

The Alpha King's Claim chapter 19

Aero

Since that woman's return to the human realm, I thought I'd be relieved of my problems. However, it actually worsened.

First, my council kept on fishing out information from me, asking where the queen was.

Second, since my alibi was that we were on the so-called traditional 'saricsa' or honeymoon on Earth terms and that I didn't want her to get out of our bedroom, my council had been bugging me about pups. Lots and lots of them. Quadruplets if possible for her first pregnancy. I had to scowl at them and change the topic instead.

Third, were my dreams. Not only was the council been bothering me about her, but my dreams too. They were nightmares if you ask me. I couldn't get a good night's sleep. Her face, her smile, everything about her was the constant subject inside my head. Now when I really did get a night of good sleep, it was after I get dreams of her and me consummating our marriage in the most marvelous...no scratch that...awful of ways.

In my dreams, she was underneath me whilst my cock was buried inside her, not an inch wasted of my erection. Sometimes, it would be another position in another location. She was moaning and grinding her ass too. She was crying out my name. She was swallowing my cum as I emptied myself inside her mouth. I had dreams wherein I'd do the same for her, licking her pussy, sucking the sensitive flesh until she came.

Every time I wake from my dreams, I would find myself covered in sweat and my bedsheets in...cum. My body would heat up more than my transformation to a werewolf or lycan would and I'd find myself unsatisfied. I didn't want it to be just a dream. I wanted it real. And my wolf side agreed with it a hundred percent.

But of course, I'd remind myself again why I couldn't. My hatred for women could never and should never be quenched.

Because of this, my wolf would sulk again, growl at me, and sometimes it would even refuse to shift when I wanted to shift.

Fourth and the last, was my wrist mark. It was distracting me in everything I do. I would feel a searing pain from the edges. Sometimes, I'd even feel as if it was ripped out from me. To relieve the stressful life of being a king, I would occasionally jack myself off. Now I couldn't do that because of the mark's constant aching pressure.

I thought this was just a side effect of its creation. After a while, I realized it wasn't. That the discomfort I felt on my mark was connected to that woman. Fuck.

A month had passed since then and I still couldn't avoid these problems. My council had started to suspect me. It was understandable. They still hadn't seen their new queen after all.

Elijah was helpful enough to direct their attention on different matters, but I know it would only be a matter of time until they found out the wedding was fake and that I had employed a woman to act as my bride.

I didn't worry about it really. My promise was done and my father's decree was fulfilled. The contract never stipulated anything about heirs and it never specified the length of marriage between me and my wife. These were loopholes my father never cared to fix.

However, should worse comes to worst and my council would demand me to remarry, I wouldn't hesitate to declare reelection of my court. Surely they'd shut up quit bothering me.

'Or how about you visit our wife on Earth? Ask her to return and become the queen luna that she is. That would be better,' my lycan side suggested. He was the brain of us three. He would give me wisdom that I would always follow.

This time, however, following it was impossible. Visiting her would mean I miss her. Missing her would mean I . . .

Double. Fuck.

But in a sudden twist of events, my wolf surfaced and the next thing I knew, I had hopped to her realm, and using her perpetual sweet scent, I traced her inside a cafe.

I hid in an alley where the shadow of the building covered me from human eyes. In there, I watched her while she talked to another woman younger than her. She appeared to be doing well. She was laughing and conversing with her eyes full of life.

I felt a sudden pang of pain. Why should I care if she was doing well or not?!

Growling, I convinced my wolf to return to Phanteon. It didn't listen to me. Instead, it watched her again with intense longing.

When suddenly her eyes met mine, my nerves jumped and my wolf lost its hold on the front seat of my consciousness. I took this chance and quickly jumped back to my realm, scowling more than ever.

But somehow, a few minutes later, I felt a sense of dread fill me. It wasn't for my kingdom or for myself. No. It was for the woman.

When I decided to check on her again, I was already too late. I couldn't scent her anymore, not in the cafe she went earlier, not in her apartment, not in any other place. But somehow, I traced a faint smell of her in an abandoned building.

To my surprise and displeasure, I saw traces of a break in space; a sign that there was a very recent portal opened in this spot. I concluded that instant that she had hopped in another realm.

The big question was, where?

When I returned to Phanteon, I went back to my routine duties, telling myself that her safety or life didn't concern me. That she wasn't worth finding. Wherever she was, it was her problem, not mine.

By nightfall however, Elijah went barreling inside my chamber.

"Get your ass off that bed now!" he shouted.

I gave him a cold stare. "What is the problem now?" I stated.

"It's your wife, dear brother! My informants told me she was in Oldan's blood auction! She's in the vampire realm!"

Hearing it, my wolf growled loudly wanting to immediately jump there and save her. Somehow, I agreed with its desire, but it wasn't because of her. It was because I had some unfinished business in the vampire realm.

The Alpha King's Claim chapter 20

Serena

I was inside a grandiose bedroom, alone and not so surprised why I was separated from the other women with me. They thought me a royal after all and all royals get to have better treatment. It seems Earth and the other realms didn't differ in this aspect.

However, I would have preferred to be with the others, give them comfort maybe and at the same time gather intel. They might have an idea who had just purchased us.

