

The Alpha King's Claim chapter 61

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

The Alpha King's Claim chapter 61

Serena

Alpha Trevor showed me the progress of the construction once I arrived in the market. What was once ashes and charred wood in the area now stood rows of houses and two single-storey buildings to serve as the town's new market. He said that his pack would be able to finish it in just five days. I trusted him and he was able to deliver. Two days from now and all will be finished and that pleased me.

I thanked him and his pack for their hard work and gave a few advice too to enhance the aesthetic side of the building. They noted this, gladly agreeing to my idea.

By late afternoon, William and I left, and during the travel time, I reflected on my meeting with Farryl. I understood her side. If I was her, I'd hate the king with all my heart too for stereotyping and hating women, but on the other hand, as a guardian to his realm, she shouldn't have been one-sided. Couldn't she sense that we had consummated our marriage? Couldn't she see that I had willingly given myself to him? Couldn't she sense the changes in him?

She had a strong sense of justice, I salute her that, but it was also her downfall. She refused to see that a man such as Aero could change for the better. I figured there must be a reason why. Mayhap a situation in the past that led her to hate him too?

I probably should ask the king about it, although I doubt he'd be open to such a conversation with me. I was willing to try though.

'I guess my mission dug a deeper hole,' I thought to myself, sighing. I have not only the kingdom but also their guardian to show that their king had a heart.

Farryl's other words also bombarded my conscience. No, not about her offer to send me back to Earth, but about that unknown energy she mentioned.

What could it possibly be? If indeed it was protecting me the moment I arrived in this realm, then why?

I entered my chamber with more questions than answers and that proved to dim my mood. I planned to soak in the bathtub to distress myself, but then a knock sounded on my door.

"Excuse me, Your Highness," a male voice followed.

Quickly turning around, I found that he was one of the servants of the castle, standing just outside the door that I realized I had absentmindedly forgot to close.

"Yes?" I muttered with a raised brow.

"Dinner is served, Your Highness. King Aero has sent me to fetch you."

"Yes, I'll just change my clothes and be there the soonest I'm done," I informed him.

He lowered his head again, "I'll deliver the message, Your Highness," he said, then reached out for the knob and closed the door.

'Yes, dinner,' I nodded to myself. That would be the best place for me to ask him about Farryl and maybe if he now had an idea about my sudden appearance in this realm. He did mention once that he had people trying to solve it.

"How about you guys? Do you know why I'm here?" I asked randomly to the winged insects that decided to approach me. I didn't expect them to answer, but at least, with their flapping colorful wings, I was calmed from my stress.

I arrived fifteen minutes later inside the dining room wearing a new gown. This time, it wasn't a turtleneck dress that had long sleeves. It had a sweetheart neckline that showed a little bit of my cleavage; not really for the purpose of seducing him, but for simply a breather on my part. Turtlenecks tend to be constraining after all.

Additionally, I allowed my hair to fall freely on my shoulders. That way, it would cover almost all of the hickeys he had placed on me: both fresh and old ones.

"Come, take a seat, Serena," he stated when he saw me enter. He was already in the head chair, sitting regally with a flute half-filled with wine near his right hand and a small black box on his left. His plate though was still empty despite the many dishes in front of him. Either he was waiting for my arrival or he didn't have an appetite, or he had an appetite for another thing altogether...

Just like before, I claimed the seat on his right, not really caring that he didn't pull the chair for me. I knew he wasn't a gentleman from the start, so that bothered me less.

"Have you been sitting here for a while?" I asked, gazing at him just as he took another swig of his wine. He seemed comfortable, yet something was off about him. Totally different from the playful, teasing man I was with in Greece.

"Yes," he stated, lowering his gaze on the table, "gave me time to think thoroughly of my next move."

I arched a brow at the statement.

"Next move for what?" I asked.

He then stood up after taking the black box and neared me.

"Hold your hand up," he ordered once he stood on my right. Although I was confused, I did what he asked.

"Close your eyes," he said again. I gave him a frown first before obediently doing just as he said.

I felt something cold and hard on my right wrist thereafter. It felt like a chain or a bracelet of some kind. I couldn't be sure.

"There," he stated; the tone of his voice still staying smooth and languid.

"A bracelet?" I voiced out once I saw the jewelry.

For the first time since I arrived in the dining room, he finally flashed a grin.

"I thought the wolf bracelet you bought in Cirelles didn't match with your status as queen."

Huh. I inwardly laughed. I guess nothing escapes his notice.

"It was my first buy though in this realm, and I liked that bracelet. But thank you for this. I'll treasure it for as long as I live," I stated, examining the jewelry that awfully looked familiar but couldn't quite pinpoint out where or when I saw it.

It was a single, thick loop that was bedazzled with gemstones and diamonds of different colors. There were three sapphire-looking stones, placed with precision around the bracelet. They were the most beautiful blue I had seen in a gem.

"William said you met with Farryl," he began once he returned on his seat.

I flinched a bit when I heard her name, triggering her words in my head that I chose to forget for the time being.

But knowing him, he wasn't going to let the topic slide, so I had no choice but to deal with it head-on.

I started forking a ham slice drenched with sauce and then, simply answered, "Yes, she was one of the volunteers in the south wing."

"Her? Volunteering?" I easily picked up some hostility in his voice. "Must be just her ruse to get to you."

"It's obvious she doesn't like to meet you, Aero, so I guess her actions were understandable," I stated while eating my ham in bits.

"What did she say?" he asked.

I paused from eating, considered his question for a second, then rested my chin against my knuckles and gave him a wry grin.

"Is that an order, my King? For me to tell you what transpired between us?" I teased.

His sharp eyes bored into me.

"Only if you want to, Serena. I shall respect your decision if you wish to keep it from me."

Chuckling, I straightened my back.

"You don't need to sulk. There's nothing to keep," I said, inwardly releasing a sigh. Here it goes... "In summary, she told me you're a jackass."

He flinched a little, but after a few seconds, laughed, and it was a big, hearty, arrogant one. "She's pushing it," he said; his eyes bright with malice, the same one I saw when he lashed at that woman in the store.

"Don't look so hurt, Aero, it is the truth," I reasoned.

"I'll allow you to call me that since you're my wife," he grumbled.

I rolled my eyes upward whilst drinking my juice. "Hm, whatever. Anyway, she believes you forced me to marry you which I think is somewhat of a truth."

"I didn't force you, you entered into an agreement in your own free will," he corrected just like I thought he would.

"But you did use my desire to return to Earth as leverage," I countered.

"And I happened to keep my end of the agreement. I sent you back to Earth, Serena, remember?" He cracked a proud smirk, but his eyes...oh yes, they were turning darker...heavier with desire.

I felt the same too and would have pounced on him if we weren't in the dining area.

"Yes, and the rest was history," I muttered, keeping myself in control instead.

"Aero, with Farryl's visit, I had now confirmed that my sudden appearance here wasn't a coincidence anymore. It meant something."

He remained silent, so I decided to go on.

"All this time I never once stopped to wonder who or what brought me to this realm, the purpose of bringing me here, or ask that out of all the billions of people on Earth, why me? I...wanted to know the truth now. Can you help me?"

He released a long sigh and shifted his eyes on my bracelet.

"The bugs can," he muttered, almost like a grumble, then his attention redirected behind me where I was aware a couple of the winged creatures followed me.

"What do you mean?" I asked, now curious more than ever.

He watched my bracelet again as if noting something of import.

"According to a reliable source, the bugs that are attracted to you like magnets are special spirits in the fae realm. They guide and protect someone they deem important. They represent that person's high status in the fae circle."

