

# The Alpha King's Claim chapter 16

[/ The Alpha King's Claim](#)

Serena

A month had passed since my still unexplained travel to a different realm. Because of that experience, my perspective in life had changed. I saw the world on a grander scale now and I saw myself in it like an ant, so small and insignificant yet essential.

I also saw werewolf shows on televisions quite funny. Their version of the beast didn't do justice at all to the real deal. But of course, I could be biased. Aero was royalty after all, and a king no less, so his wolf was expected to be magnificent.

These thirty days hadn't been easy for me. I thought I'd come to think of my experience as only a dream but day by day, the memories of Phanteon and especially of its King haunted me. The castle, the manor, the wedding, the kiss, and the King's face were vivid still.

The subject of my dreams was him. Always him. Worse, it was that kind of dream one could only see in erotic movies: him on top me pounding me hard, him beside me kneading my breasts and thrusting his erection, him doing me with my butt high up in the air, and not to mention the most erotic of all—his face in between my thighs doing heaven knows what there.

What's more, the mark on my wrist was still throbbing and burning like crazy. It actually hurt a lot. I had to take over-the-counter pain medications to try and relieve it but even with those, the ache wouldn't go away.

It was especially painful this night. I tossed and turned on my bed, whimpering and groaning in pain. If I was that barbaric, I would have cut my arm already, but I knew even if I do it, the pain would still be present. I had finally concluded the mark had magical qualities and its pain was more than physical.

I stood up from my bed and crossed the room, stopping in front of the castle painting I purchased many days ago. In my desperation to get help, I touched the surface of the painting hoping I would be transported back to Phanteon. It didn't happen. I was partly disappointed.

I went back to my bed and lay there motionless for a few minutes, but even those few minutes became unbearable. The mark still throbbed, reminding me of my fake marriage with the man who was more than happy to kick me out of the castle.

Aero.

Truth be told, I actually missed him. Despite his many obvious flaws, he had some good qualities too. If given a chance to meet him again, I'd probably use up my strength to make him see that women had good sides. That they deserve to love

and be loved. That we women had the ability to nurture a heart that was covered in darkness.

Sleep claimed me finally after a few minutes of musings. The dream world took over immediately and brought me to the same place I had been in my dreams many times: the king's bed.

This time, I was the one on top of him, riding him, grinding my ass against his pelvis. I felt our sexes joined. I felt full inside and with that, a moan escaped my lips. He responded by lifting a hand and cupping my breasts. He thrust forward and up one time and I whimpered in delight.

"Aero...fuck, more..." my dream self ordered.

His face changed into a look of lust and after that, I was impaled in the most delicious of ways....

I woke up from the dream panting, feeling hot and really, really wet. It was another erotic session again and just like all its predecessors, it left me wanting more. It left me craving for my climax.

Biting my lip, a thought crossed my mind. Yes. Yes, indeed. This night, I'd have to help myself reach my orgasm. I won't be denied anymore.

Putting it on action, my right hand slowly traveled down my crotch. As expected, the center of my underwear was already damp. It was a good development. As my fingers contacted my lips, the swelling in between it reacted, giving me a wave of sensations. It was more when I started vigorously rubbing myself.

Lost in the sensations, the king's face popped out of my mind. Gladly, I used it to fuel my rubbing more. It was working and working a hundred percent. Once I reached my climax, I arched my back and lifted my hips up.

Fuck.

A name escaped my lips then. To my surprise, it was Aero's name.

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"Okay, mom said she misses you. She asks if you can come to celebrate Independence day with us," my adoptive sister, Jessica, stated right before she sipped her watermelon milk tea in front of me.

We were inside a cafe located near my apartment and since this place was my favorite spot to dine, we always ended up here whenever she decides to visit me after her college studies for the day.

I nodded whilst about to drink my cup of espresso. "Sure, I could come to visit and stay for a few days."

"Mom would love that, Ren," she flashed a smile.

"By the way, have you found someone already? You look so blooming today."

I almost choked on my coffee when I heard it.

"What do you mean? I'm always blooming every day," I chided.

She shrugged her shoulders and cleared her throat.

"What I mean is today is especially different."

I contemplated her words for a moment, thinking of a faraway place with a very handsome king, and then replied, "None, sis. I'd like to think there's none."

"Ohhhh, I know that look. You like the guy but he's off-limits," she puckered her lips.

Like? Not really. I don't know.

"It's complicated, Jes," was my only reply.

"Right. Right. But still, I'm happy for—"

I stood up suddenly, craned my neck and stared past the cafe's window when I noticed a very large, very furry animal hiding in an alley across the road. It was metallic black in color. Definitely the same as the king.

My heart immediately spiked up a beat.

Could it be?

