

The Alpha King's Claim chapter 2

Aero

On his deathbed, my father gave the crown to me, but he let me promise that I'd get a queen in the next three days.

Three fucking days.

Of course, considering he was dying and that I desired the throne all my life, I had to agree, but deep inside me, I knew I was lying.

Fast forward ten years later, I still didn't fulfill his wish and not an ounce of guilt crept inside my head.

I hated women. All of them in general. And that probably all stemmed because my mother, Olivia, the Queen of Phanteon, decided to bed another man. Lots of them. She had an insatiable appetite for all things cock-related. My father's was unfortunately not enough. In the end, driven mad by jealousy and betrayal, he killed my mother. Only a few people knew about it and the kingdom was fed with false information that she died because of an illness.

Lately, my ministers had pressured me into taking a queen. Or at least own a harem that would cater to my sexual needs.

Those ministers that did that—they were six feet under the ground now, and the harem that they started? Well...let's just say my army was grateful to me.

I don't have any phobia of women really. I simply abhor them and the entire kingdom knew it.

Hence, most, if not all of the staff of the castle, were males. The female staff had to hide whenever I was near, else they'd be beheaded on the spot.

But don't get me wrong. As king, I'm decisive, I'm fair, and I see to the welfare of my people be it of the opposite gender or not.

I just disliked seeing a woman inside my castle or even entertain the thought of having a queen.

So, with that said, you could say I was pretty surprised when a woman suddenly materialized under me when I was just about to drop myself into the bed.

Our eyes met, both wide with surprise and confusion. She had her arms spread on each side; her chest rising and falling double time. Her legs were spread apart. I was in between it and I couldn't deny the brief press of my sudden erection against that fleshy part down her abdomen.

At first, I felt disgusted, but the next second, I felt...

No. Certainly, it was just a play of my mind.

Going back to the matter at hand, my hands remained paralyzed not knowing exactly what to do. Should I shove her away? Should I bring her up from the bed while fisting that waterfall of brown hair? Or should I behead her as I would usually order my guards to do—not like that ever happened to date, but a good demonstration to all my subjects would be a delightful idea to let them know I was truly a man of my word.

Neither of my ideas actually happened, for in a span of two seconds, my double doors burst open and in came my audacious younger brother, Elijah. He didn't even have the gall to knock on my bedroom door and that meant he was in trouble over something only I could fix.

"Oh, what do we have here? I guess the rumors aren't true after all," he said, an amused tone in his voice clear.

I groaned. "This is not what you think."

Glaring at the mysterious, tongue-tied woman, I stood up and pulled myself away from her lightning quick. At the sight of her two abominations—breasts—I cringed. She wore a yellow chemise that left little to the imagination. I wasn't surprised. My whore of a mother used to wear a similar one when seducing her men.

The said garment was almost see-through. The outline of her nipples was as clear as day. Her legs, widely spread to my horror, showed the smoothness of her inner thighs. Luckily, she wore a covering that hid that despicable part of her as a woman.

I hadn't seen such a covering before. What was the name of that thing again I heard from my soldiers? Underwear? Maybe this was a fashion the women of my kingdom use to blindly put men into submission.

'Maybe I'll pass on a decree to rid of such horrid thing.'

When our eyes connected again, she actually had the sense to look surprised and fearful.

Not my first time really. All women I come in contact with be it a princess of some neighboring kingdom or a priestess would show fear in their eyes. They knew my reputation already.

But this mysterious woman, from showing fear, actually had the audacity to frown at me in the next second. She covered her body with the available bedding within her reach and shot me a glare.

"What kind of prank is this?" she yelled. "I demand an answer!"

'She demands an answer?'

I scoffed. What a bold but reckless woman she was. Her head had loose screws maybe? Did she not know I was her king?

"No, I, demand an answer, woman." The muscles of my jaw became taut. My eyes turned to slits as I stared at her glare head-on. "I'm your king. You, however, are a nobody. Who told you to suddenly poof your way inside my chamber, into my bed, under me no less, and demand an explanation?"

Suddenly, she appeared lost for a moment, her brows furrowing, and couldn't speak.

My younger brother saw this as a chance to butt in. "I'm not sure what you guys are trying to prove by acting as if you're both strangers," he clucked his tongue and grinned at me, "but it seems to me, brother, judging from what I saw earlier, my problem is solved. Just tell me you really like women and be done with it. I clearly saw both of you ready to fuck. You can't say I'm imagining things!"

"This is a prank, right? Tell me this is just a prank," the woman cried out, her voice shaky and desperate.

Finally, she decided to leave the mattress and stood on the other side of the bed, a distance away from me and Elijah.

I would have to order my attendants to change my bedding stat.

"I was just inside my room," she continued, her eyes wandering from the room to us. "I heard a woman's voice. She told me to touch the painting. I did and then suddenly, I'm here. It's pretty much a God-damned prank to me." She turned to Elijah with another glare and then to me and continued, "Who are you and who told you to do this?!"

I was beyond pissed with her demanding voice.

Without thinking, I crossed the room and went straight to her in purposeful strides. "Woman, nobody," I said as I neared her, "I repeat, nobody talks to me like that. You are trespassing the royal chamber. You are disrespecting your King. You have shamefully stripped yourself in front of me. You have raised your voice to both two royals. Need I say more? For your transgressions, you will be beheaded on the first light of day."

Fear crossed her eyes again, but it was only brief because she suddenly burst out laughing. One that was belly deep and full.

