

# The Alpha King's Claim chapter 41

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

Serena

I wasn't sure where we were going with our conversation, but I was pumped up to make him see I wasn't just any woman he could discriminate.

Sure I got moments of quivering lips and weak knees whenever he was close by and I couldn't deny the inexplicable attraction I had towards him, but my will power was strong enough to see past those obstacles. Well, at least for the time being... He was a damn fine man after all and god, thanks to my sexual dreams, I had already admitted to myself I was horny for him.

Anyway, what I said to him was true. I will be on top of him soon, in one way or another...

He responded to my statement with an amused expression on his face. "You're acting like a luna," he said. "I'm not sure whether to be proud of it or angry."

I finally heard that word from his mouth.

A luna.

Prince Elijah mentioned it. I heard it from Lord Hale too. And now, him.

From my understanding of the overused characteristics of werewolves in Hollywood movies, a luna was one female wolf who held a unique power, an undeniable charisma, and a strong influence among her subordinates. She ruled equal to her alpha; with an iron fist but with the softest and loving heart.

I couldn't be sure if I was fit for this position. I couldn't even transform into a wolf. I was a human through and through.

I was unsure how to react to his statement, so I just kept myself silent.

Seconds later, however, the atmosphere of the room changed. I found myself surrounded in the cold darkness. The king's weight was still on me, I could still feel it, but I felt detached from my surroundings.

Then, I saw something out of the corner of my eyes: something beautiful, something flashy. It was shaped like a bug: a cross between a butterfly and a spider. Its rainbow colors popped, breaking the seemingly endless shade of black around me.

My eyes widened. A bright white light suddenly enveloped me and the next thing I knew, a splitting headache filled me nonstop.

Returning back to reality, I found myself looking at the king in pain. "My head. It hurts," I whimpered.

He appeared to be worried for me, something that I never expected he would. "I'll get some medicine," that's what he said, but I doubt that would help at all.

"Ahhh!" I cried out when another wave of ache started on my temporal, then running along my nape. The pain was so intense I had to double over. Another bright white light filled my vision. I honestly thought I had turned blind because of it.

Tears started to run down my cheeks. I wasn't able to stop it until finally, my body hit the mattress, my mind slowly turning blank...

Once I was conscious, I saw Rhea and Prince Elijah standing not far away from my bed. They were silently conversing and holding hands, lovingly might I add. The prince was quick with courting her it seems.

Prince Elijah was the first to notice me awake. Then, Rhea turned around to look at me.

"Serena!" she cried, showing a relieved smile. "You're finally awake!" She approached me and touched my arm in a sisterly fashion.

"Was I out that long?" I asked, no clue at all if I slept a day or more. I sat up and propped myself against two thick pillows.

She shook her head. "No, it's morning now. Ten to be exact. The Healers came here last night. They said you passed out."

"Oh, I see..." I murmured, looking down and observing a large bowl and used towels placed on my bedside table.

'I passed out,' my mind processed. Remembering what took place before that—with the king on top me and his hard member poking my abdomen—I was under his mercy. Who knows what could have happened then...

"Thank you for taking care of me, Rhea," I stated, giving her a soft smile.

"Hm?" she looked lost for a moment, blinked fast, and then smiled. "Oh no, I just arrived here thirty minutes ago, Serena. It was the king who took care of you before I arrived. I heard from the Healers he stayed by your side the whole time they healed you."

I was taken aback. The king did that? Really? I had no memory after losing consciousness. The only thing that stuck to my brain was the white heat inside me and the warmth around my hand.

"So...uhm where is he now?" I asked, curious. I certainly wanted to meet his eye when I tease him for taking care of me. He must be out of his mind that time, or maybe he pitied me while in pain.

"He had to go to the realm of the faes, Your Highness. It's an urgent meeting that needed his presence," Prince Elijah stepped in to answer. He wore his royal robe and accented his ensemble with a thick platinum necklace. Standing next to Rhea, gosh, they indeed looked good together. I was happy for them.

"I see," I murmured in response, rerouting my sight on my bedsheet.

"What happened to you last night? You received too much affection from my brother?" he continued.

I cast a look at him and found him already smirking mischievously.

"Ah, no, I had a really painful headache," I reasoned in haste.

"How are you feeling right now? Is the headache gone?" Rhea interrupted, looking at me still with worry.

I gave her a reassuring smile.

"There's still a bit of throbbing left but I can manage."

She pulled something out of her skirt's pocket and handed it to me. It was a small box filled with white capsules and it weirdly resembled Tylenol purchased on Earth.

"Margaret said to take two if the headache returns," she stated.

"Thanks. Who's Margaret by the way?"

"The leader of the Healer Pack. She's the sister of General Halcynos," Prince Elijah answered.

If my memory serves me well, General Halcynos was the leader of the army pack. But what was that pack called again?

Alchidna, yes.

"Oh...then maybe I should thank her for their services," I said, about to stand up.

The prince quickly stopped me, raising his hand in between us.

"When you're well, you can do that, Queen Serena. My brother specifically said to keep you here until you recover."

I narrowed my eyes at him and put on my intimidating but teasing face whilst straightening my spine.

"I have recovered, see?"

I swept my hair to the side and raised both of my arms sideways for his inspection.

"Yes..." he murmured, suddenly looking straight to my uncovered shoulder, "it's visible..."

"What are you..." I frowned and followed his gaze. My brows arched up that instant. "Ohh..." Then, heat emerged on my cheeks.

"This is nothing," I stated, quickly covering it with my hair again. I had actually forgotten about this...bruise, or teeth markings whatever it's called. I first saw this last night when I took a bath and immediately linked it with the king's actions back in that hidden room.

'Did he intentionally leave this on me? Or was it just because of the heat of the moment that's why he did so?' I wondered to myself whilst sighing in defeat. I might probably never know the answer.

"Don't hide it, Your Highness," Prince Elijah stated, shaking his head. "There's nothing wrong with a hickey that came from the king."

And just like that, he used a crude, obvious word—a damn hickey—and everybody could see it a mile away whether I admit it or not.

"I prefer to keep it hidden," I exclaimed. The king sure acted like it was invisible last night.

Prince Elijah just shrugged his shoulders.

"You are going to have to expect a much bigger, angrier hickey than that soon. He is yet to 'zimet' you."

"What me?" I voiced out, arching my brow. "What did you just say?"

He watched Rhea in a way that told me he was longing for her.

Rhea, on the other hand, just lowered her head and blushed.

"Sorry, I'm going to have to stay silent, Queen Serena, but don't worry, you'll know once you experience it," he went on.

I pressed my lips together.

"I find your words too cryptic for my liking, Prince Elijah. It troubles me."

"Well, um," he was suddenly evading my examination, "you want to visit Margaret now? She'll be happy to receive your company."

I was quick to pick up his deliberate avoidance of the subject. Yeah, he was definitely hiding something from me.

"Sure, I'll prepare myself first," I answered, deciding not to chase the subject.

Twenty minutes later, we arrived outside the office building of the Healer Pack by coach. It was a three-storey building that was made of blue bricks. Creeping vines covered its facade and it was surrounded with bushes of flowers. Generally, it looked homey and nature-friendly.

"You need not come here, Your Highness. You should still be resting in your chamber," Margaret told me, clasping her hands as if she was praying for my health. Garbed in jeans and a plain white loose blouse, she looked in her mid-fifties with a nice bob cut. Wrinkles formed on her forehead but despite this, her beauty still was visible. I felt immediately at ease with her. Just one look and I knew she and I could be really good friends.

"I'm feeling healthy, Margaret, but thank you for your concern," I stated, smiling warmly. "I just wanted to extend my gratitude to you and your pack. I wasn't able to do so days ago when your healers healed me."

"It is an honor for us to serve the queen," she bowed low in front of me. "If I be so bold, Your Highness, we never really expected the king to marry, but here you are in front of us, giving us hope for the future of our kingdom."

I blinked.

"I don't think I follow, Ma'am."

"I was talking about your heirs, Your Highness," she innocently explained. "Pups. We are excited to welcome them in this world."

"Oh, huh, ha," I awkwardly chuckled, "Uhm, yeah, our children."

At the back of my head, I panicked. Since I was married to the king, being expected of this was a given, but I didn't think someone would point this out to me in a rather motherly way.

"The snow moon is nigh, Your Highness. Its coldness at night is said to be effective in augmenting your heat," she went on.

"My...what?" I tossed a look at the Prince beside me wherein he reactively cleared his throat.

"Excuse our queen, Margie. She's rather shy when talking about such sensitive matters."

Margaret bowed low in respect to his words. "I understand, my Prince."

I knew what her words meant. I knew exactly what 'heat' meant for a male and female werewolf all thanks to mainstream media on Earth. And, yes, I was sensitive to such matters, but what I was more surprised about was learning about this 'snow moon' thing.

I didn't think I would be included in such an event. I was human after all, but how about the king?

'He must be immune,' I thought bitterly. 'If he was affected by the snow moon, he'd probably had hundreds of mistresses by now.'

"We were actually just about to head out to Palmeeya. Do you want to come, Your Highness?" Margaret pointed to the bags of toys readied right near the entrance door. "I'm sure the children would love to meet their queen."

I was excited that instant.

"Ah, sure, I would love to, Ma'am."

"We will follow you by coach, Margie," Prince Elijah rushed to say.

The one addressed acknowledged this with a brief nod.

Exactly as he said, the three of us traveled by coach again: Rhea was next to me while the prince sat across her. I remained silent and contemplative while inside, trying to be invisible while the two lovebirds exchanged heated glances.

I was beginning to feel guilty monopolizing their time when they could have just stayed in their love nest and...yeah, do what lovers do.

I inwardly sighed.

Rhea noticed this and chuckled.

"What's in Palmeeya, Cedric?" she asked, breaking the silence around us.

The prince just flashed a broad smile.

"You'll see. You'll love it if you like children." And then he winked.

I shook my head as subtly as I could whilst giggling inside. Prince Elijah was definitely unlike his brother and that was a good thing. These brothers balance out each other.

Rhea also giggled and after that, we conversed about Earth and its differences with Phanteon. This was the time when I really saw the twinkle in her eyes. It was clear to see she had fallen for this kingdom and also fallen for its prince...

“Oh, wow, it’s a nursery!” I exclaimed the moment we stepped inside the birthing house of Palmeeya. It was a town located southeast of the castle, almost near the manor of the king where I used to stay on my first days in this kingdom.

Margaret led us to the inner house and my eyes caught sight of the tiny cubicles that housed their newborns.

“Goodness, they are so cute,” I gushed as I leaned against the viewing glass. Kids, most especially babies and toddlers, always tugged a big string in my heart.

“We will be taking care of your pups once they arrive, Your Highness. They will be in good hands,” Margaret voiced, giving me a warm smile.

I didn’t dare ruin her good mood so I just went with the flow.

“Yes, I know they will be.”

But after that, I shot a sharp look at Prince Elijah in secret. He was snickering behind Margaret, taking delight with my sufferings. Rhea remained blissfully oblivious and I wanted her to remain that way.

“Lady Margie! Theya!” a chubby woman then ran towards us, panting and sweating on the forehead. “Theya is about to give birth!” she added, her eyes bulging.

The three of us exchanged surprised glances, but the leader of the Healer Pack just stood poised and cool.

“I’m coming,” she stated.

“Wait!” I cried out before she could leave us.

Margaret turned to look at me, confusion visible on her face.

“Can I...watch?” I asked, unsure whether it was a wise idea, but I couldn’t pass out on the opportunity to witness the miracle of life in this kingdom...in this realm no less. The fact that the pregnant woman was a she-wolf added my curiosity. How did the women in this realm give birth?

“Of course, you can, Your Highness,” Margaret was excited to say. “Theya would be ecstatic. Come.”

I was about to find out how.