"What?" I blinked many times, taking careful consideration with his words, but what the hell was he talking about?

"I am saying that you could be a valuable member of the fae circle, Serena. Maybe a royal, or a high elder, or someone else pivotal to their society."

I snorted.

"That's absurd. I am a human. I feel like a human. I don't have wings on my back or fairy ears nor I could cast magical fairy dust."

His face contorted into a disagreement.

"You're talking gibberish, Serena. Fae people don't do that. Have you lost your mind on Tinkerbell?"

"I don't have any basis for what a fae creature looks like okay?" I cried out, feeling a little irritated. "Anyway, my point is, I couldn't be what you imply me to be."

He glanced at the bracelet again. What the hell? Was he distracted by the dazzling stones or what?

"My source did say it was premature to assume you are fae just on the basis of the bugs alone, but he also said that these spirits are a hundred percent accurate. All the time."

An exasperated sigh escaped my lips as I sunk into the chair.

"Well, if I am someone important for that realm, then why was I transported here? Why do I have to meet you and become your wife?"

It was a valid point and I know he understood it, but instead of answering my question, he called me out, "Regretting meeting me now, my queen?"

I quickly shook my head.

"No," I muttered. "I...I could never regret meeting you nor regret what has become of us now."

He awarded me a satisfied smile.

"Good answer," he said.

"But hypothetically speaking, what would you do if I really was someone important to the fae realm?"

He stood up again, neared me, and caged me in my chair using his arms.

"I'm going to fight for you," he whispered, meeting me eye to eye without any hint of embarrassment or hesitation. My lips trembled at both the rage he was showing in his eyes and the desire accumulating in it.

'Made my underwear wet that's for sure.'

"Before anything else Serena, you are my wife and my queen. The wrist marks we have are proof. No amount of bugs could change that."

I was immediately on heaven's gate upon hearing this.

"Good answer," I said, using his own words, then raised my chin up planning to kiss him, but he captured my lips first with a crushing force taking my breath away.

"I'd like to dine you," he mumbled in between our kisses.

"Please do," I instantaneously agreed.

Wildly, I thought of us making love right on the spot, beside the dining table and dangerously open for every servant to witness, but I guess it wasn't a choice, for, within a second, we were inside his chamber, my back pressed up against his mattress; my legs spread wide while he was on top me; his cock poking my belly.

Author's Note: You know what's next. *winks*

The Alpha King's Claim chapter 62

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

The Alpha King's Claim chapter 62

Aero

In what could be deemed as aggressive, I grabbed her head, fisting a good amount of her hair, then I pulled it down and drove my tongue inside her mouth. My other hand squeezed her breast, but it was unpleasantly still confined by her gown so I ripped the cloth with ease. Her breasts spilled free then.

Heavily turned on by the feel of the two smooth globes, I disengaged from our kissing and suckled on one taut peak. I drew out a loud and exquisite moan from her and I took this as an invitation to suckle her more.

"Aero..." she groaned under her breath, basking on the feel of my mouth sucking her nipple. I felt her hands grow impatient, touching my chest and feeling for the tensed muscles.

"Undress for me, please," she requested.

Pausing, I straightened my spine and just as ordered, took off my clothes from the coat down to my undershirt, followed by my boots and pants. Lying under me, she raced to undress. Since it was a one-piece dress, she won by a sweet minute.

Biting her lip and covering her sex, she chuckled at me as I continued my chore.

"Serena, offer all of yourself to me," I stated once I had fully freed myself from my blasted pants.

She spread her legs and placed her hands on each side, palm up. "I already am, Your Majesty."

I lowered my body to align with her and kissed her again, taking as much of her taste as I could. Against my groin, a moistness caught my attention, so with a low growl, I untangled myself from her and traced kisses from her neck down to her belly.

Her sweet scent of desire filled my nostrils then, fuck, and it flooded my head with euphoria.

Without thought, I grabbed both of her legs, spreading her even more, then dinned on her pussy—Neanderthal style. A long erotic gasp from her hit my ears. It was an angelic melody; a magnificent orchestra.

I sucked and sucked, getting as many juices from her core as I could. I nibbled on her clit, tongued on each of her folds, then made contact with her core again,

roughly might I add, and she squirmed, trying all her best to take the sensations in.

“Oh Aero!” she screamed, quickly grabbing the back of my head and pulling my hair up. She was almost at her limit. I could easily sense it.

After talking with Nevannir, all my thoughts revolved around this woman. The possibility that she could be fae sent my mind reeling; turned my head upside down and my emotions rolling inside. I couldn't decide if this was good or bad news.

It made sense; her magically appearing in my kingdom—in my chamber no less and her, attracted to the bugs and vice versa.

But again, Nevannir and I couldn't be certain and this all the more frustrated me. I wanted answers and I wanted it asap.

As I continued to devour her, a thought crossed my mind: Do I really want our wrist marks erased? Do I really want our marriage annulled?

Deep inside me, the answer was no. I didn't want our wrist marks erased and I didn't want our wedding vows retracted. I was willing to eat all my words in the past for her.

However, there was an even better question that jogged up to my brain: Do I really want her to return to Earth and leave me?

Filled with sudden anger I couldn't describe, I abruptly stopped from gratifying her, knelt on the mattress, and holding her waist, I flipped her so that she would be positioned on all fours and her glistening ass poised in front of me.

We both grunted as my cock slid inside her; my hips hitting her ass made a wet, slapping sound that was wonderful in my ears. She broke out into a sharp cry and tossed her head up. She seemed to be unaware of the turmoil inside my head.

Driven by desire and anger combined, I penetrated her as deep as I could, trying to brand myself inside her...and with my mouth on her neck and with my hands on her breasts fondling her, I branded myself all over her.

I couldn't control myself. Thinking about her leaving me either to return to Earth or wherever fucking realm it may be made me want to possess her all the more.

“You are my eshtha, Serena. My mate,” I whispered on her ear whilst rocking us together. I never dreamed of calling a woman this, much less admit that she was my mate. But, with Serena...gladly.

“You are mine and mine alone. Stay with me. Forget about our agreement or erasing our marks. Forget about your mission. I am happy now. With you. Only you.”

"Aero..." she whimpered, closing her eyes.

I couldn't really gauge if she heard me clearly with all the slapping noises and the ecstasy fogging her head, but no bother, I could tell her the same words over and over again until she gives me an answer.

"I will. Yes, I will stay," was her reply seconds later and my heart burst out in happiness. I took a deep breath and grinned at my triumph.

"Tell me, you're mine."

Charged with my newfound purpose in life, I drove my hips harder and deeper into her.

She cried out, tossing her head back again, but she shouted too, "I'm yours!"

"Tell me, you'll stay!" I continued pumping, giving my all. Maybe I was taking out my frustration on her, but I was also pouring out my heart to her—something that I vowed never to do, but here I was completely insane for this woman.

"I'll stay! For you, Aero. I'll stay...ahhhh!"

And then we both came; a tidal wave of sensation filled us whole. I growled. My wolf and lycan sides howled. Serena also cried out her passion; her tone almost sounding like a real luna.

Be it a fae, or a vampire, a witch or a werewolf, or maybe just a human, I didn't care. This woman, she's mine and I was going to protect her with all my life.

Serena

Post bliss in bed, Aero's arms wrapped around me whilst nuzzling the crook of my neck, maybe enjoying my scent or maybe just teasing me. I could feel his erection semi-hard, about to beg for another round, but he was kind enough to give me rest.

"The snow moon ball celebration will be held tomorrow in preparation for its peak phase," he informed.