"Do you mind if I leave now?" I stated frantically, gathering up my bag. "I have...uhm...suddenly remembered something very important."

Jessica smiled at me and nodded.

"Sure, we are finishing up anyway with our coffee."

I stooped low and gave her a kiss on the cheek.

"Goodbye, see you soon."

I quickly exited the cafe and went to stare at the same spot in the alley again. The wolf was not in sight anymore. No traces of it were seen. I decided to check out the rest of the area, thinking maybe it had transferred to another location.

Somehow in my haste, I saw its long, fluffy tail just pass by a corner. Without thinking, I quickly ran to it. When I rounded the corner, I saw the wolf enter an abandoned building.

Trespassing private property wasn't my cup of tea, but I needed to reach the wolf, so I jumped over a barbwire fence and walked inside the lobby with my alarm bells up.

The environment was typical for an abandoned building. The lobby was very spacious, with no furniture but with loads of dust.

Nothing caught my attention except for a break in space near the lobby's front desk. Just like before, when the king returned me to Earth, I saw an oval-shaped wall of energy. It was beckoning me to enter.

Since I was very adamant about seeking help with regards to the wrist mark, I decided to jump inside, hoping that I'd end up on the king's cham...er...on Phanteon again.

## The Alpha King's Claim chapter 17

[/ The Alpha King's Claim](#)

Serena

A bright flash of light welcomed me at the end of the portal. I winced and in reflex, used my hand to cover my eyes. When the bright light faded, I adjusted myself to the surroundings and saw where I was.

I was in a cave and the biggest I had been in my entire life. The stalagmites and stalactites were colossal. There was a narrow river a few paces behind me and the water was running into a darkened path. In front of me was an altar of some sort with lots of incense burning that my nostrils didn't particularly like.

"Look what we have here," someone said nearby. It was from a man's, and I wouldn't have known him to be short and stout if he didn't step into the light with me.

I furrowed my brows, confused with what was happening. The environment itself made me nervous, but I tried to calm myself. It was the only way since I basically entered the portal without thinking of the consequences.

"Where am I? Who are you?" I asked the basic questions, hugging my shoulder bag as if it was my weapon ready for me to use should the man plan to hurt me.

I sensed an air of arrogance around him. Plus, he didn't look friendly at all. He was grinning like a bobcat. It gave me the chills.

"Ah, yes, the usual questions I get from a human," he stated, looking at me like I was food.

My brow lifted.

"Let me explain your situation missy." He adjusted his jumper into position and then snorted. "I own you now. You took the bait, you fell into my trap. You'll fetch me a good sum if one of my customers like you."

I didn't exactly understand what the man said, but with him mentioning something about 'customers', I reckoned he was a shady businessman.

"What makes you think I'll stand by and let you own me? I have free will, mister. You can't just announce something that sensitive."

"Oh you don't exactly know what you just walked right in," he countered, giving me a proud grin.

Just then, I felt my body go numb. My knees went weak and my hands turned clammy. Seconds later, my sense of balance disappeared. My head contacted the ground in a matter of seconds. A lightning pain shot through my head and then followed by my surroundings turning black.

When I came to consciousness, I was in some sort of room, lying in a makeshift bed that had seen better days. I heard the sounds of women chatting and whimpering in front of me and muffled sounds of people past the wall behind me.

I sat up, groaning when I felt the shooting pain in my head again.

"You should lie back down," a woman said near me, "you'll need it later when it's your turn."

I glanced at her and studied her appearance. She was wearing a revealing dress that was cut all the way up to the knees. Her boobs were pushed up and her long, blonde hair was tied into a ponytail. She looked like a prostitute honestly with all the heavy make-up she wore, but I didn't want to be rude so I erased that thought inside my head.

"What do you mean 'when it's my turn?'" I asked instead.

She looked at me in a sad face. "Since you were Mr. Manross's latest addition, you have no idea at all. That's understandable. Look around you and you'll see."

I frowned, but just as she suggested, I examined the area a lot closer. As I already established earlier, yes there were a lot of women inside the room with me, but I just noticed now, they were actually wearing the same revealing dress like the

blonde woman talking to me. Some of the women were hooked in a conversation while some were actually crying.

Crying? No woman would actually cry in public unless her safety was threatened.

"I don't know if you noticed, but you're also wearing the same clothes as we do," the blonde told me. Immediately, my eyes rounded and I looked down. A surprised breath left my mouth when I realized she was right.

"We are slaves now. Mr. Manross, the short man you met earlier, is our owner. All women here await their fate beyond these walls."

"What is happening outside of this room?" I asked. I could still hear the sound of people outside the room and a man audibly talking and...counting? It appeared that he was actually counting, but to what?

