King of Phanteon.