Closing my eyes, I hummed, telling him I was listening.

"Do you have any ideas for the celebration?" he continued. "Something that's new in the eyes of our people?" He highlighted the word and I didn't miss it.

Since I said I'd stay, he officially deemed us a royal couple, his real wife and queen. Not a fake anymore. But, really, that moment when we first consummated our marriage, that sealed the deal for me. I knew I wanted to stay for him.

Anyway, a wide smile quickly grew on my lips. I didn't expect he'd ask my help or opinion, but it was a welcomed change.

"Yes, I have," I answered, angling my head towards him, "lots of them, Your Majesty. I would be happy to help out with the preparations."

"Good," he said, then continued nuzzling and planting kisses on the bony part of my shoulder.

"I have invited all leaders of the realms to celebrate with us. I plan to introduce them to you. It's high time they meet the most stubborn woman to have ever contested me."

I chuckled at his description of me. Stubborn? Sure. But I prefer to call it headstrong.

Now, it would be interesting to see all the big shots. After being exposed to the craziness of the werewolf world, I probably wouldn't be star-struck with the other magical beings.

"I reckon Lord Hale is exempted from the invitation?" I absentmindedly asked, but as soon as I said that, his embrace on me tightened.

"Sere...na..." he drawled near my ear, "for mentioning his name especially while we're in bed, you'll get a punishment."

Lesson number one of being a werewolf lover: heck, they tend to be very possessive.

His semi-erect cock fully hardened and lengthened behind me. It was so obvious that before I could even apologize for my mistake, he penetrated me in one move.

I gasped in surprise; my eyes turning to saucers.

Using his weight, he pushed me back so that I would still lay on my belly but my core accessible to him.

Then, he fucked me, hot and rough and fast. Probably the quickest quickie I had received from him.

The whole time, my face was pressed up against the pillow; my hands gripping the sheets while I made lewd moans of pleasure.

This kind of punishment, I certainly loved.

"Ok...ay, ye...s, yes, I get...it," I panted, still belly down after our delicious quickie ended.

Grabbing my shoulder, he pulled me back to face him.

He was already grinning, evilly I should add, taking pleasure of my mistake.

"Then to be even, won't you tell me about Farryl?" I stated, finally getting the courage to mention her. A woman with such solid hatred against him could have some backstory and I wanted to know.

"Did you break her heart long ago?" I continued.

He snorted and made a disapproving face. "Nothing of the sort, Serena."

I elbowed myself up and observed him as he propped himself using two pillows.

"Farryl was a she-wolf doted to be one of the choices for the Alpha position in Jaxis," he added. "She is a childhood friend of Elijah. As to what their relationship was, only he knew, but I was aware she adored the royal family. When it came to choosing who would inherit the Alpha position, I chose Kade despite the council's recommendation. With her strength, wit, and overall bearing, she was the obvious choice, but I disregarded her."

"Because she is a woman," I filled in.

"Yes," he replied with no hint of remorse. "I discriminated her. I didn't want an Alpha she-wolf in my kingdom."

I scoffed at this and shook my head in disbelief. "Why am I not surprised?"

Huh. It seems the case is not about a woman's unrequited love after all.

"When the time came to choose a successor for the guardianship position, Gastus, the previous guardian under my father's rule elected Farryl. Let's just say I rejected her as Phanteon's guardian."

"Again, because she's a woman," I reiterated, slowly feeling sorry for Farryl.

"Correct," he nodded, again with no hint of guilt in his eyes.

"She knew the reason why and was furious."

"Makes sense to me."

"Since my father had the last say, he accepted her and she became the guardian, but ever since the ascension ceremony, I didn't summon her nor did she report to me."

I released a long sigh. God, now I wished the reason for her anger was because of a rejected love. I could have handled that problem easily.

"Aero, you could try to be a little bit more considerate," I remarked, trying to give him advice. He didn't seem to be offended by this, but he also didn't show acceptance of my suggestion.

"Only to you, Serena," he replied, then moved to seal my lips with his. "Only to you."

Our kiss now was different than the others. It was full of gentleness and compassion. Of sadness and longing. I couldn't help but be curious again.

"Can I ask," I muttered when I slowly withdrew from our kiss, "if it's okay, what made you hate women? I know partly it was because of your mother, but...um, you know what I mean."

He clenched his jaw and returned to his side of the bed.

"I don't want to talk about that now, Serena, but I will. Soon. Just...give me time."

The light in his eyes somehow dimmed. The expression on his face turned solemn. I immediately felt bad for bringing it up, but instead of apologizing, I stayed silent, deciding to let this gloomy moment fade away until sleep gripped us.

The Alpha King's Claim chapter 63

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

The Alpha King's Claim chapter 63

Serena

Excited to start with the preparations, I decided to leave Aero's chamber early in the morning. He was still sleeping heavily and didn't notice me when I left. In my room, I took a bath and changed. Thereafter, I went to the castle kitchen to meet with the cook. Aside from planning the menu for the party, I also needed breakfast. My stomach was growling and I owe it all to what happened last night—me getting dined instead of me dinning.

In high spirits, I then continued to the grand hall. Aero's Omega, Chris, a charming redhead, was already at the entrance personally supervising the set-up of the tables and chairs.

"Your Highness, a pleasant morning," he greeted, bowing low in deference to me.

I smiled and stood near the huge doorway. "Good morning to you too, Chris. So, what's the plan?" I asked, folding my arms over my chest and staring at the enormous size of the hall.

His tall frame dwarfed me just like all the other males of this kingdom, but I noticed how dumbstruck he looked as he glanced at me.

“Uh, I was just about to ask that from you, Your Highness,” he stated. “Let me know what you need and I will have the servants procure it.”

I bit the inside of my cheek and thought well and hard.

“Hm, don’t you always plan ahead for such a grand occasion?” I asked. True that I was ecstatic with Aero’s offer, but sure enough, I would say it was at the last minute. He gave me just overnight to plan the party. How was I going to pull it off without a hitch?

“Uh, yes, we do, Your Highness,” he answered, “but this occasion is especially special because of your presence. King Aero has given me permission to use magic for the set-up of the party.”

Magic? My ears perked up.

“Wow, you know how to use it?” I tossed him a look of admiration. I definitely didn’t know werewolves have that ability.

But Chris immediately waved his hands.

“Oh no, Your Highness,” he smiled awkwardly. “What I meant was, I am allowed to use mage spells to aid you in whatever you want for the party.”

I blinked a couple of times until I was able to process it right.

“Oh, I see, then that’s sweet,” I grinned. No wonder the king wasn’t worried about me supervising the party. With magic and from a mage at that, my imagination could soar high.

“Okay, then, before we start, tell me about your past snow moon balls. What was it like?”

He paused for a moment and scratched his head.

“Er, actually, the last snow moon ball we had was before the late king died. That was more or less a hundred years ago.”

“What?!” My eyes widened.

Then, I felt a presence behind me, so I turned around. It was the crown prince. He smiled at me first before turning to Chris and signaling him to leave.

“I’m sure from the little information Earth has on us, you should know by now werewolves live up to thousands of years, Serena,” Prince Elijah stated once we were alone.

“Prince Elijah, good morning,” I greeted, arching my brow and grinning at him.

"Hello, sister-in-law, I hadn't seen you for a few days. How has it been?"

"Still holding on to my sanity, thank God," I replied, still crossing my arms. "You busy?"

"I am, yes," he answered, but then I saw him scrutinizing me without reservation.

"What?" I asked.