"Oh my God, you're the best actor I have seen in my entire life!" She placed a hand on my bare shoulder and patted me. Patted me!

The gall of this woman...

"And the setting. Wow. The details of this room sure look striking." She sashayed past me and then enthusiastically studied my Kingdom's emblem embroidered on my bedding. "Wow." She voiced out, her smile stretching from ear to ear.

I was taken off-guard for a moment. Her smile was disarming.

"Seriously, what did you guys do huh? Rent the whole bloody Hollywood for me? Who set you up? I'm sure it was Jenny, right? My cousin can be theatrical sometimes."

What was this woman blabbering about?

Elijah and I exchanged glances. Confusion swirling in our heads.

'Tell me this is just your ploy to make me think you still hate women, brother,' he mind-linked. I tossed him a good, stern look and answered, ' No. As I said, she just materialized in front of me. I didn't bring her here and we were certainly not about to fuck. '

'Wow,' he shook his head slowly, looking amazed. 'Talk about a rip-off.' He watched as the woman sauntered from corner to corner of my bedroom looking for who-knows-what. He tossed me another good look and I swear I clearly saw the cogs in his brain turning. ' Okay, I'll take it from here,' he told me, grinning from ear to ear. ' You just...uhm...keep your mouth shut. She won't see you attractive if you keep up with your stingy attitude."

'What's that supposed to mean?' I growled but he dismissed me, instead establishing a conversation with her again.

"It seems you have been misguided, Beautiful. This is not a prank. You are truly inside the king's chamber. If you so kindly look outside the balcony, you'll see I'm telling the truth."

Elijah gestured to the grand balcony I had left open and beamed a smile on her way.

The woman seemed to consider it. She slowly moved outside, sweeping the long see-through curtains I had to the side as she walked past it, and then stood in the center of my balcony.

The sight of her back with her straight brown hair had me swallowing a nonexistent lump in my throat. I had never had a woman in my chamber before, even more so in my arms. To see her standing there in my balcony wrecked the normal beating of my heart.

I hated it.

"Oh God, this is...this isn't real." She shook her head and then turned to face us again.

Through the sheer curtain, our eyes met again. Hers was a mixture of more confusion, utter surprise and dread. Mine was all pride.

"Oh, but we are," I said, the tone of my voice turning low, predatory, "So if you don't want your head cut off, you would do well to respect me."

She gasped audibly, took a step back and tightened her grip on the bedding. "My head?" she murmured shakily, her face a painting of real fear. "My..."

Then, I saw her eyes roll back. From where she stood, her balance simply disappeared. She was hurtling down the floor faster than I could react, but luckily, before her head contacted the ground, Elijah was quick to catch her. He was known across the kingdom to be the fastest werewolf there was. Well, second to their king at least.

Cradled by his arms, her head hung low, her eyes squeezed shut. Whatever made her unconscious, I didn't care. It would be easier to dispose of her like this.

My brother looked at me, displeased. It was the first time I had seen him like this.

"Brother, don't scare her away please," he said, shaking his head. "She's my only chance at freedom."

"What are you talking about, Elijah?" I barked, my brows knotting.

He looked surprised for a moment and then an amused smile reshaped the grim line of his mouth.

"The Council didn't tell you?"

"Tell me what?" I asked. Nothing escapes my attention unless it was something I purposefully ignored.

Elijah tsked and sighed deeply.

"Father knew you wouldn't take a wife after his death despite your promise," he started. With that sentence alone, I had a feeling I wouldn't like what would come next. "So, to solve that problem, he set a limit to your kingship. You'll kiss your crown goodbye if you didn't take a wife forty days after your twenty-ninth birthday."

"What?!" I bellowed. The hell didn't I know this?

My birthday was three days from now. For a normal man blessed with good looks and wealth, forty days would have been easy to procure a wife, but to me, it was close to impossible. I prefer to go to war with the fae realm than woo a woman.

Shit.

"You could only imagine how that sounded to me," my brother went on, his jaw tensing. "I'm the next in line to the crown, but you know I don't want it. Just thinking about the duties gives me chills."

He looked back at the woman and as quick as a blink, his expression lightened. He smiled again.

"However, it seems the Goddess has smiled down on you, brother. The timing is just perfect. Look at her. She's your ticket to your marital problems. She's my ticket to freedom."

"She's my ticket to a big ass headache," I quipped. "She appears to be clueless about where she is and who we are. My suspicion is, she came from a different realm. She could be anything and I don't want that." I cast a cold look at the woman and snarled. "I don't need a wife. I don't need a queen. I've told the council that over and over again."

"But your kingdom needs an heir," Elijah replied. "If you won't give them, who else will?"

"You will," I answered without hesitation. "You have a number of women in your lap, Elijah. You probably have a brood as we speak. Let one of your firstborns be my heir."

"And risk a rebellion?" he frowned at me. "Aero, you are the rightful ruler. I am just your step-brother. I'm not cut out for this stuff and neither are my sons..." He cleared his throat and shrug his shoulders, "Well...if I do have one, but that's not the point. As your Royal Adviser, I advise you to take this woman. She materialized under you for crying out loud. Doesn't that mean something?"

"I hate women. I hate their guts. I abhor their bodies," I stated point-blank. "If you won't help me fix this problem, then I'll fix it on my own. I'm the Alpha King of Phanteon. I'll overwrite our father's decree."

"Good luck with that then," he snapped.

I rolled my eyes heavenward in response to his statement, then I turned away from them and walked out of the balcony.

"Take her to the dungeon. She'll rot there for as long as possible."