

# The Alpha King's Claim chapter 31

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Serena

I sauntered out of the king's chamber as fast as my shaking legs could take me. I could feel the moistness of my underwear as I walked. It was uncomfortable. It was awkward. It literally felt like I just stuffed a soaked roll of tissue in between my thighs with how crazily wet it felt down there.

Elijah for sure noticed my discomfort and the wet spot on my dress. I didn't care to cover it up. At that moment, I was too conscious of the king's presence; too shaken up with what he had just done and what I had actually allowed him to do.

One moment, we were discussing how to rid us of the mark and another moment, he was sniffing me out, gradually licking the outer layer of my underwear and eventually sucking my clit despite the obstruction, and I just lay there whimpering and enjoying his treatment.

Oh god...

Yes, it was a euphoric moment, granted it was my first time to be ever done so by a man; but I also would like to credit the king's skills with his mouth. He was confident; unashamed. His tongue licked me like I was the best damn ice cream in his kingdom. I'm unsure even if they have this coldly sweet food in here.

As crazy as it sounded, I would have given in to his ministrations; would have given in to the sensations if it wasn't for the interruption.

I was thankful for the crown prince though. It was both our wake up call. We were both horny, I knew that now, but that didn't mean I was going to offer myself up easily and be dined by a werewolf king who had long time hated women.

Whatever happened to him earlier, I was sure he was not in his right mind. Or if he was in his right mind, he could just be acting. I don't know... I couldn't say. This man was as complicated as the DNA structure of the human body.

Before facing Rhea, I took a deep breath to calm the erratic beating of my heart. My arousal was still there; my clit was still swelling with the need to be sucked harder and my core still aching to be filled by something hard and long, but I had to control it; forget about it, else I'd turn myself into a fool in front of my new-found friend.

"How are you, Your Highness?" Rhea, with her elegant charm, smiled at me. Standing near a stone statue of a wolf in a full howl, she waited as I neared her.

I gave her a lopsided smile then.

"Really? Are you going to call me 'that' now?"

She grinned and pointed her eyes to every corner of the grand hallway. "Well, we're in your palace so yeah."

I shook my head. "Seriously, I prefer to be called by my name. 'Your Highness' just sounds so...flashy."

I grabbed her arm and pulled her for an embrace. "Great to see you here, Rhea."

She patted my back and whispered, "Thank you for keeping your word, Serena."

As we withdrew, I sighed and smiled at her again. "I only provided a way out, it was you who took the initiative to leave the place."

My clear memory of her stepping up in the presence of Lord Hale and saving herself was something to be admired about. I guess Elijah felt the same way for he was quick to offer her salvation.

"I'm worried about the others though," I expressed, lowering my vision to the floor. There were still so many women to be saved; so many who were scared and hoping for a miracle. I couldn't help but think I could have rescued them if I wasn't incapacitated. The King of Phanteon was already there. Surely, he could be persuaded to take them too.

'Oh no, don't get your hopes up,' my mind pointed out. Well, yes, maybe I was barking at the wrong tree. King Aero, knowing him now, would never do that.

"Unfortunately, while you were ill, almost all of them were already persuaded," Rhea declared, cutting my train of thought. A pang of disappointment passed through me. I guess that's the end of my self-imposed mission.

"Seeing as how quickly the vampires in the castle were working, I immediately volunteered to take care of you. That way, I could avoid them," she added.

Feeling at ease, I sighed. "You were right to do so, Rhea. I'd do the same if I were in your shoes." Still conscious of my attire, I started walking. "Care to accompany me to my chamber?" I asked.

She grinned at me and said, "Sure. Prince Elijah said you needed directions to that place."

I gave her a sheepish smile. "Yeah, it felt like just yesterday when I became the queen of this kingdom. I hadn't basically acquainted myself with the castle walls and corners."

"Right," she winked at me. "We literally have the same dilemma."

Surprisingly, we didn't stroll that long when we reached my chamber. I'm unsure if this room existed a long time ago and was designed to be literally just some short steps away from the king's, but yeah, I felt it doable. A woman needs her personal space from time to time anyway.

In our case though, this chamber would provide both of us a breather. King Aero didn't want me in his bed in the first place while I...well, let's say I'm flexible to anything. I'd be a hypocrite to act all meek when it came to bedding arrangements. Though it was already clear nothing below the belt would happen, I had already expected we'd be sharing a bed sooner or later just to keep up appearances. Our recent...uhm...encounter this morning could be called as just a state of weakness—well, at least for me since I easily gave in to his...tongue.

As for him? He was an unreadable prick so I choose not to give myself a headache thinking about his actions earlier. One thing was for sure though, he was a damn horny dog and he was dreaming about me.

Back to reality, Rhea was thoughtful enough not to ask about the wet splotch on my dress and she was sensitive enough not to look at it the whole time we strolled inside my chamber.

Honestly excited with the interior of the room, I opened the double doors myself and gawked at the sight that greeted me. True enough, this place was fit for royalty. Like the king's, the room was spacious, well-lit with magnificent lights, and the decors were almost gilded and intricately designed. A touch of femininity was what set it apart from the king's chamber and I liked it. The aura almost felt like my own room back on Earth. I felt at home immediately.

The bedroom was separated from the main living space. Inside, I was astounded to see how big the mattress was. Yes, the size was the same as the king's and was lined with the same rich cloth. The whole bed frame was accented with sweeping sheer drapes all the way up to the ceiling. It almost looked like a scene from a princess's slumber party.

And the ceiling...oh the ceiling. It was surprisingly roofed with clear glass panels. The blue sky welcomed me with the promise of a beautiful morning in this kingdom. I was pleased. I could only imagine what this bedroom would look like in the evening where the moon would indeed smile down at me.

"When the king took you and left in a blink of an eye, I honestly got scared, but then I remembered his brother was still with me," Rhea informed whilst I entered the rosy-tiled bathroom. Fit for a queen, it was of enormous size. There was a medium-sized pool in one corner and a shower room that I could only see in high-end magazines. Another doorway led to the walk-in closet and this was where I entered while Rhea followed me.

"Prince Elijah," I chirped over my shoulder. I saw the faint blush of her face on the mirror wall.

"He...he was so accommodating and helpful."

"Yeah, very," I chuckled when I remembered my experience with him on my first day in Phanteon. "Did he mention something about returning you home?"

"I'm not sure he did..." she trailed off.

Watching her on the mirror again, I noticed the cloud of confusion in her eyes. For a strong woman like her, she actually looked somewhat unsure now.

I gave her time to collect her words and decided to skim through the variety of clothes in the closet. Choosing a gown with the color white—my favorite color—I pulled it out from the batch and examined it: sweetheart neckline, ankle-length, long-sleeves, no ruffles, no heavy beadwork. Good. It was simple and exactly my taste.

“Uhm, Serena, can I ask you something?” Rhea began when I started to change in front of her.

“Sure, what is it?” I voiced out from under the cloth.

“I’ve been studying our history and traditions on Earth for almost two decades. The pyramids in Egypt, the great battle in Waterloo, the French Revolution, Manchu Picchu to name a few. I...I am bound to be bored sometimes.”

I wasn’t sure where she was going so I just remained silent and continued to listen whilst I fixed myself up in front of the mirror.

“Uhm...is it wrong for me to say I’m fascinated with this world and the people living in it so I...I wish to stay?”

Oh, dear... I didn’t see that coming.

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Serena

Trying to understand Rhea’s words, I recollected everything I experienced so far, and yeah, somehow, not all were bad.

“True, this place is different than ours,” I started when I faced her. “It is attractive...”

‘Not to mention the king,’ my mind pitched in. I inwardly groaned. Of all the things to highlight, why him?

Then I remembered one basic fact Rhea might not have known.

“If...if you want to stay, I think you can, but a word of advise, know first what kind of people you are dealing with,” I stated vaguely. If I tell her head-on that this kingdom’s people including their rulers were werewolves, she’d probably think me crazy.

A small curve on her lip appeared and then I saw an undeniable recognition in her eyes.

"I know what you're trying to say, Serena. I know already what they are. They are werewolves."

My mouth gaped and I blinked many times.

"Wow, that fast?" I muttered.

She nodded and another blush, this time clearer, appeared on her cheeks.

"The crown prince...uhm...showed me."

Her eyes moved everywhere except in my direction. She looked shy and cute, and quite frankly, a bit turned on judging from the look on her face—biting her lip and all.

"O...kay, I'll leave the details for you to keep," I sensitively stated. Although I was super curious, whatever happened to them when leaving the vampire realm was theirs to keep. I wouldn't want to pry on their privacy as much as I didn't want her to pry on mine.

"Don't you want to stay here too? I mean, Earth is still our home, but you're the queen of this kingdom, wouldn't you want to spend your time here to get to know your people more? Think of it as a vacation," she advised, her eyes full of enthusiasm.

I sighed and lowered my chin.

"I'll think about it, Rhea. It's...it's complicated for now," I stated, thinking of the one man that was the cause of the complication.

She nodded and took my hand. "I understand, but if you change your mind, let me know. Let's explore this world together."

I squeezed back her hands.