"Hmm, there's something different about you now," he declared. "I couldn't pinpoint out what."

At the back of my head, I was snickering. I knew exactly what he was talking about, but unfortunately, I wasn't going to be the one to break the news to him. It had to be Aero.

"Hm, it's the dress maybe?" was my alibi, pointing to my turtleneck gown. If I had worn a different gown then he'd surely see the many love marks on my neck that hasn't healed. "Anyway, Chris said the last snow moon ball was more or less a hundred years ago?"

He nodded and fortunately, jumped to the topic.

"Yes, that was when father still lived. He and mother loved to hold the snow moon ball every year. It adds to the anticipation of the most-awaited phase of the moon where pretty much orgies and lots of babies happen."

I gulped in response. Orgies and babies. Huh. Figures.

"When father died, you could say my brother stopped the snow moon ball. There hasn't been any since then. I'm surprised to learn that he is holding one tonight. Maybe it has something to do with you? Did you charm him already?"

His brows then wiggled, teasing me.

I acted like I didn't notice it, choosing to stare at the servants fixing the tables.

"Hey, were you listening to me?" He snapped his fingers near my face.

"I was," I answered, laughing deep inside. "How old are you now?"

"Why are you asking that all of a sudden?" His brows furrowed.

"You said werewolves live for thousands of years and judging from the last snow moon ball in this castle, I'm thinking you and the king are about a hundred years old?"

Yeah, it's hard to wrap my head around the fact that my husband was centuries older than me, but that's the beauty of being in a different realm I guess.

"I'm 422," he replied simply. Aero is 629. It's basic math in our realm. On Earth, it's 22 and 29. We just slash the third digit."

I inwardly whistled.

"Wow, you guys 'are' really old."

"Time in all realms are different, sister-in-law," he crossed his arms over his chest and smugly smiled at me. "It's a bit confusing if you ask me so we prefer to stick on Earth time as our constant reference."

"Okay, well noted," I answered, sighing. "Now, tell me about your previous snow moon balls. What was it like?"

"Pretty much the same really: eat-all-you-can food, bottomless wine, VIP guests inside and outside Phanteon, famous entertainments coming from the other realms, debauchery, and senseless conversations."

My lungs felt as if they were just punched by a gorilla.

"Wow, that sort of party huh?"

I wasn't really a fan of going to parties on Earth, but just like my interest in fantasy paintings, I share an admiration for the behind-the-scenes of a party: the preparation, the decors, the theme, and all that jazz.

"Yeah, it was 'that' kind of party," he confirmed, "but since brother's coronation, the parties had toned down a bit. If it was him, he would have banned such congregation inside the castle but the council and I advised him against it. It was after all one of a royal's way of stamping his status. Anyway, since you arrived, you've been to two parties already, right? Your wedding and brother's birthday party combined and that one held in your honor."

"Yes, that's right," I nodded.

"I don't know what got into Aero for giving this task to you, but I'm happy. It shows that he is slowly trusting your opinions," he stated, looking at me with delight in his eyes.

"I'll try not to disappoint him," I answered, keeping as much juice to myself as possible. God, Prince Elijah's innocence is so precious.

"You're turning into a great luna, Serena. I'm happy about this progress."

My lips curved into a small smile, "Thank you, Prince Elijah. You've been a great help too in my journey."

He then stepped backward and tipped his chin down towards me.

“Well now, I won’t keep your time. I’ll see you tonight.”

I returned the gesture. “Yes, see you later.”

After talking with Prince Elijah, I entered the grand hall and approached Chris. I shared with him my vision for the party and he was very much enthusiastic to help out. He called all the servants and the spell caster, Lord Mage Aizen, from the realm of mages and I did all the talking, explaining what the grand hall would look like, the decors needed and the flow of the party.

The Mage, who was surprisingly very young looking for his title, was eager to start, telling me that he needed to return to his home to deal with personal matters. I allowed him to leave once he cast his spell, turning the grand hall into the exact vision I planned. He also provided boxes of the materials I needed for the decor and for the guests to use later.

Chris who stood beside me at the center of the dance floor nodded in approval.

“His Majesty would be so proud of you, Your Highness. This is the first time I had seen the grand hall like this,” he exclaimed.

My chest puffed with pride upon examining the whole area. “Yes, I can’t wait for him to see it.”

Just as I requested, the dance floor was augmented by the mage’s spell. It was still in the same center spot but it had a black floor with a picture of the Universe in 3D effect. Directly above the dance floor was a megalithic crystal chandelier with white cloths attached to the center chain and spreading throughout the cathedral ceiling.

Floating shimmers, looking like tiny stars, made the ceiling look alive, plus floating candles in different sizes added more to the effect. The Fantasy geek in me grinned. I patterned this idea from my favorite book, Harry Potter. I just had to.

Rectangular tables surrounded the whole space of the grand hall. There were buffet tables on each corner to be used only for desserts and refreshments as the main courses, I figured, were to be served butler-style to the guests.

“But we still need to finish up the remaining decors, Chris. I wanted them in specific locations,” I stated, turning my attention to the stacked boxes near us.

He signaled two servants to open the boxes and another five more to receive my instruction. Once I gave them orders, they left the hall with the boxes of decors in hand.

Wanting to join with the decorating too, I grabbed my own box, went to the royal platform, and started the arduous duty of securing the decors on the walls...

"Are you alright, Your Highness?" Chris asked, nearing me with concern etched on his face some three hours later. I was doing a few retouches of the table decors when I suddenly groaned in pain, quickly touching my forehead in an attempt to nurse it.

"Yes, I'm okay," I told him, smiling weakly. "I just had a sudden headache. Nothing severe."

His shoulders relaxed and the concern on his face lightened.

"You need to rest though. You've been up and about since this morning, Your Highness," he stated.

I easily dismissed him with a wave of a hand.

"Don't worry. I'll be fine. We just need to finish decorating and we'll be done."

He didn't look convinced with my words but nevertheless remained silent, hesitantly left me, and continued to supervise the servants.

I took a late lunch inside my chamber thereafter with Rhea accompanying me. Aero visited sometime later but since Rhea and I were already busy preparing for the ball, he left instead, but not before giving me a heated stare.

With the help of two other female servants, I was dressed in the most exquisite ball gown I had ever worn in two tones: silver and gold. My corset almost took all of my breath away, but it did provide quite a good lift for my breasts. The design was an off-shoulder neckline but with a sheer-lace fabric to cover my neck and arms. Sewn on it were also jewels, chandelier style, to create an illusion that I was wearing a necklace, but in reality, it was so that my hickeys would be appropriately covered.

To highlight my slender neck and the gorgeous up-do that one of the maids created, I used teardrop earrings—a combination of diamond and opal, and to complete my ensemble, I wore four-inch heels. With how tall the king was, I didn't think the added height would level our heads, but it would help with kissing him easily.

"Your robe, Your Highness," the other maid stated, lifting the thick, white garment up with both of her hands. This would be my second time using this robe. The first was that party celebrated in my honor. Aero's eyes lit up seeing me wearing it at that time, but he never gave a word. I wondered now if he would be different.

"You look breathtaking, Serena," Rhea commented when I stood in front of the human-sized mirror in all of my glory, "but there's one thing missing."

"What is?" I arched a brow, looking at her reflection.

"Your crown," she pointed out.

I looked up and true enough, I agreed with her. A crown would actually better complete my appearance.

"Oh, yeah, that one," I sighed. "The king doesn't seem to wear one, so I'm thinking I didn't need one too?"

"You certainly need one," she said, knitting her brows, "You're the queen of this kingdom."