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Rhea and Prince Elijah decided to remain in the waiting room while I went inside the birthing room with Margaret. She gave me a mask beforehand, to cover my mouth; stated that it was for my welfare as the smell of blood inside the room tended to be strong. I just nodded, but truth be told, I already knew what a standard situation inside a birthing room looked like.

Back in my college days, I volunteered in a lot of medical outreach programs. I wasn't practicing any medical profession really. I just had this strong urge to help out those sick and bedridden.

"Hi," I greeted coupled with a soft wave of my hand once I stepped inside the theater. Sensibly, I distanced myself from the sterile area of the room, but it was enough for the pregnant woman named Theya to see me.

"You—r, Your High—ness?!" she gasped. Even under labor she actually showed raw surprise on my visit.

As if it didn't give her pain, she quickly attempted to sit up.

"No, please, don't move." In haste, I cried out, waving my hand at her.

"I'm honored...to have you in my...giving birth, Your...Highness," she huffed, sweating and turning pale from the pain she was feeling.

I slightly tipped my head. "The honor is mine, Theya. Uhm, is he or she, your firstborn?"

She grimaced but appeared enthusiastic to answer me.

"My firstborn, Your Highness. She's my...precious princess."

"Push, Theya, push!" Margaret shouted. She readied herself, palms up, to receive the babe. I realized then that the women here in this realm give birth in a similar fashion as the women on Earth. Nothing was out of the ordinary.

Theya did as instructed. I remained silent then and witnessed a miracle happening in front of me. Finally, after three more pushes, the babe came out. She looked beautiful and precious and so much like a human. She didn't have one bit of fur on her or a tail. I was crazy to even think that.

Shouts of jubilee filled the room. Everyone was smiling. I released a sigh of relief. That was an intense scene to watch. Luckily, I wasn't squeamish.

Still fresh with the mother's blood and the placenta's fluids, the babe was wrapped up with white linen and was given to the mother.

"Please give me your approval, Your Highness," Theya looked at me again, her eyes dancing with happiness. "I want to name her, Serena."



My mouth dropped. What great honor it was.

"I don't think..." I started, hesitant at first, but then I saw the positive anticipation of the women in front of me, "I don't think I'm worthy of such recognition, but yes, of course, you may name her Serena, Theya."

Everyone clapped their hands and cheered.

"Thank you, Your Highness," Theya stated weakly.

My heart swelled.

"And as my first act as queen and my gift to your adorable daughter, I shall declare this day as a royal day. All babies born this day get to celebrate their birthdays inside the castle for as long as they want," I stated. Being a lover of Fantasy-related themes, it was always my wish to spend my birthday inside a castle. Now, I was going to make that a reality to these cherubs.

Fuck the king if he complains about it.

"Oh my, thank you, Your Highness! Little Serena would be so happy!" Theya cried out. The other healers heard this and quickly relayed this news to the other mothers inside the labor room. It was sweet to watch.

"I'm sure she will," I flashed a big smile.

We left the birthing house an hour later with me in a great mood. I certainly felt the bond of the women there. It was genuine, not forced, and certainly, unconditional. I felt their warm welcome. I felt their precious smiles. And I also felt they were desperate for a real change in their kingdom, something that meant a change in King Aero's view of women. Right then and there, I figured it was my mission to make that possible. At least, if I couldn't give them an heir, I could leave them a king that didn't hate women anymore.

Knowing King Aero, it would be difficult but...yes, not impossible.

"Can I pass by the square before we reach our destination?" I asked, looking at Prince Elijah once he entered the coach.

"You wanted to buy something there?" he lifted a brow.

"Maybe," I answered, but then shrugged my shoulders. "I don't know. I just wanted to visit Palmeeya's town square up close."

Near me, Rhea nodded, agreeing with my request.

"Oh yeah, since you became queen you haven't toured the whole kingdom right?" the Prince stated.

I gave him a nod. "Yes."

"Then, maybe we can drop by in the square today, and tomorrow we will tour the whole kingdom," he advised.

"That sounds good." Rhea and I smiled at each other; in our minds, a promise of a new adventure.

"Both of you will definitely love it. It might even change your mind from leaving, Queen Serena. My brother would be so happy."

My smile faded. I couldn't form a word then. Was he serious? Dragging his brother's name in this conversation? Urgh.

I instead stayed silent, choosing to spend the rest of my travel time looking outside the coach window. It at least took my attention away from remembering King Aero and our time together.

We arrived at the town square less than twenty minutes later. I got out of the coach with Rhea and Prince Elijah in tow. We were greeted with the sun's glaring light and the townspeople's happy faces. They gathered around as we passed them, waving their hands and greeting us. I waved back and naturally, my smile came out.

The square was vibrant with well-dressed people and merchandise. It looked almost like I was in a market on Earth except for the clear indication that this was a werewolf square. I spotted four or seven of these creatures some distance away, just under the shade of trees, lounging and relaxing with actual guards standing near them looking friendly with the beasts. I bet these guards could transform into wolves too. They looked tiny though as compared to the king's wolf. It was majestic.

I wondered, when could I see his beast side again?

The said guards and wolves actually neared us too and I found myself holding my breath. Rhea seemed cool with it as if she had been exposed to them a number of times already. I had great suspicion she did with the prince's guidance...

The guards executed a bow and so did the wolves in deference to our royal presence.

"Our Queen," they chorused. The wolves next to them just stayed silent but observant.

Prince Elijah signaled me to raise my hand up.

I did and stated whilst putting up a serious face, "Thank you for your hard work."

In unison, they made a fist and brought it against their forehead. In my short study with Phanteon's history and tradition, I found this gesture as a sign of

respect and adoration for the royal family. So it seems they saw me as a family now.

With Prince Elijah's order, they escorted us to the center of the square where there was a gated mini-park with the kingdom's crest carved on marble towering everything on site. The three of us stood side by side and faced the whole area.

I admired how everything looked alive and orderly. There seemed to be nothing out of place, but then, the prince caught my attention when he faced the carved crest and stared at it with gravity.

"When my brother ascended the throne, there were lots of changes that followed. Changes that really focused on the people's welfare. This square wasn't this clean and manicured in the past. Actually, almost all towns in Phanteon had to be either renovated or rebuilt. Our father had been neglectful of his duties since he found out about our mother's illicit affairs. Because of this, there were talks about uprisings in different packs, the royal army either were outnumbered or turned to the people's cause, the economy of Phanteon plunged, and trades to other realms lessened. It was a tumultuous time until brother stepped up and curbed our kingdom from heading to ruins."

Knowing this now, I gained a better understanding and higher respect for the king. I didn't doubt his capabilities as king at all.

"Your mother...is she the reason why King Aero is—"

"Yes," he answered in a heartbeat. He didn't even let me finish. He knew what I wanted to know.

"Well, for the most part, yes, but there were other reasons too. He doesn't confide to me about it so I can't share it with you."

I lowered my head and sighed.

"I see..."

He cleared his throat and then as if he wasn't brooding earlier, he flashed a wide grin at me.

"I'm sorry I'm of little help in your relationship with my brother. I know he is difficult to deal with but I see that you are working it out just fine."

"I'm a patient woman, Prince Elijah. It is easier to handle his hot temper with my cool head."

"He is just a lonely man. Help him, Serena. But so far, since you arrived, he is making progress. He is not just acquainting himself with you, he is opening up to you."

It does seem to be that way. Just a month ago, he threw rude comments about me and my femininity, giving me disgusted glares and threatening me even. Now, he was dreaming about me and murmuring my name in his sleep, kissing me, finger-fucking me, and even went as far as licking my... Intentional or not, it was quite a step up from the old him.

"I'm glad I could be of help," I answered, pride filling my chest.

"He'll probably get a boner soon," he muttered slowly just as he stepped forward away from the marble crest.

I gulped and threw him a questioning look. "What did you just say?"

"Nothing," he simply stated, awarding me with a secretive smile. "Let's go, my beautiful ladies. Lunch will be served on the Baltic Meadows."

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The Baltic Meadows.

I imagined it to be like those places on Earth where the grass stretched as far as the eyes could see, its flora a variety of colors, clear blue skies, and fresh air. When we arrived, I found that it was exactly what I imagined it to be and more. So much more.

Instead of plain green grass, the meadow here had a metallic attribute. When my heeled shoes touched the ground, it emitted a shimmering rainbow color, spreading around me and gradually fading. For a moment, I really thought I was in dreamland until I touched the grass and found it was real and as solid as my body.

The air was clean and slightly cold despite the glaring sun—the sun that actually had light blue halos around it. This was a key reminder I wasn't on Earth anymore.

Facing north, I could only see hills upon hills of meadows. Turning west, the meadow broke and revealed snowy mountains. In the south, it exhibited rocky terrain, a little greenery, and a narrow road that we just traversed.

Looking at the east, the meadow disappeared into a thick forest; a variety of trees could be seen that closely resembled pine, mahogany, and sycamore on Earth. Some trees jutted out from the border of the forest shading a clearing. This was where our lunch was conveniently set-up.

"I hope you enjoy your meal with this view, ladies," Prince Elijah informed, a proud grin appearing on his lips.

Rhea and I smiled.

He offered an elbow to her and she held it without hesitation. They threaded through the meadow with me behind them this time. I was left on my own, out of place, and yeah, lonely, but I didn't mind at all.

I was cool with it. This way I got to admire the place all the more.

"Is this area still part of Phanteon too?" I asked once we arrived in the shaded area. Here, the air was cooler and the view was even better, boasting a different angle of the meadows and the mountains.

Prince Elijah, as expected of him, executed a gentlemanly gesture. He pulled Rhea's chair first and allowed her to sit on it before looking at me.

"Yes," he said in a heartbeat, but then, he paused and considered something. "Well, sort of," he continued. "This is a border actually between Phanteon and Ehnrelil, Queen Serena."

"Ehnrelil?" My forehead creased.

"The realm of the faes. That is why the meadow here has a magical quality to it."

Wow. Inside, my heart was jumping. Faes...fairies...they are real!

"So I take it we could easily cross to that realm if we want to?" I rushed to say whilst sitting on my seat.

I genuinely wanted to know not only because I was an avid fan of Fantasy, but because it concerned me and my pending return to Earth.

Prince Elijah somehow chuckled at my question.

"Ah no, it doesn't work like that, Queen Serena."

He rounded the table and pulled back his own chair on Rhea's left.

"Aside from a few individuals who had the ability to realm hop, like my brother as you may know now, we have guardians for the job. With their permission, they could open a portal to let you in and out of the realms."

"Like Farryl and Kerus?" I asked abruptly.

Sitting down and facing me, he appeared surprised all of a sudden.

"Where did you learn those names?" he asked; his shoulders stiffening.

I remembered my time in the vampire realm and answered him without hesitation, "I happen to overhear them in a conversation when I was in Lord Hale's residence."

He relaxed and leaned back against his chair.

"Kerus is the guardian of the vampire realm, the Kingdom of Viacronis. He is a reasonable man, but my brother and I tend to be wary of him."

The servants started coming with hot plates of food of different kinds and cold bubbling drinks in a slender glass. Prince Elijah didn't mind the nuisance and just continued.

"Farryl is the guardian of the werewolf realm—our realm. Since my brother hated women, she avoids him and in effect, dislikes him too. She doesn't really help much in the kingdom except on a few trades with the other realms."

"Could I meet this Farryl one day?" I asked in a heartbeat.

Prince Elijah leaned in and narrowed his eyes at me.

"To tell you honestly, I actually expected she had already introduced herself to you considering the mysterious circumstances of your appearance in our realm. She actually didn't?"

"No," I hurried to say, and then blinked, wondering the question myself too. "Well, none that I'm aware of."

"That's rather unheard of," he said, shaking his head as if he couldn't believe my words. "Anyway, if you wish to meet her, I'll try and contact her. I'm sure she will oblige. You are the Queen of Phanteon after all."