"How about we explore this castle first?" I offered, looking at her with beaming eyes. To tour the castle with someone who hadn't also been in the place would be a challenge I know but it would also be fun.

"That's a great idea," she giggled and happily turned towards the door.

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Rhea and I used the most of the day walking, talking and carelessly opening doors in every room we pass by inside the castle. We looked like kids exploring

with not a care in the world if our mothers were looking for us. We giggled and laughed and our voices were all over the hallways.

Stationary soldiers we happen to come in contact with would react in a very funny but sweet way. They'd look surprised at first, blush next, and quickly pull themselves down the floor to attempt a perfect bow. Rhea would wink at me and pucker her lips, teasing me to give them poor soldiers a blessing. I'd quickly shake my head and control my laughter. No way would I act like the pope over these men even if I so wanted to.

When we reached an open walkway at the very top of the castle, we stopped and took the whole scenery in. The Kingdom of Phanteon was indeed grand. As far as my eyes could reach me, there was lush greenery all around, mountains, lakes, and groups of towns vibrant with colors on their roofs. There were high towers I counted down to ten guarding the castle and the castle itself was surrounded with tall walls. The gardens below were magnificent, the choices of plants and its landscaping were the same. A thick gate made of what looked like iron guarded the entry. The emblem of the kingdom was on it on both sides.

I watched completely awed by the world around us. 'The queen... I'm the queen of this kingdom,' my mind chanted, 'and my husband is the king and has been doing a perfect job on it.' Would it be wise to fool the people of this world? Wouldn't I feel guilty about it? Could I meet their expectations? Questions slowly ate me.

Turning to Rhea, I saw the adoration in her eyes of the place. She had already made up her mind to stay. It was a quick decision and I envied her. I wished I was that damn straight. Remembering her words earlier, she was right. Earth was still my home, but I could stay in this new world and get to know more about the kingdom and its residents. What actually made me second guess then?

Oh yes, I knew the answer even before asking the question. It was simple. I wasn't wanted. The king had clearly stated it the moment we first met. I wouldn't fit in in this world. He was just using me. I was just a ruse queen. I didn't have a 'Prince Elijah' who would be kind and generous enough to make me feel welcomed.

I was better off in my own world, but until then...until the time this mark on my wrist disappears, I'd have to do my duties as queen, even if it was in name only.

"I see that you are both having a fun time," a familiar voice interrupted our examination of the kingdom and we both quickly turned to the source behind us.

"Prince Elijah," I exclaimed, smiling.

Rhea was quick to perform a curtsy. "Your Highness..." she whispered which consequently earned a frown from the prince.

"Rhea, I already told you to call me by my name," he corrected; his tone of voice a whole lot different from what I'm used to. His words were stern, but he delivered it in a manner that was gentle and full of meaning.

I bit my lip, trying to contain the grin from surfacing on my face.

"I apologize, Cedric," Rhea stated.

"Cedric?" I parroted, my forehead wrinkling.

Prince Elijah chuckled.

"Don't be confused sister-in-law, Cedric is my first name. Elijah is my second. My brother and the rest of the kingdom prefer to use my second name. I'm well-known that way."

"Hmm, that is noted then," I affirmed.

He glanced back at Rhea again and right then and there, I saw how warm he looked at her and well...she reciprocated it the same way. They were fun to watch.

"There's going to be a banquet tonight. You two ladies are expected as special guests," he informed.

Curious, I stepped in and asked, "Who threw a party and why?"

"The council persuaded the king," he answered honestly, "In your honor, Queen Serena, to celebrate your recovery."

"And my...husband actually agreed?" I cleared a lump in my throat. Really?

"Of course, he would." He flashed a grin that was too suspicious for my liking.

"Right," I muttered and rolled my eyes heavenward.

"Dress up and make yourselves even more beautiful ladies. Tonight, we will have wine, food, and fun," his eyes landed on Rhea last, and again I saw some meaning to it.

I often think of what Elijah's definition of fun was, but I guess this time it involved my new friend.

"I'll see you tonight, Rhea," he stated, taking her hand on his and then kissing it.

"Tonight it is then, Cedric," she blushed.

These two, they were completely mesmerized with each other. I couldn't shake the feeling that Prince Elijah's existence in this kingdom influenced a big part of Rhea's decision to stay. If that was the case, it would be quite a risk, but probably even I would take that risk if it meant I'd find the man destined for me.

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Author's Note: Look around you. He is just around the corner probably jerking off his sexual frustration.

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Aero

Said that it was customary for the king and queen to enter together during a party, so here I was, standing behind the door of the grand ballroom, waiting for her to arrive.

Let's be clear, I was forced to do this by Phanteon's tradition. If I had control, I would never wait for that woman on any given day, time or occasion. The fact that I was still married to her under the people's eyes added to my problem. It basically prohibited me from avoiding her and unfortunately forced me into approving the council's request for a banquet in her honor.

I had been waiting for almost fucking ten minutes, scowling; my mouth drew into a grim line; my hands tightly clenched. I had no patience over such female preparations. Such outside appearance didn't matter when their character was still rotten to the core. It had sickened me watching these stupid women flaunt their fineries in the past, it still sickened me today, and this night didn't hold any difference.

My wolf however thought otherwise. It howled inside when it felt a sudden pull behind me. I gaped, my mind turning blank when after turning around, I saw a shimmering gown float effortlessly towards me. It was in some shade of pink and blue, framed by...to my surprise...a thick white robe that spilled to the floor.

I'd recognize this robe anywhere. It was created for the queen...for the first luna...but my whore of a mother never used it because she didn't like the pureness of the color. She preferred a red robe just like my father's. That was exactly the reason why I had never worn the king's robe. It was tainted with her distasteful memory.

Hiking my sight up to the owner's face, I found my fake wife already looking at me with a serene expression of contentment. Despite my better judgment, I admitted she looked stunning.

And seeing her wear the white robe, I was beyond pleased. It indeed brought a whole new meaning to the robe's purpose. A sudden swell of pride hit me. I rushed to contain it, fearing it would manifest as a smile on my face.

"You're late," I stated flatly, sending her a scrutinizing eye.

"Sorry to be not sorry, Your Majesty," she replied, flashing her sly smile. "Rhea and the other maids-in-waiting got carried away with dolling me up. Your brother specifically said I should look my best on my first party."



'Yeah, they did their job right,' my mind commented after examining her entire form. She only wore stud earrings, a pendant necklace, and the queen's crown as fineries and nothing more. The gown she wore complimented her skin and it fitted her curves just right.

'Curves...' On cue, my eyes landed on her cleavage. I inwardly groaned again in response.

"An unnecessary party if I should say so myself. Know that this wasn't my plan," I lashed.

"I know," she grinned and with that, I saw a vixen under a sheep's clothing. She earlier said she was different from the general female population. I couldn't agree more. She was the most dangerous of all.

"Let's go?" she said and then boldly clutched my elbow.

I cringed at the contact but I reminded myself this was all for show. After this night's banquet, I'll be back inside my chamber relaxing, or better yet, doing a run along the hills of Phanteon and stay the night inside my manor away from this woman.

Two knocks and the enormous double doors opened for us. My beta introduced us with a loud voice and we started our way to the throne platform.

I looked straight, not at all in the mood to meet anyone's eye, but for my first-time queen, she responded to the greetings of my subjects with much enthusiasm. They were enthusiastic themselves and it looked like they were happy to ignore my chilly mood.

Traitors, the lot of them.

When we arrived at the platform, she released her grip on me and audaciously stepped forward without my signal.

"Thank you, dear friends, for your presence here tonight. This would be my first time at a grand party, so bear with me if I make a mistake."

I heard giggles and chuckles of understanding in the crowd. That alone, I knew, this woman had captured their hearts and sympathy already.

"Please enjoy the food, drinks, and entertainment. On the King's behalf, I formally start this night's celebration."

Thunderous applause erupted around the ballroom after her short words. The live band played their jolly music. Everyone started chatting and eating without waiting for me to talk. I felt out of place for the first time. Me, their alpha king, actually thrown out of the picture.

Had she overpowered my influence over my subjects? Was this how a luna's power work? I was confused about what to feel. Burdened? Freed? Happy? Angry? Proud? I clenched my fists instead and decided to let these emotions fade away as the clock ticked.

She returned to my side with a grin plastered on her face.

"You give quite a good show. My subjects adore you," I stated, holding my temper at bay.

She glanced at me and shrugged. "Since this party is made in my honor, I see it fit to talk. Did I offend you?"

Her question took me by surprise. She hit the bullseye, but instead of saying yes, I answered her with complete silence and a sharp stare.

I turned around thereafter and claimed my seat. She followed, smartly staying silent, and sat beside me, in my right where the queen's throne was now reinstalled. I showed no remorse when my mother died and I wasn't even batting an eyelash when I ordered the queen's throne be taken down right after my father passed away.

Now, whoever reinstalled this blasphemous object without my permission deserved an award. They better ready their furs skinned down to their paws for displeasing me.

As I looked at my fake wife sitting in the royal seat, bubbling anger started inside me. Anger directed to her or to the throne or to myself, I couldn't really be sure which was which but it was tangible on my skin and I just wanted it out. I wanted to thrash. I wanted to howl and break someone's bone. I wanted to start a fucking fight...

