

The Alpha King's Claim chapter 21

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Serena

The...other side of the story? I was taken aback. "What do you mean?" I tried to control my voice from choking and my mind from any wandering thoughts. Following the actions of Queen Elizabeth of Great Britain, I left my face blank of any emotion. Through this, I'd be unreadable in his eyes.

He walked past me, encircling me as he went on.

"Since the moment you claimed you were the Phanteon Queen, I had wondered why you were in the human world. Werewolves have been known to be quite loyal to their realm. They prefer to be in their territory together with their packs."

I raised my chin up as if I had a ready answer to give. However, truth be told, I didn't have an alibi at all. God help me.

"Also, I have known Aero to be quite hateful of women," he continued. Commonsense told me where he was going with his words and so my hands started to tremble.

He couldn't have known! It was impossible!

"That said, I'm thinking of four possible reasons: One, your wolf husband decided to stay in the human world for your honeymoon."

I almost choked. Honeymoon, yes, if the sun breaks into two.

"—which for me is highly unlikely," he added, grinning. "As I said, werewolves prefer to be in their territory."

I remembered Phanteon and how majestic the place was. It wouldn't have been that bad to stay there for a honeymoon if I only married the right man.

"Two," he continued, stopping to face me, "you were sent there for a mission—which again is unlikely."

His eyes turned dark and lust-filled as he gave me a once-over.

"Even I wouldn't want to let you leave my bed or my castle. No mission is more important than a new wife, especially when she's a horny one."

My cheeks heated.

"I could sense your heat you know. Wolves are known to get crazy over it. Aero would have taken advantage of it, so again the question, why are you in the human world?"

I felt my mouth dry up. Still, I couldn't form an alibi. This vampire master must be muddling up my brain with his powers if he had one.

Then, he circled me once more.

This wasn't a negotiation anymore. This was more like an interrogation.

"Three, your husband rejected you simply because you're a woman and that your marriage is a fake just to save his throne."

This time, my blood ran cold. Fuck, he was spot on.

"His hatred of women is known far and wide, so to find out he had already married and so fast at that makes me suspicious. Maybe the council decided to put a blind eye to it. Maybe they are that desperate to have him wedded fake or not...or maybe they saw the wedding as real because of those marks that had appeared on your wrists."

I hissed inwardly. This mark again...

"Lastly, four, you are really a human and you returned to your world after fooling the rest of the werewolf population of your so-called marriage. That in turn begs the question, how were you able to hop in and out of Phanteon?"

"Think however you want," I answered, choosing to ignore his crafty words, "what I want to talk to you about is our freedom. I want you to bring us back to Earth now."

He grinned again and shook his head.

"Oh, no, no. I simply can't do that. I purchased you after all just to know the truth. To have you returned to your realm beats my purpose."

"Then, release all those women!" For the life of me, I couldn't hold on to my anger. I didn't care if he was some master of a grand castle or a fucked up vampire king. I wouldn't stand at such abuse. "If you don't want to free me because of that stupid curiosity, then just release them!"

He sighed and returned to his earlier spot near the balustrade.

"There's a reason why I also purchased those women, Your Highness. The blood auction is our way of life. It sustains us vampires. It organizes us. These women, they are our food."

Fucking typical vampire problem.

"Don't you have any other means of nourishment?" I hissed.

"Hm, of course, we have. The witches have provided us food close to our diet. They created a wine that resembled all the characteristics of the human blood but nothing beats the real deal."

I clenched my hands to stop the trembling threatening to start. If he knew I was a human...I'd probably be dead.

"I prefer to call the 'blood auction' of Oldan and Manross as a 'delicacies auction,'" he went on.

I sent him knife-like glares.

"You're despicable."

He cocked his head to the right and looked down at me like I had just amused him.

"For a vampire, I don't think so. They are just my nature."

"But you would get their blood against their will? You would force them to do your bidding?!"

"Correction, Your Highness," he interrupted. "It is not forced and definitely not against their will. True that at first they show fear, but you would find out pretty soon they adjust to their surroundings quite comfortably."

He stepped closer to me. I stepped back. He leaned down instead and explained some more using fluid words tickling my ear.

"I don't force them to do my bidding. I don't beguile them. They willingly offer their blood to me and in return, they get extreme pleasure from it so much so that they never want to return to the human world again."

I scoffed.

"I don't believe you."

Then, without warning, he snaked his arm around me, captured my waist, and pulled me close against his chest.

In reflex, I pushed myself back but he held me tighter.

"Hm, the incense of Manross is powerful," he remarked with his nose close to my neck. "Its effect will wear off two days after, hence, I couldn't really smell your blood, but make no mistake, Your Highness. I will taste your rich crimson the moment I find out you're no werewolf and you yourself will see what pleasure I am talking about."

The courage I had been gathering since our conversation slowly diminished. He was threatening me outright in the face. I didn't want to know what kind of ultimate pleasure he was talking about. Heck, I just didn't want my neck pierced with vampire fangs.

"Don't look helpless," he told me, his words humming against his throat. "I'm pretty sure your husband got wind of your presence here on the vampire realm. If he indeed cared for you, he'll come here and claim you."

Uhhh...that's going to be a problem. Knowing the werewolf king, he wouldn't waste his time to visit realms just for me.

"And will you hand me over to him that easily?" I lashed, feigning as if my dear husband indeed cared and he was coming for me. "You won't cause a war between realms?"

His lips tipped upward whilst piercing me with his red eyes.

"Depends on how you taste," he murmured.

"You must be joking." My palm went cold. For the first time ever since stepping in this vampire realm, I felt like food. And in his eyes, I saw myself as the most delectable food he would soon taste.

I was a hundred percent sure King Aero would never come to my rescue. I was on my own.

"In the next two days, you'll find that I don't joke, Your Highness," he explained further. Every word I speak is absolute and true. I am the Dark Lord of Vampires in this realm. I am Lord Zuir Hale Lioncourt."

Dark Lord of the vampires? I cried out in my head. No wonder Manross and the auctioneer didn't think twice handing me over to this vampire. He was literally the 'king' of this realm.

And I knew I was done for.

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Aero

The travel to the Kingdom of Viacronis was smooth, fast, and uneventful. Nothing beats me entering their realm dressed in Phanteon's official royal uniform and crest. These items spoke of my stature. No questions would be asked whenever I come and visit a realm wearing these. The guardians would always think it was for business purposes. And I want them to think of it that way. I didn't want them to know I came to the vampire realm for a woman.

Half an hour earlier while I was changing into my royal uniform, Elijah couldn't keep his mouth shut.

"No, don't even think about it," he said, frowning. He was supposed to leave my room while I changed, but he didn't. Instead, he kept a close watch on me likely afraid I might run the other way and abandon her.

"What?" I asked as I slipped into my trousers.

"I know what you're thinking, brother, but it won't happen. Whether you like it or not, we are going to Viacronis to get the queen."

"How about you get her instead?" I suggested, my face lacking any picture of concern. "Why must I go there too?"

He hissed loudly and shook his head. "You of all people exactly know why. Not only because you are the King of Phanteon but you are also her husband!"

"Tsk, the marriage was staged," I huffed. "There was nothing real to it except for this fucking mark so I think you using the word 'husband' is premature."

"Urghhh," he massaged his forehead, no doubt losing his patience, "just...change and fast. If we're lucky, she won't end up as Hale's dinner."

At the mention of the vampire lord's name, my lycan side growled. The fuck...of all the vampires to purchase her, must it be the dark lord himself?

Learning of Hale's involvement in this situation, I was beginning to think my 'unfinished business' alibi was actually turning into a valid reason.

Zuir Hale Lioncourt had always been shrouded with mystery. Nobody could decipher him. Nobody could read his thoughts. In the many inter-realm meetings of all the leaders, this vampire master was the most silent and secretive of all. Because of this, many had been wary of him, including me.

Nobody knew how he ruled his realm and not even a rumor about him has circulated. His subjects were privy to it and tight-lipped. Or...at least if there was, it hadn't reached my ears.

We knew however about the human blood auction happening in his territory. The guardians, the other leaders and I kept a blind eye to it as long as it didn't tip off the balance of the realms. Plus, the humans enslaved were quite happy and contented about serving such blood-sucking creatures.

But now, as thoughts of his fangs possibly sinking into that woman's neck, my perspective has changed.

"Mine," my wolf growled out again and again as Elijah and I hopped realms. It was behaving badly inside me. I tried to calm it down. I didn't want to end up shifting in the vampire realm and risk creating a misunderstanding.