I just shrugged my shoulders. "I will wait until then."

After our serious talk, we started eating. Prince Elijah was thoughtful enough to explain most of the dishes that were laid on the table. Apparently, some of them were specialties in the realm and some were sourced outside Phanteon. All were good to eat just like the ones I tasted back in my wedding.

Once our meal was over, we decided to admire the view again.

"Go ahead, I don't mind being left here," I stated when I overheard Prince Elijah invite Rhea for a short walk. "You two enjoy your time together."

"We won't be far, Serena," Rhea stated, nodding at me.

I flashed a smile.

"I know."

Since I had extra time, I took the liberty of touring the other side of the meadow on my own. This side was mostly covered by trees; huge ones with its leaves turning to roofs.

Sunlight still touched the forest floor; however, it looked as though most of the light came from a certain area.

I narrowed my eyes at that said area behind thick trunks and protruding roots. The way it was hidden from view got me increasingly curious.

Slowly, I neared the glow, touching the trunks and branches for support while my other hand held the hem of my gown.

To my astonishment, what welcomed me behind the trunks was a beauty far from anything I had seen on Earth. It was a lake and it was glowing gold. Around it was icy blue flowers that looked like diamonds and hovering near these flowers were winged bugs unusual to me. It wasn't the same bug I saw last time, but it sure was glittering too with rainbow colors.

The water was crystal clear and it was so placid I thought it was just a mirror. Sunlight still passed through the roof of leaves, but the light was almost overlapped by how bright the golden lake was.

I was mesmerized by what I saw.

"Oh yes, I could stare at this lake all day," I murmured to myself, sighing, and yes, I would have done so if not for a sudden headache shooting from my nape up to my temporal.

"Oww..." I groaned, falling to my knees and pressing my palm against my forehead.

The pain was the same as last time. It was just unbearable.

Grimacing, another bright white light appeared from behind my eyes. Just what this meant to me, I wished I knew. I hope it wasn't a prerequisite to an illness I might have gotten from my realm hopping...

Concerned that I'd end up unconscious in the forest, I decided to pull myself together and return to the lunch area. Surely, Prince Elijah and Rhea would be able to help me with my pitiful state.

I walked and walked, groaning and gagging at the same time; trying to battle the intense pain I was feeling; trying to clear the pulsating bright light in my mind, but as I dragged myself along the forest floor, I realized I had taken a wrong turn.

The path I took now was nowhere near the same as the one I threaded earlier. Anxiety and fear erupted inside me in an instant. I was completely lost and in pain, literally.

Then, the sound of dry leaves crackling captured my attention. It was followed by a thud and a scraping of metal. Common sense told me it came from a person, so since I was desperate to seek help, I dragged myself to the source of the sound. It was just behind a group of shrubbery and trees.

“Oh my G—” I gasped, quickly covering my mouth with both of my hands when I saw a frightening scene before me. Concerned with my safety, I dropped to the ground too and hid behind the bushes, trying to keep my sorry ass from getting detected.

Anxiety and desperation managed to disappear inside me but it was unfortunately replaced by fear and panic.

In this realm...in this magical forest, never had I imagined I would witness a murder.

Yes, murder, and yes, I wasn't kidding.

Through the bushes, I watched in horror as three women—with dirty clothes and bloody faces—lay lifeless on the ground. A cloaked person was standing on top one of the three women, holding a sword that was embellished with red stones. It was dripping with blood and so was the cloaked person's right hand—a hand that I couldn't delineate whether feminine or masculine.

The left hand however gave me an added fright. It was on fire, but it didn't seem to hurt the cloaked person. It didn't look like it burned its skin.

I remained as still as possible but God knew how much my hands shook.

“I got to get out of here,” I murmured, half grimacing with still the presence of my headache.

Out of fear from getting mixed up with a bad element, I slowly crawled away from the cover of the bushes. Sharp twigs and rough rocks hit my elbow and knees. I grimaced. It was painful, yes, but not as painful as the throbbing of my head.

I looked pitiful, I was aware of it, but better this than ending up like those women.

Then, black boots materialized in my line of sight. My heart leaped. My eyes bulged. I felt a deadly chill ran down my back.

I realized then and there I was done for...

## **The Alpha King's Claim chapter 44**

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

Serena



With unsteady breath, I looked up and saw the man I wasn't expecting at all.

"Get the fucking up," King Aero barked, but even with him ordering, he reached out to me and assisted me to stand.

"King Aero," I muttered in disbelief. 'He is here! Why is he here!' my head cried out.

His hold around my waist tightened and I was left struggling to breathe with this.

"Contain your fear, woman. I could feel it even when I was in Ehnrelil," he ordered.

I stilled and willed myself to relax.

"You could? How?" I asked, the fear and panic I felt earlier were washed away with his presence, and...oh, so was the throbbing headache and the pulsating white light in my eyes.

Now, in his arms...pressed up against his body...feeling his warmth, feeling his slow breathing, I felt secure. Protected. Loved?

He paused for a moment, gazed down at me with unreadable eyes, and then, dropped my ass on the ground.

"Ow!" I cried out whilst shooting him a glare. Fuck the L word. He is still an asshole!

Instead of answering my question, he walked past me in quick strides; his attention embedded on the murder site.

For a moment, fear washed all over me again thinking he might run into the cloaked killer, but as I watched, he charged straight ahead without worry, putting off an aura that of a fearless king.

In haste, I stood up, placing a hand over my mouth just to be sure, but I only saw the king near the dead bodies. No sign of the killer at all.

"These are witches." I picked up his words. He knelt next to one with wavy, blonde hair and surveyed her godawful appearance.

"I saw a cloaked person earlier holding a bloody sword," I stated, moving a little closer to him.

"Deep stab wounds, gaping laceration on their chest and neck...yes, they were killed with that weapon," he told me confidently.

I stayed silent, but vigilant with our surroundings.

It looked like he was the same judging from the hard expression on his face and the way he lifted his chin up as if sniffing.

Afterward, he stood up and faced me.

"Let's get you out of this place," he said in a grave tone.

He neared me, grabbed my elbow, and pulled me with him before I could even respond.

As best as I could, I matched his quick pace of walking. The terrain we trekked was uneven and there were certain parts where the ground was slippery. With his back to me, it may not look like he cared but he was holding my elbow tight, making sure I wouldn't fall on the ground.

Or at least that's what I could read from his actions. There was no harm in hoping right?

"Hey, why are we walking when you could just poof us out of this forest?" I asked.

Silence.

That was his response. As always... No nod, or a grumble, or even a look on my way.

I decided to let the subject go. After all, I was having fun admiring the view of his broad shoulders and his dark hair that had always enticed me to comb with my fingers.

Minutes later, I started to recognize the path we were in. This was the path to the golden lake. The king continued straight, pulling me like a collared puppy, but then he suddenly stopped and for the first time since we met in this realm, I saw the raw emotion in his eyes.

"Your Majesty?" I stated, moving in front of him. "What's wrong?"

He was staring at the lake past the trees, looking so engrossed and so...lost. I made a mental note of it and gave him time; time for whatever he was sinking in.

"A distasteful memory just crossed my mind. Come," he stated abruptly right after a strong breeze passed us. Before I could dig deeper into it, he pulled me by the elbow again and led me out of the forest.

"Brother! You're here?" Prince Elijah shouted the moment he saw us exit the rows of bushes. He jogged towards us with his brows all crinkled, no doubt confused as I was as to the king's presence in the area. "You're supposed to be in the meeting. Is it done already?"

"No," King Aero simply said, staring at him with gravity.

“But why are yo—” Prince Elijah fell silent.

Rhea and I watched the brothers look at each other as if they were communicating telepathically—which for me wouldn’t be a surprise. Hollywood werewolves do. Directors and producers must have patterned it from the real deal, a.k.a. Phanteon’s werewolves.

“Alright, I understand,” Prince Elijah finally said with a nod. He looked at me and Rhea with so much seriousness I had never seen in him and then gestured to the coach.

“Will you come with me, ladies? Our time here is over.”

I cast a look at the king’s way and found him already staring at me.

“Will you be going with us?” I broke out without a thought, keeping my face from showing anymore worry than it already had.

“I need to return to the meeting,” he said, standing still.

“And the...bodies?” I asked, worrying about the witches despite already dead.

With this, Rhea furrowed her brows. She tipped her head to the side and gave me a silent question. I wasn’t able to answer her because the king grabbed my wrist and redirected my attention to him.

“Your Majesty?”

He didn’t say a word.

Like before, he pulled me with him but this time, it was towards the coach.

His hand on my wrist was hot. His fingers on my mark were even hotter. Whether this was good or bad, I couldn’t say. One thing was for sure though, he was acting like a protective wolf towards me and yes, it melted my heart.

We crossed the meadow with double the pace, but we hadn’t walked that long when I realized I was suddenly in a different place: inside the coach to be exact. My back was against the cushion; my ass hitting against the seat; my legs were spread apart with him in between, kneeling on one knee; and his hands...oh, it was on my waist, caging me in place.

“My queen...” he whispered; his face close to mine.

Without warning, our lips pressed. He was the first to initiate and because of this, I blinked in disbelief. His hands traveled up to the underside of my breasts. I gasped. He took advantage of this and stuck out his tongue, consequently discovering the inside of my mouth.

"Hmmm..." I couldn't hold back a moan. Did I reciprocate it? Oh yes, I did. I reciprocated it like I aimed to win, but God knew, how fast I was losing.

The way he kissed me now, it was a mixture of yearning and frustration. It was gentle and rough. It was passionate and cold. It was so...him. I was ready to lose. For now at least.

My hands reached out and cupped his perfect jawline. I wanted more, more...but then he abruptly stopped and pulled himself away from me.

"Do not concern yourself with it," he said; his face unreadable but I could see lots of emotions clouding his eyes. "You'll only get in the way. Leave this problem to me."

And just like the usual, he disappeared in front of me, leaving me unable to express my thoughts.

Seconds later, the door of the coach swung open. The face of Prince Elijah and Rhea greeted me.

"See? I told you Her Majesty is just here." He winked at Rhea and then gestured for her to step inside.

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The trip back to the castle was rather uneventful. Prince Elijah, the way I saw it, was trying his best to occupy us with the history or the biology lesson of every location we pass by. However, my gut told me he already knew what the king and I saw in the forest. Since he was trying to avoid the subject and for Rhea's sake, I didn't press on for more information about it.

Afternoon turned to evening and evening turned to morning. The passing of time wasn't easy for me. I thought of the murderer. I thought of the dead witches. I thought of King Aero and how he was going to solve this problem. I wasn't well-versed with court machinations, but I sure as hell was smart enough to know this wasn't good news for Phanteon. It meant that their realm was breached. It meant that their security was compromised.

After breakfast, I stood against the balustrade of my balcony and in there, I started thinking of the events yesterday. My mind was slowly racing, but then Rhea came in.

"Hey," she said with a hint of a sigh.

"What's up? You look down," I told her.

She joined me in my spot and leaned against the balustrade too.

"Since we arrived, Cedric hadn't shown himself to me. I think he left the castle since yesterday."

"He probably went back to the meadows to execute King Aero's orders," I mused, looking past the nearby town and into plains and interconnected rivers ahead. Somewhere out there was the Baltic Meadows. Somewhere out there was the crime scene. But more importantly, somewhere out there was that golden lake. Since I left that place, it had been continuously popping inside my head. It was calling out to me in more ways than I expected it would.

"You mentioned 'bodies' yesterday, what does that mean?" she stated, staring at me with curiosity.

I took a deep breath first before answering. Her, asking me about it, was bound to happen sooner or later. As a well-educated woman, nothing would probably get past her.

"Dead bodies of witches, Rhea. I saw them and even saw the murderer."

She straightened and fully turned to face me.

"Wait. Wait." She angled her head like a confused puppy. "Let me process it properly."