'Calm now, brother, I could see your sour face surfacing all the way from here,' my brother's words filled my head in an instant. I turned to the source and saw him sitting at the left side of the ballroom, in a table next to Alpha Kade, the alpha of Jaxis, a place in my kingdom where combat and skills were honed for my army.

With the two of them together in one table, the female population in the party was already in chaos. It was sickening to watch how they were both flocked and fawned over.

'You actually still have the time to watch me when there are lots of leeches there with you,' I grounded, mind-liking him.

He snickered at me and slightly shook his head. 'No, brother, I only got my eyes set on one woman only now.'

'Huh, that's a first,' I answered mockingly, then rerouted my eyes to the numerous guests before me. Sure enough, my bubbling anger earlier had dissipated a little because of Elijah's interruption. I was calmer now. I was more in

control of my emotions. Instead of entertaining my hatred of the queen's throne, I decided to ignore it, and yes, as a result, ignore her too.

I ate and she ate. Not her and definitely not me, decided to start a conversation. I let the music and the noise of the guests bury the silence that surrounded us. For a moment it was all good until a certain gate crasher arrived and made my lycan side stand on guard.

It was Lord Ziur fucking Hale Lioncourt.

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Aero

I tried to hide it, but my displeasure was evident on my face as soon as the vampire entourage entered the ballroom. I clenched my fists and growled out low. I wished for an interesting night tonight, but I didn't mean this at all.

The announcement of their presence was too late, but it was enough to catch the attention of the guests. They parted in half to allow the odd group passage and all waited with curious eyes as they neared my throne.

From the periphery of my vision, I saw my queen gasp; her mouth slightly open and her hand splayed over her chest. Somehow she didn't look at me. No. Nothing. Not a single glance and yes, somehow this made me feel a little—no, a lot—disappointed. I couldn't read what was in her mind. I couldn't read what she was feeling. Was she happy about this vampire's presence? Was she afraid? Or irritated even. Was she...excited?

Urghh...

This was the first time I wished I could feel her emotions just like I do with Elijah.

She just stared at Hale and the vampire, with all his despicable bravado donned in fine clothes and his signature cape, met her gaze.

"Your Majesty, King Aero," he stated with a short bow once he was near us. A flight of stairs separated us from him. It was enough a distance, but at the back of my head, I had the unsavory urge to push him further...further...further away from the queen.

"What's this?" I raised a brow and gripped my armrest, "I didn't get a notification as to your visit here tonight Lord Hale."

He broke into his diplomatic smile that I had been accustomed to but never liked.

"I did inform your realm's guardian about my entry, Your Majesty," he stated with ease. "Didn't she inform you?"

A tick on my jaw appeared. "Obviously, Farryl didn't."

He managed to shrug his shoulders and acted innocent. "Well, that's unfortunate."

Naturally curious, my guests continued to listen to our conversation. They didn't return to eating or dancing nor did they return to their boisterous conversation like earlier. I couldn't blame them. It was an unusual sight for a vampire lord to grace the Kingdom of Phanteon especially when it wasn't for official reasons.

"State your business, Lord Hale," I ordered, wanting to get it over and done with. For some reason, I had a bad feeling about his visit tonight.

"I heard about the queen's return of health," he answered swiftly, this time his red eyes resting on her. "I wanted to celebrate and the best way to do this is to celebrate with her."

I knew it and with that, my temper rose. I didn't like how audacious he was. He wasn't welcomed in my castle, more so in this banquet. I was seconds away from stating that but then he turned to the queen's way and expressed:

"Your Highness, Queen Serena, how wonderful it is to see your healthy glow again."

'Fucking vampire,' my lycan side started growling.

I watched with pointed eyes as the queen sat perfectly still; her face unreadable.

"I appreciate your visit and concern, Lord Hale. My stay in your place unfortunately yielded unpleasant results. I could only hope those poor women I left behind didn't receive the same fate as mine."

Lord Hale shook his head and bowed low again.

"I assure you, that kind of incident wouldn't happen again, Your Highness. It was just unfortunate King Aero's past connections caught up with you."

We exchanged glances, knowing what it was he was talking about. I gave him a sharp glare in return, daring him to spill that unnecessary information.

"Well, my husband's reputation precedes him. How he lived his life before he met me shouldn't concern me or my safety but I am his wife now. It's expected I would be targeted too as I am a lesser threat. Cowards do that. They take on the weak one."

The vampire chuckled. "Oh no, Your Highness, you most certainly are not weak. I see you as a strong individual. You are a luna after all."

I routed my attention to the queen expecting her to be confused at Hale's words, but to my surprise, I read no confusion on her face, just the same blank mask as earlier.

Did Elijah taught him about lunas or did she learned it from Earthly definitions? I was curious to know.

"I appreciate the kind words, Milord," she stated.

Hale flashed his teeth at her. "Since I'm here, I'll take this opportunity to request for a dance with you. I'm sure King Aero wouldn't mind. Right?"

He looked at me and then grinned.

'Fucking vampire,' my lycan side expressed again and the urge to rip out his throat came to the fore.

'No, brother. Be calm. It's just a dance,' my brother mind-linked me immediately.

'Fuck off, Elijah,' he growled at him.

"No, he wouldn't mind at all," was the queen's statement as she stood up from her seat.

I shot a look at her. Saw how she glanced at me. I expected her to look haughty like any other females in the presence of a handsome man, but no, her face was unreadable still. What captured my attention was how her eyes appeared to convey a message...an emotion. Like she was...afraid and was seeking my help.

I jumped up to my feet before I could stop myself.

"I suggest you settle down first, Lord Hale," I quickly stated and gestured to a half vacated table near Elijah's. "Your entourage should do so too. The night is still young. No need to be hasty."

Hale's expression was a picture of discontent, but it was fleeting. He bowed low again and smiled a small smile. "Indeed, you're right, Your Majesty." He glanced at the queen and tipped his head to her, "I'll be counting down the minutes to our dance, Queen Serena."

'Fucking vampire,' my lycan side expressed the third time.

"Enjoy your stay, Lord Hale," she replied. This time I was finally able to pick up the fear in her stiff tone and for a moment, I had the strong urge to console her.

"Thank you," she muttered once the vampire entourage left.

My heart swelled, it really did, but I kept that feeling buried in the deepest, darkest pit of my thoughts the same thing I did when I crazed her taste this

morning. These feelings, they were completely unnecessary. They were a nuisance to my life.

"I only stopped him because it is customary in Phanteon for the royals to dance first," I told her and then went back to sitting. She followed me and sat too. "Your act is pretty convincing, but next time though, don't overdo it, or else I'll misunderstand that you indeed liked the vampire lord."

From the periphery, I noticed her hands clench into a tight fist. "Vampires are mesmerizing creatures and so are werewolves, but I fear the vampire race more than your kind. With that in mind, I could never like Lord Hale."

"Well you are bound to me so until then, you are not allowed to like another man," I blurted out faster than I could realize what I was talking about. I clenched my hands instead and inwardly groaned in displeasure.

She chuckled a little in response. "Yes, I'm highly aware of that."

"Good." I felt pleased with her reply. Even if this was a fake marriage, I expected her to be faithful to me. My pride as a man and as a king was at stake if she were to play with fire.

As the night got older, the party became livelier. The feeling of apprehension I sensed from the crowd earlier with the vampires' presence was all gone. Maybe it was the alcohol that lifted their discomfort, or maybe it was that the vampire group didn't give the crowd any reason to be vigilant. They were celebrating too, acting carefree, and drinking wine to their hearts' content.

The entertainment was in full swing. Dancers, singers, and all other kinds of acts entertained the guests. Their acts were splendid, but it failed to catch my attention. My mind was elsewhere. I was preoccupied with watching Hale watching my queen watching the liveliness of the ballroom.

My wolf wanted to surface and gouge his eyes out.

Finally, my beta stepped onto the platform and demanded everybody's attention.

"Let us welcome our king and queen in their first dance together," he announced, effectively filling the ballroom with encouraging shouts for me and for her.

"Let's get this over with," I told her, stretching my hand as I stood up and faced her.

She took it and awarded me a smile. "You should act more loving than that, Your Majesty, else your subjects will sense it."

"Then, be ready to be swayed, woman." I tightened my grip on her hand as we stepped down the throne.

Shouts and hollers continued as we reached the center of the ballroom. Her smile was wide and warm as she waved at the crowd. I, on the other hand, poured my attention on her.

"Look at me now," I ordered as the violin music began to play.

She glanced up at me, still smiling, but that smile turned into a gasp as I, without warning, pressed her body against mine. I cupped her face, thumbed her bottom lip, and gave her a chaste kiss.

"This is all for show," I reminded her after withdrawing.

She cleared her throat and blinked fast. "Of course," she managed to say.

The music crescendoed. We started dancing. Hand in hand and chest to chest, we moved as one. I half expected her to be stiff on the dance floor but in reality, she was as light as a feather and very easy to manage as a dance partner. We never practiced dancing like this, but it was as if we synced on the spot, dancing like we had been partners before.

My wrist mark ached, effectively letting itself known, but it was an ache unlike the painful ones I had received in the past. It was a good kind of ache. It was certainly like an adrenaline rush.