Vampires and werewolves have had a heated relationship in the past long before the realms were created. A werewolf's presence inside a vampire realm would surely upset the carefully-erected truce and war might break out between the two realms.

Sure I'd love to exercise my battle prowess on some army of vampires, but I didn't want that kind of headache for now. That woman's unnecessary presence was already enough to occupy my time. Plus, for a war to actually break out between realms just because of a woman was absurd at best. I wasn't that stupid. Let the vampires have her for all I care.

However, my beast side thought otherwise. It wanted the woman. It wanted to save her. I could feel the desire to rescue her stat.

"You know already how vampires have irresistible charms," Elijah reminded me as we entered Hale's castle made of mostly black marble. I hadn't been in this area of the realm before, or more technically, I had stepped foot in this realm only twice.

The first was when I was a teen, holding the position of an apprentice. My father brought me to all the realms including Viacronis to learn more about it. Second was to personally visit its guardian, Kerus, when I became the official King of Phanteon, bringing one dead female vampire found in the outskirts of my territory. I left it to Kerus to fix the problem and shall we say, that case hadn't been solved yet.

The vampires were a bunch of messed up creatures if you ask me.

"What's your point for bringing that up?" I lashed at him, looking ahead on an enormous portal already opened to welcome us. Next to it was Hale's well-known errand man, the butler.

It seemed like his master was already expecting us.

"Well nothing," Elijah answered, catching my attention. He was grinning at me suspiciously. "I am just curious how you would react if you find out Serena's been charmed by the Dark Lord."

Despite my better judgment, I inwardly hissed upon hearing it. She could find a man whoever, whenever, and wherever for all I care, but why do I feel as if a part of me had just been pierced at the thought of her with another man?

Fuck. This must be the work of the Goddess's mark. A month had past and I was yet to learn what this meant for me and for her. Unfortunately, after consulting Hindall again and all the seers of the other realms, no one could erase it from my wrist.

I was indefinitely bound to this mark by force. I hated it.

"If she did, then it only means she has a weak heart," I smoothly changed the subject instead. "How shallow of her if she only sees a man in his physical appearance."

"I heard Hale is a gentleman though."

My brow quirked up briefly.

"And a smooth-talker. He is also good in bed."

"Where did you say you heard these rumors again?" I growled at him, gradually feeling pissed.

"You forget, I have a lot of lady friends, brother," he answered smugly. "They talk and you would be amazed how much intel you could gather in each of the realms from them."

Displeasure was evident on my face upon hearing it.

"All the more reason why I steer clear of women. They don't have any filters in their mouths."

I hurried my steps, intent on ending our conversation that instant. When I reached the entrance portal, the butler lowered his head and gestured to the foyer.

"Your Majesty, King Aero, I would like to extend my master's happiness to have you in his abode. I would be honored to lead you to his meeting room."

"No, that's not necessary," I shook my head. "I'm sure he knows why we came here. I don't want to waste my precious time, so release the wom—"

'Brother,' Elijah mind-linked me suddenly, 'Call her by her name or refer to her as your queen wife. You know the consequence already if you won't.'

I released a long, controlled sigh.

"I'm here for my... wife—the Queen of Phanteon. Send her out this instant," I rephrased, putting careful consideration on the woman's fake title.

"That's not the proper way to behave in my territory, King Aero," I suddenly heard Hale's disembodied voice linger all over the foyer. It wouldn't have been a big deal. However, I could scent the woman's smell sticking on the dark lord.

Right away, my wolf senses reacted and went into overdrive.

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Serena

After the dark lord introduced himself, he released my waist and walked past me.

"Come with me," he said, tipping his head briefly towards the double doors.

I was not about to trust him easily especially after that threat so I arched a brow and asked him, "Where are we going?"

He paused from walking and glanced at me with a grin plastered on his face.

"To the human slaves," he said. "With all the care you are expending to them, I take it you want to see them, right?"

I was aware I was being reckless earlier by showing too much interest on those women, so I decided to mellow it down to try and divert his attention. The trick was to stay true to my ruse of being a werewolf.

"You should know that I care and care deeply no matter what creature he or she is. I value justice and I value life. I step up when no one does. I fight for what is right."

"Wise words from a queen," were his simple comment.

I hoped it was enough to lead him to the wrong path of the truth.

"Shall we, Lord Zuir?" I asked, pinning my sights on the doorway.

He stopped me from walking by touching my left arm with his chilly hand.

"Just Hale," he corrected. "I prefer your tongue speak that name."

The way he looked at me made me uncomfortable. No matter how beautifully handsome he was, I couldn't get past the idea that I might be his meal in the future.

I just nodded at him and chose to ignore the little flirting he just did. He continued to walk again and I followed him from behind.

For minutes, we traversed four hallways and two stairs going down before we arrived in what he called as the 'Slaves Wing.'

The butler earlier walked from behind me like a ghost. I didn't notice his presence at all! He opened another set of double doors at the signal of his master and then bowed his head.

Inside, a spacious foyer greeted me and filled with it were women of different skin, built and hair color and cut. I was speechless for a moment and I was highly aware my mouth just dropped.

I recognized a few faces from the auction we experienced hours ago. Their eyes lit up at the sight of me, but I also saw a mixture of wariness when they saw the vampire standing next to me. Or at least, a quarter of them gave off that kind of vibe.

Majority of the women were actually starry eyed when they saw their master. My guess was, they had been in this realm...in this castle for quite some time serving the dark lord and probably even experiencing his so-called extreme pleasure.

Then, they dipped their heads and curtsied.

"Welcome, Milord Hale," most of the women chorused with a little bit of giggle in the end.

My brow briefly quirked up.

I couldn't believe how obedient and pliant they were. In my eyes, I saw them as a harem for this vampire's diverse appetite. Was there really no power involved in this set-up? Were they really willing to give up their lives on Earth and trade it for this...weird orgy?

I couldn't fathom the answer.

"This beautiful woman with me is the Queen of Phanteon. She'll stay here for the meantime as my special guest. I want the best care for her."

"Yes, Milord," they answered.

I noticed a woman standing far away from the group, against a black marble column that was adorned with gold tassels. Though she wasn't smiling, she looked at me with warm recognition in her eyes.

Blondie! My mind cried out. Somehow, I felt bad I didn't know her real name, but anyway, that could be corrected later.

Relief filled me upon realizing she was purchased by the dark lord himself. If I'd be lucky, we would be good friends, and possibly partners in the escape plan I was still to concoct in my head. I could convince her to leave with me before the end of the two days, and we could find a way back to our world. We could even bring the others who hadn't been charmed by the dark lord yet, but I knew that would pose a greater risk.

The dark lord then pivoted and faced the hallway again.

"Shall we?" he asked.

"Where are you going to lead me this time?" I gave him a suspicious glare.

"To your chamber of course, Your Highness. My right-hand man will accompany you upstairs. I'm sure you need rest after such an ordeal in the auction house."

"I will rest when I want to," I stated, keeping my voice stern. "Right now, I want to ensure that these women are well-attended to. I know you think of them as slaves but they have lives you know, and they have feelings."

"You want to stay here," he stated, not putting a question mark in the end.

"Let me stay here," I answered.

He glanced at his butler and stated, "I'll allow you a few hours to spend with them. After that, my right-hand will take you back to your chamber."

"Agreed," I nodded.

He left with his cape billowing on the wind. Even though he told me I was his special guest, I still felt like a prisoner here with his controlled activities. However, I'd take anything I could get.

When he and his butler was out of sight, I entered the crowded foyer and flashed a smile. Some reciprocated the friendly gesture, but the others, to my surprise, didn't.

"If you think you could hoard the Master's attention all to yourself, then you're dead wrong," one woman with a long, black hair stated. She wore a red gown with a neckline that almost spilled her boobs. She reminded me of Betty Boop, but a bitchy version of her.

"What makes you think I want his sole attention on me?" I asked, lifting a brow.

She flashed a mocking smile and rolled her eyes. "Oh please, spare me the innocent act. Everybody here wants a piece of the Master. The fact that you declared yourself a queen in some place made us think you want to be noticed."

So she doesn't know Phanteon...my mind commented. I'm unsure whether that was an advantage or not.

"I am a queen, but I don't expect you to prostrate in front of me. In fact, I'm here to help you...or I should say, I'm here to those who needed help."

"Help in what?" another woman with a short bob exclaimed. She was a few bodies away from the first woman.

"I believe we had the same circumstances leading to where we are right now. I was in an auction with a number of women and I believe these women need my help more than you do. They wanted to return to Earth."

“Huh!” the black-haired woman scoffed. “Them? Returning to Earth? But...whatever. The lesser competition on the Master’s attention the better.”

