

The Alpha King's Claim chapter 7

Serena

The cheers of the people around me were deafening. I wanted to cover my ears but I knew I couldn't. Standing tall on a raised platform near the king's throne, I realized I had to comport myself well in front of them as I was now their queen.

Me a queen...

Their queen...

A queen.

The word rang in my head over and over again.

'How did it come to this again?' I asked myself.

With a muddled head, I recollected everything that went down when I woke up that specific morning two days ago...

"Sleep well?" the king asked, his sharp voice cutting through the beautiful chirping of the birds outside my window.

My drowsy state vanished in an instant. He was wearing a loose white shirt and partnered it with black trousers and black boots. His dark hair was messy in a sexy way. He probably just came from a bath with how fresh he looked.

God, he was handsome, I thought, but I quickly chastised myself. Don't let your mind get sidetracked!

He was sitting on the massive cushioned chair of my bedroom with his legs in a figure four position, looking obviously bored.

Instant goosebumps erupted on my arms. I didn't understand why he was here in my room and how he easily found me with all the number of rooms in the manor, but I knew his visit had a price.

A price like...my head. Maybe he had changed his mind and was now ready to execute me.

Pushing myself up from the bed and sensibly covering my body from the chest down with a bedsheet, I tossed him a frown and muttered, "I did. Why would you care?"

“Because I need you fit for today’s agenda,” he snapped.

The hairs on the back of my nape stood on end. “I hope it doesn’t concern me preparing for my grave.”

He scoffed. “Depends on how you see it.”

He looked at me as if he had a freeze gun. I was iced on the spot. This man here should join a socialization class. His conversation skills with me were just too one-sided.

“Why are you here, Your High—ness?” I asked when I realized he was holding back information. Well, either that or he was just too afraid to say it.

“I got a proposition for you. A business deal so to say.” He finally let out, making sure to stress the harmless word. His aura was still that of a proud man. Never had I saw it change even for the slightest bit. On Earth, business deals were treated with importance, and both parties should show that they respect each other. I see no respect in this king’s eyes, only arrogance.

“First your brother and now you?” I stated, looking at him with a raised brow.

He waved a hand in the hair and scrunched up his nose. “Forget about your deal with my brother. He doesn’t know what he’s doing.”

“Oh really?” I questioned, not really believing his claim. “He said he knew people who can help me return to my world.”

For a moment, there was slight recognition in his eyes and then he grinned.

“Hm, true, but I have a better deal.”

I furrowed my brows. Well, come to think of it, he was a king, and if I was to base it on Earth traditions, kings always had a better offer on their plate.

“Once upon a time, the realms were created to attain order and peace,” he started. I had to arch my brow again, not expecting I’d get a crash course on their history.

“It is an absolute rule that only can a person cross between realms if it is a valid reason like say royal meetings, official gatherings of the courts, commercial exports, imports, and life-threatening events. There is a bridge to each realm guarded by certain individuals. Elijah intends to reach out to one of the guardians to help you return, but this isn’t a convincing plan.”

“Where are you going with this?” I asked, wanting to skip the history lesson.

The muscle on his jaw visibly ticked.

"Hold your tongue, woman, and wait," he growled and then released a long, controlled sigh while sharply looking at me.

I was sure I had just tested his patience right there.

"The bridges are the main mechanism of travel between realms, but there's an exception to this," he continued. "There are gifted, powerful individuals who have the ability to hop between realms. Luckily for you, I'm one of them."

Slowly, an idea formed in my head. Was he offering me his services?

"You want to return right? If you agree to my terms, I can get you back to your realm in just a flick of a finger. Safe and sound. Not a scratch on your skin."

My mouth gaped. I was right. He was offering his services. But, it had conditions. I wonder what they are?

"Could you give me a moment then?" I stated, realizing this talk of ours would likely cover a good amount of time. "Obviously, I just woke up. I needed to freshen myself and answer the call of nature."

