

The Alpha King's Claim chapter 4

Aero

The Kingdom of Phanteon boasted a vast and grand land. Naturally, I would place watchtowers in every boundary to ensure the safety of my people. In addition, I ordered guards to make rounds every hour day and night. The realms have had nothing but peace ever since it was created, but it pays to be vigilant sometimes.

My men were doing well with their duties, but a king like me preferred to check the lands from time to time, be outside the castle and see if everything was in order.

Evenings were my best times to shift into my werewolf form. I'd run all over the kingdom, sometimes not stopping for hours until dawn hits the horizon. It was my way of keeping up with my form and stamina. I found running exhilarating and I found it a good way to de-stress from the dramas of my court.

Like for example, in this very night where I just found out my crown was under threat.

My father was known to use underhanded means in getting what he wants. I never expected he'd use it on me. When Elijah told me about the decree, I immediately called the Council, ordered them to eradicate it, but unfortunately for me, they refused, saying my father's words were absolute, nonnegotiable, and executory.

I had to control myself not to deliver all of them six feet under. I'm now the Alpha. I'm now the king. I was supposed to have full control over my subjects but it seemed my father made it sure I couldn't worm my way out of this problem.

The hell.

Running around my kingdom successfully decreased my anger of the night's unfortunate events. I had calmed down, but still, the thought of having to take a woman to be my queen still lingered inside my head. As to how I'd do it, I had no idea yet, but I'd be sure to use underhanded means to fulfill the decree.

An eye for an eye. A tooth for a tooth. It's time to use my father's teachings against him.

When the early morning sun hit my metallic black fur, it was my cue to return, but instead of going back directly to the castle, I went to my manor that was located in a nearby lake, northeast of my kingdom. Made with the finest stones in the land, my father gifted this abode to me when I successfully first shifted at the age of twelve.

This manor had since become my place of sanctum. The only place free of worries, ministers, and women. Mostly especially them.

I was looking forward to a peaceful bath inside my bathroom; however, exactly the moment I stepped inside the entrance of the building, I sensed a presence. Someone was inside and it was giving out a scent that was both enticing and poisonous to my nose.

I was in a guarded mode immediately.

Slowly, I traced where the scent was coming from and it led me to my chamber. The intruder had the gall to actually trespass my most sacred space.

But instead of frowning more, I grinned, looking forward to ripping this intruder's head off with my bare hands.

As I entered my bedroom, the scent grew stronger and stronger. I was torn between gagging and relishing it. I was certainly almost tempted to do the latter and that made me angry all the more. This intruder could be using magic in order to get to me.

Once inside, I looked around but there was none in my chamber. No sign of any soul at all, both living or dead, or otherwise.

It was only when I opened the double doors of the bathroom when the scent really did hit me in large volumes. I growled in displeasure.

Maybe it was the oils used that threw me off earlier that's why I hadn't really realized who it was immediately, but now, as I stood in front of a very naked woman using my pool, I knew for a certain who she was.

The first thought that crossed my mind that moment was, 'I'm going to wring Elijah's head for this.'

The woman was sitting comfortably on a partly submerged section of the pool, but I could see clearly she was butt naked like I was whenever I shift back to my human form. I was certainly naked earlier too, but all thanks to witch magic, werewolves, and lycans alike didn't need to worry about procuring a dress post shift. Now, I was properly garbed in my casual outfit of a white tunic and loose trousers; a perfect look to interrogate this woman again.

The way her back curved and the way it looked flawless and pristinely white against the sun's rays, it tempted my eyes to ogle instead of looking away. I clenched my hands, feeling disappointed with my idiotic show of weakness. She was just showing a lovely, feminine back. No big deal. But I hated how I couldn't keep my eyes off of it.

I continued to look on, still deliberating on how to interrupt her, but then out of the blue, she stopped drying her hair and glanced up.

Our eyes met; hers instantly showed surprise while mine, seesawing between anger and amusement.

“Shit!” she cried out before she jumped into the water.

I neared the pool, chose to stand directly above the sloping steps to block her exit, and then waited for her to resurface.

After a minute, she did, but she was on the other side of the pool away from my reach.

“Here I thought I still had time to take a bath before your arrival. I guess I was wrong,” she stated, flatly giving me a disappointed look. Her face was to me, but her body was pressed up against the pool tile as if trying to shield her nakedness from my view.

Huh, as if I wanted to look at those insignificant pieces of reproductive organs.

I cocked a brow and puffed my chest, feeling proud of myself. “I wouldn’t argue with that. Unfortunately for you, I’m a fast runner.”

“You’re not surprised with my presence here,” she pointed out.

I crouched down the floor and dipped a finger on the water, testing its temperature. It was oddly warm and inviting. As if the stream that sourced my pool’s water approved of this woman’s bathing activities.

“I haven’t yet fully grasped as to why you magically ended up here instead of the dungeon, and with a complete head at that,” I started, “but I have a strong suspicion my dear brother had a hand on this. He’ll get what’s due to him and as for you, well, I’ll decide later once you step out of my pool. You see, I just came from a good run and I’m feeling dirty and tired. I’m yet to take a bath and peacefully enjoy my water.”

She tipped her chin up, picking up the hint I gave her. I’m not fond of sharing my possessions, my water included, so that means she’s absolutely not welcomed here.

“Then, would it be too much for His Highness to leave?” she stated and then pointed her eyes down the water. “I’d appreciate if you’d give me a private time to...wear decent clothes.”

“No,” I answered flatly, a tick on my jaw appearing. “I’m the king. This is my manor. You don’t get to order me what to do.”

“I heard you hate women, Your Majesty.”

“Correct.”

“Then, I presume you also hate watching them fully naked right?”

“Of course.”

For a millisecond, I almost hesitated to answer. The vision of her naked back earlier popped inside my head. I didn't want to admit it to myself that my eyes enjoyed it. Damn sense organs. They are traitors.

"Then it's a win-win solution," she continued. "You leave. I get to wear my clothes privately. You get to bathe in your pool."

She had the audacity to negotiate with me. My eyes turned to slits and I stood up.

"How about this? You leave now. I bathe. I don't care a thing whatever you flaunt with that ghastly body of yours."

Her face cringed for a moment. "Prince Elijah warned me about your colorful words."

"Good. That means I don't need to sugarcoat everything I say to you. Now, are you going to leave or not? You're wasting my time, woman. I'm not a patient man."

Her brows knotted, showing that she was under stress. I couldn't care less if that was the case. It was her fault she decided to bathe in my pool in the very beginning.

"I'm going to stay here until you leave," she finally stated, lifting her chin again and giving me a serious gaze. "I'm not a voyeur, Your Highness, and I'm certainly not the kind of woman who struts her tits and genitals in public."

Quite a problematic woman as expected.

Clenching my teeth, I took in a deep breath so as to control my anger. If she didn't want to leave my pool then so be it.

"Not my problem then," I said and then I started stripping.

"Wha...what are you doing?" she asked, suddenly her voice shaky. Was it because of fear or awkwardness, I cared less. Let her feel it as a form of my punishment.

I dropped my tunic on the floor and continued unbuckling my belt whilst giving her a sharp glare. "Taking my well-deserved bath of course."

When I pulled down my trousers, she immediately turned her head away. From a fair skin complexion, her face turned red.

This was a first.

Normally, whenever my female subjects see me, they usually drop their heads low with their faces white as chalk. This would be my first time seeing a woman responding differently at the sight of me.

Well, this was also the first stripping myself naked in front of a woman. Never in my life had I expected I would do such, but I didn't have a choice. I couldn't let a woman win. I couldn't let her win.