"That's fine," I gave her a lopsided smile. "Anyway, I prefer to be modest this way."

"Well, it's your call," she shrugged her shoulders and thereafter pulled an item from the vanity table, "And the last touch is this."

I took it from her hand and wore it without the need for a tie. Lord Mage Aizen had wittily imbued magic on the masks so that they wouldn't fall off our faces.

"His Majesty won't have any difficulty recognizing you, Your Highness. We are sure of it," one of the maids exclaimed, bearing pride in her eyes. The second one giggled as if she knew already my appearance would affect a certain lengthy muscle of the king's.

Deep inside, I giggled too. Now I couldn't really wait to meet him like this.

The Alpha King's Claim chapter 64

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

The Alpha King's Claim chapter 64

Aero

Earlier this morning, I woke up finding Serena absent on my bed, and her scent faint around my room. Partly, I was disappointed. I would have loved to put her underneath me again, make her scream and cum and cum some more. However, I expected this would happen after I told her about the planned snow moon ball.

Once I got out of bed, bathed, and changed into new clothes, I was tempted to visit her inside the grand hall, but I chose to stop myself. I wanted to be surprised by whatever she had cooked up for the party. I wanted to see just how much she could create with unlimited magical resources, and partly, I wanted to test her subconscious thoughts, see if she had any buried memories of being in Ehnreilil if truly she was a being from that realm.

I felt bad honestly doing this, even more so when I gave her the bracelet, but I was getting desperate. I needed answers and the bracelet Nevannir gave would somehow show me some form of answer.

Informed by Chris that the queen took her late lunch inside her chamber, I quickly left my study and visited her. Again, disappointment welcomed me when she was with her maids, already preparing for the ball.

Patience, my conscience advised. You will have your time later at the party.

I left her room with my desire flaming like the bright noon sun. I was aware she sensed it and I was aware she was undergoing the same, so yes, I was indeed looking forward to tonight. Day by day, the snow moon's effect had made me horny than I had ever been and I was thinking it had something to do with her presence and our bond. In the past snow moons, I had always sulked inside my room, pretty much satisfied with wanking myself dry. Now, with Serena around, it was an entirely different ball game.

Hours later, I stepped out of my chamber in my best royal ensemble: all black tux, leather gloves, and half a cape the color white that was positioned only at my left shoulder. It was secured using clips and a gold chain around my chest. My suit jacket boasted gold cufflinks, silver buttons, and embroidered gold ferns. Phanteon's crest was stitched in nicely at the upper right corner of the jacket. I was well aware I looked one heck of a king, but I did this only to please my queen and nothing more. For the first time ever, dressing for a party gave me excitement and it was all because of her.

A male servant wearing a butler outfit like that on Earth then approached me, in his hand was a silver tray and inside this object was a folded stationary. I picked it up, opened the paper, and read its contents which informed me of the flow of the party.

An upward curve from the corner of my mouth appeared. Guess she was making this occasion really special by breaking all Phanteon customs and it would start with the traditional proclamation of the King and Queen's entry inside the grand hall.

"Right," I said to the servant. "Where is my mask?"

I thought he'd lead me to the secret room behind the stage but as we continued walking, I found that he was leading me to a doorway that wasn't commonly used during parties.

Another servant stood sentry on the closed double door with a silver tray in hand. Inside it, there was a meticulously-designed full-face mask. I picked it up expecting this was what Serena had chosen for me and tried it on.

Black with a touch of blue-coated the mask's outer layer. Shaped like a wolf's head, it had rhinestones and luminous beads along the forehead and around the eyes. It fit my face pretty well; properly able to breathe and see all around me despite the limited eye holes.

The double doors then opened, but not one sound of a trumpet heralded my presence. I was incognito.

Inside, guests were also wearing their masks in different colors and designs. They were crowded on the dance floor and in the tables available in every corner of the hall. Music was playing to enliven the mood and there was already wine and starters offered to the guests.

I inspected the grand hall before me and gawked at the considerable change of the interior. Truly, Serena had thought the best for this party. All the other ones held in this grand hall in the past paled in comparison to this magical masquerade ball.

In the sea of unknown faces all around me, it was to be expected it would be hard to locate a specific person but hell no, not me. Oh, I could certainly scent my wife right across the room before my eyes landed on her. She was slowly approaching me, looking like the most beautiful apparition of all and I was instantly filled with pride.

She was just wearing half a mask, covering her eyes and forehead mostly. On the sides were diamonds and beads, feathers and ferns that framed her beauty. She looked every bit the queen of this kingdom despite not having a crown.

From a random piano and violin song, the music changed into the entrance song for a waltz. The guests noticed us then and parted to give us most of the dance space.

"My queen," I voiced out under my mask once we were close and executed a bow.

"Your Majesty," she reciprocated by doing a curtsy.

"May I have this first dance with you?"

I offered my hand to her and she took it; the connection easily ignited the craving within me.

"Of course, you may, Your Majesty," she replied; her bright red lips quirked up. Her hazel eyes under the mask oozed with seduction and mirth.

"A masquerade ball eh?" I whispered as our bodies pressed up. The waltz music started and we began to sway to its rhythm.

"Yes, too extravagant for your taste?" she looked up at me in wonder.

I shook my head. "No, it doesn't. Nothing is too extravagant when it comes to you, Serena, and also," dipping half of her body towards the floor in time with the music, I then muttered against her neck, "I like the idea of anonymity."

She took a cleansing breath, by which time I also pulled her back up.

"That's good to hear," she said, smiling again.

The music crescendoed. In my peripheral vision, guests started joining us on the dance floor. Judging from their actions, they easily accepted the flow of the party and they looked to be enjoying it.

Every person under the mask I could easily name including of course the leaders of the other realms: Lord Jacobi who was accompanied by his apprentice, Lady Yllana, and two other witches of the Order, Prince Andrei and a new mistress it seems, Celestial God Andrius and another one of his kind that smelled like the ocean, King Lucien and his queen, and the King of Sattus who was as expected, alone.

Not a surprise, King Geraden of the fae realm wasn't in attendance. Nevannir however was present because I personally invited him and I could sense him somewhere in the upper balcony watching us...or specifically watching my queen's movements. The other guardians were also present and they had gathered in a table near the stage.

I didn't sense Farryl's presence in the grand hall and that was no big deal to me. Heck, having her around wouldn't even make any difference.

"Congratulations, my queen. You surpassed my expectations," I stated, returning my attention to Serena. We were still dancing, but this time surrounded by our guests.

She chuckled and inched her head closer to my shoulder.

"Your welcome, Your Majesty. It took me time to choose what theme to use, but I guess it worked out fine."

"There hasn't been a masquerade ball in this castle ever since," I confessed.

"Then, I'm happy for the change," she answered, smiling widely.

The degree of her glow and beauty captivated the males nearby. Some were my Alphas, some were knights, and others in lower ranks. I didn't sense any lust or desire from them that would anger me, just admiration towards her, but still, this didn't sit well with me.

"Stay with me the whole night tonight, Serena," I pulled her closer; pressing the small of her back against my waist and continued, "I don't want any other man dancing with you or touching you."

A cheeky smile appeared on her lips then. "Hmm, I could, but that would be rude to your guests."

"I don't care about them," I lashed, then gripped her wrist even tighter.

"My goodness, you're very possessive, Aero," she remarked in a singsong voice, clearly enjoying my suffering.

Growling, I lowered my head and whispered in her ear, "A quality I just learned the moment you became mine."

She hissed and ran her hand down my abdomen.

"Damn, you're smoldering under that mask."