I grinned at her and waited.

"Witches? Dead witches? And a murderer?"

I just nodded in response. Her voice was raised, clearly in disbelief.

"Is it a he or a she?"

Shrugging my shoulders, I recalled the unsavory memory. "I couldn't say. The cloak it wore hindered me from getting information."

"That's unfortunate, but I'm sure they'll be able to sort that out," she expressed, probably giving me assurance.

"Yeah, I'm confident they would," I replied.

"How about the king, Serena? Had you seen him already?"

I couldn't help but chuckle in response.

"I'm not expecting him to show himself to me actually. Who knows when royal meetings end."

"Aren't you worried though?" she asked.

I knew for certain what she meant. "I am worried, but I am also trying my best not to overthink much of it. Whether a localized case or not, I'm sure he would solve it."

“Hmm, good answer.”

Abruptly, she tapped my shoulder and flashed a smile.

“Why don’t we go to the nearest market of the castle? There might be something there to occupy our minds.”

I need not consider her offer. On this occasion, it was the best course of action.

“Right. That would be a good idea.”

## The Alpha King’s Claim chapter 45

[/ The Alpha King’s Claim](#)

Serena

Yes, we finally arrived in Cirelles, the town near the castle where it had quite a busy market. Our travel time was about twenty minutes on foot after declining the offer of my maids to use the castle coach. It wasn’t really an arduous walk. We had fun just watching everything around us.

Apparently, the guards in the castle didn’t bother us when they saw us walk past the castle gates. Security for a royal persona seemed close to nothing. Unlike on Earth where the royal family was heavily guarded with bodyguards, here, as queen, I had none and I thought it was either their lax security or that they were just really confident with their kingdom’s peace and order and their people.

Rhea and I were both in awe of the town and its not-so-little market. Stalls after stalls were seen from left to right of the sidewalks. It was organized in a way that customers could freely choose the merch.

Not long after we arrived, an item caught my fancy and so I decided to approach the seller.

She was an aging woman, sitting on a stool wearing a large printed turban and a long-sleeved dress. Wisps of gray hair fell down her forehead. The moment she noticed my approach, she quickly got up to her knees and bowed.

I was eager to stop the gesture, still not comfortable with all the royalty status.

Beside me, Rhea chuckled.

“How much?” I asked, bending forward to pick up a silver bracelet that was designed like a wolf’s head. In a werewolf world, I was bound to find one, or two, or more.

The old woman looked up and smiled at me, her eyes beaming. “It’s free for you, Your Highness,” she answered with a short nod.

I quickly waved my hand. "No, please. I want to buy as your normal customers would. Give me the right price for this item."

I heard Rhea chuckle again with this. Her eyes were set on the other trinkets in front of us.

"In that case, fifty maltis, Your Highness," the seller answered.

Honestly, I didn't even know what she said and I had a feeling Rhea was the same, but since we got money to burn, I handed over the payment without thinking of the change.

"Here, and keep the change," I said with a big smile.

The old woman's eyes twinkled even more and her mouth dropped. "You're generous, Your Highness. Are you sure you don't want the change?"

"No, don't worry. You're my first buy after all. Enjoy!" I winked at her.

She responded with a deep blush.

We moved to another stall after that whilst I donned the silver bracelet on my left wrist. Rhea poked my rib and clucked her tongue.

"At this rate, you'll be giving away our money. Are you sure the king is okay with this?"

I scoffed.

"The money we have now won't even scratch his wealth."

She shrugged her shoulders, accepting this as a valid point. We were talking about the king after all. The man basically owned the kingdom.

We walked further into the road, checking out a variety of trinkets. She bought some for herself and I did the same, laughing at the same time when we realized we were actually shopping in a realm other than Earth. It was our therapy and she was right, it did take my mind off of the king even for just a bit.

"What's that?"

Rhea tapped my shoulder again to get my attention while I was busy haggling another merchant.

I straightened up and faced her, arching a brow.

"What?" I asked.

I picked up the panic on her face immediately as she pointed to an angry black smoke just a few blocks away.

"Fire?!!" I shouted; alarm bells clanking inside my head.

Seconds later, the market's liveliness turned to chaos. People probably coming from the area hit by the fire fled, bringing with them sacks of their belongings. In their faces were pure fear and desperation. I felt for them as I was once a fire victim back in my youth too.

My sense of urgency kicked in and without thought, I started to shove all the items I bought to Rhea.

"What are you—" she cried out in confusion, but I cut her off when I suddenly shouted.

"William!"

I spotted him passing us, clearly running towards where the danger was.

"Your Highness! Why are you—"

I shut him off with a hand in between us.

"Are you going there?"

He looked hesitant for a moment and then nodded. "Yes, Your Highness."

"Then I'm going with you."

"But—"

"No buts!" I lashed, giving him a no-nonsense glare.

This seemed to affect him.

"I'll—I'll get a horse, Your Highness."

"No, let me ride on you," I grabbed his shoulder and gripped his muscles tight.  
"Now, shift!"

He immediately took a step back and shook his head.

"Oh, no, no, Your Highness," he cried out, looking very much uncomfortable.

"King Aero is going to kill me if you so much as ride another were."



He pivoted on the right and stretched out a hand just as an incoming coach tried to pass us. "You over there! Halt! Unload that horse now!" he ordered to the driver.

I understand his intention right away.

"Serena?!" Rhea, who had been a spectator earlier, now stepped in and captured my attention.

I placed a palm on her shoulder and smiled at her.

"Go back to the castle and prepare the courtyard. We are going to house and take care of the fire victims there."

She nodded without delay.

"Right, but you take care, okay."

"Yes, I will," I said just as a brown stallion galloped towards me.

Like a pro, I climbed up the animal while William and Rhea gaped. "Let's go!" I cried out to him.

He bobbed his head and to keep up with my pace, he shifted, showing the two of us his werewolf form for the first time. It was a dark brown color, still small as compared to the king's but muscular and furry too.

Or maybe I was just this biased... For me, there was no better-looking werewolf than the king.

We arrived in the fire scene in less than a minute. The first thing I noticed was the size of the fire. It was indeed huge, covering at least five buildings in the area including the stalls on the roads and the nearby garden and trees.

Fortunately, the area was already secured. No one was there except for the firefighters who were battling the fire the same way the firefighters on Earth do. Further surveying the scene, I caught sight of a man barking out orders and this was where I led the horse.

"More water!" he shouted, pointing to his subordinates whilst holding the fire hose. I recognized him as one of my guests at the latest party in the castle. He was sitting in a table next to Prince Elijah's. Alpha Aaron, as I remembered his name to be, was the leader of some kind of security pack.

Unlike a few leaders in King Aero's council who had an obtunded stomach, this man here had none. He was muscular and quite tall; a few inches taller than me. He had a long beard, probably left it for a purpose. He wore the same uniform as William, but in a different color: maroon to be exact. He had a firefighter helmet on but I could notice the long hair he sported, kept in a low ponytail.

"What happened here?" I told him, cranking up the volume of my voice in consideration of the noise of the flames.

He turned to me with utter surprise showing on his face.

"Your Highness!" He attempted to bow. I just let him whilst I climbed down the horse.

"What happened here?!" I asked again, furrowing my brows. William had shifted back to his human form and joined us. The fact that he was already clothed gave me relief. A naked man wasn't one I wanted to battle as of the moment.

"There was an explosion, Your Highness. We are still learning where it came from but the fire is behaving unusually. There must be some magic contained within it," Alpha Aaron explained.

"Magic?" I parroted, then gazed at the blaze.

I wasn't an expert but I noticed it was indeed different from all other normal fires I had come across.

Then, a memory hit me.

'The witch murderer!' my mind cried out.

I gasped and stared at the scene again, connecting the dots and coming to a very possible conclusion.

Back then, the flame on the murderer's hand didn't mean a thing to me other than a weird, but a scary phenomenon.

Now, it certainly became a piece of irrefutable evidence.

Could it be that this was arson? If yes, then why? Why would the murderer start a fire in the Kingdom of Phanteon?

I kept this revelation to myself and hoped that I was wrong.

"I trust that you douse the flames as soon as possible," I told Alpha Aaron with most seriousness. "We will help with the victims. Where are they now?"

"We have gathered them there, Your Highness. The wounded were already sent to the infirmary," he replied, still holding the active fire hose.

I turned to the king's beta and pointed a finger to the direction of a parked brown coach.

"William, gather as many coaches as possible for the victims. We'll transport all of them in the castle courtyard. Do it swiftly and make sure no one gets left behind."

The man puffed up his chest and nodded.

"Yes, Your Highness!"

When he left, I climbed up the horse again and rode where the victims crowded. There were plenty of them; most were families securing their belongings. Women were crying whilst holding their kids; their focus directed on the flames of the buildings.

My heart melted for them. Truly, they didn't deserve such a harrowing experience.

"Your Highness!" Two women chorused as soon as they saw me approach.

"Will you help me?" I asked, huffing. "I need everyone here to transfer to the castle courtyard. We will provide transportation. We will provide everything you need there."

They nodded without hesitation.

Soon William came with the coaches and the fire victims lined up for their turn to ride.

I organized the whole process whilst riding my horse. It was easier and faster this way.

By the time the last of the victims left the area, the fire was already under control but it certainly left half of the market in charcoal. At the sight of it, my stomach clenched.

How could someone be so cruel to do this to a peaceful town?

"Your Highness, you should return to the castle too," Alpha Aaron said when he neared me. In his hand was a soaked towel, probably for wetting his flushed face.

I nodded at him, but my peripheral vision caught something humanoid hiding behind a charred tree.

"The cloak!" I cried, recognizing the garment worn by the witch murderer instantly.

Without thought, I guided my horse to that direction, galloping past a confused Alpha Aaron.

"Queen Serena!" he called behind me, but I was already too far ahead to even give him an explanation.

By the time I arrived on the spot, the cloaked person was nowhere in sight. What remained was the charred tree and a small stone next to the roots enveloped in a blue fire.

"A rune," Alpha Aaron said behind me. He was definitely quick with catching up with me.

I looked down from my horse and gave him a solemn face.

"You said this fire had magical properties to it."

"Yes, Your Highness, and this rune confirms it."

"I just saw the arsonist in this specific spot," I stated, cringing at the memory.

"I'll request General Halcynos for a witch-hunt then. She might not have gone far."

"A witch?" My brows furrowed. "How can you be so sure it was a witch?"

"Only witches could use a rune, Your Highness," he confidently answered. "And there are witches too who could call out the element of fire at will."

He then bent forward and tipped his head. "I apologize, Your Highness, but I have to go and inform the general. For your safety, please return to the castle."

It wasn't a strong justification for me, but I had no choice but to accept it at least for the time being.

"Alright, I will," I stated.

Taking into account what I witnessed yesterday in the forest, I was more than sure someone was out there trying to cause discord in the Kingdom of Phanteon.

## **The Alpha King's Claim chapter 46**

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

The Alpha King's Claim chapter 46

Usually, meetings with the other leaders of the realm were as boring as hell. Well, except for the routine rivalry among some of them that would end up on binge drinking, but on this occasion, inside the fae realm, it was particularly special.

Ehnrelil had closed its doors centuries ago. The last time I heard it accepted someone not fae was at the funeral of their previous king, King Alduin. After that,

they had closed their realm to outsiders under the new rule of the widowed queen, Queen Adna. I was just a young wolf back then, hopelessly needing company.

As to why she did so, nobody knew, but rumors said it had something to do with the dead king's brother, High Elder Geraden.

Now, as I wondered, why would she welcome us again? There must be a backstory to this invitation and I couldn't wait to uncover it.