"When it's your turn, you'll be taken on the platform and be displayed for inspection of his customers," the blonde told me. "It's like you're being auctioned off. The highest bidder will get to take you home...or more specifically, their home, wherever that is."

"This is not happening..." I murmured, slowly panicking deep inside. "I can't be here! I can't become a slave! I have a life!"

"We all do, dear," a second woman much older than blondie stated, "But unfortunately, we are trapped here until someone gets us out or auctions us off for that matter."

"How did this happen? How did it come to this?" I asked. I had a feeling how but I wanted to hear their own take of the story.

"Well, I'm pretty sure we all stepped into a portal in an abandoned building near Henswell Street," blondie mock laughed. "Mrs. Therese over there had been here for three months. No customer has ever purchased her and because of it, she was able to observe the routine in this place."

"What routine?" I parroted after glancing at the aforementioned woman.

"She said Mr. Manross's has powers. Using it, he establishes a connection between our world to this world and lures would-be victims to step into the portal and be trapped. He uses a potential victim's innermost desire to capture her. It could be in the form of a past love, a husband, or a dead daughter or son. They then act as a luring agent where it guides you to the abandoned building where the portal is waiting."

"This can't be true." I wanted to deny it, but all her words were spot on. In my case, the luring agent was the wolf which I stupidly thought as Aero. But really now? Blondie said this Manross guy uses the victim's innermost desire. How could Aero become my innermost desire?

This is absurd.

“In addition, once a victim is hooked, she won’t be able to question the presence of the portal. She will be compelled to jump right into it without a second thought. This happened to all of us. I work as a professor at a nearby university in Fort Saint. Seeing a portal in an abandoned building would have been already a red flag for me, but I stepped inside anyway, strongly compelled by his power.”

“I can’t believe this is actually happening,” I replied, feeling a little bit guilty. I knew already the existence of other realms. I knew already that the portal could take me to one of these realms. I admit, maybe I was that naive to think it would put me back in Phanteon.

“Any idea what customers we are dealing with when we stand on top of the platform?” I continued.

Blondie tipped her head up, gesturing to a group of women secretly conversing,

“They are deliberating as of now which is the lesser evil: be purchased by one of his customers or be trapped in this routine like Mrs. Theresa.”

“Why? What’s wrong with this guy’s customers?” I actually expected heads of gangsters or mafia bosses with trust issues and a heavy hand, but nothing prepared me to hear what’s next.

“Oh dear, you don’t know do you?” the second woman said, giving me sharp eyes. “They are vampires.”

## The Alpha King’s Claim chapter 18

[/ The Alpha King’s Claim](#)

Serena

Vampires.

They were just myths playing a man’s mind, romanticized by writers and overused by television shows in my world. But after spending time in Phanteon and actually seeing a real werewolf, I knew better now that vampires really exist too and my best guess was, I am in their realm.

I was never a fan of vampires. The gore, the blood, the fangs, the sleeping in the coffin, and all that creepy turning-into-a-bat stuff. I wished they were all just creations of a writer’s mind to keep readers on their toes. However, judging from my situation and the other women with me in this room, I was beginning to think otherwise. After all, why kidnap human females if not for their blood right?

I felt the color drain my face as reality hit me and soon, my eyes brimmed with tears. However, I wasn’t a crier. I had never been one, so I held it back. Now was not the time to be emotional. Now was the time to escape.

As I formulated a plan in my mind, I saw the women around me one by one pass through the door connected to the other side of the room. I saw blondie and her friend leave too. She didn't say goodbye to me. She just said good luck and with that, I knew I had to do something to curb this fate of mine.

Twenty minutes later, I counted the remaining women around ten, including me. Some looked young, teenagers perhaps, and others looked like me, in their twenties and in the prime of their lives. I understood why they looked scared. I reckon this was their first time in another realm.

Somehow, selfishly, at the back of my mind, I was thankful my first jump didn't end up in the vampire realm and in this auction no less. I was thankful I ended up in Phanteon, treated like royalty although at first my head was threatened of dismemberment.

"You, get up," a busty, fat woman pointed to me with her finger and signaled me to move.

I looked at her with all the hatred I could give. I didn't want to be next. I still need to make a plan, but I guess I was running out of time.

"Get up I say!" she shouted, her face turning red.

Puffing my chest up, I straightened into my full height and walked to the door with my head held high. No vampire would buy me. No vampire would drain my blood. I'll make sure of that.

It turned out, the room I entered was not just a room. It was actually a theater. The platform blondie talked about wasn't just a small platform but actually a stage with two spotlights set-up directly on the center where an artsy sun was drawn.

The man I come to know as Mr. Manross was standing in the boundary of the stage and the backstage. He motioned for me with his head to walk into the spotlighted area, but I gave him a scowl instead.