“Exactly my point. So now, I’d like to speak to some of them,” I stated.

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Serena

On cue, the crowd parted, giving me a clear path as I walked towards Blondie, the first person I wanted to converse. Behind me, I could feel the eyes of the women; could feel the tension among those who still saw me as competition and admiration to those who saw me as their savior.

But to be honest, I didn’t have a strategy yet, one that would successfully take a quarter of these women out from Lord Hale’s possession. Maybe I was giving them false hope since basically, I’d be doomed too two days from now, but it was better than sulking and submitting to this precarious fate.

Blondie smiled at me when I reached her. I smiled back and extended my hand.

“We haven’t been properly introduced yet. I’m Serena McAllister,” I stated, waiting for her to reply.

She took my hand and shook it. “Rhea Thompson. I’m glad to see you here.”

“So do I,” I expressed with a wider smile.

I turned to face the crowd and saw that they had dispersed already; some had gone to a nearby hallway leading to their quarters probably and some had grouped outside the interconnected balconies of the foyer. The black-haired bitch earlier was nowhere in sight. Good riddance to her.

“Sofia gave you dead glares before she left,” Rhea informed, giving me a lopsided grin.

“Sofia?” I lifted a brow.

“That busty woman earlier who made an enemy out of you already,” she explained whilst crossing her arms over her chest. Dressed in a Venus-cut white satin gown, she almost looked like a goddess. She had a unique beauty to her, the kind where she didn’t need make-up but still, she’d stood out.

“Oh her...” I chuckled and continued to watch the giggling women in one of the balconies.

"When we arrived as a new addition to their master's harem, she was quick to express her leadership," Rhea continued. "Maybe that's the reason why she had an instant dislike to you because you're a queen."

"Women like her should just be ignored," I remarked. "I don't want to waste my time stooping to her filthy level."

She laughed briefly, taking delight on what I said. "I couldn't agree more."

There was something about Rhea that I instantly had a connection to. Something warm and fuzzy. A soul sister — maybe that's the right word to define her.

"So, what's our escape plan? You got an army on the way here to rescue you and hopefully, the rest of us?"

Urghh... How I wish that was the case.

Her words reminded me of King Aero who for sure didn't even know I am in the vampire realm, or if he did, wouldn't bother his time rescuing me. The prick...

"I ah...am working on it," I scrambled to say, "and hopefully it wouldn't involve bloodshed or us being dead."

"Hmm, I'm counting on it, Your Highness," she stated with a grin.

"Please, just Serena. That title is a mouthful," I cringed.

"Sure, no problem," she nodded, then stepped forward to face me. "Do you want a grand tour inside a vampire's harem?"

"Hmm, as long as there's no blood on the floors then sure, I'd like to. Maybe then we could find an escape route." I stepped forward too, feeling better now that I have a comrade in arms.

"That sounds good to me," she stated and pointed to the first hallway on the left of the foyer. "Let's start there."

Not a surprise, I had fun spending time with Rhea. We were quick to discover our likes and dislikes and although it wasn't all that similar, we still synced. I was enjoying myself thoroughly that I didn't notice the time. The butler interrupted us sometime later and reminded me of my agreement with his master.

Rhea and I parted ways with the promise to meet again the following morning. After that, the butler guided me to my chamber which was actually two floors up from the Slave's Wing. I made a mental note of each twist and turn, each hallway leading to a particular part of the castle. At times, I'd throw in a question or two. The butler, not suspicious at all, answered me with gusto.

"Please rest for a while, Your Highness. Come nightfall, the master would like to dine with you," he stated when we reached my chamber.

I quickly shook my head right after I stepped inside my room. "Dining with him isn't necessary, Sir," I told him, thoughts of watching him sip the crimson liquid on a chalice wouldn't sit well with my stomach.

"The Master insists and he doesn't like to be rejected," he answered with a warning tone, but he did this all whilst lowering his head, still projecting subservience.

I huffed inside. Such typical vampire bossiness... "I'll see him later then," I told him.

The butler closed the door and left me alone to ponder on my actions and the pending dinner with Lord Hale. God help me, I really needed a miracle now.

"Hello?" I voiced out two hours after when I noticed a shadowy figure standing on the threshold of my walk-in closet. My balcony door was wide open despite closing it earlier. I instantly connected the dots.

Figures... I was in vampire territory. I should have known I'd be ambushed by others like Master Hale.

My heartbeat sped up.

"Sofia said I'd catch a queen here and she was right," the figure stated, ultimately giving me an idea he was a man. He did mention Sofia's name so yeah...I didn't wonder any further. Bitches like her have an itch that needed to be scratched; an itch of jealousy and arrogance. I so wanted to put her in her rightful place.

"At first I didn't believe her words, but when she innocently mentioned Phanteon, I was instantly tempted to see you," he continued under the protection of the shadows.

From what I could gather, he was a six-footer, had broad shoulders and spiky hair.

"Who are you and what do you want from me?" I stated, slowly standing up from my bed dressed still on my turtleneck, backless gown.

"You are the Queen of Phanteon, are you not?" he asked, stepping out from the shadows.

Finally, I was able to put a face to the voice. Sofia was right to have picked a lackey. He had a goatee like that of Tony Stark, but instead of it screaming suave and heroic, this vampire here was letting off a dangerous vibe.

"Yes, I am," I answered, lifting my chin up like that of a true born queen.

He chuckled weirdly. "Then I am in luck. My revenge will be sweet."

"Revenge?" I echoed, now feeling the trembling of my hands.

"Your husband delivered a dead vampire in our realm decades ago. She was my betrothed. Our guardian, Kerus, said the king wasn't involved in her death but you know what I think? I think he was covering him. That werewolf hated women. The fact that my fiancée was a vampire made it worse. He killed her, I know he did."

I didn't really want to believe anything from the mouth of this vampire, however, who was I to quickly dismiss him when I knew nothing of King Aero myself?

"You shouldn't assume things over that basis," I answered instead, choosing neutral words.

"Yeah?" he cocked an eyebrow. "Of course, you'd say that. He's your husband."

He started nearing me, stepping thrice, no doubt ready for whatever he had planned on me. I knew I was helpless when faced with a foe like a vampire, but I chose not to back down. Let me die trying if that's what's going to be.

"I'll enjoy draining you and dumping your dead ass on the doorstep of your husband's castle," he snarled, still advancing.

I moved back, clenching my teeth. "You don't want to do this,"

"Oh yeah? Why not?" he scoffed.

"Because Lord Hale will catch you and punish you," I said confidently. God, I hope this was enough to thwart his plan.

"You'll be long dead before he gets me," he answered. "It's a fair price. Plus, he couldn't kill me. It's against vampire law."

Shit. I was trapped.

As I moved closer to my bedside table, I felt a lampshade made of porcelain. I decided to hold it, try and use it as a form of weapon.

Seeing this, he chuckled. "That's pathetic."

"I know," I stated. "That's why I'm doing this."

With that, I threw the lampshade against the glass partition of my chamber and the balcony. Instantly, it broke and it broke loudly.

I hoped it was an enough noise to alert the butler, any resident living in this castle, or Lord Hale himself.

But as the shards of glass fell, I was hit on the cheeks. Blood quickly gushed out. The vampire lackey chuckled.

“You just made yourself even more delectable, Your Highness. I don’t care how bitter your werewolf blood is. I’m going to drink all that in the name of my dead fiancée.”

I didn’t think anymore. In the hopes of evading him just to buy time, I chose to run outside the balcony, passing the bits of glass barefooted.

I cringed when my skin did touch some shards. I felt the laceration on the soles of my feet. I felt the stickiness of the marbled floor. It was hard to continue running, but I knew I just had to.

“Stop wasting your blood, luna. Leave some for me!” I heard him say and the next thing I knew I was pushed forcefully down the floor, my forehead easily hitting solid ground leaving as a consequence, a fucking glorious headache.

It was all blurry after that. I heard a squeal of pain first and then saw my attacker being dragged away from me.

I felt a large hand touch my back and then a gentle touch of something soft and wet on my nape. It lingered for a few seconds until it was followed by something I could easily discern as a tongue despite my fuzzy state.

This man or woman was clearly licking me...or more like my blood. Further dread washed all over me, but unfortunately, this time, I couldn’t fight anymore. I was dragged to the bottom of darkness the moment my eyes snapped shut.

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Aero

Hale couldn’t be more predictable. He stayed hidden in the shadows as if I couldn’t sense where he was, but I did. Clearly, I could see him leaning against a column in the second floor, just near the grand stairs, looking down at me in that sickening vampire red eyes.