I sat next to the King of Sattus—the only man in the meeting room who had the deadliest aura. It was no wonder since he was the ruler of the dead. On Earth, humans call him Hades. Here, he was nameless. Or at least, we never knew his name and didn't care to find out. On my left was the King of Zaxonia, King Lucien, living in the realm of mythical creatures, dragons, and such. Word has it he was the son of a celestial being; would have had the chance to live in the celestial realm but decided to stay because of a woman.

Hmf. I scoffed. All because of a woman.

Moving forward, my eyes roamed to six other leaders: Lady Yllana, the Elemental Witch in the realm of witches; Lord Jacobi, representing the mage realm, Prince Andrei for the Demon World; the Celestial God, Andrius, who was rather sending sharp glances at King Lucien, and of course, I couldn't ignore the fucking blood-sucking dickhead of the vampire world, Lord Hale, and the host herself, Queen Adna of the fae realm. Sitting next to her was High Elder Geraden. I was unsure why he was here when in fact only leaders were supposed to be present in this meeting.

We were all on time except for the last representative of the lowest realm of all: Terranis, or Earth so to speak. Every fifty years we pick a representative of this realm to pose as our bridge and spy. The chosen representative should either be born from a political or royal family in a country and must possess the gift of tongues. Governor Marius dela Forte of Madrid, Spain occupied the spot and he had done so since forty years ago. He was seventy-two now—quite young for creatures like us that exist for centuries—but old for his world.

"Marius is late," Lady Yllana pointed out after sipping her wine for the third time.

"My apprentice had to help the poor man in traveling through the fae realm," Lord Jacobi stated, an understanding brow held his expression. "This is his first time in this place after all."

"Which brings the question, why did you invite us here, Queen Adna?" I asked, wanting to get this meeting over and done with. I certainly would like to return to my kingdom before the snow moon starts to light its first ray in the Phanteon castle. My subjects know how much I hated such an event and they know how much I want to incarcerate myself inside my chamber until it ends. This event just brings about a heat in me that I'd rather douse as soon as possible.

In response to my question, the queen just grinned.

"I see that all of you couldn't wait anymore, so let's start."

She waved a hand above her head and the whole room darkened. A second later, twinkling lights surrounded us and after that, we were entertained with nonstop elvish historical lessons in HD view.

"You all know how our realms started," she began, eyeing us one by one with a smug face.

"With the power of the Universe, Darkness and Light, and some from your founders."

When she said 'founders', I remembered my father. He was one of them being a powerful Alpha King, until his heart was broken by my unworthy mother.

"My dear late husband was one of the few who gave half of his power to create the realms we live now," Queen Adna continued. As she recalled, so did the scene in front of us: picture after picture of twinkling stars forming into little people and landscapes.

"But when he died." She gave me a sudden sharp look. My brow arched up in response, not knowing why she did so. And then she continued as if nothing happened, "I realized it would be a matter of time before our realms start to crumble."

"What are you trying to say, Your Highness?" Hale interrupted, acting surprisingly impatient like I was.

The queen lifted her chin up and took a long breath. "What I'm trying to say is that I can't sustain the load anymore."

The King of Sattus, King Lucien, and I exchanged solemn glances. This doesn't fare well with all of us. An imbalance among our realms would be created if she couldn't support her share of duties.

"I have called all of you here to witness the installation of my successor to address this problem," she continued. On her right, the High Elder Geraden shifted his pose, strengthening more his spine and puffing up his chest. With that, I knew already what was about to happen.

"You have no heir. Who are you talking about?" Lady Yllana stated, pointing to the most concrete fact of all.

Queen Adna flashed a proud smile. She gestured her right hand, palm up, in front of the High Elder, and said, "High Elder Geraden, the brother of my late husband, the only man worthy enough to take the load off my shoulder. He is my successor. I trust you give the same respect and treatment as you had given me and King Alduin."

There was a minute of silence. The leaders in front of me exchanged stares and brief nods. I was uncertain as to this development but I had to give my decision too so I nodded, consequently giving my approval.

“Then, we shall accept, Your Majesty,” Celestial God Andrius expressed for all of us.

“But of course, I would assume, Ehnrelil is now open for us and our subjects?” Hale butted in and asked.

Queen Adna shook her head without hesitation. “That is a different matter to discuss entirely.”

“There are certain limitations to certain creatures I want to impose,” High Elder Geraden voiced out.

Hale flashed a grin at my way.

“Now, now, I wonder what creature you are pertaining to,” he mused.

I was just about to call out their secretive behavior when Lord Jacobi interrupted and reminded us, “We are not here to start an argument, Lord Hale. We are here to celebrate.”

“Of course. My apologies for bringing it up to the table,” Hale bent his head, showing his fake remorse. My lycan side was simmering with anger. I had no clue what they were fucking talking about, but sure as hell, I wanted to rip this vampire’s throat out for Serena’s sake.

Queen Adna stood up and waved a hand. “Come evening, I invite all of you for the crowning of the new king of Ehnrelil. In the meantime, enjoy your time here. Tour the fae realm as you wish.”

‘Well, that was fast,’ I thought to myself. I didn’t even need to use what memory I have with that woman and entertain myself during the meeting—fuck, not that I wanted to.

Shaking my head of the unwelcomed thought, I stood up, planned to start a conversation with Lord Jacobi when I suddenly felt a chill in my bones.

‘Serena!’ my mind cried out.

Like before, I sensed her fear. It was so tangible despite me being in another realm. I saw King Lucien look at me with confusion. I just gave him a single nod before I disappeared, transporting myself to a place I swore I wouldn’t return: the Baltic Meadows.

To my surprise, she was crawling on the ground like a forsaken pup. It was a pitiful sight for a woman. This shouldn’t affect me, but it did, especially when it was my queen involved.

When she looked up at me, that was when I realized she was not only scared but also in pain; the same look of agony I saw in her back in her room just this early morning.

I couldn't deny it. It did worry me.

"Contain your fear, woman. I could feel it even when I was in Ehnrelil," I barked, burying the worry using my callous voice.

I picked her up, wrapped her with my arms and that's when I felt my wrist mark warm up. That same feeling traveled to my arms and transferred to her. I was unsure if she felt it, but she seemed to relax gradually; her face now free of ache or fear.

Fear. My mind registered.

Using my tracking skills and hypersense, I released her and directed my attention to the evil aura collecting in one spot.

It wasn't a surprise to me to see dead witches, but to see them inside my realm? It was a whole new story. And it seemed my queen saw the killer which meant a big ass problem for me.

"Let's get you out of this place," I stated and without thought, grabbed her elbow and pulled her away from the dead bodies.

I was impressed. Most women, after seeing the dead, would have been shaking and acting all too weak. Serena didn't. She held herself pretty well and that somehow changed my view of her.

As fast as I could, I guided her out of the forest floor. Bad move though when I used a path that had been an automatic route in my head. We ended up passing Salviste Lake—the only body of water that sectioned my realm from the realm of the faes, and I, upon catching a glimpse of its golden sheen, ended up reminiscing, albeit unintentionally, my fucking childhood.

"Your Majesty? What's wrong?" Serena asked, a hint of worry painting her face.

A strong breeze passed us. Luckily, it was enough to pull me out of my failed childhood memories.

"A distasteful memory just crossed my mind. Come," I said and pulled her again with me.

We walked out of the forest sometime later. Elijah immediately saw us when we emerged from the bushes and didn't waste his time throwing me questions. I cut him off instead through mind-linking him.

'Elijah, dead bodies close to the fae border. Take care of it and ensure the safety of these two,' I told him.



He understood the gravity of my order right away.

'Your will, brother,' he said.

'I will return to Ehnrelil. Find the murderer for me. I smell the stench of evil in the air.'

'Yes, I will. Be careful there, brother. The faes are untrustworthy creatures.'

'You think I don't know that?'

"Alright, I understand," he then openly voiced out, turning to the two. As subtly as he could, he directed them to the coach. My queen glanced at me. I anticipated already what she was about to say.

"Will you be going with us?"

'What's this?' I thought. Was she really showing concern for me?

"I need to return to the meeting," I answered as calmly as I could.

"And the...bodies?" she asked again, and that's when my patience broke.

I pulled her by the arm again, dragged her across the meadow, but impatient as I was, I transported us both inside the coach in just a snap. Inside, I maintained our closeness. I didn't care anymore just how much our bodies pressed. All I wanted was to feel her, make sure she was safe, and make sure I get my point across.

And as to what point that was?

Well...

There were two really.

First, I just didn't want her involved in Phanteon's problems.

Second, I missed kissing her, damn it.

And so I kissed her; ravaged her mouth in the most intense way possible. She reciprocated me, and even awarded me that cute, soft moan I had come to...uhh...fuck—never mind.

After that, I teleported back to Ehnrelil. It was rude and offensive, I know, but I had to. I didn't want to see her blushing face or admit to the fact that I was slowly losing my control.

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Author's Note: Welcome to the crossover of my books, my dears. If any of you haven't read Undressed by the King in Galatea yet, do it now and enjoy King Lucien's boner predicament. Whahaha

# The Alpha King's Claim chapter 47

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The Alpha King's Claim chapter 47

Aero

I couldn't deny it, Ehnrelil boasted a beauty unlike any of the kingdoms I had come to visit. Just as I remembered, their ground looked like silver bricks. Their sky, a neon color of orange, blue and pink. Their houses were invisible, only arches of flowers and leaves gave clues to its existence. There were a variety of greenery in every corner I looked, all mixed up with the kingdom's glowing quality. There were waterfalls everywhere and with these waterfalls came mists that surrounded the greenery. Such was its sight, but a sight I couldn't stomach that long.

I was itching to go back to my own world, but due to royal duties, I had to stay until the crowning of Ehnrelil's new king. The way Queen Adna and High Elder Geraden gave me looks of contempt earlier didn't warrant any of my respect, but again, to show face, I had to attend the ritual.

But while waiting for that to happen, I decided to avoid any company. Choosing to spend my time on top one of Ehnrelil's towers, I looked down and observed the frenzy of the faes. They were a bunch of glittery, vomit-inducing shimmery creatures that were jovial for today's event. The fact that most of them in the streets were females all the more gave me a headache. The males, I reckon, were probably under armors and helmets, instructed to guard their posts or guard the coronation hall.

While watching, I then sensed someone behind me. I was supposed to be on guard, but no, this one was not hostile.

"Let me guess, you're scouting, right? Checking if the fae realm is any good for your weres to visit?"

I didn't need to face him to know who he was.

"Unfortunately, you're wrong, King Lucien. I prefer peace that's why I'm here," I answered. "But scouting this realm won't be a bad idea too. I might reconsider it, although I doubt my subjects would like to visit such a sickeningly bright world."

He let out a deep, throaty chuckle afterward and a mere second later, I felt his presence on my left.

"It is sickening indeed."

"I heard you've been in and out of Earth for some time now," I started, still looking at the frenzy below. "What's so special there that you had to leave Zaxonia under the care of your sister?"

"Hmm, my wife and children of course. I have twins," he answered without delay. I sensed pride in his voice and that little hint of genuine happiness with the hum on his chest.

The corner of my lips grew a small smile. "Well, good for you, Your Majesty."

"Destiny has its way of providing for us kings. You'll soon have yours when the right time comes."

"Hmf, I highly doubt that," I voiced out, chuckling in disbelief, but at the back of my head, Serena's face popped out.

The. Fuck.

"You'll stay longer here?" he asked, stepping back.

"Yes," I answered; my mouth in a neutral line.

"Then, I'll go ahead. See you at the coronation hall."

"Reserve a seat for me will you?" I faced him and dipped my head.

"Gladly," he answered and in a blink of an eye, transformed mid-flight into his beast form; stretching his enormous wings and his scorpion-like tail.

A second later, he was gone.

"Fucking show off," I muttered, grinning.

After another half hour of observing, finally, the sounds of trumpets filled the air. I watched as faes dressed in their best clothes emerged from the flower arches and flocked the footpaths going to the coronation hall. That said coronation hall was a kilometer away from where I stood. I could have easily just transported myself there, but because of my limitations inside this kingdom, I couldn't. I had to trek in the same footpath the way the locals do.