At one point, Hale's face came to view. I grinned and lowered my mouth, kissing the queen's forehead in effect, subtly letting him know that this woman was my property.

His face was still a mask of any kind of emotion. He didn't grin back or frown. I was content for a while, continued dancing and acting all loving towards my fake wife until minutes later, I felt someone tap my shoulder from behind.

"Mind if I cut in?"

I knew immediately whose voice it was.

In haste, my wolf barked a heavy 'No' and so did my lycan side. I didn't want to hand her over to him too, but with all eyes looking at us as witnesses, I had to maintain proper decorum.

The queen's grip on my shoulder tightened as I stepped back. "Serena," I gave her a pointed look. Then and there, I realized, I just used her name for the first time since we met. It felt good on my tongue, but unfortunately, I didn't have enough time to mull over it. Hale was already upon us.

"I'll be close," I continued.

She nodded and smiled towards the dark lord as if her fear wasn't present at all.

# The Alpha King's Claim chapter 35

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I had never been a coward my whole life but in the face of a vampire, it was impossible to stay brave, especially if this said vampire had threatened me a number of times.

Yes. The moment Lord Hale filled my line of vision, his words came back to me. Words that he had said while I was half-conscious lying in the guest bedroom inside his lair.

'Queen Serena... I guess it's time to say goodbye. But don't worry, we'll see each other again. You owe me a bite, my queen. I'll come to collect it in due time.'

I had been too preoccupied with the recent events this morning and afternoon—not to mention the early greeting the king had bestowed on me—that Lord Hale's memory had slipped out undetected from my mind.

But now that he was here, the fear and panic I had come to feel that time returned to me in full force. He knew I was a human and he promised to bite me.

Those two facts alone made me cling to the nearest support I have: King Aero. He was by far the only person who could contend with a vampire lord. He was my ticket to safety.

However, as queen, I was still on a dilemma. I had to put up the appearance that I was fine with Lord Hale's visit. I had to show that he didn't scare me. I couldn't just run out of the throne, hide in my chamber, or even confess to the king face to face that I feared the dark lord.

That said, the only thing I was able to do was to give my husband clues and hoped he was sharp enough to catch it.

I wasn't keeping my hopes up, especially knowing how superficial he was with women, but luckily, he did get my clues and I was happy...so damn happy to know I had protection.

The big smile that left me that moment wasn't because I was acting in front of Lord Hale nor was it because King Aero made me feel safe. No. It was neither of them.

It was because my heart just went over and above and my spirit soared when I heard the king use my name for the first time. I was highly aware of how he avoided using my name from the beginning. I didn't care at all if he didn't want to say it, but to hear it now, without coercion no less, made me realize he was slowly accepting my presence in his kingdom. This development was better than



nothing. Well, not like I would want to have one, but this was acceptable than living under one roof treating each other like strangers.

Deliberately, Lord Hale guided me away from my husband. He looped his arm around me and pressed one cold hand against the small of my back. I kept myself calm, tried to will my heart to beat normally. If Earthly beliefs about vampires were true, then he could hear my heartbeat just like a bat hears the fluttering of insect wings kilometers away. I'd be done for if that was the case.

I smiled at the crowd, pretending to enjoy the moment. We stopped in an area where there were little couples dancing. It was a spot near an open balcony which was rather convenient especially if this vampire intended to guide me to a place where we could be alone. Since the king and queen's dance was done, a lot of couples had now begun to join us. Most were werewolves in their human skin. Only a handful of vampire dancers joined in.

We started dancing to the slow beat of the music. In my world, I'd probably call it a waltz. His right hand was still on my back while his left interlocked with mine. This was the same position when I danced with King Aero. The only difference that time was I was filled with an unexplained tingly feeling. It felt good. It felt right. It felt I was made to dance with him forever.

"Have I already told you you look more beautiful tonight?" Lord Hale broke the silence.

"No, Milord, you didn't, but thank you for the kind words," I replied, choosing to go with the flow and control my mind from racing.

"So, so beautiful that this world doesn't deserve you," he continued, stressing too much of his point.

"Flattery won't work on me, Lord Hale," I chuckled dryly.

He shook his head and grinned at me. "No, Your Highness, I really should be straightforward with you." He pressed me closer and whispered the words gently on my ear, "You're not fit in this world. You would suit well in mine."

I pushed myself back whilst frowning at him. "Then I should be blunt with you too, Lord Hale. I. Don't. Like. Your. World."

He just shrugged his shoulders in response, showing that he wasn't at all offended by my honesty.

"You need not fear vampires, Queen Serena. Once you get to know us more, you'll see how much you are missing in life."

I scoffed.

"It's funny how you speak about life when your kind is basically the undead."

His mouth curved upward, higher than I deemed comfortable. He was thinking of something...something that I was sure wasn't favorable to me.

"Oh, you are referring to 'your' world beliefs."

The way he highlighted the word 'your' ran a chill down my spine. Shit. My tongue fucking slipped. Was he implying about Earth? I was sure he did.

I decided to stay silent. It was my best defense. I certainly didn't want to dig deeper on my own grave.

"Remember the first time we met?" he whispered closer to my ear again. "Remember my theories? There were four, right?"

I furrowed my brows and tried to remember what he was talking about. Despite the quick movements of our dancing, I happened to catch a glimpse of my husband. He was back on his throne and he was busy...busy observing me dancing with his vampire guest. It warmed my heart. Oh yes, he was keeping his word.

"I was leaning over to three and four, but now I'm certainly choosing four," Lord Hale continued, pulling my attention back to him.

'What was four again?' My mind blurted out. When I remembered what it was, my head spun and all my skin hairs stood.

"Come now, my queen. Don't be too shy to admit it." He carefully swayed us to the rhythm of the music and led me closer to the portal of the balcony. I was highly aware of where we were going, but it wasn't my priority to point that out to him. My priority was to try and make a believable alibi—if I could actually make one.

"I already know what you are. Say it. Say that you're a human," he went on. His hand on my back hiked up to my nape while his other hand tightened its grip on my wrist. "Werewolves don't call us vampires undead. Only humans living on Earth use that term to define us."

Right then, I realized, it was futile to lie when he had already slapped a lot of evidence on my face.

## **The Alpha King's Claim chapter 36**

[/ The Alpha King's Claim](#)

"So what if I'm human?" I grounded, putting as much courage on my voice despite how scared I was at the moment. "I'm married to the alpha king. I'm his wife."

"Only for a moment I should say," he boomeranged and grinned some more.

My brow arched up, unsure of what he was trying to say.

“Yes, I’m yet to learn of the truth of your arrangement between Aero, my queen, but I’m pretty sure now to declare that your marriage with him is just a front.”

It didn’t surprise me anymore how he got into that conclusion. It was clear to see he was an intelligent man. Instead of reacting with his declaration head-on, I decided to turn the tables. It was my time to interrogate him.

“I’m certainly curious, Lord Hale, tell me. Why bother yourself with the drama of this realm? What do you get from seeking the truth?”

“Hmm, what do I get?” He made this expression on his face I could liken to a lion on the hunt for its prey...a hungry, horny lion might I add.

“I get you,” he finally spilled and it caught my breath. “As I said before, Serena, you owe me a bite, but apart from that, I truly am smitten with you.”

I spaced out instantly. Dread washed all over me. A vampire confession was the last thing I expected I’d get tonight. My hands went clammy. My knees started to shake. I wanted to speak, but as I opened my mouth, I couldn’t form a word...any word. I shifted my head to where King Aero was, stared at him in a manner that I knew now only he could decipher. It was my sole act as a queen flooded with anxiety...and fear. Lots and lots of fear.

‘Take me out of here...’ I cried out in my mind.

Lord Hale, suddenly chuckling, inched his mouth near my neck. Goosebumps erupted on my arms again.

“The sound of your troubled heartbeat is teasing me, Serena. Be calm. Relax. I’ll be a superb lover. Plus, my bite certainly won’t hurt.”

And just like that, I was able to get out of my pool of fear.

He couldn’t be serious. Was he implying he was going to bite me in front of all these people? Wouldn’t that be offensive to the werewolves? To the king? Was he actually trying to wage war on them by deliberately doing so?

I hauled in a deep breath. I wouldn’t have it. On Earth, I’ve learned that war will only bring death, despair, and sadness. Even if vampires and werewolves possessed supernatural abilities, that wouldn’t make a difference on the havoc their war would bring.

Thinking about the possible deaths of each kind, the sadness that it would bring to their loved ones, and the destruction it would cause to the beautiful kingdom of Phanteon, I felt heat surge up inside me. I clenched my fists. I gritted my teeth. My fear and panic were quickly overlapped with the need to vent out my anger.

“That’s Queen Serena to you, Lord Hale!” I shouted, pushing myself away from him. “And I suggest you mind your manners when you’re in my kingdom. You have

no right to threaten me or my people. Need I remind you also that I'm a married woman. Pour your unbeating heart out elsewhere."

Lord Hale, to add more salt to my wound, just smiled at me and then shifted his attention behind me.

"Serena, are we good here?" My whole body froze as I heard my husband's name.

"King Aero..." I murmured, quickly giving a short curtsy as an automatic response to his sudden presence.