He was condemning my attitude, huh. Like I cared pleasantries.

“Would you rather I bring my army instead?” I threatened, my voice cool and composed but filled with a promise of disaster. “I could smell my wife’s blood on you. What have you done to her?”

Again, my wolf clawed inside me, trying to surface and control our conversation. It was feeling restless at the smell of her against his skin. It didn’t like it. My lycan side didn’t like it. And as crazy as it sounded, I didn’t like it.

Just what the fuck had he done to her?

With utter difficulty, I kept my wolf in a tight leash. It howled and clawed, trashed, and snarled inside me, disliking my delaying to shift. My lycan side joined in the picture and growled at me, 'Let's kill the blood-sucker,' it said.

I was tempted to do so but in the end, I restrained my wolf and kept it contained inside me. There wasn't any doubt in my mind I'd enjoy ripping this vampire's throat apart, but for now, I behaved. I still need to know where he kept her. From the stinking blood everywhere in this castle, it was hard to trace the woman's scent apart from what I could already smell from Hale. He was nearest me after all.

"No need to worry, Aero. Your beautiful wife is fine. Still warm and alive despite what happened earlier," he voiced out, the words reverberating in my mind.

"Expound," I growled, the thought of him possibly sucking her blood just didn't sit well with me.

Seconds later, Hale's full frame emerged from the spot I had determined earlier. His eyes were still trained on me and mine on him. He looked the same as he did when we last saw each other a decade ago, plus a new set of clothes. I scoffed when I saw his infamous cape behind him. He was always the guy who wears this outrageous accessory.

"There was an incident you see," he started. "Honestly, you could have prevented it from happening if you came here early."

I read the fine print in his words and saw that he was questioning my lateness. It would have been easy to explain my side, but I wasn't a person who liked to explain.

"Quit it with your puzzles, Hale," I growled. "Where is she and what happened to her?"

He tipped his head up, pointing to a hallway on the second floor.

"Follow me."

Elijah and I exchanged glances.

'I got your back, brother,' he mind-linked.

'We will be ready for whatever surprise he had in store for us,' I replied.

After releasing a deep breath, I climbed up the grand stairs with Elijah behind me. Hale was already a couple of paces away, so we hurried our steps to reach him. If I knew already where she was, I would have transported myself there. However, vampire lairs, especially this one, have certain enchantments that prevent that.

Hale proceeded to guide us to a particular room at the end of the hallway. As usual, the extravagances of a vampire was evident when we entered the said room's living space. Don't get me wrong. I love fine things too, but this one was just too much to handle. Too red and too dark for my taste.

"Queen Serena is just behind that door," Hale informed, gesturing for a female servant to open the portal for us. She had blonde hair, fair skin, and reeking of the smell of human blood. It seemed that this woman here hasn't been bitten by her master yet.

As she opened the door, I watched a flicker of worry in her eyes for the person lying on the bed. I stared at that same person and realized it was Serena; a bit pale, under deep sleep, and with small laceration wounds on her cheeks and forehead.

My wolf immediately howled. Feeling the sudden worry and pain, I spun around, faced Hale again, and in a flash, my semi-transformed hand was around his neck.

"What had you done to her!" I growled.

Elijah shouted in my mind, 'Brother no! You'll risk war!'

'Fuck it!' I shouted without thinking.

"My apologies, Lord Hale!" Elijah quickly knelt on one knee beside us, "We could smell the Queen's blood on you. We couldn't avoid thinking you had bitten her."

"I did not," Hale managed to say despite my tight grip on his throat. His eyes were bloodshot staring at me, but I could see he was telling the truth.

Not a second more, I released him and he struggled for a moment to keep his balance.

"I..." he cleared his throat, no doubt feeling the tightness of my grip, and then went on, "saved her from an attack of one of my subjects who held an undying grudge on you." He highlighted my involvement without hesitation.

I didn't take offense but I was thoroughly curious.

"Undying grudge on me?" I worded, my anger still simmering on the surface.

"Upon further questioning of the vampire, he said the dead female vampire you dump on Kerus's lair decades ago was his betrothed. He claimed you killed her."

"I did not," was my fast reply. Funny how this word became overused in a matter of seconds. "I won't waste my time on trivial things, but I had the decency to personally deliver the dead body on Kerus so I may also reprimand him on his leniency over your realm."

"Hm, I figured as much," Hale remarked. "But this vampire is dead-set on killing your queen as payment."

I snarled. Just the thought of that woman's lifeless body gave me a twisted stomach. Heck, I hated it.

"You do realize I will have to bring that vampire in my kingdom and charge him with treason and a sentence of death for attacking my wife."

There was not a hint of emotion on Hale's face when he just simply answered, "Do what you see fit, but I will have to give you his dead body instead. He broke my house rule first and had to suffer my wrath."

I was aware this dark lord was merciless, but for him to beat me from the pleasure of having to punish the said vampire left a bad taste in my mouth. I could have done better in tormenting this shitty vampire for attacking my woma...er...that woman.

And speaking of which, I turned to look at her again and after a really long, really deep breath, I neared the bed.

The blonde woman was just silent, taking all of the scenes in, but I sensed she was nervous and curious.

Elijah behind me was the same and surprisingly, I sensed him to be quite aroused by the presence of the blonde. This was the usual occurrence whenever he was nearby the opposite sex, but somehow, it was more potent.

"I'll take her with me," was my announcement, aiming for my fake wife.

"And I'll take her with us," was Elijah's immediate addition, no doubt aiming for the blonde.

Hale and I both stared at him.

"For the Queen. She needs special attention. I hear humans are good in caring the sick," he reasoned and quite smooth at that.

Looking at the dark lord, he didn't seem to catch the hint, or if he did, he cared less.

"I want to go too!" Then the blonde exclaimed, claspng her hands against her chest. "Please!"

She looked at me, then to Elijah, then to Hale, her eyes now brimming with tears. She was desperate.

"If you take her, I'll expect some kind of payment..." Hale insinuated.

"Name it and we'll be even," was Elijah's quick words.

I brought my brow up. The hell he...

As my royal adviser, he had every right to undergo business on my behalf but with me present? He wasn't supposed to. I sensed it was all because of this human female near him.

Arhg fuck. Now his penis was doing the talking.

"I'll claim the payment in a different time," Hale expressed, smirking. "For now, your main concern is the queen."

He neared the bed too, closer than I could, and even went as far as to grab her limp hand and caressed it with his thumb. "Though Queen Serena hadn't lost that much blood from her wounds, she hit her head on the floor. She could have concussed."

"My healers will give her the best medical attention," I exclaimed, moving closer to her on the other side of the bed. My eyes gave his hand a sharp glare, not at all hiding my apparent...dislike on the contact of their skin.

Hale must have sensed it because he at first chuckled, released her hand, and then stepped back. "I have great faith your healers will, King Aero. It was a pleasure to be graced by your...very special...queen even for just a short amount of time."

"I doubt she feels the same way on your realm, Lord Hale," I lashed. Being honest wasn't necessary when clearly being attacked and threatened wouldn't make for a good memory of his realm.

"Understandably acceptable," he grinned.

Acting like a worried husband still, I swooped in and wrapped my arms around her. Then, in just a blink of an eye, I was back in my castle with her with me. Elijah was left on the vampire realm with the blonde. I wasn't concerned about him. He could easily find a way back to our realm.

Conveniently, the place I transported us two was in my chamber. Despite disliking it, I had to place her here to continue our ruse. My council still thought we were on our honeymoon after all.

'William, get the best healers in the kingdom stat,' I mind-linked at my beta whilst arranging her on my bed.

'As you command, Your Majesty,' he quickly replied.

The Alpha King's Claim chapter 26

/ The Alpha King's Claim

Aero

For the first time ever, I was glad the healers in my kingdom were mostly female. Three of the best lined up to meet me in my throne room when I summoned for them. They were nervous inside. I could easily sense it as I gave them a careful once-over.

"You will be taking care of the queen. She is sick. I want to know everything about her status, her prognosis, and the medications she will take."

By the mention of the queen, their eyes somehow lit up. They looked at each other and nodded subtly before one curly-haired healer said, "It is an honor for us to heal the queen, Your Majesty. We will do our best."

"William, take them to my chamber," I ordered, looking at my beta who was dressed in his official royal uniform of emerald green and gold. As my first cousin on the father's side, he was the best man for the position. Plus, he was skilled in combat and politics. Like Elijah, he was indispensable.

He lowered his head first before guiding the healers out of my throne room. I sighed thereafter, thinking of just how much this arrangement had gone out of control.