I honestly thought my plan would work. Well, it would have worked out if it wasn't for that so-called master the butler was referring to. I saw the look of distress in Manross's and the auctioneer's eyes. They looked uncomfortable for a brief moment and then easily, they submitted.

"I will allow His Grace's request, but let all vampires before me bear witness to this event. I will wash my hands of any responsibilities and of any consequences that would arise between the realms of the vampires and werewolves," was the auctioneer's cautious answer.

That time, I felt like a bucket of ice was dumped on me. I couldn't believe what he said.

Then I noticed the master of the butler stand up. Despite the shadow that hid him, I could tell he was tall and proportionally well-built. I felt the atmosphere of the room shift to freezing degrees and it wasn't because of the metaphorical bucket of ice. Oh no. It was this man's aura. However far the space between us, I felt his commanding presence envelop me. It was nerve-wracking.

He nonchalantly waved a hand as if telling them he didn't care and then left the balcony, leaving the butler to speak for him.

"The Master says 'proceed.'"

With that, Manross grabbed my elbow and pulled me out of the stage. I cast a last glance at the auctioneer. His expression was that of insensitivity, but once his eyes met mine, he grinned.

I raised my chin and sent him a glare. I wanted him to know my confidence didn't break. I would find a way out of this mess soon.

"The Master would like to meet you, Your Highness. He is waiting for you at the sky lounge," informed the same butler after he knocked twice and opened the door of my bedroom slash prison.

I stood up from the chair positioned near the ceiling-high windows and nodded at him.

Minutes after I was placed inside this room, three female servants entered bringing with them a range of gowns, pieces of jewelry and boxes of perfumes and make-up.

This kind of treatment didn't surprise me at all. I had expected it already. What actually caught my attention was the fact that two of the three gorgeous women were humans.

Actual humans.

And they looked happy and contented.

I didn't want to be nosy, but I had to know why, so I asked them. Unfortunately, the two women were tight-lipped.

They just gave me blank looks and secretive smiles.

I didn't bother on knowing anymore. I instead focused on my pending meeting with their master.

I chose the least revealing gown in the batch. It was silvery-green in color, with a turtleneck neckline and long sleeves. It however had a bare back but I didn't

think it mattered. I chose no jewelry and I didn't bother painting my face. What for when I didn't intend on negotiating with their master using my charms?

But now as I walked towards the extravagantly designed hallway, I second-guessed myself. Maybe I needed a little charm to encourage him to free us. My title as queen didn't seem to work. What else was there to use that had higher chances of success other than the charms of a woman?

I released a long sigh to lighten the pressure on my shoulder. Here's to hoping for the best.

The butler gestured for me to enter after he silently opened the double doors made of hard polished wood. I did so with my hands clasped together.

The sky lounge indeed bore true to its name. Once I stepped inside, I noticed a really wide and open balcony in front of me. The skyline, dark but vibrant with stars, welcomed my sight. The roof was shaped like a dome. It was made of glass or some transparent industrial material. It complemented the overall aura of the place.

Deep inside, I was thankful to meet their master in this open area where fresh air surrounded me. I didn't want to smell anything blood-related as much as possible, but I knew I was only fooling myself. This was the realm of the vampires after all and moreover I was in a vampire's lair. The smell of blood was a given.

I heard the double doors close and then I felt a gust of wind pass me from behind. My hair was all over the place as a consequence so I sought to smooth them back to their rightful position.

My eyes landed on a shadowy figure thereafter. I could easily tell it was the master I had been wanting to meet. He stood in the far corner of the balcony facing west. Despite wearing a long cape, I could see how broad his back was and how ramrod straight his spine was.

Easily, he towered over me as my fake husband did and like King Aero, I felt a little intimidated by this man...er...vampire too.

"Please, approach, Your Highness. Honor me with your presence," I jerked when I clearly heard his voice despite the windy noise around us. It was as if he was whispering the words directly to my ear.

After sucking a good amount of air inside my lungs, I neared him.

"You sure are bold to buy me and the others despite knowing the truth," I said with all the confidence I could tie with my voice.

He slowly turned to face me, one large hand caressing the balustrade as if it was a precious gem.

My breath was briefly caught in my throat once his face came to view under the light of the balcony.

He was handsome in a feminine kind of way. I couldn't quite explain it. His nose, jawline, and lips were super fine. His brows were not bushy. It was well-trimmed. His hair was in the shade of brown, brushed up neatly but I could tell, the edges would look rough after a bath.

His eyes were the typical red for a vampire, but it surprisingly had a ring of silvery violet in the center. It brought me goosebumps staring at it; the kind where fear and excitement mixed.

"Hm, the truth is inconsequential and fleeting if I say so myself," he answered, his voice giving out an echoing tone, "especially when what you claim hasn't been proved yet."

I frowned, knowing exactly what he was talking about.

"I am the Queen of Phanteon," I told him without stuttering. "I have no reason to explain anything to you."

He smirked at me.

"Oh, I know. I could see it in those courageous eyes of yours that you speak the truth."

"Good," I nodded, "now let me start negotiating our release—"

"However," he cut me off, raising a palm in between us, "I am more attracted to the other side of the story."