"Yes, we are good here, Your Majesty," Lord Hale stated. "The queen and I were just talking about the current events on Earth."

We exchanged glances. I picked up his lie in a snap but didn't bother to correct him. I wished I could, but looking at King Aero's expression now, he was barely controlling his rage, ready to punch when the need arises. I didn't want to be the cause of their fight in the middle of the party nor do I want to be the cause of the war between two realms.

"Yes, my wife has visited Earth many times. She has a soft spot for that realm," King Aero cleverly lied too. I was taken aback.

"Yes, I'm highly aware of that," Lord Hale agreed, his calculating eyes on me.

"Well then, I believe your dance is done. Enjoy the rest of the party, Lord Hale." King Aero grabbed my wrist and led me away in the most inconspicuous manner he could. He didn't even wait for the dark lord to answer—not like it was my concern too.

Silently, he continued to pull me towards the throne room, but after we reached there, instead of sitting down, we passed by our seats and walked directly into a hidden door located at our left.

"Your Majesty, where are we going?" I asked, totally curious.

He didn't reply. He just pushed the door open with his free hand and guided me inside with his other all in a rather rough way.

"King Aero?" I exclaimed again. He still remained silent.

And then I noticed how his hands were abnormally cold and unusually trembling.

"King—"

"Silence!" His voice boomed right after the door closed. In a heartbeat, he pressed me against the door and caged me in place by using his arms as a barrier.

"Are you fucking with me?!" he asked, eyes aglow with unchecked rage.

“Wha—”

“What was happening to you back there?” he cut me off. I instead watched as his face morphed into a picture of different emotions: anger, worry, frustration, fear...and more. “Why were you pleading me for help? Are you toying with my emotions? Why do I have to save you when it seems you could handle yourself there?! You’re wasting my time, woman. You’re fucking with me! You’re ruining my night! You’re—”

“Thank you,” I softly said just as I cupped his perfectly tensed jawline.

His eyes rounded in reaction, but he didn’t stop me. He just stood stiff and tongue-tied while I continued showing my intense gratitude by giving him a big hug.

“Thank you, Your Majesty, for saving me.”

Once my ear pressed against his heaving chest, I heard the sound of his beating heart and it was wild and clear and pleasing to listen to. I ghosted a smile and pressed my cheeks even more.

I waited for him to reciprocate my embrace, but what I got close to this was a brief touch of my head as if patting me like a puppy and a rather awkward tap on my back. Knowing his zero experience with a woman, he must have been having difficulty expressing his emotions. Poor him...

“He knows I’m human,” I continued instead, cautiously changing the subject.

A low rumble from deep within his chest was noticeable before he answered me, “It wouldn’t matter. He can’t harm you when you’re in my kingdom.”

I frowned and twisted my lips.

“And on Earth?” I declared, a little tremble clung my voice. “What about it then? What if I return there only to find him waiting for me?”

“Then it’s a good thing we haven’t found a way to erase our wrist marks,” he declared, effectively catching me by surprise. Never had I expected him to say that. No, not at all. As a result, I was on a mini cloud nine. I kept myself from grinning widely.

“Yeah, that’s...that’s a good thing,” I stated.

For a while, we stayed in this sweet, sweet position. I didn’t want to let go and I was under the impression that he felt the same. We took our time until I couldn’t keep my mouth from spilling the words.

“You called me by my name earlier.”

He grumbled under his throat. “It was just for show.”

I chuckled in response and lifted my head up to lock gazes with him.

"Yeah, sure..." I rolled my eyes.

Consequently frowning, he stepped back and freed himself from my embrace. "Don't toy with me, woman. I am not in the mood."

"Well you were in the mood this morning," I pointed out, my sight now directed to his crotch which seemed to look perpetually bulging.

"Forget about this morning," he ordered.

Unfortunately, I wasn't listening. "I'm sorry I can't." A sudden urge to please him filled my head then and it pulsed all the way down to my fingers and toes. My eyes hazed just as I leaned forward towards him, my virgin hand ready for what lay ahead.

"Not...not until I could return the favor."

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Author's Note: Time to 'jack' things up!

## The Alpha King's Claim chapter 37

[/ The Alpha King's Claim](#)

The Alpha King's Claim chapter 37

Jealousy was only for the stupid and frail. I never felt that kind of emotion before. Elijah during his mind-link however brought that thing to my attention. He actually accused me of acting like one. Here I thought he was busy with his newfound target, but it seemed I was wrong. He was onto me the moment I left Serena's...or that woman's side.

'Relax, brother,' he said, 'Lord Hale would be the most stupid vampire if he harms the queen.'

'You forget, Elijah, he could stop time for a whole minute. Anything and everything could happen during that lost time,' I corrected him whilst walking back to my throne.

'I know,' he continued, 'but I'm confident you could fix that.' Then, the bastard chuckled. 'With how jealous you are right now, I'm sure you can break his time barrier.'

I grumbled within my throat. 'You blabber too much Elijah,' I scolded him, then set out to monitor the queen once I seated. Unfortunately, at the spur of the

moment, I released a promise to her. I always keep my promises, so despite not liking it, I knew I had to fulfill my word.

From the sea of dancers, it was easy to spot them. They were actually given a good amount of space by the others who were rather clueless with Lord Hale's movements. I knew for certain though he was leading her to a vacant balcony farthest away from the crowd and the banquet table. I scoffed at this. He could fool the others, but certainly not me.

I kept a close eye on them. It was taxing at first, my head not open to the idea of protecting a woman, but over time, I came to accept it. It was easy when I didn't restrict myself. In fact, it felt natural for me to care for her. It felt like I was destined to protect her and not surprising at all, my wolf and lycan sides agreed with me.

'Yes, we'll rip that vampire's fangs if he so much as graze those things on her neck,'

Pulsing heat surged through me as they danced. The way Hale placed his hand on her, the way he pulled her chest to chest, the way they were close—too close for my liking—made me clench my teeth. Hell, if this wasn't jealousy, then what was I feeling?

'Keep an eye on the other vampires, William,' I told my beta, diverting my attention to the distasteful thought. He looked at me from the distance with his hyper-developed eyesight and nodded.

'I will, Your Highness. Leave them to me.'

I took considerable attention to the queen's little hints. For some reason, I could easily read it. If I still remember correctly, before Elijah and I could mind-link, this was exactly what I experienced back when he was eight—reading little hints first until it developed and now we could fully communicate through what human's call telepathy. Not like I want that to happen to me and that woman, but...

Fuck, never mind.

At first, the two were just talking and dancing. Whatever the topic was, I didn't really care, but as soon as she looked at me with what I could gather as anxiety and fear, I felt alarmed.

'Take me out of here...' an echoing voice of a woman suddenly rang in my head. I couldn't delineate to whose but I had an inexplicable feeling it came from the queen.

Instantaneously, sense, and reason left me. I stood up in full height, my feet not wasting time as it rammed past the dancers in my way. It was probably the fastest walk I had ever done in my life and I had no doubt, just to reach her stat, I probably would have changed into my wolf form if it wasn't for this damn party and all these righteousness as king.

Once I was an earshot away, I heard my queen grumble out something about threats and being married. With my lycan side ready and waiting for a good fight, I looked at Hale, sending him the deadliest glare I could muster.

Closer, I could sense Serena's distress, but she held it pretty good.

Hale and I exchanged words, but I wasn't in the mood to sustain it so I abruptly dismissed him turning to my queen instead and grabbing her wrist.

To my relief, she didn't complain and remained silent until we reached the hidden door at the back of my throne and that's when all my suppressed feelings blew up. I didn't understand what exact emotion I was feeling. I didn't know how to express it even. My whole body just shook. My blood boiled to its limit and because of this, words left my mouth uncurbed...

But instead of tackling me head-on, the woman, foolishly confident as she was, did the unexpected.

I froze when she touched my jaw; the softness of her hands...her fingers I could liken to silk of the finest quality. She closed the distance between us and before I could stop her, she rounded up her arms around my torso and pressed her face against my chest.

She did some damage on my heartbeat that instant and I was left scrambling to normalize the rhythm. What the fuck did she do to me?

Not knowing what to do, I stilled, but seconds later, my hand traitorously reached up and patted her. It was such an awkward action that I wanted to chastise myself. I could do better than this, so...so much better. I could have reciprocated her embrace, squeezed her tight just to feel her presence, and maybe...just maybe kiss those lips that had been enticing me to no end after our wedding. Yet, I limited myself.

But that was just the tip of my suffering. I hadn't anticipated this woman would make a move that would force me into betraying my hardened hatred of the female population.

I'd be the biggest werewolf idiot if I act like I didn't know exactly what she was talking about. My ears probably perked up, filtering her raw words when she declared she wanted to 'return the favor'. If I recall correctly, this morning I tasted her; lapped her juices despite the underwear she wore. I was out of control at that time. If it wasn't for Elijah's interruption, I would have continued devouring her disregarding the consequences thereafter.

Now, in this hidden chamber where only a large couch and a wooden table was set-up, there was certainly no one to interrupt us.

"Choose your words wisely, woman," I muttered, not moving an inch when she pressed herself to me. My already semi-erect cock hardened even more when I felt her hand rest on top of my belt buckle.



