

The Alpha King's Claim chapter 6

Serena

Lesson number one duly noted. Don't assume or miscalculate anything when it came to this realm's creatures of the night.

Right when the prince hightailed out of the room, I remained dumbstruck, thinking of how fast the events were happening. He made a deal. I accepted. And now I couldn't leave this manor despite the looming arrival of the king.

Truth be told I didn't want to meet him again, but my desire to return to the 'human realm'—as what they called it—outweighed my dislike of this guy. I only needed to talk to him in a civil manner, keep my presence constant until he learns to respect women.

Or...until Elijah brings me back to my realm.

Never mind the king respecting women. With that ogre-like attitude, I highly doubt he'd change. Ever.

Blinking fast, I gathered back my composure and looked around. Out of all the things that caught my attention inside the enormous bathroom was the pool. It was rectangular in shape. Water was falling from a stone pipeline attached to the wall. The way its liquid shimmered against the sun's rays past the dome ceiling enticed me to test it. Elijah said so himself the water would feel comforting against my skin. I knew I just had to try it before the king arrives.

So, without hesitation, I undressed and neatly placed my chemise and underwear for later use on a table nearby.

The moment my legs submerged underwater, I was lost. The water was that enchanting and invigorating. The plan was to dip, swim a little and leave the pool, enough that the king wouldn't find me swimming naked. Surely, with how big this manor was and how numerous the rooms were, I doubt he'd come straight here.

I fucking miscalculated.

Minutes later, I was busily finger-combing my hair when I sensed a presence behind me. As expected, it was the king.

My first instinct was to leap into the water, hide my whole body from his view, and swim as far away from him as possible. When I resurfaced, I was well out of his reach.

Now, judging from the passive look on his face, he didn't seem surprised by my presence in his manor, but he looked totally pissed off that I was using his pool.

His pool.

And that only meant Prince Elijah placed me in the king's chamber. He didn't even inform me of that very important tidbit. Damn him.

I wanted to point out his rude attitude towards me but I was reminded by the prince's words and our deal. Maybe starting a civil conversation would help make my time with him bearable.

I was wrong.

Not only was his attitude defective, but he was also perverted. I mean a man who's in his right mind wouldn't want to strip himself naked in front of a woman. Well, not unless that said woman was his lover or the like.

But I wasn't one. He should have comported himself properly yet he didn't, choosing to intimidate me with his...royal body and his massive appendage.

I couldn't deny it. I wanted to see more. I wanted to ogle at the hard planes of his abdomen, the sinews, the cuts, and the well-toned abs. Where most of the kings I knew on Earth had portly bodies and bulbous abdomen, this Phanteon King was checking all the right marks of an Armani model wannabe and more. So much more.

He certainly didn't disappoint in the handsome department too. He was a whole package of a truly rightful, perfect king of a kingdom.

If only he didn't come to be such a prick.

During our conversation, the man continued with his prickly attitude, dared to call Earth garbage—which partly I was ashamed of—and rudely told me he didn't want to know my name.

I couldn't control myself. I didn't care anymore if he was the king. I just had to make him see how rude he was with me.

In the end, I only fueled his fire more. He actually threatened me, speaking of a side of him that's worth fearing. He must have been talking about his monstrous side as a werewolf or lycan. It wasn't hard to decipher. Elijah himself told me they were that kind of creature.

But yeah, I admit it. With the way he looked murderously at me, I was scared. However, at that moment, I learned lesson number two:

I should never, ever show my fear. It would only inflate his already oversized ego.

Thirty minutes after that disastrous meeting happened, I decided to leave the pool. Cautiously, I raced to get my chemise and underwear and headed for the drying room. My plan was to leave the king's chamber and find another room far, far away as possible. Luckily, I didn't see him again on my way out.

In my quest to find a room that hit my specifications, I passed by hallways and stairs. The manor was big enough to actually house five football teams, plus their girlfriends or wives, whichever was applicable. It was as grand as I expected it to be. Like the Buckingham Palace but with better and bolder artisan craftsmanship.

I found one that suited my taste. Not that small and not that big. It had a book nook next to a large living area and a hearth that housed impressive-looking neon red stones.

The bed chamber was separated in a next room that provided ceiling-high windows. I tested the bed and it was as soft as the one I used in the king's chamber. It had a four-poster frame too but with sheer drapes of white instead of thick dark blue. Totally my kind of sleeping set-up if I were to go on a holiday in the Caribbean's.

I checked the bathroom and it was beautiful. Not as enormous as the king's with the pool, but I preferred it this way. A glass shower in the corner, a bathtub opposite it, and a countertop with an oval-shaped mirror decorated with delicate lines and curves—basically all the essentials were present and enough to keep my stay in this realm bearable.

There was one thing that got me worried though and it was my clothes. The wardrobe of this chamber didn't have ready dresses and I doubt the rest of the chambers would have one especially for a female such as myself.

I thought of the prince and a little bit of hope sparked inside me. Most likely he was intelligent enough to bring me clothes the next time we meet. The problem with that was I was clueless when he'd visit me again.

I hope though it would be soon.

After I settled in my chosen room, the next agenda on my list was to find food. Fortunately, I found the dining area and the kitchen after twenty minutes of searching. It was located on the second floor of the manor, right next to a music room and a gym.

Yes, there was actually a gym in this realm and it had a typical set-up like the ones I saw on Earth. A grin formed on my lips as I thought of using this in the duration of my stay here, the perfect way to while my time away.

In the kitchen, I was lucky enough to have found food and not just any food, a serious variety of menu pre-made and stored in a neat refrigerator-like cabinet. I pulled out a plate of waffles and it magically turned hot and steaming right in front of me. I pulled out fresh-cut fruits wishing they taste like those on Earth. They did and more. They were savory and rich with color and texture.

It seemed like this realm had some magical qualities to their food. I didn't care. I didn't complain. As long as my tummy was filled, then I was good.

Moving on, I spent most of my time touring the manor—its inner walls and the manicured gardens surrounding the building. I figured the king already left and I had the freedom to walk without worrying of bumping into him.

I had the entire place to myself. There were no guards like before and there were no servants also. It was my own piece of sanctum and I was finally enjoying myself since I was transported to this realm.

Until the next morning came...

And I realized I spoke too soon.

With the rising of the sun, the sour face of the king was the first thing I saw when I opened my eyes.

Dear me, I figured that instant I was about to get laid...

To my grave.