First, was Sedsah, my ever-dependable augur. He had foreseen the queen's ill state the moment I transported back to my realm. With that, he immediately went to me, offering his healing skills. In a heartbeat, I declined. I didn't want any man to touch her even if he was the doctor.

Second, were my council. They had sought an audience with me for whatever reason, but since I prioritized meeting the healers, they had to stand outside the throne room and wait for my signal.

"Come in," was my cue and at the opening of the double doors by the two stationed guards, the council members came rushing inside.

"Your Majesty," they chorused and all knelt on one knee before straightening up. There were exactly fourteen of them. All loyal to the crown. All loyal to my father. I was yet to test how loyal they were to me, but so far, in my ten years of being their alpha king, they were doing good.

Until they conspired to have me wedded just to fulfill the final decree of my father...fuck.

The council was composed of the head of the packs in my kingdom. Only a couple of them were clean-shaven, most have beards or goatees that were either graying due to old age or in the shade of black or brown to keep up with the trend. Some had protruding bellies, some were muscular and fit, some were too old to stay as head of the pack and must be replaced.

The packs of my kingdom were based on the skills they specialized in. It had been a long-held tradition to use the kingdom's native plant, Sam'rha, where its translucent white flower decides where the person belonged to.

At age six, the child will undergo the initiation. With the high priest presiding, the child will have to hold a flower bud of Sam'rha and wait for the light of the full moon to touch it. The color of the flower bud changes thereafter depending on which pack the child was destined to.

It's an absolute decree. A will of the Goddess so they say, but I had always thought of it as bullshit. The Goddess for me was just a made-up entity by Sedsah and my father in order to poison the minds of the people; give them something to hope for and believe in. Make them believe in that crappy word called destiny.

However, as far as the flower's sorting skill goes, it had never made a mistake. The packs were formed in a rather organized way. Yellow was the flower color for the healer pack; blue for those person's best suited for the kingdom's line of defense and the people's safety, orange for gardening and agriculture, purple for engineering and research, green for education and literature, red for artistry and craftsmanship, and so on and so forth that I didn't have the enthusiasm to enumerate.

Now, fourteen heads looked up at me; in their eyes a clear indication of a rather unexpected question.

"Your Majesty, we want an explanation from you, please," Halcynos, the elder leader of Alchidna, the army pack, stated, lowering his head so to demonstrate his subservience to me. "We heard our queen was in the vampire realm and in Oldan's blood auction no less. How did this happen? Why?"

I had no doubt the dark lord would remain silent about the incident in his castle. But of course, with all his bitches inside, one was bound to wag her tail and leave crumbs of the queen's apparent visit in the vampire realm. Unfortunately for me, news traveled fast and it reached my kingdom faster than Elijah could return.

Where the heck was he?

"I sent her on a covert mission," was my alibi, lying to their faces with not so much as a blink. "As the Queen of Phanteon, she should know the recurring issue of auctions in the vampire realm, especially when these auctions deal with our native plant. You do know Manross uses the essence of this plant in order to drug and capture the humans. What I want to know is how he got a hold of this plant. The queen was the best person for the job, so I sent her to the human world. The rest happened according to plan."

"But she could have been bitten by one of those dangerous vampires, Your Majesty," Halcynos continued, showing worry. "Could that be the case? We heard the queen is ill."

"No," I answered right away and then stood up. I didn't like the thought of her blood inside a vampire's throat. It made my own blood boil with anger. "The queen was not bitten. I made sure of that."

Halcynos and the others brought their heads lower. "Then we feel at ease, Your Majesty."

"I am yet to be updated on her current health by the healers, but I see it not a cause for great concern. She will recover fast."

"She could continue with her lessons on our traditions once she recovers, Your Majesty," Gerard, the pack leader of Thospos, stated. "The queen was very enthusiastic to learn about it. Actually, it's unusual for her not to learn this at school. Our traditions were the core foundation of our education."

I could sense it now, his growing confusion about why the woman seemed uneducated with the traditions of the kingdom. If she were truly a werewolf like us, she would have known all of these things, but of course, Elijah hadn't thought much of the consequences when he enlisted the best professor, Gerard de Patria, to teach her.

"Queen Serena is a special case," was my simple answer to his statement. "That time, she was groomed to be a queen, so extra lessons should be given."

The others looked at each other and quickly nodded, showing their understanding of her situation. Deep inside I was pleased. Their profusely accommodating treatment towards the woman was an advantage for me. I didn't care if they feared to question me about her or were just keeping a blind eye to everything. What mattered was that I get to undergo this marriage thing again without hassle. Maybe not headache-free, but at least free of their questioning.

After the topic of the woman, the council jumped into different matters. I got bored gradually. Politics and other issues of the kingdom seemed to feel pretty trivial to me.

An hour after, the meeting ended. Once they left the throne room, I brooded over the situation of the woman again; remembered her pale face, her limp hand, and her darn death-like sleep. A spike of concern materialized inside me over her health. It was enough to lead me back into my chamber again in just one blink of an eye.

"How is she?" I asked, standing behind the three healers as they worked their skills on her.

The curly-haired woman clasped her hands and turned to me. "We just started, Your Majesty. Please give us time to assess her."

I groaned inside and painstakingly nodded at her. "Go on," I told them and then left the room without even so much as a backward glance. I realized right then and there I had worried about her more than I allowed myself.

And it was pissing me off.

Shifting to my wolf form, I left the castle, ran across the fields, and into the mountains, venting my anger there until my knuckles bled.

The Alpha King's Claim chapter 27

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Aero

After spending the entire night in my manor unsuccessfully fending off thoughts of the woman, I went back to the castle ready to bark orders and chew some bones—bones of whoever was unfortunately within my path of rage.

Surprisingly, the first person to greet me in the throne room was the crown prince who had since been missing in action yesterday night. I had expected Elijah to pester me in the manor, maybe to admonish me for leaving the woman with the healers, but he actually didn't come.

It was a welcomed change, but I couldn't also deny I had a moment of worry. I left him in the vampire realm after all and there was always a possibility he wasn't able to travel back home and doomed himself there.

I was glad he was back in the flesh and reporting to me.

"I expected you to return early. What's the reason for the delay?" I asked, unable to hold on to my curiosity.

"I had to make sure Rhea receives proper accommodation in our kingdom, brother," he answered. My brow arched up in response.

"Rhea?"

If I wasn't mistaken, this name was meant for a female.

"She's the woman who took care of Queen Serena in the vampire realm," he reminded, seeing my inability to recollect such a person.

But the moment he reminded me, my memory of this Rhea returned.

Tall and slender neck. Had a feisty aura just like the queen. Blonde hair. Ah, yes, I remember her. She's exactly Elijah's type.

"And where did you situate her?" I asked, digging deeper into this unexpected news.

"The South Wing of the castle, brother. She...uhm...she'll be Queen Serena's personal companion as she's a human too. They would benefit each other's company."

My dear brother, the ever sure one, looked somewhat lost for words for a moment. This was new.

"If that's the case then why situate her in the South Wing? You know very well the queen's quarters are near mine, in the North Wing."

His brows arched up for a second and then, he blinked many times as if he had just realized the situation.

"I...ah...I haven't thought of that," he answered sheepishly.

I cracked a grin, realizing what was happening.

"Is it my time now to goad on you?" I told him. I'd certainly enjoy teasing him to no end if I turn out right with my hunch.

"What do you mean, brother?" He looked confused. Clueless. Like a lost puppy.

Oh, this is precious. As a compulsive ladies man, he should have realized it already, but it seems my little brother here doesn't even see it himself.

I battled to keep my expression neutral, but Heaven knew, how I wanted to burst out laughing at his situation. He was turning like a lovesick fool. This certainly was a first.

"Keep getting distracted, I like it."

That way, he wouldn't have to mock or boss me with my wife problem.

Elijah appeared a little bit uncomfortable for a moment. He shook his head and held my gaze as he replied, "Rhea doesn't distract me. She merely needs my help as she begins to thrive with our kind."

My brows knotted.

"What? You do not plan on returning her to Earth? I'm pretty sure she asked your help regarding that right?"

"What about the Queen? Do you plan to return her to Earth?" he boomeranged. I would have said an easy yes, but I carefully considered the situation.

"That woman is a different matter entirely," I told him. "She's ill. Until she recovers, she'll have to stay here."

"Fair enough," Elijah nodded. "Then Rhea will continue to stay until Queen Serena gets better. How is she anyway?"

"I am yet to be updated on her status," was my immediate response.

"How so?" he stated, brows furrowing. "You didn't stay with her all night? I thought she's ill. She would need your presence, brother."