"I am," she softly answered, looking up at me with desire-filled eyes. "At this moment, there's nothing more I wish to do other than to please you, Your Majesty."

My wolf and lycan sides howled in chorus. They were completely ready for it. I could feel them excited beyond compare. My wrist mark throbbed deliciously crazy too. What's left was for me to just allow it to happen...

And I did. I allowed her hand entry where no woman had entered. I wanted to reject her. I really do. I wanted to push her away from me, but deny as I may, I wanted to accept her brazen offer.

Without waiting for my expressed permission, she unbuckled my belt faster than I could on normal days, then she slipped her hand inside my pants.

"Urgghh," I groaned when her fingers met the tip and I clenched my jaw when she wrapped her palm around my shaft. I tossed my head back when she squeezed it, probably testing if it was indeed hard as steel.

'I bet it was,' my mind thought as I cracked up a proud grin inside.

My fingers against the wooden door flexed and out came my claws. They dug deep into the wood and created splinters just as this woman started pumping my cock.

I closed my eyes, took my sweet time relishing the feel of someone jacking me. Many, many times had I done this all to myself. They were all good, those sessions. I climaxed many times and wasted my cum many, many times, spilling them on my hands, on the bed, on the chair, and sometimes on the floor—tiled, marbled, or carpeted. Now, someone else was doing it for me and all I could do was to savor it—savor each pump, each squeeze, each glorious contact of her hand around my cock.

"Fu—ck..." I gritted my teeth as she suddenly squeezed the head, eliciting quickly my precum. "Se...re...na, damn you."

In response to my crude word, she just hummed a tune of enjoyment and continued brutally wasting me.

Her other hand decided to join in and grabbed my balls. I jerked at the contact, shot her a surprised look, but right then and there, saw her kneel down; her face...her mouth just inches away from my erection.

'Fuck,' I cursed to myself. Boy was she really going to return the favor...

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Author's Note: And you're going to love it.

# The Alpha King's Claim chapter 38

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The Alpha King's Claim chapter 38

Yes, for whatever inexplicable reason, I was filled with the mad urge to please this man. Despite how unpracticed I was in this aspect, I was acting bold and sure. The thought of him hating women was lost in my mind. He didn't seem to act like one back at the party and he wasn't rejecting me as I advanced now.

My wrist mark ached in sync with this need and it got my mind reeling of how good this ache felt as opposed to my earlier painful experiences back on Earth. I had already solved the puzzle with regard to this and it all went down to distance. The farther away I was from the king, the painful the mark throbbed, and the closer I am to him, well... it doesn't require a rocket scientist to figure that out.

Maybe this wrist mark indeed had some incantation embedded so that we couldn't escape each other or maybe it worked to remind us we were married. Whatever it was, I wished I knew the answer.

However, in the meantime, my priority was the king's pleasure. Without over-analyzing it or even worrying about how inexperienced I was with this aspect, I opened his pants, freed his majestic size, and rubbed it with my palm and let the next steps run its course. I let my sense of touch guide me as I pumped him hard and fast.

I heard him groan many times and judging from the look of pure bliss on his face, he was enjoying it.

I grinned as I gazed up at him.

He was beautiful like this: creased forehead, furrowed brows, tensed jawline, and clenched teeth. His nostrils flared too as he breathed in and out in a ragged way. His warm breath fanned my face many times as he towered above me, hands on both sides of the wooden door. I felt caged in like a mouse, but a mouse with the upper hand.

Deciding to look down, I gaped at the sight that welcomed me. I knew he was huge judging from my sense of touch, but I didn't expect it would look this handsome. He had little to no pubic hair and what I anticipated to be wrinkly and gray, actually looked so much better. His skin was taut and smooth. It was a light brown to pink with what I could gather as pre-cum in the middle. He was divine and a part of me—that very bold, excited part—actually wanted to feel it with my mouth.

And so, without further reasoning, I knelt down just as I clutched his balls. With my mouth near his cock, I stuck out my tongue and licked his introductory juice. Hell, he tasted unlike anything I ever tasted before and I was left wanting more.

“Fu...ck!” King Aero groaned out as I placed his size completely inside my mouth. It was a mouthful, yes, but it was the best mouthful experience I had in my life.

Continuing my mission, I slid his cock out of my mouth with a slight pop at the end. He reacted by pushing his hips forward and pressing his head against my lips again.

I was eager to welcome it back in with a hard suck.

“Hmrrghh...” he voiced out incoherently. Whatever it was he said, I had a strong feeling it meant to be a praise, not a curse.

Feeling pleased with his reaction, I started a constant rhythm with his cock. A lick here and a lick there, a suck here and a blow there, a squeeze here and a pump there—they were all a deadly combination until he grunted loudly and his hips pushed forward and away from my face.

I watched, surprised, as he grabbed me by the shoulder and pulled me up in less than a second followed by his cock easing in between my closed thighs using the slit of my gown.

“King Ae...ro!” I cried out as he started dry humping me like a mad dog—or in this case, like a mad wolf.

Grabbing my arm, he pushed me harder against the wall. His head flexed down and afterward, I felt his hot mouth on my neck. His teeth grazed me and actually, he was almost on the verge of biting, then his tongue stuck out.

Goosebumps erupted all over my body again when I felt him lap my skin. It felt wonderful and with this, I cried out a loud moan of pleasure.

“Fu...ck. Fu...arghhhh!” His heightened voice reverberated all over the room as I witnessed his climax. His white liquid profusely flowed down my legs as he emptied himself on me. I was left speechless; my heart double working to its full capacity; my face completely a shade of red.

Silence reigned thereafter for a few minutes; our heavy breathing the only sound that teased our ears.

He continued to hold me, while I allowed myself to be pressed up by the hard plane of his chest. I could hear the wild beating of his heart. It was the same as mine.

“You...” then he stated in a drawn-out breath, “what fucking game are you playing at?” Our eyes locked; his tourmaline orbs swirling with depth.

“No games,” I answered without shame, “This is just me acting on my desire.”

“You dare...desire...me?” he asked; his tone deep and unhurried as if he was processing the unbelievable word in his head.

"Yes, I dare. Unlike you, I'm honest with what I want," I pointed out just as I squared my shoulders.

His eyes darkened and briefly, I swear I saw it turn to gold. "Oh, you don't know what you're talking about, Serena."

One large hand suddenly slipped inside my gown, replacing the spot where his cock just vacated. I gasped when two fingers tested the strength of my underwear, hooking it and pulling it to the side.

"I'm honest with what I want too," he murmured close to my ear. I grabbed the front of his coat and whimpered against him when he suddenly entered me with those same fingers.

"Ae...ro!"

"Aero?" he chuckled darkly. "How bold of you to call me by my first name."

"What do you...want?" I asked, looking at him with hooded eyes, disregarding his statement. I cared less if he disliked being called by his first name. What I cared about was how he was giving me the raw treatment.

The way his fingers pushed in and out of me made my legs press tightly together. I couldn't be sure if the wetness I was feeling was from his seed earlier or the aroused juice I was releasing now.

"I want you to cum for me, Serena. That's what I want. I want to win in this game you started."

He continued to finger fuck me. I arched my back and grab a hold onto his coat even more. "You started it first! You said so yourself there will be no physical contact while we're married! I trusted you. Yet you...this morning...hmmm...ahhh!"

He hit a good spot right at my swelling clit and I, squeezing my eyes shut, basked on my first ever orgasm in this kingdom. "Oh god! Oh god!"

It hit me in waves I deemed stronger than my self-supervised masturbation. His fingers...his skills were superb. It was mind-boggling how a man who hated women so much could turn out to be the best finger fucker in this realm.

Without a thought, I tossed my head back only to find he was already waiting for me. His mouth quickly dove in and crashed against my lips. His tongue slid inside, contacting with my own and at that moment, all I wanted to do was reciprocate it.

Our tongues sparred without holding back. With his free hand, he grabbed fistfuls of my hair, held my head in place, and conveniently forced all his ardor on me.

Not surprising, I noticed his erection prod against my abdomen again. My hand automatically grabbed and squeezed it. As expected, it was in its full glory, ready for another round.

But in the back of my head, my conscience screamed, 'Will there actually be another round?'

The answer to that came in an instant when he abruptly stopped our kiss and pulled himself away.

"You have returned the favor, Serena, you are dismissed," he stated calmly, managing to level his hyperworked breathing.

I was dumbstruck. What the...what the hell?!

"You're good at this game, huh?" I stated, partly hurt, partly relieved. I couldn't believe he just wanted us to end like this aroused and all, but on the brighter side, at least I was still safe from being completely ravaged by a man.

"I am, Serena. And I always win," he smirked, and with that, he disappeared in front of me, leaving me feeling unsatisfied and disappointed.

"Will see..." I huffed and fisted my hands.

This was challenge accepted.

## The Alpha King's Claim chapter 39

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The Alpha King's Claim chapter 39

I had to get away. I needed to get away. Far from her as much as possible before I eat my own words. I said so myself there was no touching involved. That I was pleased we wouldn't need to consummate our marriage. But look at what has happened now. We were both caving in and fast.