"And you are teasing me with that sultry eyes, Serena. Not to mention your lips that seem to be begging to be kissed."

She angled her head up. "Kiss me then, I order you," she stated without hesitation.

"In front of all my subjects?" I asked, my face neutral.

She grinned and dared me with her eyes. "Are you afraid?"

I exhaled long and hard and then gave her a concrete answer. "Never."

With that, my hand that was on her back climbed up to pull my mask off. Once done, this same hand grabbed her nape. Free from it, I lowered my head even more and promptly claimed her lips.

That kiss during our wedding was forced and I was still in denial of myself. Kissing her in public now felt different. Totally different. I was now kissing her because I desired to and because I wanted to let all my subjects know that this woman was mine.

Loud cheers erupted thereafter. Serena and I pulled back to realize that the dancers had parted again. A spotlight was illuminated directly at us, then a male voice announced, "Hail, King Aero, Alpha King of Phanteon and his beautiful luna, Queen Serena!"

Louder cheers followed and more claps reverberated all over the hall. Serena tugged at my elbow and pointed to the stage with her eyes.

"Shall we, my king?" she asked, smiling. "It's your turn to welcome your guests tonight."

I smiled back at her. "A sentence or two should probably suffice."

She chuckled at this. "Not like they would mind."

Side by side, we marched to the stage. Once there, I gave a few words of welcome to the guests, recognized the presence of the VIPs one by one, and then officially opened the ball. On cue, butlers started appearing with trays and trays of food and drinks.

Serena and I went to our table that was located still on the stage. It was conveniently placed away from most of the noise of the guests, but for me, it was the perfect distance to act on a wild idea in my mind.

I donned off my right leather glove and slowly, my naked hand crept under the table while I pretended to eat. Serena was busy with her food, but when she felt my fingers snaking inside her gown, she stilled.

“Oh no, you’re crazy, Aero,” she glared at me in a warning.

I looked at her with desire-filled eyes and muttered, “I want to reward you. Let me touch you.”

Silently, her legs parted as her way of an answer.

Happy with this, my hand proceeded, going further past her layers of fabric until it reached her underwear, and again, I grinned.

Hell yes, just as I thought, she was already wet for me.

“Oh god...” she gasped as my fingers contacted her folds. She bent her head, clasped her eyes shut, and exhaled low. Though she was still wearing her mask, I could easily see just how much my fingers had affected her.

I pressed on further, boldly pinching her clit and giving it a thorough massage.

Subtly, she gritted her teeth, trying her best not to moan but it seemed it wasn’t helpful for her. She instead placed a hand on her mouth to try and muffle the escaping sweet sound. Her other hand kept on forking a piece of vegetable, trying to act as if she was still eating. I found this both funny and admirable.

“Keep your voice down, Serena. Werewolves, as you may know already, have the best hearing.”

She gave me a weak attempt at a glare.

“God...oh fu...ck...” she voiced out again when I entered two fingers inside her core. “Ae...ro... Ae...ro!” she exclaimed in a breathy, lowered voice.

“I know,” I stated, continuing my efforts. I pumped my finger harder but slower all the while acting like I was drinking wine, acting as if nothing naughty was happening under the table. My cock had hardened to its limit and it was fucking painful against my slacks. I wanted to release it, give it a home inside her pussy, but knew it wasn’t the time yet.

“Oh, oh...OH...” she rushed to say when finally she came. Her scent of orgasm hit my nose instantly. It was so potent that it briefly placed me in my own state of orgasm too.

Heck, I realized, I didn’t want to wait anymore. I wanted to make love to her now.

So, with that in mind, I pulled my hand from her underwear and out of her gown, and then grabbed her elbow, planning to poof us out of the grand hall in one blink, but then, a man wearing a blue and white mask neared us.

Fucking cock-block, my mind angrily commented.

The Alpha King's Claim chapter 65

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

The Alpha King's Claim chapter 65

Serena

Pretending that everything was fine—like I didn't have an orgasm in front of all these people—I controlled my panting state and looked up. The man who had unknowingly interrupted us stood a couple of feet away, his innocent eyes lit towards me.

Aero was seething, I could tell from the tight fist he made under the table, but he also was in control, making a considerate expression when he realized who it was.

"Your Majesty," General Halcynos lowered his head and placed a hand on his chest. "May I request one dance with Queen Serena? It would be an honor for this poor, old man."

I awarded him a smile, one that was agreeable to his request. The man was asking properly, but of course, the last decision would come from Aero, so I turned to him and waited for his answer.

His face didn't show any anger. It was masked well with his neutral expression. Then, suddenly, a quirk on his mouth appeared and then he nodded gently.

"You have my permission, General."

I squeezed his hand as my way of saying thank you. We exchanged silent stares just as I left our table.

General Halcynos, wearing a gray tuxedo looking dapper despite his age, performed another bow when I neared him. His mask covered half of his face. It was decorated with mostly white and blue glitters.

"Your Highness, I am pleased to be able to dance with you," he said, once I placed a hand on his proffered palm.

"General Halcynos, the pleasure is mine," I answered with a smile.

Thereafter, we managed the steps down the stage. A few dancers spotted us and gave us room to pass. We stopped in the center of the dance floor illuminated by

the candles above and the spotlights magically provided by Lord Mage Aizen. General Halcynos bowed again and in reply, I did a curtsy.

Dancing with this man more than half my age made me realize I missed my adopted father, Walter. That's where I got the McAllister name from. As for my biological father, yes, I missed him too, but all memories I have with him and my biological mother were fuzzy and weak, except that they were really good painters. I couldn't even remember how they died and how I actually managed to stay alive until Marius, a benefactor in an orphanage I stayed in, met with me and introduced me to the McAllisters.

Gregory and Eliza Monroe, those were my biological parents' names, but every time I thought about them, it just doesn't elicit that kind of family warmth within me. Maybe because it had been so long since I became an orphan? Or maybe because we didn't have that much of a good relationship from the start? I couldn't really say, and somehow this hadn't bothered me at all.

Returning to my dance partner, General Halcynos somehow evoked a gentle warmth within me, and I figured it had something to do with my husband.

"The king sees you as a family, General. Though he doesn't speak of it, he admires you so. Thank you for being a pillar of support for my husband."

His mouth curved up into a sincere smile.

"It is my duty, Your Highness, but other than that, I vowed to be as loyal as I could be to the royal family," he replied, whilst we swayed in tune with the waltz music.

"I heard you once served the late king as his Beta," I recalled.

He nodded. "That is correct, Your Highness. I take pride in it with all my heart."

Deep inside me, a feeling of pity then started to spark.

"You spend so much of your life for the royal family, but how about your own?" I asked and hope at the back of my head he didn't see it as a trespass into his personal space.

For a moment, silence enveloped us. He was contemplative for a while, but then regained his cool composure.

"I have none, Your Majesty," was his short reply.

Then, he smiled.

"I do have a sister. I'm sure you already met her. Her name is Margaret."

"Oh yes, I am aware. We did meet in Palmeeya and my experience there was very precious." My eyes shone brightly at the memory reserved for that special place.

"She tends to leave that kind of impression on the people she meets," he explained. "And I think it has something to do with her being a healer."

"She's very diligent and kind to her constituents," I exclaimed. "Is she the Alpha of the Healer Pack?"

General Halcynos stilled briefly and along with it, his expression showed a hint of sadness that was enough for me to catch.

"No, Your Highness," he started. "Until now, His Majesty hasn't decided who takes the Alpha position of the Healer Pack."

My brows instantly furrowed.