What an ironic thing for him to say.

"I am not a healer, Elijah," I stated, half growling.

"Well, you're her husband," he lashed. "You could heal her better than any healer in our kingdom."

I hauled in an angry breath.

"Don't give me that crap. Just...go and be distracted elsewhere."

He looked displeased, something that he was already used to when dealing with me.

"Fine, I have a meeting with Halcynos anyway, but as your royal adviser, I advise you to go to her now," he stated before leaving the throne room.

"Fuck that," I muttered as I watched his retreating back.

His words, as always, did hit me but I refused to budge. Visiting that woman would only give me mixed feelings and that's the last thing I want to have in this kingdom.

But speaking of her, one of her healers sought an audience with me a few minutes later, no doubt to report her situation.

"Your Majesty," the curly-haired healer stated once she stood in front of me.

"State your business," I ordered, straightening up my spine, aligning my whole body against the intimidating throne I have.

"I bring news about the queen," she lowered her head and said.

"Go on," I told her, readying myself on whatever news she brought.

"The lacerations on her arms, face, and foot have already healed. Head concussion is the main reason why she is still out cold. With proper healing time and constant treatment, she'll recover with no complications."

"Good," I bobbed my head up and down slowly.

"We are however worried about her memories, Your Majesty."

My already knotted brows knotted further.

"Expound," I ordered.

The healer went on, explaining the situation to me and its scientific side: "Her brain has been affected by the fall. As healers, we could easily heal the anatomical part of it without consequences. It is its process we are worried about, Your Majesty. This faculty is yet to be understood; how the brain stores information, how it processes it, and how it is being understood. It works in mysterious ways. We couldn't exactly be sure if this part of her will be affected. Until she wakes up, what we can only do for now is guess."

"So you are telling me there are three ways this could go down," I summarized. "Either she stays normal, or experiences amnesia, or she becomes a lunatic."

"Or she reacts to it differently," she added. "As I said, the brain works in mysterious ways."

I clenched my teeth.

"Just do what you are skilled to do. I'll take care of the rest."

She bowed her head low again.

"As you wish, Your Majesty."

I didn't wait for her to leave the throne room. I transported myself inside my chamber after our conversation.

"Leave us," I barked at the two remaining healers who were in the middle of their energy treatment.

Without hesitation, they left and sensibly closed the door while on their way out.

Elijah's words earlier reverberated inside my head then as I gazed at my fake wife.

'You could heal her better than any healer in our kingdom.'

"I'm here now," I stated, clenching and unclenching my hands. "Tell me. What can I do to get you out of my bed, woman?"

Her answer didn't come out obviously. She was too deep in her sleep to actually hear my complaints.

Stepping closer to the bed, I examined her entire frame. She wasn't pale anymore. Her cheeks had returned to its former rosy hue and her face shined again. Her

lips remained plump and full but its redness had tripled. I had the craziest, damning need to touch it and feel it.

In the end, I held myself at bay. Such a feeling of need was just a distraction. Unimportant. Irrelevant. My wolf decided to sulk on the corner after growling at me.

Out of the corner of my eye, I noticed a shimmering, neon pink winged insect perch on the balustrade outside my balcony. It was my first time seeing such a vibrant creature. I was sure to myself such an insect didn't exist in my kingdom, so I had to question myself, 'Did this poor thing just hop realms?' Or... 'Did someone create it and decided to release it from its cage?'

The Alpha King's Claim chapter 28

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

Serena

Darkness was everywhere no matter where I look. Standing on a transparent floor, I couldn't exactly tell where I was or if this place was even real. I was hyperaware of my body and surroundings though. I could feel my crazy-ass headache. I could feel the coldness of something...a hand holding mine and I could hear the sound of embers crackling somewhere in the distance.

"It's faint still because of Manross' incense, but it's there," I heard a familiar voice say. Recognition dawned on me instantly. Yes, that's right. It was from the dark lord himself, so I decided to listen further.

"The taste of your blood is there and it is sweetly divine, my human queen."

Inside my darkened world, I gasped. He already found out I was human! How? Did he bite me?!

"How did Aero find you?" he continued. I sensed the undeniable curiosity filling his voice. "What possible arrangement did you undergo with him? I want to know..."

Unfortunately for him, I couldn't share that. It was mine and the King's...and well Elijah's...little secret.

"It'd be a waste to just hand you over to him. You're too precious for him."

What? What did he say just now?

"Should I risk war instead?"

My subconscious self was taken aback. Like Helen of Troy? Surely, I wasn't that precious.

"My Lord, the Phanteon King just crossed our realm," I heard a new voice say. It was deep and rough, similar to Idris Elba but without the English accent.

If the vampire lord was with me then that meant I was inside his castle still, in the realm of the vampires and not in Heaven. And yes, completely not dead. This new man also mentioned King Aero and something about crossing their realm... Did he mean my prick husband was on his way for me? Really?

I couldn't believe what I just heard, but somehow a part of me warmed up. He came for me... he actually came for me...

"Hm, already?" the dark lord replied with an amused tone. "I was still enjoying conversing with our sleeping beauty."

I ignored his generous use of the word to describe me and instead focused on the one clue pertaining to my situation. Did he just say I was sleeping? That couldn't be. If I was sleeping, then I wouldn't be able to hear their conversation and process it this clear and fast.

"So that's the woman who had stirred up quite a ruckus in the werewolf kingdom," the new man stated, leaving his statement hanging for the vampire lord to finish.

"You know her, Kerus?" Lord Hale asked.

Kerus. That's the man's name? I thought to myself.

"I only heard of this woman in the last meeting of the guardians. She slipped into Phanteon like a mouse completely undetected. Farryl swore she hadn't felt her arrival until it was already too late. If she had intercepted it, she could have sent the human back to her own realm."

I tried to process his words. They were all a puzzle to me, but certainly helpful in giving me an idea of just what I was dealing with.

"And Farryl decided to leave the woman in the care of the Phanteon royals instead?" Lord Hale remarked. I could hear the distrust in his voice which was an irony. Vampires certainly were creatures that anyone should be warier of than werewolves.

"Yes. She said it was to give Aero a lesson. A good way to torment him using his most hated specie in all the realms."

I second what this Farryl did. Kudos to her, but by using me? Now that was just downright sly.

"Interesting..." Lord Hale remarked. His grip on my hand tightened. I was sure it was him because of how cold the hand was against my skin.

"She did try to interfere once, talk to her when she learned of their arrangement, but Farryl said some kind of barrier blocked her from nearing the woman."

A barrier? Around me? Really?

"Even I could feel it... There's an unknown force in the works here and until we, the guardians, find out what this is or who is protecting her, this woman will be running amok in all over the realms."

"She looks harmless to me... How could such a beautiful creature be causing danger in the realms?"

I swallowed awkwardly after hearing his high praise, but yes, the vampire lord was right. I am harmless. I just wanted to return to Earth and forget I ever met the big, bad wolf of Phanteon.

"Careful now, My Lord. I saw the way your eyes reddened when you tasted her blood earlier."

Wait. What now? Does that mean Lord Hale was the one who licked me that time? Was that how he found out I was human? Sure this meant I was safe from his bite, but licking my blood direct from my wound? That's...that's just too crass.

"This is exactly what I'm trying to say," Kerus commented in an admonishing tone. "She could well be the downfall of two realms."

I heard someone chuckle. It was near me, so I assumed it was from Lord Hale. Then, I felt his hand loosen.

"You are way ahead of yourself, Kerus. Slow down," I heard him say. There was humor in his voice and something else I couldn't quite figure out. "Tell me, what was this arrangement Farryl found out about them?"

Uh oh... How did this Farryl know? Was she part of these so-called guardians of the realms Elijah was talking about?

"She didn't say, My Lord," the man replied.

I was beyond relieved then. At least this woman had the respect to keep secrets to herself.

"Hm, so much for hoping," I heard Lord Hale say, the sound of disappointment clear in his voice.

"Aren't you going to meet the Phanteon King, My Lord?" the man asked.

"Give me a moment, Kerus." I felt Lord Hale's cold hand in mine once again.

"I'll be on the sidelines observing, My Lord."

I heard another rich chuckle after that.

“You guardians always do. Don’t worry. I won’t upset the balance.”

There was silence after and it remained like that until I sensed a palm touch my cheek.

“Queen Serena... I guess it’s time to say goodbye,” Lord Hale’s voice was loud and clear near my ear. “But don’t worry, we’ll see each other again. You owe me a bite, my queen.” Inside my subconscious, I started to panic. “I’ll come to collect it in due time.”