I hated this development. It was starting to fucking mess me up, my peace of mind, and my ideals. But, on the other hand, I couldn't deny the fact that I did enjoy our little session, how fragrant her scent was that filled my nose, how enticing her voice was when she whimpered for me, how good she was with her hands and mouth, and oh yes, how sweetly close she was to drinking all of my cum. If I hadn't intervened, then...

Damn.

I admit I was so close to damning myself.

Despite still feeling aroused and sporting a really hard cock, I used my ability to transport myself away from her and I chose to reappear inside my manor. In there, I stayed for the rest of the night until the party was over. I had William communicate to me the activities of my vampire guests and Elijah, although I didn't ask, was enthusiastic enough to report to me the whereabouts of the queen. Apparently, she had gone to retire in her chamber. He used this to conveniently create an alibi for our guests when some of them started to notice our absence.

'You really should join your queen in her chamber, brother, you wouldn't want Lord Hale to steal her in the middle of the night right?' Elijah mind-linked at me. I could hear the lighthearted mockery behind his words, but so was the possibility of it.

True enough, Hale could do it if he wanted to and it would be so easy for him even if I place twenty werewolf guards in and around that woman's chamber and most especially now that I was far from the castle.

'Then go and guard her, Elijah. You're a good match for Hale,' I ordered, using his ego to my advantage. He after all possessed abilities that could match mine, but in truth, it was so that I could avoid returning to the castle at least for this night.

'Na ah, I can't do that, brother,' he replied in a heartbeat. 'I'm rather...occupied tonight.'

Wrinkles of disappointment formed on my forehead.

'You just take pleasure with my sufferings huh?' I complained.

'I'm actually doing you a favor, dear brother,' he chuckled. 'Well then, enjoy the rest of the night.'

It didn't take long for him to intentionally block me in his thoughts. He had done this in the past many times and that's especially when he's with a woman.

Huh, typical.

Pressing my mouth firmly, I rerouted my attention to my beta. 'William, give me an update,' I stated.

After a few seconds, he answered, 'Your Majesty, Lord Hale, and his entourage had now left the premises. Shall I tail them to make sure they exit Phanteon?'

Choosing to sit on the marble balustrade of my balcony with a wine in hand, I nodded. 'Yes, do that William, and keep special attention to the dark lord. He is known to be quite sneaky sometimes.'

'I'm keeping track of his scent, Your Majesty. You may rest your faith in me.'

'Good, report your progress later.'

Looking up, my eyes rested on the dark sky. This part of my kingdom somehow lacked iophas—or stars on human terms. I liked it. The dark sky and the blandness of this manor mirrored the void in my heart. But unfortunately, along with this void, was my guilt. That woman's face and my promise to look after her haunted me, turning me uneasy instead of feeling relaxed inside the manor.

'Seems like I can't easily escape huh?' I whispered into the wind and then laughed at myself.

After taking a long swig of the remaining contents of the flute, I stood up, placed the object on a flat surface, and then transported my ass back inside my castle, on the queen's chamber to be exact.

In there, Serena's scent hit me again. It was mixed with her remaining arousal, her sweet female smell, and the bath oil she used post bathe.

Silently, I observed her. She was already sleeping soundly, covered by a thick duvet from the waist down. Her hair that was curled and fixed earlier was spread now throughout her pillow, and the gown she wore was now changed into a decent sleeping dress—well, at least decent enough to cover her cleavage.

I grumbled silently to myself thinking just how much I had sunk low watching a woman sleep. Never mind how my cock continued to harden. Just watching her sleep was already enough proof I had been moved by her.

"You...what is this pull you have on me?" I silently whispered, my eyes turning to slits, scrutinizing her sleeping face inch by inch under the soft light of the lampshade.

I didn't expect her to answer. She just continued her peaceful sleep unbeknownst of my presence.

"My...mate," I tested the word. My wolf and lycan sides had been crying that word ever since we were wed, but even before that, they had been quite excited with her magical arrival and wouldn't just give me peace.

The word rolled off my tongue pretty well. "My...eshtha," I claimed again, this time with full conviction.

Elijah's words then popped out of my head.

'Maybe this is the Goddess's answer for you. Maybe Serena is your salvation; your way out of that pool of loneliness and hatred you have drowned yourself in.'

Huh. I couldn't help but scoff.

If the Moon Goddess really existed and if this was indeed her way of answering me, then...then, to hell with her.

“You’re already fucking late...” I groaned out, gave my queen a glare, and then turned around to exit the chamber. I didn’t need to stay in there any longer. If anything, Elijah was just messing with my head and used the vampire lord as a way to tease me. She wasn’t really under threat. She was safe and breathing, and her blood still intact.

After turning the doorknob, I stepped out of the bedroom and made my way into the receiving room where everything was dark. With my hypersight, I could see no one lurking in the corners. Everything was clear. But then, just before I turned towards the main door, a flying insect suddenly materialized and passed through me.

It was the same fucking one I saw last night.

Frowning, I quickly captured the damn insect with the intent to kill it but then I noticed another one appearing from the ceiling. This was with a different luminescent color. It was flying inside the room like it was eager to pollinate a flower.

“The hell...” I muttered, angry with their presence.

Then, I saw a third one pass me from behind.

I watched the first insect squirm inside my palm and when I released it, it flew directly past the doorway towards where the queen was sleeping. Hastily, I went back inside only to find that it had rested on top of her bare shoulder like the rest of its kind.

Gaping, the only thing I could do was wonder. What did this mean? Where did these insects come from?

Along with the mystery of her arrival, the unexplained pull she had on me and the explanation for the marks on our wrists, the presence of these insects and their purpose joined my list of problems to solve.

Remembering just how much effect a single insect had brought upon me the last time, I groaned in dismay and decided to quickly leave the room. Whether I enjoyed this morning’s ‘wet’ greeting or not, I won’t allow myself to be subjected to that kind of situation again.

‘Your Majesty!’

Suddenly, William mind-linked me. I stopped mid walking out of the receiving room after picking up some stiffness and alarm in his voice.

‘What?’ I stated, my brows in knots.

‘Lord Hale, Sire. I couldn’t locate his scent anymore. The rest of his entourage had just left our realm but he—’



I didn't listen to his statement anymore. Without a thought, I bolted back to the queen's bedroom and checked if she was still present.

To my relief, she was and still sleeping calmly at that, but the insects were still there and brightly illuminating their colorful wings.

'Damn it,' I cursed to myself.

What to do? What to choose now?

Should I stay and guard this woman but risk another interesting morning or should I leave, be safe with these creatures' calming spell but risk the queen's safety?

Despite disliking it, I chose the former, but I decided to sit on the couch across her bed and waited for the vampire master to show himself—that's if he was idiot enough to do so.

Sleeping would undermine my purpose of staying in her room, so I struggled not to stare at the brilliant creatures on her shoulder. It was futile. In the end, sleep claimed me...

'Your Majesty...'

In the middle of my slumber, William's voice awoke me.

'Your Majesty.'

'What?!' I snapped, pushing myself up from the slouching position I had found myself in. Closing my eyes still and massaging my forehead, I booted the drowsiness away and focused on the conversation I was about to start with my beta.

'I have relocated Lord Hale's scent. He is on his way to Ehnrelil.'

My brow arched up, not believing his words. 'That place?' I muttered.

'Yes, Your Majesty. As it turned out, the leaders of Ehnrelil had sought a meeting with the guardians and the leaders of each realm.'

'Hmf, after all this time, they choose to step forward now, that's new.'

'You are needed in the meeting too, Your Majesty,' he pointed out to me.

'Oh, I will join,' I couldn't hold back a grin from forming on my lips, 'I can't pass out on the opportunity to finally see the realm of the faes once again.'

'Then, I'll prepare for your journey, Your Majesty,' he proactively declared.

'Do that,' I stated, nodding, and then cut off our telepathic conversation.

A long and heavy sigh escaped me thereafter. Another arduous, time-consuming meeting once again, but at least this time, it would be held in a place that used to heavily restrict outsiders. This was going to be an interesting meeting, I thought to myself. A rather good way to divert my focus away from my current problems—my marital problems to be exact.

And speaking of which, my attention returned to the source of it all. I found that the insects were already nowhere in sight, but the woman was slowly moving under the covers and with my sharp hearing, she was actually murmuring something in her sleep.

"Hmmm..."

My ears perked up further and I stood up to fully see what the fuss was all about.

"Yes..."

"Ahhhh..."

From my recent encounter with her, I could definitely differentiate a sound of pleasure between a sound of pain and there was no doubt in my mind I just heard her moan in pleasure.

"Aero, please...faster, faster!"

'What the fuck is this woman talking abo—' my mind stressed but was cut off in an instant.

I gaped when suddenly she moved, her duvet falling off the floor effectively showing the slenderness of her legs. My skin hairs stood on end when together with her moaning, her hands moved to her reproductive parts; one hand hiked up to cup her full breast while the other slid down low to insert a finger—no, fingers—inside her fucking underwear.

As much as I wanted to, as much as I told myself not to, I couldn't peel my eyes off from the unexpected live show. She was about to fucking finger herself and I was present to witness it all.