I bid my time until there was little to no fae visible. Just to be clear, their footpaths were somewhat like puzzles, narrow enough to only accommodate two standard-sized coaches and walled on each side with white luminescent rocks covered in vines. They were interconnected with each other like cobwebs and organized in a way that only fae creatures could understand. I excelled in tracking and reading directions, so getting lost was far from my worries.

I jumped down from the tower and landed smoothly in one of the footpaths. The impact created a considerable crack on the road, but I just shrugged the problem off. Let the locals fix it for all I care.

I admit. It was initially my intention to leisurely walk towards the hall. If I was lucky enough, the coronation would be done by the time I arrive. But again, to show face, I had to be there on time.

Walking the footpaths was easy. I was satisfied enough with the peace and quiet I was getting until a bothersome creature blocked my path.

It was the size of my foot, poised in all fours, with its snout sticking up as if sniffing me. It was slender in built, with a weird-looking coiled tail and fur that was shiny, the color of midnight blue.

Experience taught me not to trust such creatures especially with stiff ears and big, feline eyes, so I shooed it away, but it audaciously ran to my boot, wrapping its tail around my left leg. It purred and nudged its head lovingly against my ankle.

I clenched my teeth. Now up close, I could definitely remember why I hated this animal.

"So, you're still alive huh?" I wriggled my leg but it clung to me like a leech. "Get off me or I'll skewer you piece by piece. You'd like that don't you?"

The animal looked up, giving me googly eyes, but I wasn't affected.

Bending down, I picked it up by its fur and held it in line with my vision. It squirmed on my hold as a result but squirming in a sense that it wasn't trying to escape. It was trying to reach to me, most likely to cuddle me again.

Damn feline.

"You never listen huh?" I growled low. I watched as no one other than me was on the footpath. "Right," I grinned at my idea, "then, goodbye."

With that, I tossed it over the footpath and into the waterfall below. It screeched, probably asking for help, but its sound didn't last long. I opened a portal underneath it just before it touched the water, consequently transporting the damn animal in another place. To what portal it was for or to what realm it ended up to, I had no idea, and fucking I didn't care. Let the animal help itself for all I care.

Now, back to the matter at hand, I continued to my destination without feeling any kind of guilt, but as I trekked, I couldn't take my mind off the fact that that animal had an owner, or owners so to speak.

"Adamar and Adaen," I murmured. Maybe this coronation might give me a chance to meet them again.

I grinned and for the first time since I stepped in this realm, I felt hopeful.

"Hmf, I can't wait to see these two."

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The coronation ended smoothly in a way most coronations do, but High Elder-now-King Geraden made it so that it dwarfed the other realms' coronation rights. He ended it with flamboyance and a long fucked up speech. I was bored to death, but I also couldn't shake the cold feeling in my gut. This man's coronation might as well be the downfall of the fae realm.

Would I care for such a thing? No. Unless he starts knocking my doors in a way that doesn't fare well with me or my kingdom.

The celebration continued to the grand hall of Ehnrelil's main castle. As royalty in each realm, we were conveniently placed near the throne of King Geraden, in a long table that faced all the guests and the entertainment.

It was fine by me, especially when I could easily spot two faes wearing their shining, gold armor.

Adamar and Adaen.

Two faes that I befriended in my childhood years. They were brothers and despite how different they looked, they were twins.

'Twins,' my mind scoffed, just as I glimpsed at King Lucien who was on a binge drinking session with the King of Sattus.

"You look good, Your Majesty," Adaen spoke first when they both neared me. He had amber eyes, an aquiline nose, and pale brown hair that reached his waist.

"Yet still with your perpetual scowl I see," Adamar added whilst smirking.

Once upon a time in the past, we used to have this childish hand and arm signal to greet each other. Now that we're older and in different statuses, it was unwarranted, but a proper greeting was still due.

"Adamar, Adaen, good to see you again," I stated just as I slightly dipped my head.

They reciprocated the gesture and even went as far as placing their right arm up to their chest—a sign that was universal, but faes only give it to those whom they deem worthy.

And that indeed flattered me. We had a good past, them and me, and then some...

"We knew we were going to see you in King Geraden's coronation," Adamar, the taller twin, sporting icy blue eyes, stated. He had the same length of hair as his twin brother but the shade was even darker.

"I'm bound by my royal duties to do so, but in truth, you know me, I prefer to run free in Phanteon's fields."

"You're no fun, as usual, Your Majesty," Adaen mockingly shook his head.

An awkward silence fell in between us then and with that short amount of time, I realized I had some questions I needed to ask but couldn't find the damn right words to form it.

"Well," Adamar broke the gap and grinned at me again, "we will leave you to your liquor, Your Majesty. If destiny permits, we shall be seeing each other again."

Under the table, I balled my right hand into a fist.

"Right," I said, hiding my disappointment, "I'm sure we will."

After a farewell bow, they left my front; managing a flight of stairs before fully stepping on the dance floor. Female faes immediately joined their sides and as I watched this, I couldn't keep myself from releasing a heavy sigh.

"I think it's time to sleep this liquor off in my manor," I murmured to myself.

Without giving anyone a heads up, I left the table and exited the hall. No one bothered to block me with silly conversations while in-transit and that was good. That was preferable.

I chose a place as far away from the hall to do my realm hop. It was a spot on top of a hill where a small pergola nestled. It was typically surrounded by shrubs of flowers, yes, but it was peaceful enough to do my hop.

I summoned a portal in front of me. It appeared in the shape of an oval; creating energy waves around it and distorting space and color.

I was just about to step inside when I suddenly noticed an insect pass me by. It was to my surprise the exact same-looking bug I saw inside my castle on numerous occasions.

Following the winged creature's route, it stopped just outside the pergola, and again, the scene caught me mouth open. There were a number of them resting on the flower bushes. Many were of a different color, some were the same as the first insect I saw.

My brows formed into knots. These insects were indigenous to this realm it seems. This was a good discovery, but the big question in my head still remains unanswered, what was it doing in my kingdom?

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'Elijah, how's the investigation doing?' I asked the moment my boots contacted the marbled floor of my manor. For now, the facts of the insect were shoved at the back of my head. I had more pressing matters to attend to.

It took him quite a long time before he connected with me.

'I'm still at it, brother,' he said. 'We already informed the witch elders of the dead bodies. They were surprised of course but were gracious enough to offer me a chance to look into their corpses for clues of the killer. I'm still in Agotta and I fear, I'll be in this realm until tomorrow evening.'

He didn't need to elaborate further. Scarce as it may, his words meant the castle was without any royal inhabitants except for my dear fake wife and that could spell some problems considering what we were facing now.

'Has William been informed?' I asked simply.

Elijah hummed for a moment and then answered, 'Yes, brother. Our kingdom and your queen are secured, don't worry. Where are you now anyway?'

'In my manor,' I said whilst undressing. The pool in my chamber had been mocking me since my arrival. I wanted to soak in it and just...relax. 'Ehnrelil's liquor just doesn't fit well with my stomach.'

'I heard it boosts up your libido though,' he pointed out; excitement clear in his voice. 'You might as well go back to Queen Serena's side now. She misses y—'

'Elijah,' I cut him off with a scowl, 'shut the fuck up.'

'Alright, alright, it's your loss though,' he quickly backpedaled. 'Anyway, I'll update you once I get a breakthrough.'

'Right, do that,' I said and then, tuned off my mind-link. I jumped into the pool and submerged myself underwater for a full fifteen minutes.

I wanted peace and quiet. I wanted to relax and let loose. But as time passed by, I unfortunately couldn't. The memory of that woman inside this pool, naked and vulnerable, haunted me to no end. My cock hardened. My wolf howled.

I fucking needed a good release so I decided to do what I usually do—fucking jerk with my hand until my sexual tension disappears.

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Author's Note: I highly doubt it would disappear, Your Highness, but yeah, be my guest. XD

## The Alpha King's Claim chapter 48

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The Alpha King's Claim chapter 48

Aero

It was after lunch when I decided to return to the castle. I would have been earlier if it wasn't for the constant ache on my wrist mark. It was aching last time I was in Ehnrelil and when I arrived in my manor too. The ache was tolerable then, but it was worse last night, enough that would hinder me from getting a good night's sleep.

The ache however subsided now the closer I was to my castle, or to be more specific, the closer I was to her. This was indeed the same when we were far from each other for the whole month: me in Phanteon while she was on Earth.

That said, I was able to finally solve one of the mark's mysteries and that would be its fucking purpose.

I got to hand it to whoever or whatever power created the marks on our wrists. It definitely made sure we, newlyweds, stay close. In short, avoiding each other was futile.

And hell, that was obviously a problem for me. Or at least, back then.

Was Elijah's way of desensitizing me with women working? Using Serena to be more precise?

Hmm...

Could be. Maybe.

I thought of our many encounters these past few days and they were all...should I say...tolerable.

'You mean, wonderful,' my lycan side corrected. I had just materialized in a hallway near the throne room and the first thing I did was to hiss inwardly in response. Well, maybe, yes, wonderful, but I could never admit that out loud, especially to a woman—no, scratch that—to that woman.

"Your Majesty, welcome back," someone said from behind me.

I turned around and found a male servant of the castle holding up to his chin a stack of folded blankets.

"Where are you going with those things?" I asked, my brow raised.

He gave me a short bow and then answered, "To the castle courtyard, Your Majesty. Her Highness, Queen Serena, needs these badly."



I frowned and stared at the materials feeling confused.

“What does she need the blankets for?”

“To give to the fire victims, Your Majesty,” he answered, smiling.

“Fire victims?” my forehead creased. My manor was disconnected from the world outside unless I seek out updates from my generals or the Alphas themselves report to me, so to find out that a fire broke inside my kingdom somehow surprised me. What were they doing? Why weren’t they able to report such a situation to me? Something was definitely up and I wanted to find out what that was.

“Show me,” I told the servant, maintaining a poker face.

Dutifully, he led me to the courtyard, north of the castle. I let him continue on his way while I decided to stay and watch, leaning against a ceiling-high window on the second floor. There were a number of people forming in groups outside. At first glance, I thought it looked like a disoriented flea market, but upon continued inspection, I noticed an organized system existing within the crowd.

“What the fuck is happening here?” I asked myself. I tuned in my mind link and called the attention of the person best suited to answer my questions.

‘William, I need you with me. Stat.’

‘Right away, Your Majesty,’ he answered in an instant. Minutes later, he was standing in front of me and bowing his head.

“Your Majesty, you’re back,” he said with a neutral face. Considering the circumstances—the fire and not being able to report to me—he would have been feeling anxious already, but I couldn’t sense that from him, and again, I wanted to know why.

“What the fuck is happening here?” I asked with a sharp voice.

He didn’t flinch. He was calm and collected and in a way, filled with pride?

“There was a huge fire in the market of Crelles this morning, Your Majesty. We had to vacate the victims.”

“And whose idea was it to put the fire victims in the castle courtyard?” I snapped. As king, it was my duty to ease the plight of my people. The castle was open for all in cases of emergencies, but not when there were still other places they could be sheltered.

“Her Highness, Queen Serena, Your Majesty,” William answered. He held his head up high and I was taken aback when he animatedly enumerated her good deeds. “She helped a lot during this morning’s emergency. She organized all the people’s needs and helped with caring for the wounded. She was so calm under pressure.

She was stern, but very understanding too. She knew exactly what to do, Your Majesty.”

My beta was obviously impressed by her and to think he was a man who was hard to impress.

“Why was she in the market in the first place?” I asked, deciding to pick a fact that was overlooked.

“Er... I, unfortunately, don’t know, Your Majesty,” he answered, looking somewhat sheepish. As my beta, he should be well-informed. Though I didn’t specifically assign him to take care of the queen’s security, he should have at least been well-aware of her movements.