"But she is the leader, correct? There are no other werewolves capable enough for the position?"

"To answer your first question, Your Highness, yes, she serves as the interim leader, and for the second, no, there are none better than her."

I bit the inside of my cheek. It didn't take a genius to realize what was happening. Aero, stubborn and arrogant as he was, still believed he didn't want a woman to hold an alpha position.

"For how long has this been going on?" I asked, keeping my temper at bay.

"A decade or so, Your Highness," he informed.

"A decade?!" My eyes widened and my temper shot up. I glared at my husband who was busy talking to some of his VIP guests in another table near ours.

"I think I have a good sense of what's going on, General," I stated when I returned my attention to him. "Would it be too disrespectful if I brought this issue up to the king on behalf of Margaret?"

He quickly shook his head. "No, Your Highness, don't."

My brows knotted in confusion.

Seeing this, he sighed and his expression changed into that of understanding.

"I apologize, but I don't think it is wise to intervene in such a sensitive issue on behalf of my sister. Whether formally called to be an Alpha or not, she is happy in what she does and takes pride in serving the crown and its people. It is just a title, Your Highness. She doesn't care about it, but thank you for offering."

"Still though, let me try," I replied; my sense of justice kicking in. "The king has been so generous lately. I think I have the chance to change his mind."

"It is not me to decide, Your Highness. I suggest you speak first with my sister," was his reply.

I nodded. "I sure will, General. Thank you for this."

"You are pure of heart, Your Highness. It is clear to see even kilometres away. His Majesty is very lucky to have you on his side. Please continue to support him," he stated; his eyes pooling an emotion I could liken to pride.

"I will," I smiled.

We danced the remainder of the song, allowing ourselves to just enjoy the party, but during our silence, I noticed he was staring at me weirdly.

"Is there something wrong, General?" I asked, looking up to meet his gaze.

He flashed a warm smile then, and for a moment, I sensed a feeling of longing in his eyes.

"No, Your Highness. Nothing. You just reminded me of someone."

I wanted to pursue the subject. My gut told me I had to, but then I caught sight of a certain woman in the upper balcony, watching me. She wasn't wearing a mask, but she was dressed in a dark maroon mermaid-style gown. Our eyes met. She slowly shook her head as if conveying a message.

"Your Highness?" General Halcynos grabbed my attention. I returned to look at him just as the cogs in my brain started to move.

"Uhm, I'm sorry, but may I be excused, General? I need to speak to one of the servers," I lied.

He didn't seem to suspect this. "Of course, Your Highness," he said, then loosened his hold on me and bowed his head.

"Enjoy the rest of the party, General," I curtsied again, then hastily walked to the nearest stairs that led to the upper balcony.

After reaching the floor, I took the path directly to where I last saw Farryl, but upon arriving there, I found that she was already gone.

I circled the balcony, checking the guests with me to see who wore the dark maroon gown, but it was to no avail. I hissed and cursed in the air. Damn, I would have wanted to talk to her again.

But not giving up, I moved my search outside, opening a glass double door that was near her spot earlier. The cold air of the night greeted me thereafter.

I was in a vacant terrace large enough to accommodate ten people and it was connected to another set of stairs leading to a garden below. This part of the castle, I hadn't discovered yet so it really captured my attention, especially the view in the distance that boasted a different side of the nearby town.

"You are certainly tempting me by coming into this secluded place, my queen," I turned with a start when someone whispered near my ear.

In a heartbeat, I was pressed up against the rigid body of a man. A hand snaked around my waist, pushing me closer than I was comfortable, while another hand tipped my chin, lifting my face up to meet his stare. It was so intense, so powerful that for a moment I thought it was my husband.

For one, he was wearing the same-colored mask, but as I examined further, it wasn't the shape of a wolf's. It was a tiger. Second, this man, although wearing the same-colored black tux, didn't have an imposing stance like my husband. Plus, he sported a long black cape, totally looking like the phantom of the night.

However, what really caught my notice was this man's icy cold hand. It was a dead giveaway.

The Alpha King's Claim chapter 66

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

The Alpha King's Claim chapter 66

Serena

"Lord Hale!" I gasped, so sure of myself despite not seeing his face.

He chuckled underneath the mask first before taking it off and dropping it to the floor.

"You're very perceptive, my queen."

He reached out trying to take my mask too. Quickly, I moved back, disengaging myself from his hold.

"As far as I remember, you're not invited in this party," I stated whilst giving him a frown.

He just tipped his head ever so slightly to the side in response.

"Have I ever cared for such insignificant invitations?" he said.

He stepped forward, I stepped back. Deep inside me, my heart was hammering a beat of fear. I tried to keep my face neutral and my spine straight. If anything, I

didn't want him to see me cowering, but still flashes of pictures of him soon biting me still leaked out of my traitorous thoughts.

"Aero can't stop me from seeing you, Serena. Or even the mutts he employed to secure the castle."

Huh.

That doesn't surprise me at all. Vampires, they were sneaky creatures of the dark, especially one with a noble descent, namely this man.

"Right," I snorted, putting up a brave face. "Then, shall we go inside? Let your presence be known to him and all the other guests."

Swiftly, his hand was on my shoulder. I didn't even see him lift it and that alone supported my reason for fearing him. He might be using his powers on me for all I know.

"Why be hasty? Let's stay for a while longer," he smiled. "This night deserves to be savored with a woman, especially a queen that is 'horny' still. I could still smell your lust, Serena. It's giving me the best kind of chill."

"Not directed to you, I'm sure," I spat.

"He hadn't touched you yet?" was his bold question. I remained silent.

"Hmm, that's a shame. I would have already claimed you if you were mine."

'Aero has already claimed me, you stupid vampire!' I shouted in my thoughts. I so wanted to tell him that but refrained. He didn't deserve to know.

"My sex life is not your business, Lord Hale," I stated, then moved forward towards the glass door.

In reaction, he gripped my elbow tightly and blocked my exit.

"I said stay, Serena. I will not ask again." The tone of his voice gave a hint of a threat. I clenched my teeth and hissed at him.

"By any chance, did you plan this with Farryl?"

He cocked a brow in response. "Whatever do you mean?"

"This," I pointed to the current situation we were in. "You being here. I am inclined to believe that Farryl led me here to meet you."

His stance. His expression. His overall bearing didn't change. Either he was good at acting, or he just didn't know what I was blabbering about.

"Why would you think that? I am not in alliance with her despite how much we both hate your husband." He cracked a wide grin then and sighed. "Oops, apologies Your Highness, my tongue slipped."

I inhaled sharply. "I'm well aware werewolves and vampires hate each other, Lord Hale. You don't need to hide that from me."

"Ah, you're a really precious woman," he replied, attempting to touch my cheek, but I quickly jerked away.

He didn't look offended with this. In fact, he was grinning still as if he was enjoying our less than warm interaction.

"Honestly, I hadn't seen or even talked to that guardian for quite a while now," he finally confessed after a short pause.

"So, you mean to say you jumped to this realm without her permission?"

"Hm, I believe she knows my presence here tonight, but then again, I can be stealthy and avoid detection any time and in any place," he proudly stated.

Damn it. Now that confirms my suspicion of him being a grade A sneaky bat.

"So, it's safe to assume you are not in cohorts with her," I muttered without hesitation; lowering my guard for a few seconds.

"She has her own agenda, Serena, and I have mine," he answered. "And speaking of which, you owe me remember?"

My defenses heightened again at the memory of his words: his bold confession...his promise of biting me. Hell, this wasn't good.