## The Alpha King's Claim chapter 40

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Serena

With all the stimulation earlier—both in a figurative and literal sense—I decided to soak on the pool inside my bathroom. Rhea, for some reason, hadn't shown herself to me and so I just helped myself, loading the pool with oils and essences enough to take off the king's smell of cum on me. Not like I didn't like it. It just

would only make me remember our time earlier and his desertion and it would consequently piss me off.

I tried hard to avoid remembering his face, his grunts, his uhmm...cock—its size and how handsome it was—or how he gloriously fingered me, and with luck, it was a success. By the time I left the pool, I was refreshed and ready for a good night's sleep.

So far, not one servant—or anyone for that matter—bothered to request me back into the party, so I reckoned they didn't need me there anymore. That was fine with me. I didn't want to see Lord Hale again and risk myself getting bitten, or even to mingle with the guests and risk my secret from leaking under a case of loose lip.

Clothed in a beige, long-sleeved sleeping gown, I climbed up the large mattress and arranged the duvet to cover half of my body. I wasn't necessarily afraid of the dark, but I decided to leave the lampshade on. It provided enough lighting to cast most of the room's darkness away.

Sleep easily came to me that in less than a minute, I was out cold, but like all the other nights before this, a very sexual, very erotic dream about the king and I began. I knew this because once I had groggily woke up in the middle of the night, I noticed my underwear already drenched underneath the duvet.

With the sex dream I just had and the residue of need returning to me from my last real encounter with the king, I immediately felt hot and bothered, and aroused times ten. I found it difficult to concentrate back to sleep with this and so, I decided to put matters into my own hands, literally. I tossed the duvet off of me and unashamedly decided to pleasure myself for the first time in this kingdom.

Knowing I was alone in my bedroom, I touched the parts where I was most sensitive: my breasts and my clit. I pulled my sleeping gown up and then cupped myself, kneaded it, and played with it while the other moved past my underwear and did damage control, easily accommodating two fingers inside, taking advantage of how wet I was.

"Ohhh..." I moaned into the air, tossing my head back and squeezing my eyes shut. I let the memory of the recent sex dream I had tonight flow through me and used it to stimulate me more. King Aero was certainly pounding me with abandon on that dream, the same way he dry-humped me tonight.

"Yes. Yes!" I shouted once I felt the sensation build up inside me. With still my underwear on, my legs spread apart allowing more room for my fingers to inch deeper into my opening.

Together, I squeezed my breast and rubbed my clit with force. They were both so turned on I could almost reach the finish line.

“Fuck, yes!” The words just flew out of my mouth when I indeed felt my orgasm. It was just as potent as it was when King Aero finger-fucked me earlier.

Huffing, my hands fell limp on both sides for a short while. After finding the energy to move, I repositioned my clothing and myself on the bed; my brief self-stimulation now turned to memory. I looked up into the clear glass ceiling and sighed. There were so many stars in the sky. I never expected to see so much in one place let alone in this realm.

“Thank you for the wonderful show, my queen.”

I suddenly jerked up when I heard the king’s voice somewhere in my room. I scrambled to stare at an area where there was total darkness and noticed a movement in it.

As if a bucket of ice was dumped on me, I shivered when I realized the king had just referred to me finger fucking myself.

Shit.

He undoubtedly saw everything and because of that, my face burned red in its highest shade.

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Aero

Watching on the sidelines as the queen pleased herself, I couldn’t help but grow aroused too. I felt my cock twitch. Against my pants, the hardness was already painful. I wanted to free it and stroke it too, but I held myself and chastised my weakness.

What the hell was I doing? A woman. I shouldn’t forget that she was a woman. I shouldn’t forget that I hated them and abhorred their bodies.

I kept on reminding myself this, but still, I couldn’t keep my eyes away and I couldn’t bring to transport myself in another place far from her.

Her moans grew louder, dissecting my eardrums with its volume and erotic sound. Triggered by this, my wolf and lycan sides howled inside. The two were fucking partying, happy to see her in self-absorbed action. This would have supposed to disgust me, but it didn’t. I couldn’t deny that I was enjoying it too.

I took note of every erotic face she showed, every movement of her fingers inside her underwear, and every caress of her breasts—the breasts that would perfectly fit my hands if I were to touch them. I wasn’t aware I was completely hypnotized with watching her until it was already too late. Damn.

Once she climaxed, I found myself holding my breath. Dents formed on the arm handle of my chair brought about by my disappointment—of what I was

disappointed about, I couldn't really say, but it seemed to dangerously lean on the fact that it wasn't I who gave her that orgasm.

Her face was a picture of satisfaction when it was done. I relaxed, finally thanking that my ordeal was over, but I sure wasn't satisfied. Hell, a big part of me wanted to join her.

"Thank you for the wonderful show, my queen," I stated out-of-the-blue consequently revealing my presence.

Under my scrutiny, she quickly sat up, her eyes roaming all over the room, trying to catch where I stood.

I stepped out of the darkness, sporting a wide grin on my face. I never really intended to show myself to her, especially when I was in a precarious situation myself, but I refused to miss this chance of well...interrogating her.

"Aren't you the pervert type of king," she accused me, giving me a weak glare.

I arched a brow finding the word hilarious.

"No. Perverts don't reveal themselves, woman. They remain hidden and continue to observe their targets. I just showed myself to you so I'm not a pervert."

"Hmf, point taken but still it's an alibi," she muttered, shrugging her shoulders.

I chuckled. "Yes, my queen. A royal alibi." I cocked my head to the side and gave her a once over. "You're not at all flustered that I'm here. I just saw you pleasure yourself. Doesn't that make you feel uncomfortable?"

She shook her head without hesitation.

"No, it doesn't," she simply stated, looking at me straight in the eye. "I witnessed you masturbate too. We are both even."

I chuckled again and stepped forward, closer to the foot of the bed. "Indeed we are."

Not satisfied, I rounded the corner and approached her left side. She looked up at me, staying still, staying vulnerable, but I could see she was cautious too.

I stooped low and leveled my face with hers, making her see how serious I was.

"But as I said, Serena, I don't settle on just a tie alone. I aim to win."

"The feeling is mutual, Your Highness," she told me, her words like a dare, and then, without any warning, she grabbed the back of my head and crashed her lips on mine.

I was taken by surprise when she did this; my eyes turning into saucers.

But my hands, before I could stop them, traveled to her body. One hand reached out to cup her face while the other guided her back against the mattress.

I felt her palm touch my chest, traveling down my waist and then stopping on my belt buckle. She gave out a throaty moan when I stopped our kiss and caressed her neck.

With her legs spread wide, I arranged myself in between and pressed my hardened member against her abdomen.

"Then that would be a big problem, my queen," I drawled, gazing back at her with heavy-lidded eyes. Underneath me, she looked even more beautiful. I wanted to crush her.

"Indeed it is," she answered. It didn't sound like this bothered her. Actually, she even sounded confident with herself.

Confident about what, I couldn't really say. I didn't even know just what game we were playing.

"I heard you call my name while at sleep," I pointed out, grinning whilst tracing a finger along her clavicle, just near the dip of her cleavage.

"I did?" she blinked.

"Ask for my permission first before using it in one of your sex dreams, woman. I can't handle insubordination."

She chuckled and shook her head. "You're insufferable. You used my name just this morning in your sleep too, you know. Again, we're even."

"No, we aren't," I told her, abruptly holding her wrist where the mark lay. "I'm one step ahead of you." Then, I let out a self-satisfied smile. "Me on top of you now is one example."

She was fast to respond, pushing me suddenly with all her might, trying to roll me over. It was pitiful to watch. Easily, I subdued her by pressing my body weight more on her.

"Hmm, no, Serena," I whispered, my mouth close to her ear. "You won't win against me that easily."

"Don't be too cocksure, Your Highness," her teeth gnashed. "You haven't met a woman like me. I'll be above you before you even know it."

I laughed as I had never laughed before. A woman — actually challenging me. It was hilarious.

“You’re acting like a luna. I’m not sure whether to be proud of it or angry.”

In the periphery of my vision, I noticed a luminescent glow pass us by. I shifted my head to look at it and she did too.

Instantly, I recognized it to be the insect from earlier. I frowned, disappointed that of all the time it showed itself, it had to be now.

From underneath me, I heard a quick gasp, then I felt Serena stiffen.

I tossed her a confused look, sensing the change of mood from her.

She flickered her eyes to me. From fiery ones, they now looked in pain. So much in pain.

“My head...” she muttered and pressed a hand on her temporal. “It hurts.”

At once, I sat on her right side and scooped her up. She didn’t look my way anymore. She was busy nursing her head.

“Wait here, I’ll get some medicine,” I stated, about to stand up, but she groaned and grunted and cried out in pain, doubling over to press her forehead against her knees.

“Ahhh!” she cried out again, her tears spilling from her eyes.

“Serena!”

It wasn’t me to panic, definitely not my vocabulary to fear anything, but looking at her now and her distressing state, a wave of worry hit me.

‘WILLIAM!’ I barked, mind-linking my beta, disregarding the fact that it was late at night. ‘WILLIAM!’

‘Yes, Your Highness!’ he finally replied, probably just coming from a good sleep.

‘Call the healers. NOW!’