“Never mind,” I sighed and chose to look at the crowd below. “Where is she now?”

William neared the window and pointed to a roofed booth just a few meters away from where we’re at.

“She was just right there the last time I saw her, Your Majesty.”

And indeed, she was. Focusing on the booth, Serena was busily handing out food packs with a genuine smile on her face. She was accompanied by other women with the same smile too, but hands down, she out-shined them.

“Shall I call for her, Your Majesty?” William asked, looking at me.

I shook my head.

“No, let her be.”

No matter how hard I tried, the warm feeling inside me grew as I watched her tend to my people. If this was what she meant by being ‘different’, then yes, I’d agree to her. She was acting like a true luna. This was exactly the reason why my beta and my other Alphas didn’t report to me. They were in good hands after all.

“Give her all the materials she needs. Ensure that the victims are taken care of properly,” I told William who, I realized, was still in my midst, waiting for my instructions. “The castle courtyard is a good place to stay, but there are other buildings in the south wing of the castle that can be used as a temporary shelter. Prepare those buildings for the victims’ transfer tonight.”

William bowed again. “Your will, Your Majesty.”

“And William, don’t tell her I’m here.”

He silently agreed and after that, left me, still observing the queen as if I was her sick stalker.

I saw her laugh together with my people. I saw her help out with the servants without any regard for her haggard appearance. I saw her play with the children without care; saw her give out commands to the volunteers who looked enthusiastic to fulfill it; and saw her pet the horses with so much gentleness. Because of this, a sudden crazy thought materialized in my head:

'What would it actually feel like if she pets me...or generally speaking, my wolf?'

By the looks of those damn lucky horses, it seemed that it would feel the best.

I also saw her converse with my Alphas and by the looks of their faces, they were all in awe of her. They respected her through and through.

At one point, she rode a horse, and together with my beta in his wolf form, they left the courtyard and crossed the path leading to the south wing of the castle. Commonsense told me they were there to check out the quarters for the victims. I let them be, but I felt a pang of jealousy towards my beta and unnecessary anger towards the horse.

While waiting for them to return, my mind traitorously formed a comment again:

'What would it feel like if she were to ride me...or uhum...generally speaking, ride my wolf?'

I huffed at the thought, but soon, an idea formed inside my head and I welcomed it without hesitation. Guess, I will wonder no more...

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Night came and just as I ordered, the quarters in the south wing were already prepared. The last time I saw Serena was when she was eating dinner together with a family under a bonfire. I decided to change during that time into more comfortable clothing: a white loose shirt and black pants.

By the time I reached the north courtyard, Serena, William, and a few volunteers had already huddled, talking about an organized way of transferring the victims.

I waited, hiding behind a thick pillar while they finalized the plans.

"Use the coaches again," she said. "Children and the elderly should be accommodated first."

My beta and the volunteers agreed in unison.

She smiled at them and then neared her horse. "I will lead the convoy with my horse." She pulled out the reins and petted the animal. That was my cue.

With smooth strides, I revealed myself to the public. All who noticed me immediately bent their heads.

"No," I said in a loud voice, "get on me, my queen."

She was taken aback by my presence. Looking at the lowered heads around us, she also quickly attempted a curtsy and spoke in a hushed tone, "Your Majesty. I didn't know you already returned."

"Indeed I have and had seen how you handled this crisis. Now, get on me. Let's take these people to their warm rooms."

Her eyes brightened with recognition but didn't pursue asking more.

She stared at me with a tightened hold on the reins when I transformed into my beast form. Bones did crunch and I let out a quick growl, but all in all, it took me a few seconds to reach my full transformation.

The horse whinnied and it stepped back in response to the monstrous wolf in its front. William was thoughtful enough to calm the horse down and pulled the reins off of Serena's hand.

Bringing my snout in front of her, I huffed and gestured for her to climb.

"Uhhh..." was her first voice, warily watching me and the rest of the people near us. "Right. Since you offered."

I bent my head as low as I could in order for her to climb up easily.

I felt her trembling hands when she touched my fur, but overall, she was able to climb up smoothly. The moment her legs spread wide against my nape, I shuddered from within.

True, her riding me indeed felt wonderful. The firm hold of her ass, the strength of her legs, and the moistness of her core against her riding skirt... For a moment, I was in euphoria.

"Uhm... where should I hold on, Your Majesty?" she asked, a hint of tremble in her voice.

I answered her with a soft growl whilst shaking my head, trying to point out that she could do as she pleases.

"Okay, then don't growl at me if I pull some of your furs off," she stated.

I grinned inside.

This experience was new to both of us. It felt awkward at first when I started to rise to my full height, but as seconds passed, we both got our rhythm. She balanced well on top me and I balanced well on all fours.

“Let’s go everyone!” she announced and with that, the fire victims started lining up to the coaches.

It took us almost two hours to finally get everyone in their quarters. When we finally finished, it was already nine o’clock in the evening. The people’s happy faces were a parting gift as we headed out back to the north side of the castle. I was accustomed to such an arduous task, but to Serena, it seemed the whole day’s events got to her finally.

With an exhausted sigh, she was about to climb down from me when I suddenly stood up.

“Wait, Your Majesty! Do you want me to fall down?” she shouted, worry roping her voice as she tightly held on to my fur.

I growled low, shook my head, and then ran towards the castle gate.

“Where are you taking me?!” she cried, but I ignored her question. Instead, I continued sprinting, passing fields, towns, and hills until we reached the destination I had in my mind: the hot springs of Mount Thersa.

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Author’s Note: To bone or not to bone. XD

## The Alpha King’s Claim chapter 49

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The Alpha King’s Claim chapter 49

Serena

I kept my cool. I kept myself as accommodating as I could despite all the people surrounding me asking for my advice, for my supervision, and for simply my presence. With their king and prince both absent, they needed another royal to guide them and despite me being fake, I was the closest fit for the position.

As a result, I received many praises from the victims and the Alphas alike the entire course of the day. I appreciated it, but what I really cared about was their happy faces and the light of hope in their eyes.

I got those when the king and I delivered the last batch of fire victims to their quarters. They were my validation that I did my job right as a queen.

Now, with me alone with the king—riding him even—I finally had ample time to think how grateful I was with his presence.

Honestly speaking, I never expected for him to help me or even to return so early from his meeting. I thought the meeting would span for days or that he would take his time there. Surely, he preferred to deal with faes than to deal with his wife. However, he was here and had willingly helped me even. That alone touched a string in my heart.

The fact that he also let me ride his wolf confounded me. I had not thought that this could actually happen during my stay here. As a member of the opposite sex, he had always given me a cold shoulder. He never showed his kind side. His words were either rude or frank. So, what changed? Why did he let me ride him? I honestly wanted to know the reason, but until then, I'd like to boldly think he was slowly warming up to me.

During our travel back to the north wing, I remained silent and just enjoyed the feel of his magnificent wolf: the silky, smooth fur, the strength and tautness of its muscles, and the calm rise and fall of its massive chest. Fear was nonexistent. All I felt towards him was pure admiration.

When we arrived at the north entrance, I released a long sigh. Truth be told, I didn't want this moment to end, but like all other good things, it had an expiration date.

I planned to thank him once I get my foot on the ground, but then out-of-the-blue, King Aero stood up. I hastily grabbed his fur and shouted at him in response.

"Wait, Your Majesty! Do you want me to fall down?"

Instead of answering, he started to run and run, aiming for the castle gate.

"Where are you taking me?!" I gasped, my head spinning as to why he was doing this. His speed increased and I was left tightly holding onto his neck the whole ride.

It was a cold night, but luckily, his body heat warmed me just right. The wind played with my long hair as he continued onward. I took this opportunity to view the lands that he passed. First was the town of Cirelles in its sleepy state. There were some lights on the streets, but generally, the whole town was dark. The same went to the next lands we passed: a second town, fields and fields, and yeah, more fields. Then, we passed hills, jumped over rocks and trees, and gorges. Then, suddenly, he stopped.

Sensing this, I looked up and found we were in a valley surrounded by mist. But no, I take that back. Not mist, but steam. Actual steam rising from what looked like small pockets of water. It was everywhere. In different sizes and different shapes. Some interconnected turning into small waterfalls and some were solitary.

Hot springs? my mind asked. There were hot springs in Phanteon too? With this revelation, I couldn't keep myself from grinning. I had been to hot springs on Earth too and all of them left me and my adopted family good memories.

King Aero neared a spot with a cavernous ceiling and side to side rocky walls. Inside, it boasted a pool big enough for ten people to bathe and with its own mini waterfall. I wasn't sure he chose this because it offered some privacy, but it relieved me.

The water was so clear I could literally see its crystallized floor—a floor that seemed to glow with neon purple. The ground around it had flat rocks and smooth pebbles. Some parts were covered with moss appearing like cotton, and some were covered with shimmering white sand.

He stooped low and allowed me to climb down.

"Thanks," I said and stared at his big, golden-greenish eyes. Somehow, when he changes to a wolf, this faculty of his changes color too. Cool. "Why did you bring me here?"

He transformed back to his human form first before answering. I had hoped just like William, he would be dressed after the transformation, and to my complete relief, he was.

"Look at yourself," he gave me a once-over before making a disgusted face. "You look like hell."

Now, that was rude.

I arched my brows and tipped my head to the side. "What do you mean?" I asked. "I look perfectly fine."

He chuckled darkly and shook his head. "You're dirty, Serena, and you reek of all kinds of smell. I don't want you desecrating the castle's cleanliness, so I suggest you take a bath in the hot spring first before entering the castle."

"Oh..." I murmured and decided to examine myself. My mouth dropped then when I saw his point. I truly looked like hell, but in my defense, I wasn't able to take care of myself since this morning.

I sighed and accepted his offer. "Fine, I'll bathe."

He turned his back to me and said, "I won't peek so do your thing now. I don't want to stay here for longer than an hour."

I giggled inside as I stared at his broad back. A month ago, he cared less of my privacy in that pool of his in the manor and even went as far as to strip himself in my front. Now, he was being considerate and that was good news for me and definitely, for Elijah.

Even if it's just a tiny possibility, I'd like to consider this as the second sign of him gradually changing.

“Although I don’t see the rationale of bathing when I didn’t bring fresh, clean clothes—” I said but was quickly cut off.

“You’re complaining too much,” he snapped but unbuttoned his shirt he did and tossed it to me. “Use that temporarily.”

This was my third sign. Dear God, can a woman dare hope for more?

“Thank you,” I said, wanting to hug him, touch his deliciously-sculpted traps and deltoids and those tempting back dimples, but refrained, albeit with struggle. Instead, I just bit my bottom lip as I started undressing.

Soon enough, I was butt-naked inside the pool. His white shirt, I thoughtfully placed on a marble-looking boulder just within my reach.

Feeling too exposed for my liking, I decided to submerge my body up to my neck, but this side of the pool was about three feet only, so I had to sit down in order to do that.

The water felt good on my skin. Instantly, I felt rejuvenated from the tiredness of today. I had planned to soak myself in my bathtub inside my chamber, but this here was also a very welcomed change.

I scrubbed and scrubbed and took my time swimming in the deeper part of the pool while the king diligently just stood with his back to me. I found it thoughtful of him. What had I actually done in order to get this kind of queenly treatment?

“Are you sure my dirty state was the only reason why we’re here, Your Majesty?” I asked whilst facing him. Deep inside me, I was grinning like a lunatic. “You weren’t worried about me? On Earth, hot springs are known to energize an exhausted body, heal weary muscles and calm a stressed mind.”

Silence permeated our surroundings first, and then, he huffed.

“Think whatever you want. Are you done yet?” he said; his eyes glued to the other pockets of hot spring outside the cave, staying true to his promise that he won’t peek.