"You have two choices. Either you show yourself to my customers or you will be bled dry by my juicer," he stated with a warning tone.

I huffed and clenched my teeth. "You'll pay for this," I said, giving him a warning of my own. At the back of my head, the King's face popped. I didn't think he'd sentence this man to death just because of me, but I'd like to believe he'd avenge me anyway. That false hope was what I cling to in the middle of this mess.

Once again, I walked out into the stage with my head held high, but deep inside I was scared and nervous. I didn't want these so-called customers to see me weak. Vampires, as far as I know, prey on the weak. My heart was pounding heavily and my head was still giving me an aura of a headache from my fall earlier. Not to mention my wrist mark too. It was still throbbing and adding to my list of problems.



When I stopped directly on top of the sun sign, I looked at the row of seats in front of me. It was generally dark, but I could still see the silhouettes of people. Some were sitting while others were standing. I couldn't define if these vampires were male or female but they all had one thing in common: they had red, glowing eyes.

A chill crept up my spine. Never in my life had I thought I'd be in this situation. Not at all.

"Recently acquired by our hunter, this woman here is still fresh out from Earth," I heard a man's voice through the microphone. I instantly scanned the area and my eyes landed on a small balcony high up on my right. It was spotlighted too. My guess was, this was the auctioneer.

"As you can see, she is flawless and full of life. Her fair complexion allows you my Lords to see through the veins and arteries under her skin."

I wanted to wretch at the introduction of me. They were seriously going to sell me as food for these vampires?! I clenched my jaw. Not on my watch.

"Fair warning!" I quickly shouted and gave the audience laser-sharp glares. I was told to stand up in the center, but they never warned me about talking during the auction.

I heard a quick gasp from the crowd and then murmurs. This must be the first time their slave talked back to them.

The auctioneer raised his hand and glared at me. "Tie your tongue, human. You have no right to talk."

My nose flared. "I believe I do."

I then raised my hands up as if I was that enormous statue in Rio Grande on top of the hill. Then, I twisted my right hand to reveal my mark. This would ever be the first time I use this mark to my advantage. I hoped it would work.

"I am the Queen of Phanteon and I order you to release me and the slaves you captured for this auction."

Collective gasps—louder this time—enveloped the air of the theater. The auctioneer's eyes went wide and he immediately looked past me to someone behind me.

"Manross, what is the meaning of this?" he grounded out; the goatee he had didn't cover the grim line on his mouth.

"I swear I didn't know!" Manross cried out as he stepped past me. "She was on Earth! I assumed she's human!"

"Well, we can't purchase that woman. Werewolf blood taste bitter," somebody said from the audience, and immediately, murmurs erupted and I heard some affirmed his words with a 'yes.' They probably thought me a werewolf since I am the queen. Good. Let them believe it and I'd take advantage of it.

"True, I heard from my sources that the King of Phanteon was just recently married and many said it was blessed by their deity through a mark on their wrists," the auctioneer said. He stared back at me with a displeased look on his face. "If she's indeed telling the truth and that wrist mark is real, then it's going to be a big problem. I don't want King Aero to cross our realm and wage war on us. Our kind had been peaceful since the creation of the realms. It would be a shame that would be ruined just for a mere woman."

I sensed the dripping arrogance of the auctioneer. I didn't like it, but I held my comments to myself.

He looked at Manross again and gave out a long sigh. "Do as she says," he said. Deep inside me, I was cheering. I didn't think my plan would be successful.

"But Master Oldan! We can't release the others! Our customers—"

"Will understand," he finished and then looked at the audience bearing a big smile on his face.

"My Lords and Ladies have been very supportive of us since this auction started a hundred years ago. I'm sure they support my decision."

I saw silhouettes of heads bobbed up and down in confirmation.

"I'm sure you could always hunt new ones, so I say release this woman and the remaining others at the back room."

"Release those women you already auctioned off too," I added, making myself sound sterner.

The auctioneer shook his head and clucked his tongue. "No, no. That can't do, miss. You see, the vampire lords who had paid for them already sent them to their destinations. As to where that is, I have no idea."

I hissed thinking about blondie and her friend who had gone before me. I felt sorry I couldn't save them on time.

"Fine. I'll take what's left of us then," I stated. "Return us to Earth now."

"If I may..." a new man voiced out suddenly and then, a spotlight was routed to him. He was standing in the highest balcony on the left wearing a starched black suit. His hairline was receding and he looked to be no older than sixty.

"My master would like to purchase that woman including all the remaining slaves you have."

The master in question was sitting on the left side, his face and overall bearing were covered in darkness.

I felt a panic rush inside me. What was he doing?!