

The Alpha King's Claim chapter 11

Aero

I didn't wait for tomorrow. I had to know now, so I called for an emergency meeting with all of my council including the high priest that presided my wedding and the royal augur of my father, Sedsah. As one of the best augur in the realms, I needed to seek his thoughts regarding the magical event that happened earlier. I was that desperate.

As I sat on my seat impatiently, I stared at them when they entered the conference room. I could see the look of confusion in their eyes and saw the unexpressed question swirling in their heads. Why would I want to be with them when I was just married? I should have been on top of my new wife right now pounding her ass off.

I grumbled in my thoughts. Huh. They should know better.

Elijah who had been standing next to me remarked inside my head, 'Look at that. They are quite pissed off with your sudden call for a meeting. They were having a good time at your wedding reception you know.'

'Fuck off, Elijah,' I sent him a glare.

"You called Your Highness?" my beta, William, asked once they all settled on their chairs. The oval table in front of us was large. On normal days, it would have been filled with spread papers and maps. Now it was devoid of them probably because the servants thought I'd turn this day into a holiday.

Not a chance.

"I'm sure you all saw what happened to me and my...bride earlier right?" I asked, keeping eye contact with each and every one of them.

William lowered his head and visibly cleared his throat while the high priest flashed a toothy grin. The others, well, they broke into a proud smile, probably seeing the event a good sign.

"It was a wonderful sight to behold, my liege," Hindall, the high priest, commented. He leaned closer against the desk and looked at me with bright eyes.

I took this as an opportunity to go straight to the point.

"Do you know what's the meaning of this mark on our wrists?" Holding my right arm up, the crescent moon mark protruded on the surface of my skin just slightly. They all looked at the mark and gasped. It must have been amazing for them to see such a thing made by the Divine.

"I...unfortunately have no idea, Your Highness," Hindall lowered his head, looking partly ashamed. "All I know is that your union with Queen Serena is blessed by the Goddess."

I clenched my hands in frustration.

"Fuck the Goddess! What I want is an explanation!" I stood up and hit the desk with a heavy hand. "Any one of you here could give me that?"

I watched them one by one again, but they remained silent and looked at each other like clueless pups.

"Sedsah?" I stated, pointing out the only man I expected could help me. He had a blue-violet printed turban on his head as a headdress and sported a long brown-grayish goatee, something that suited his age and position.

He lifted his chin up and looked at the mark on my wrist.

"Let me touch the mark, Your Highness," he offered. "I might see the message of the Goddess through it."

I scowled at the use of his words. Why must they all connect it to the Goddess? What has got to do with a nature spirit on my situation right now?

Noticing the look of curiosity on the council's face, I grumbled from deep within my throat and said, "Go ahead when all of my council leaves."

William and my omega, Chris, as observant as ever, took it as their cue to leave.

They stood up and left, and soon after, all of my council did the same.

Elijah placed a hand on my shoulder and audibly cleared his throat.

"You want me to leave too?" he asked, grinning at me. I shook my head and clenched my jaw.

"Stay. You're the one who brought me into this mess," I stated, looking up at him with a glare.

"Hmm, fine, I'm curious anyway." Elijah shrugged his shoulder acting like he didn't care but I knew he wanted to know too.

Sedsah stood up from his seat, rounded the table, and approached me on the right side.

"Your hand, Your Highness," he placed his palm up in between us.

I didn't approve of him holding any part of my body but I had to comply if I needed answers stat.

Sedsah wrapped his palm around my wrist and raised his head up high. A few seconds later, he started speaking, but it was too vague to even understand it.

"I see a boy... I see loneliness... Eshtha? What does that mean?"

My mind suddenly jumped at the mention of the foreign word. Well, foreign for them, yes, but for me... it wasn't, I invented the damn word while I was still a kid for crying out loud! It was one of those memories I'd like to bury deep inside the grounds of my castle.

"Leave," I stated, pulling my hand away.

"Your Highness?" Sedsah was taken aback by the instruction.

"I said leave!" I shouted. "You're services are no longer required!"

Understanding my labile mood, he just bowed down and said, "Your will, my King." I watched as his back retreated to the door.

"Judging from your reaction, I think you know what that mark means right?" Elijah remarked once we were alone. He claimed the seat next to him and faced me with his sickening grin.

"No, I don't," I answered with a huff, "but I most certainly remembered an unsavory memory in my past."

"What does eshtha mean, brother?" he went on with not a hint of expression on his face. "I know you're hiding something from me." He crossed his arms and examined me like a sly wolf that he was and widened his grin.

My temper couldn't hold on much longer.

"Get out, Elijah. Let me be at peace!"

"Okay, good," he raised his hands up in defeat and stood up from his seat. "I won't tease you anymore, but a word of advice? Go to your chamber now and spend some time with your new wife."

I frowned. "I'll cut off your tongue if you don't shut up, Elijah."

"Sure, sure," he answered noncommittally, "but we could still mind-link you know."

"Just get out..." I rubbed my forehead.

He probably saw the tiredness on my face, so he decided to fully surrender.

"Okay, brother. Just remember that I'm here if you want someone to talk to."

"Yes, Elijah," I muttered under my breath without even looking at him.

Eshtha...

My made-up word kept on lingering inside my head. It was teasing me, taunting me, and haunting me more than my younger brother did.

If he knew what the word meant, he'd probably laugh at my kid self. He'd probably say I was beyond myself, aiming high for a relationship that didn't exist.

"Eshtha..."

I tested the word on my mouth in real-time and it gave me a shudder.

"Mate..." my lycan side translated and with that, thoughts of the woman filled me like a flood.