I felt something soft but cold press my mouth then. It wasn’t difficult for me to realize this dark lord was actually kissing me... taking advantage of my sleeping state.

If I was conscious, I would have pushed him back. I would have slapped him for forcing himself on me. I would have given him some extra sharp words. But since my body was still comatose, I could do nothing.

The next moment, his lips were gone. He must’ve left the room for I couldn’t hear a sound other than the continuous crackling of embers.

It felt like forever until I heard the sound of voices once again. This time, however, I was completely aware one of the voices came from my husband himself.

King Aero.

I didn’t know if I should be happy or not, but either way, I knew then I was safe. And Rhea too. It seemed Elijah was sensitive enough to bring her with us.

Without warning, I felt large hands wrap around my waist. It cradled me and pushed me flush against a chest—a warm, inviting chest. King Aero’s ephemeral scent hit me instantly and because of that, I knew... I knew that the one holding me was my husband. Fake or not, I felt a wonderful sense of calm and comfort.

Maybe when I come to consciousness, I could say a word of thanks.

After King Aero held me, I guess I completely blacked out because the next thing I knew, three voices of females were around me, chanting something using a foreign language. They did this for a number of occasions.

I felt rejuvenated in each passage. I felt a rush of energy inside me, filling me and arousing my tired form. My throbbing headache had finally ceased. I was back to my healthy self again.

When I finally awoke, I half expected to be greeted by these three women. It wasn’t the case. The King’s sleeping face welcomed me instead, so close to my own I could literally feel his warm breath fanning my cheeks.

To top it off, his arms were around me, caging me in his warm embrace. I couldn't move, but even if I could, I wouldn't dare lest I risk waking him up and putting both of us in an awkward meet-and-greet.

I decided to stay put, let time fix our confining position. It was all good, yes, until his not-so-sleeping member down south decided to poke me...

I bit my lip. Oh hell, he was so damn hard.

Author's Note: Let the games begin.

The Alpha King's Claim chapter 29

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

Serena

Garbed in a long dress I had no recollection of wearing, my feminine figure was pressed up perfectly against a lean, muscular shape that was the king. He was a big man sure, but with all things considered, the right parts met in order; like how my lips were near his, how my torso lined up well with his, and most especially, how his cock reached my inner thigh, fitting itself there like it wanted to play house.

How big and how hard he was I just couldn't describe. I wanted to justify the situation and reasoned to myself, hey, this was just a normal male reaction near the presence of a woman. However, judging from the REM action of his eyes, I had no doubt he was in a deep sleep and had no idea he was embracing me, or even trespassing my side of the bed for that matter.

But his cock continued to twitch and undeniably, I was beginning to feel it poking my folds. Despite my best efforts, I was beginning to feel stimulated with this also.

Staring at the king, I debated to myself whether I should just wake him up or not. There were pros and cons in both situations; unfortunately, both would end up in embarrassment.

In the end, my choice was the latter. It was the lesser evil. My plan was to stay still and wait for him to move. Surely, he'd do that in a couple of minutes...or if he wakes up on his own and found us in this position, I would act as nothing happened. He'd probably do the same and kick me out of the bed in a heartbeat.

What I hadn't equated was what occurred next.

King Aero started grunting and moving his hips. Though it was just a slight movement, with his cock already nestled in between my thighs, it proved to be a disaster.

I felt my whole body burn with a sudden ache—an ache that didn't mean pain from an injury or illness. It was of a different nature. The temperature of my body increased. My breathing was the same. King Aero was affecting me so much and he had no clue he was doing it.

Trying to keep myself from moaning, I clamped my lips shut and stared at him. He was still fast asleep, but surprisingly, still grunting; his face a picture of extreme pleasure.

I couldn't avoid thinking, was he really this sexually frustrated? He hated women. Did that mean he hadn't had one bed action with a woman since realizing he had a body part that was created for it?

Now, look whose talking, my mind cried foul. Who was I to judge when I was the same? It was a personal choice for me to stay untouched. I wasn't a prude back on Earth nor did I have an illogical, unattainable interpretation of what a relationship between a man and a woman should look like.

Independent or not, women deserved the best in life. It's only proper to find a man who could give them that and be the best himself—that was what I believed in. And so far, I hadn't come across that kind of man.

I spared a glance at the king and a wild thought crossed my mind, 'Until now...'

I bit my lip again. His grunts of pleasure were continuous, it was entertaining my ears but murdering my brain with thoughts of what he was dreaming about.

I got my answer right then and there when without warning, he uttered a word that almost gave me a cardiac attack.

"Se...re...na..." he grunted, his voice filled with lust.

It dawned on me that not only was he dreaming a sexual dream, but he was dreaming of a sexual dream with me.

Me.

Me!

Oh god, this meant he was experiencing the same problem as me. This meant we were on the same boat. Should I be relieved of this? Should I be happy? I'm...I'm unsure what to feel but somehow at least I know I'm not the only person tormented by this arranged marriage. At least I know he saw me as a desirable woman, even if it was through his dream.

King Aero continued to groan whilst I continued to stifle my moan. The pressure on my clit caused by the slight thrusting of his cock was too much. A chill crept down my spine then. Maybe a moment from now, I'd likely explode.

Hell, I was right.

Clouded by my orgasm, I inadvertently let out a whimper. I pressed my forehead against the king's chest and gripped his shirt. I planned to stay like that for a while, however, something wet and sticky flowed down my inner thigh, passing the thin cloth of my dress and I was certain it wasn't my own post-orgasmic fluids.

Jerking my head, I shot a dumbfounded eye on the king's face. I was stunned even more when I saw him already awake, as shocked as I was; his hazel-greens swirling with a silent question.

Aero

Watching the shimmering glow of the strange insect, I suddenly felt sleepy. I failed to get a restful sleep last night so as I gazed at my bed and the tempting available space next to the woman, I gave in to the call.

To hell if she was right next to me. I just need some damn sleep.

Without thinking, I claimed the space and sprawled my large frame on the mattress. Instant calmness filled me, my mind went blank and seconds later, slumber followed.

'Hmmm... yes, please, please... move inside me...' I heard a woman say close to my ear. My consciousness kick-started and processed what was happening. It didn't take me long to realize I was fucking a woman...and not just any woman. As I stared at her panting form, I realized it was my fake wife.

Her smooth hands were against my chest, feeling my muscles. Her legs were wrapped up around my waist, scissoring and tightening whilst I was on top of her, driving my cock in and out of her.

Her moans and the erotic face she was showing were a perfect combination. It aroused me more and so I penetrated myself deeper and deeper, harder and harder never really caring if this was real or just a dream.

I was sure this was a dream though like the countless others I received before. On no occasion would this ever happen in real life, married or not.

'Yes! Aero, yes!' she cried out loudly, holding onto my shoulders. 'That's it!'

Every part of my body shook, the sensation of being inside her brought a wave of orgasm inside me.

"Se...re...na...argh!"

My cum exploded, filling every space she offered. I heard her whimper; heard her aroused sound like it was real...

Wait.

Fuck!

Quick like lightning, my eyes popped open. It wasn't the ceiling of my room that welcomed me. It was my wife with the biggest surprised look and the reddest face I had seen in a person.

My reflexes kicked in and I surveyed our position quickly. I was stunned to see myself embracing her and what's more, we were both in bed, face to face, with our legs intertwined and my pants feeling wet and sticky.

Double fuck.

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Aero

Fuck. Fuck. Fuck.

It seemed that the decision to sleep beside her was wrong. Fuck.

I didn't need to ask her what happened to us exactly. I didn't need to know at all. The mess we were in was enough to fill me with...displeasure. I didn't need to know who started embracing who—although I had the fucking feeling it was I who initiated it—shit. What I just needed to do was to extricate myself out of the bed, to be far away from her as possible, and do it with fucking dignity.

I couldn't ignore our situation nor could I ignore the fact that I just spilled my cum right on her front. Agreed, this was an embarrassing thing to happen even for my standards and I just couldn't believe this woman had it all registered in her brain.

Seeing as I had no escape in this predicament, I growled low and speedily pulled myself up, positioned my weight on top of her whilst seizing her wrists and placing them over her head.

In response, she gasped. Her eyes rounded in shock, but I could easily see the unexpressed question in them: what the fuck was I doing?

Well...dear wife, I was just going to threaten you.

"Nobody..." I stated in a tone rich with hostility, "should know what happened here. If you yap, you'll suffer consequences, queen or not."

I was confident that would do the trick, but instead of cowering and obediently nodding, she replied with fire and boldness in her eyes.

"I am not the type who goes around gossiping, Your Majesty."