"No, I'm a busy man," he snapped. "I don't want you wasting my time, so listen to me now."

Inwardly, I sighed. This king really needed to learn to be more accommodating to women.

"I'm listening then," I answered, submitting myself despite disliking it.

"As I said, this is just purely business. I'm offering you a quick way to return home if you agree on marrying me and becoming my queen."

Instantly, dread washed all over me.

"What?!" My eyes rounded.

How could marrying him help me with my dilemma? As I understood, marrying him and becoming his queen meant I'd stay in this werewolf-infested world forever. Forever!

"Are the screws in your head loose?" I blurted out. "I thought you want me to leave? Marrying you and becoming your queen would do the opposite!"

"Don't worry about that. I have a plan," he calmly stated as if it was just the weather he was talking about.

I held my temper at bay. God, it was so damned difficult.

"Let me guess, you want me to die after we get married?"

"Hm, thanks for giving me an idea," he smirked, "but no, that's not my plan. However, I'd be more inclined to do that as a backup."

I gritted my teeth. He was too insufferable!

"Know that I am offering you this because I didn't have a choice. As you may know, thanks to my brother, I am having a hard time procuring a queen."

"Because you hate women," I burst out.

He ignored this and continued with barely contained rage, "The late king, my father, created an absolute decree for me to marry and produce a queen for my kingdom. If I couldn't fulfill this, I'd be stripped of my position as the ruler of Phanteon. Obviously, I don't want that to happen. It's a blow to my pride."

"Well, that wouldn't have been an issue if you didn't hate women from the start," I remarked.

He scowled at me. "Quit with reminding me that!"

I shrugged my shoulders, silently laughing on the inside seeing how nasty his fate was. Ha! Serves you right. "Apologies Your High—ness. I can't help it."

He sighed and relaxed on his chair again.

"Good thing the decree was only just to marry and get a queen. It didn't state anything about producing an heir."

He looked at me with an incredibly smug face. I rolled my eyes heavenward.

Yeah, that was supposed to be my next question. If I was to accept his proposal, I had to make sure we won't be sharing a bed.

"Right," I muttered. "That's reassuring to hear."

"Very reassuring," he added confidently whilst giving me a cold glare.

For a moment there, it was my pride as a woman that was hit. It crazily felt like he didn't see me as a desirable woman, a good partner in bed, or even one that was kissable. It hurt.

Ugh.

I shook my wandering thoughts away. Damn it. Where did that come from?

He was using me as a tool. That—I knew for certain. But well, I was the same. We're both using each other for our own gains.

"So," he stood up and righted his shirt into position. "I assume you're in. I expect you inside the castle dressed in your wedding attire in two days."

"Two days?!" I shouted, not knowing exactly what to feel. Should I be happy or sad? The sooner I wed him, the sooner I could return to my home, but the sooner I wed him, the sooner I'd become his uhhh...wife, and despite that may just be in paper only, I'd be expected to live with him inside the castle, act lovey-dovey in front of his subjects, and even share his chamber just to keep up appearances.

Maybe this was a bad idea after all.

But, I couldn't back down on his offer. He was my easiest way out of this realm.

"Yes, in two days," he clarified. "I want to fulfill my father's decree on the day of my birthday. Two occasions in one. Bigger party, lesser expenses."

I scoffed. This king hates women and a penny-pincher. Or in this realm's case, a gold hoarder.

"See you in two days then," I replied, avoiding the topic about any preparations during these two days. I knew for certain he had that all covered. He was the king of this kingdom after all and he'd likely prepare a grand wedding to show to his subjects he wasn't afraid of a woman.

Ha! What a grand ruse it would be indeed.

Anyway, if these two days meant I'd be staying in this manor alone and in peace, then I'd take it wholeheartedly. As the saying goes, 'Calm before the storm.'

So I would take this 'calm' before the shit storm happens.