“No,” I told him as I swayed my arms underwater. “I still want to enjoy the spring.”

I heard him groan first before actually voicing out his complaint, “As I said, I don’t want to dally, woman. I still have important things to do in the castle.”

“That’s why I wanted to thank you for bringing me here,” I softly stated. “I...I really appreciate it.” I paused from swimming and neared the edge of the pocket.

Both my wet hair and the water covered my breasts as I looked up at him, waiting for him to reply, expecting he’d throw in another sarcastic remark.



"You deserved it. You stepped up and did your duty perfectly," my mouth dropped when I heard his gentle reply. "My kingdom needed a luna figure, Serena. They needed a feminine presence. You gave it to them and for that, I am grateful."

I blinked in shock. And then, blinked again. Was I really hearing it right? Was he actually thanking me?

I couldn't hold off the fluttering feeling of my chest and together with the heat of the hot spring, my face flushed. "You're welcome then."

For a moment, silence returned. I gazed at the dark sky past the cave and the stars that gave it beauty and sighed.

"Elijah...told me a lot about you," I started, taking this chance to delve deeper into his person and hoped that he would open up.

He shifted his head ever so slightly to the left. From beyond the steam, I saw his long lashes and the perfect curve of his nose, lips, and chin. Damn it, he was so handsome.

"He did, did he," he said and awarded me a small smile.

"Yes... He told me how you saved your family and kingdom from total ruin, how you gave your people hope, and how you changed their lives for the better," I continued; my hands clasping against my chest. "He also told me about how you were just a kid. You were a good brother figure to him and despite battling your own problems, you gave your all in taking care of him. Elijah never once felt forsaken."

He stayed silent, so I continued, hoping that somehow I could reach that side of him that he hid—that lonely side.

"I'm sorry to hear about your mother. She...she didn't deserve you," I carefully stated.

He released a long sigh and in my periphery, I noticed him clench and unclench his hands.

"It seems that Elijah had blabbered too much," he said.

"He was only trying to help, Your Majesty. I wanted...to understand you more."

"Understand me more?" His profile changed from calm to a full-blown frown. "Careful, Serena, dig deeper and you'll fall. You don't want that to happen, right? Just to remind you, you are only here temporarily until we find a way to erase this mark."

He showed me his wrist mark again. I stared at mine afterward and clenched my teeth.

“Yes, I’m highly aware of that, but—”

“But?” he snapped. His body shifted slightly, turning to the right, dangerously close to fully facing me. As a reflex, I pressed my body closer to the edge, trying to cover my nakedness, but I knew, if he willed it so, no amount of water or ground could hinder him from examining me.

“Last time I checked, you wanted so badly to return to your world. Did the kingdom change your mind? Or did my brother influenced you to stay?” he asked; his voice sharper than a double-edged sword.

I balled my hands into a tight fist and stared straight at him with all the burning fire in my eyes.

“I never said I wanted to stay. What I’m trying to say is, until such time I return to Earth, I wanted to leave good memories with your kingdom and your kingdom’s people. However, in order to do that, I have to understand their king—you. I had been to places in your kingdom wherein your people have the same sentiments, King Aero. They wished you to be happy. They wished you to find love. When I return to my world, I wanted to make sure that at least one of those is fulfilled. With your current condition now, I know it would be a long shot, but I know also it would all be worth it in the end.”

“Wise words,” he said, awarding me a smile that was close to a sneer. “And how do you suppose to do that, Serena?”

I sighed and lowered my lashes to gaze at the green moss that indeed felt like cotton. “I don’t know yet. I’m still forming my game plan.”

“Hmm, a game plan,” he echoed; his voice turning lower, huskier. “I already told you I always win right?”

I grinned and raised my head up. “Yes, but unfortunately for you, I am not one to...back...down.”

My words gradually faded when I found him already watching me, fully facing me, scrutinizing my exposed form without shame. My skin hair erupted. My lips trembled. He stared at me with so much desire, so much need. I was frozen on the spot.

“I know. Your eyes tell it so. It is so fiery that I couldn’t help but be drawn to it. I couldn’t help...but be disarmed.”

Heat collected on the pit of my stomach and no, it wasn’t due to the warm water I was in. It definitely came from within me.

He stepped forward, closer to me. As a response, my eyes rounded.

“What...what are you doing? I’m not done bathing. Look...look away!” I hastened to say. Yes, I was a bit alarmed. He was looking at me like a wolf’s prey after all,

but another part of me was excited about this development. Another part of me desired what was about to happen...

"Too late," he whispered, suddenly standing behind me, his mouth close to my ear while his large hands rested on my waist.

## The Alpha King's Claim chapter 50

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Aero

The moment I arrived in the hot springs of Mount Thersa, that's when I realized I made a mistake. Over the dark horizon, the snow moon was taking form, beckoning me, mocking me with its crescent shape. Hell, it was day one of its phases and I was already too late to notice it.

I wouldn't have brought Serena here if I did, but the deed was done. What was left now was to have her swim in the hot spring and leave the place. Stat.

To remedy my problem, I told her an hour of swimming was enough. Normally, I'd be immune to its first and second phases unlike the other weres in my kingdom, so I deemed myself safe. I could behave, keep my hands to myself.

For now at least.

As the Alpha King, my sense of hearing was already superb, but I felt it was more sensitive now as Serena, naked for sure, continued to swim, creating splashes and waves like a nymph, and it was damn teasing me. I was super aware of her and I was a stupid man to allow myself in this precarious situation.

I had acted on a whim and now I was paying for it big time.

I told her I wouldn't peek and I was keeping it. I had no intention whatsoever other to let her try the hot spring and ergo, she'd be invigorated from today's hard labor. It was the least I could do. She surpassed my expectations and I must admit, she impressed me.

As I waited for her to finish bathing, I looked up at the starry sky and took a deep, controlled breath. The steam around me heated my skin, but there was also another heat that was most potent slowly pushing itself to the surface. It was collecting in between my loins, fuck.

Again, I thought to myself I would be immune, and yes, I was, but with this woman—my untouched wife no less—with me in a place that was only roofed with stars, my control and patience snapped.

I had dreamed too much of her, dreamed too much of us making love...and as much as I told myself I abhorred a female's body, with her, I could make an exception. When I submit, then I prefer to submit to this woman.

Deciding it was the right time, I turned to fully face her, and I was right, she was a beautiful apparition inside the pool: eyes bright with surprise; lips slightly parted and flush red for me to relish; hair wet, covering her ample breasts; slender shoulders and neck; a shapely waist; and wide hips hidden underwater.

My wolf and lycan sides howled inside. Yes, I was ready to claim a woman. I was ready to claim her.

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Serena

I let out an unsteady breath just as my body stiffened. Having the king behind me—feeling his hard figure, feeling his sinful hands on my waist—lit a thousand fireworks inside my stomach.

"So, you want to join me here after all," I said, managing to calm the shakiness of my voice.

He lowered his face more; his nose brushing just barely my shoulder. I heard a deep growl first before he stated, "I wasn't planning to, but you're a stubborn queen, trying to test me to no end. Now, face the consequences."

I felt his mouth touch my skin at that moment. My eyelids squeezed shut and I released a soft cry. Then, his tongue followed, tracing a wet path along my shoulder. My breathing died out. An exhilarating thrill traveled down my back. It spread fast to my arms and legs and lit a fire inside me.

That same thrill reignited again when both his hands hiked up to my midsection, stopping just short of an inch away from my breasts. This time, the intoxicating sensation didn't spread to my limbs. It collected in between my thighs, inside my core, consequently melting me.

"Hmm," I voiced out and staggered forward. He caught me easily with a dark chuckle.

"You're so sensitive, my queen."

He tightened his grip and pressed me flush against his chest. "And so fragile too. I could easily break you."

"I know you won't hurt me," I stated, my breathing picking up and turning hot. Something hard brushed past my butt. I was immediately educated about his growing need, the need that was similar to mine.

"No, but what I'm about to do is so much more than that, Serena."

His mouth tasted me again, aiming for my neck. I threw my head back, crying out an unintelligible sound as he lapped, sucked, and tickled me.

"Your Majesty..." I breathed out; my knees buckling.

"My name..." he whispered in my ear, "I permit you to say my name."

"Aero..." I softly said. Now, I could say he was really opening up to me.

Through my half-lidded eyes, I saw his right hand dip underwater. Then, I gasped as that same hand found my core. He slid two fingers without delay, spreading my folds, and after locating my clit, pressed it, and pressed it good.

With that, he drew a heightened moan from me.

"Ahhh!"

His other hand cupped my breast and squeezed it. His thumb didn't delay. It tested my nipple, aching as it was for some treatment, and rolled it in the most stimulating way possible.

His tongue found my earlobe, nibbled it first before issuing a stern order, "Whimper for me, Serena." His voice was dark and sultry. Deadly. He was taking charge the way I want him to.

Continuing to assault my core, he rubbed it up and down and tested my entrance with his tips. He gave it some good caressing before finally drawing out my arousal. It was slick and slippery against my folds and against his fingers. This was my proof that he was doing it right. His chest vibrated with satisfaction.

He returned his attention on my clit and enfolded his fingers around it, awarding me another high dose of titillation. The hot spring water, with the continued movements he created, tossed small waves around us. It was not in danger of spilling, but it was enough to create a disturbance on the naturally upward steam.

I continued to whimper as he went on and on, no hint of stopping at all. My breathing turned ragged and fast in the next few minutes. With my weak hands, I grabbed his biceps, gripping them as hard as I could, grounding myself, and preparing for what was to come.

With his rubbing growing faster and harder, and together with the sucking of his mouth on my neck, finally, I let out a scream, gloriously heralding my orgasm inside the half-formed cave.

I bucked forward, disengaging my neck with his mouth, but his fingers, oh, they were unrelenting. They stayed comfortably on my core. Using them, he prolonged my heavenly suffering, lengthening my orgasm threefold.

I cried again, and cried, and gloriously cried. The erotic sounds I made filled the whole cave. It probably echoed to the rest of the valley, but I didn't care.

I reached for a flat rock and pressed my forehead against it, using it as support from the dizzying feeling that had enveloped me. I was unsure if this was his form of foreplay, but oh goodness, if it was, then I'm in for a lot of crying.

"That's it. Release it for me, my queen," he drawled, giving me space to recollect myself. He pulled his fingers out and from the reflection of the mirror, I saw him sniff and lick my juice off. It was the most erotic picture I had seen in him and it validated how he craved for me.

With my heartbeat still racing and my lungs still double working, I gathered myself and faced him. What I saw right then and there were his eyes heavy with desire.

"Aero..." I whispered. He didn't let me finish. With precision and speed, he lifted me up wedding-style, brought me near the smooth boulder where his shirt rested and pressed me against it, consequently trapping me in place. I wasn't planning on leaving at all, yet he was making it sure I wouldn't disappear.

The same hands that had pleased me earlier now cupped my face. "You are mine, Serena," he said before sealing my mouth with his. I couldn't reply to that even if I wanted to. He didn't give me a chance.

Three times? Four times? I had forgotten how many times we kissed, but I still vividly remember how hot and needy they were all are. His kiss now was the same: so full of power, so full of passion. The only thing that really demarcated it from the others was how prolonged it was. Our kisses in the past were short, hurried, and abrupt. Now, I felt as if he didn't want our kiss to end.

"Kiss me back, Serena," he groaned when I didn't fully respond to his advances despite really, really wanting to.

Slowly, I shook my head and stared at him as if pleading.

"Don't start this if you intend to leave me hanging, Aero. I'm surrendering myself to you now. I am at your mercy. Don't chicken out halfway."

He clenched his jaw and furrowed his brows.

"No, I'll finish this," his eyes turned even more hooded. "We will finish this, Serena. There will be no loser or winner tonight. Just you and me—a man and a woman. A husband and a wife."

His words turned me on. Heavens, it really turned me on.