I smirked at her statement.

"Hm, oh really? All women are the same. They have loose tongues."

"Certainly not this woman!" she spat, sending me a laser-like glare. Guess I just hit her ego right there. Good.

Out of the blue, I caught a whiff of something aromatic, sweet-scented; filling my nostrils with quick euphoria. However, it was just faint and short-lived so I decided to ignore it.

"So you claim to be different..." I muttered, sparing a glance at her heaving chest and her cleavage that was trying to get my attention.

She squirmed underneath me, but I automatically tightened my hold on her.

"I am different!" she cried out, clenching her teeth. "Whatever the reason why you hated our gender, whatever you saw in us, do not judge me the same."

"Prove it then," I dared. "Show me that you are different."

"Spend time with me first in order to get to know me better, then and then you'll see just how different I am," she replied with determination.

"Then you're staying in my kingdom," I ordered in finality. I released her wrists and straightened, our conversation done in my opinion. I planned to extract myself out of her presence but she was quick to grab my elbow and pull me to face her.

"Wait, what?!" I saw the slight panic in her eyes. "But I need to go back to Earth!" she shouted. "I was referring to you spending time with me there! Not here!"

I growled low, my patience already wearing thin.

"I kept my end of the bargain. I sent you back to the human realm. You, however, ended up in the vampire realm yourself and despite my busy schedule, I had to get your ass out of that place. I saved you from total brainwashing. I have done too much for you, woman. I refuse to do more."

A bit of color drained from her face. "I thought you hated my presence here..." she whispered, somewhat unsure of her claim. Her eyes wandered on the floor, maybe trying to recollect evidence that would back her words against me. "I thought...I thought you want nothing to do with me? Why order me to stay now?!"

"Don't get me wrong, woman," I whispered back. "I. STILL. DO." Lifting my right arm up—the same arm she had chosen to hold me—I showed her the wrist mark I had no doubt she would remember. "But you left me a big headache in return."

I noticed the recognition in her eyes as she stared at it. I wasn't a mind reader nor a psychic but I was certain I saw discomfort on her face first as she cringed, then hesitation as her eyes lowered and avoided mine. It was followed by what looked like embarrassment as a bright red tinge transiently appeared on her cheeks. Lastly, determination as she took a deep breath and looked back at me.

The boldness I saw in her earlier was reignited. Although I disliked it, it was a breath of fresh air from all the women I came across as too frightened of me.

"We fix this problem first," I continued, my voice still low and calculating. "Once done, then that's the time I sent you back to your beloved Earth."

Not liking how dominating her grip felt on my elbow, I reversed our positions to my advantage. I twisted our arms, grabbed her shoulders quickly, and pinned her back to the mattress.

She squirmed, but seeing just how much I enjoyed her struggle, she stopped instead and asked, "How do you suppose we erase these marks then?"

"I am still looking for an answer. In the meantime, fulfill your duties as the Queen of Phanteon."

She chuckled dryly.

"Like I have a choice on the matter. Are you done barking orders now?"

I paused and contemplated her question for a quarter of a minute. "For now, yes," I answered thereafter, but the short length of time was enough to divert my attention on another serious matter.

Hmmm... what was that smell? my mind commented after catching the awfully good scent again. My wolf and lycan side however knew exactly the answer and for the first time since my wedding, we three agreed on one fact:

She smells so good...

I breathed deeper, taking all of her potent scent in, but it was still not enough. I had to get to the source.

"Then would you mind if you get off of me now?" she voiced out, interrupting my train of thought.

She smells so good...

"You smell so...good." I stiffened after realizing I just verbalized the words in my head. I inwardly hissed. Damn, I couldn't take back what I said.

Confusion clouded her eyes.

At a loss for words and in the beginnings of getting drunk with her scent, I did what I was powerfully compelled to do at that very moment.

I dove in and sniffed her, trying to look for the very source of my intoxication. I felt her stiffen as the tip of my nose met the skin of her neck.

“So sweet...”

“Your Ma...jes...ty?” she stammered to say. I ignored her, continuing down her chest.

“So fragrant...”

When still I couldn't find the source, I hastened my search, lowering my head, reaching her waist until I finally hit jackpot.

There it was. The smell I had been looking for.

It was slightly suppressed by the smell of my cum, but I could unmistakably draw out its aroma—the pinnacle of this woman's orgasm. Her cum.

Without thinking, I released her shoulders to hold her knees.

“Your Majesty!” she cried out again, but still I ignored her.

Swiftly, I hiked her dress up, bunching it on her waist whilst I spread her legs wide...wide enough for me to see just how wet her underwear was. I didn't think I caused this wetness so that meant she had her own share of fun earlier.

Damn...

And it explained why she wasn't flustered at the sight of me and my cum-soaked pants.

Fuck.

Still on a high, I dipped my face down and positioned it right at her center. Taking a deep inhale, I closed my eyes and basked on its wonder.

Fuck. She smells so good.

“King Aero!” In anger, she shouted, instantly moving her legs to a close.

Bad move for her, good move for me.

My face was consequently pressed up in between her thighs. Like a domino effect, my nose hit her mound.

Despite my careful control, I got lost to the contact. My mouth automatically opened. My tongue generously eased out.

"Ohh..." I heard her say as I got the first taste of her against the confining cloth, licking her slowly at first, testing her sweet wetness until I created a gentle suck.

"Ohhh!" Her hands moved to grab the strands of my hair. I felt her weight disappear on the mattress as she arched her chest up.

I had to admit. Her smell of orgasm was intoxicating, but she tasted even better—

"Oh shit!" I suddenly heard someone say. My spine chilled when I instantly realized it wasn't from a woman's voice. It was from a man's.

"I'm sorry! I'm sorry!" he said.

Fuck.

"Urggh, what is it, Elijah?" I hurried myself up and sat at the edge of the mattress in less than a second. My wife had some sense to fix herself up too, pulling her dress down to cover her exposed legs.

"Fucking come back in!" I ordered when I noticed Elijah speedily retreating and closing the door.

"I really am sorry," he poked his head on the opening, looking sheepish and diverting his eyes on the floor. "I didn't mean to cock block you, brother. I didn't know you were with Quee—"

"What—" I stopped him whilst massaging my forehead, "do you... want?"

"Erhm...I just want to check if the queen is okay and also to bring Rhea to her," he replied with hesitation.

"Rhea is here?" my wife exclaimed behind me, effectively cutting what I was about to say.

"Uhm," Elijah cautiously glanced at me first and then back to her when he saw the anger in my eyes, "Y—yes, Your Highness. Rhea is waiting outside."

Without care, she jumped out of bed and stood up beside me.

"Where can I go and change?" she asked, aiming the question to my red-faced brother.

My brows even knotted harder. I guess that meant we're done huh?

"She can bring you to your own chamber, Your Highness," he replied, glancing back at me with a grin hidden on his face.

"Sounds great," she announced and without asking for my permission, left the room as if she wasn't even ill yesterday.

Sensing my brother's teasing coming any second, I closed my eyes and counted to ten; holding my breath and then releasing it in a deep, long huff.

"What was that wet thing I saw on her—"

"Fuck Elijah," I bit out, giving him a glare, "just don't ask."

"Hmm," he let out in a sing-song voice, "you're warming up to my sister-in-law pretty fast huh? Did you saw Lord Hale as a competition? Were you worried she might leave you for him that's why you're making a move now?"

I growled at him. He may be the best royal adviser in Phanteon, but sometimes his mind needed some fine-tuning and his tongue, a trimming.

"What you saw was just an illusion." I stood up and started walking to the bathroom but then I paused, catching a glimpse of what looked like a wet smudge on the woman's part of the bed. Must be my cum. Must be hers. It didn't really matter.

This sure as hell wasn't just an illusion.

"An illusion?" he scoffed, then cast a glance on the bed, pointing the strong evidence for me. "You make jokes now, brother?"

I hissed and shook my head. Fuck. Disappointment reverberated through my throat.

"If somebody wishes to speak to me, let them wait in the throne room," I muttered under my breath, choosing to change the subject.

I was getting conscious of my wet pants by the minute. It was time for me to change it, or better yet, burn it for good. And yes, maybe, together with the mattress and all the sheets that came with it. I didn't need a good reminder of what happened in my room with her. I most certainly didn't need a good reminder of how toxically fragrant she was.

"I'll relay your words, brother," I heard Elijah say with a chuckle before I disappeared fast into my changing room.

He didn't need to see the growing bulge in my pants after remembering my fake wife, her soaking-wet underwear, and the taste of her...

Author's Note: Pussy-whipped, my King?

