

The Alpha King's Claim chapter 15

Aero

Despite calling it back, my wolf stayed on the surface, deeply focused on its intent to ravish the woman. I felt its need for her... Its hunger... Its craving... Its intention to strip her naked and give her the best fucking a woman could get. I tried hard to ignore those thoughts, but we were one. I felt it too, burning me, coaxing me to give in.

But I was as hardheaded as my wolf was. I didn't relent to its temptation.

"I thought you hate women," she voiced out; her eyes a look of betrayal and hurt. "Did you change your mind?"

Her words somehow got me big time. It stung but I was grateful she reminded me about that.

I had always believed that anger and hate could always surpass any other emotion. Luckily, it was the exact case for me now. I used my anger to gain back control of my person and easily my wolf was suppressed. Under the cover of the mist, I transformed into my human form.

One thing was for sure when I faced her butt naked, it was that I had no desire to stay anymore longer close to her. My cock was still as hard as a meteor rock. Funny I know. My whole body was still reacting to her, so I needed to leave her asap or else I'd be regretting my actions come morning.

The last thing I did before I left was to inform her about her pending return to Earth. The original plan was to send her back a day after the wedding, not hours after the wedding, but with my control tested and my wolf acting stubborn, I had to erase her in my realm as quickly as possible.

It was the safest, most concrete plan I could think of.

The council would likely become suspicious of me once they notice her absence the next day, but it was a risk I wanted to take. Hell, better lose the throne than lose my sanity.

When I jumped down from my balcony on the third floor, I quickly shifted back to my wolf form. I ran as fast as I could to where I could no longer smell her scent. Unfortunately, since the wedding ended, her scent had grown stronger to me and it wasn't disappearing no matter how far I was.

I did the next best thing I could do to fix this dilemma. I crossed realms and went to Sattus, the Realm of the Spirits. Or technically, the Underworld in layman's term where I know no teasingly sweet scent could surpass the stench of the dead.

I stayed there until I cooled off and the hardness in between my groin lessened. When daybreak came to my kingdom, I returned and immediately went straight to Elijah's chamber.

"Out!" I bellowed when I noticed a half-naked woman wrapped in my brother's arms, lying cozily on his bed.

"Brother, you're early," he stated whilst looking worriedly at the woman frantically picking her clothes from the floor. "Shouldn't you be—"

"Zip it, Elijah," I barked. I glared at the woman again and in response, she sprinted out of the room with a blanched face.

Then, I heard an audible sigh from Elijah's direction. "You really know how to kill a woman with your eyes, brother. Have you been to Sattus? You borrowed clothes there, have you? You look like the Grim Reaper ready for a kill."

I puffed and clenched my hands.

"You put me in this mess, so you better take care of it," I started, my arms crossed over my chest.

"You mean your blessed union with our queen?" he grinned at me before standing up; his morning wood covered in boxer shorts.

"She is not our queen," I corrected, spitting the word. "You said so yourself it would be a fake wedding."

"True, but that changed when your marks appeared." His eyes pointed to my arms. I shook my head and raised my right hand, staring straight into the mark that plagued me since last night.

"Nothing changed, even with this," I stated, clenching my jaw.

He huffed loudly and threw his hands up in the air.

"Oh come on, brother! Wake up already!" I sensed his frustration for the first time. My brother had always been the happy-go-lucky type of man. But now, I had seen a side of him that was serious. "Don't you think its high time you end your hatred on women? The Goddess has given you a gift. She sent you Serena! Don't waste that chance! Do it for your kingdom and for yourself."

"This conversation is over," I flipped a hand, dismissing him, choosing to act deaf on his points. "I'll send that woman back to her world. You do damage control when she's gone."

This time, he relented, but I could still see the look of regret in his eyes.

"Listen to yourself, brother. Really listen. Is this what you really want to happen?"

I stayed silent for a while and munched on his words. I pulled out all my memory of the woman and for a moment, I actually hesitated sending her back to her world. Maybe with her presence, things would have a brighter way?

But then, I reminded myself of my sworn oath. Women are inferior and they don't deserve my trust.

"Without a doubt," was my answer to Elijah's question.

I saw him frown, clearly displeased by my decision.

"I want to see the queen for one last time," he stated before turning to the bathroom door. "Can you wait for me to change? Or better yet, you should change too. We don't want Serena to think you'd be sending her to the grave with that clothing.

Why would I care? I told myself.

"Wait, I have an idea," he flashed me a wide smile. "Since you're going to Earth, why not dress like the humans? You could go to your favorite coffee shop and maybe bring me iced coffee when you return."

"I'll indulge you only this time, Elijah, as long as you take care of the council."

He gave me a thumbs up. "Sure, no problem."

Half an hour later, I entered my chamber donned on modern Earth clothes. I refrained from making eye contact with her. It was the safest course of action. My wolf was still waiting beneath my facade. If a crack on my control appears, even just a hairline of it, it would come to the surface and all my plans would be for naught.

She was dressed in the same clothes she wore the first time we met. I was reminded of that little spark of delight I felt when she was underneath me. Because of it, my wolf used this as a chance, but before it could pull me on the backseat, I jumped into the portal with her hands wrapped around my arm.

I intentionally placed her in front of her apartment. Yes, I had no idea where she lived, but her scent and the traces of her scent on Earth told me to put her there.

I stood under the cover of darkness on the other side of the road while she entered her house. Just in time, my wolf howled a saddening tune. I felt its pain. I felt its loss. I felt my loss too. However, I opted to stay on the spot and let the darkness eat my anguish away.