"I do not," was the first words that came out of my mouth just to buy time if possible. I stepped backward and yanked myself free from his grip, but he was quick to grab my other elbow.

"Uh uh, I think you know exactly what I'm talking about, my queen."

"And you're crazy to assume I would willingly let you bite me!" Glares as sharp as daggers hit him.

"Hmm, then, you prefer I tell all the people in Phanteon that their luna is a fake? That you are just a human and not a real she-wolf? They would be devastated, I'm sure."

I gasped when I heard it.

"You...you wouldn't dare blackmail me! We are living a peaceful life here, Lord Hale. Don't ruin it!"

"A peaceful life...tsk," he mused. "I doubt it will last. Aero has enemies, Serena. They are just hiding under the shadows, waiting for the opportune time to strike."

With that, a wild thought crossed my mind.

"Do you happen to know about the witch deaths in the border and the arson in Cirelles? You have an idea who did it, don't you?" I asked.

He again gave me a smug smile.

"Oh, you're playing the detective game. I like it. But I wonder if Aero would be pleased. He is a self-absorbed man after all. He doesn't want help from the opposite sex, including his queen."

My chest puffed up with pride.

"I think you are not well informed about the happenings here, Lord Hale. You'll be amazed at how things have changed."

Oh, like Elijah, I'm going to savor his innocence. Aero has changed so much and I am confident he will change even more for the better. All will come to realize that the King of Phanteon had a heart.

"I wouldn't worry really, Serena," his grin turned into a sneer as if none of my words took his curiosity.

The hand that had secured my shoulder hiked up to my neck. Easily, he angled my head to the side, then that same hand traveled down to my partly-exposed cleavage.

"As you are right now, you remain unmarked by your husband," was his next statement and with that, I found myself remembering Prince Elijah's words: something about a mark...a 'zimet.' I never got the chance to actually ask more about that and its significance.

"Whatever he allowed you to do, whatever freedom he has bestowed on you, it is all just a front for his kingdom. He has not sealed your bond and I bet he would never do it," Lord Hale continued and surprisingly, the second-to-the-last sentence really did hit me hard.

'Aero hasn't sealed our bond...'

I was unsure what to feel because Phanteon-wise, I didn't know what implications or conditions there were, but if the werewolf beliefs in my world meant something, then sealing a bond meant fully submitting myself to him and vice versa; fully connected to each other; fully in love.

Love... my heart pricked.

Damn it.

There were many opportunities Aero could have marked me, but he didn't. He didn't. Did that actually mean he wasn't prepared to fully bond with me? Love me?

What an even better question was, do I feel the same? Do I really want to be bonded to him? Am I in love with him?

Staying in this realm for him was an easy decision, but loving him?

"Might as well take my offer and come with me, Serena. That way you won't be heartbroken," Lord Hale declared, pulling me out of my jumbled thoughts.

"Huh," I chuckled dryly, trying to mask my instability. I didn't want to give him the pleasure of seeing me indeed affected by his words and that it has caused a spark of sadness in my heart.

I looked up at him with sharp eyes and stated as much as my fake bravado could go, "I'll just pretend I didn't hear you, Lord Hale. I'm going to pretend you just didn't threaten and offer the Queen of Phanteon."

His red eyes sparkled with thrill.

"You really are such a fascinating woman, Serena. You just continuously keep on amusing me. Oh yes, I'll definitely enjoy drinking your blood."

He leaned over towards me, slowly. Leisurely. If I could, I would have sprinted away from him but his grip on my elbow provided no chance for an escape. I could however put up a good fight but I was also well aware of the differences of our strengths. If he wanted to, he could have just forced himself on me and bite me without all these talking and dawdling.

Strength wise, in front of this man, just as I was in front of Aero, I felt helpless and I hated it. I hated how defenseless I was.

But then, the weirdest thing happened.

My friendly bugs appeared, flying in between us like they didn't care they were interrupting our conversation.

One rainbow bug bigger than the others perched on top Lord Hale's hand—the one that was on my elbow, while the others rested on my shoulder.

The expression on this vampire lord's face quickly changed: from confusion to enchantment, then to an emotion akin to shock.

He released me in less than a second; speedily holding his right hand as if it had just been stung by the bug.

I was dumbfounded with this development. Did my bugs just save me? I asked myself.

“Step away from my wife,” a warning growl filled the air suddenly, and in a blink of an eye, I saw Aero already standing behind Lord Hale; a claw with the sharpest nails I had ever seen wrapped around the vampire’s pale neck.

Aero!

My spirit jumped in joy.

“How audacious of you to come to this party when you’re not invited,” he growled; his eyes full of spite. “This is strike two, Hale.”

“Your Ma-jes-ty,” Lord Hale said, but even when held hostage, his tone still dripped with mockery. “Violence is not necessary. No harm is done to the queen, see?”

Aero’s gaze flitted to me; the depths of his hazel-greens swirled with concern and anger.

“I’m fine, Your Majesty,” I confirmed.

Noticing the tick in his jaw, I realized he was battling on whether to release his prisoner or not, or to kill or spare him—whichever was applicable. I decided to stop him instead, not because I worried about the vampire lord, but because this beautiful night didn’t deserve bloodshed.

“I am fine,” I tossed my husband a sharp look.

He didn’t budge. Instead, he turned his attention to Lord Hale and said, “I could smell your scent lingering on her skin, Hale. I don’t like it. Touch her again and you’ll find yourself headless in a second.”

My blood ran cold when I saw both Aero and Lord Hale’s eyes turn murderous.

These two men...really.

Luckily, Prince Elijah stepped inside the terrace and broke the tense atmosphere.

“Brother, you and Queen Serena are needed in the stage. The blessing of the snow moon is about to begin,” he informed whilst lowering his head; acting like he just didn’t see the two men about to throw punches at each other.

On impulse, I grabbed Aero’s hand and pulled him away from the vampire lord, aiming for the glass door, but the tables soon turned to his side.

The next thing I knew, Aero was kissing me heavily, sensually in front of Lord Hale and Prince Elijah.

Author's Note: There goes our possessive king.

The Alpha King's Claim chapter 67

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

The Alpha King's Claim chapter 67

Aero

I had no reason to see General Halcynos as someone I would get jealous of, so of course, I allowed Serena to dance with him. Honestly, out of all the men in this hall, he would be the only person I'd prefer Serena to dance with, but as far as trust goes, Elijah would be in the top rank, Halcynos would be second, and third would be my Beta and Alphas.

I watched when they danced in the center of the dance floor, but soon, my attention was diverted to my brother who decided to approach me. He stood on my left, holding a wine flute that was already half empty.

"You're too stiff. Loosen up, brother. You're the one who decided to throw a ball, so you should enjoy it," he said before drinking the remaining contents of his flute.

I remained silent but took his advice into consideration. I admit I was feeling uneasy. Just seeing Serena surrounded by so many faces, so many males...it just didn't sit well with me. And there was this issue of the murderer-arsonist. That entity could strike again and at this very party. The probability was high if it wanted to create chaos in my realm.

But then again, this was partly the reason why I allowed this ball in the first place. It was selfish of me, I know, putting my entire guests and the leaders in peril. However, I was confident with my people. Werewolves weren't weaklings. They could protect themselves if needed. The leaders, they'd love some action too, so I wouldn't worry about them.

Except for that vampire bastard.

Knowing Hale, he wouldn't let this opportunity pass, invited or not. I was well aware he was attracted to Serena the very moment he first crashed in the castle a few days ago and that knowledge somehow got me all riled up now that I had allowed Serena in my life.

I already instructed my Security Team and my Alphas to be on high alert. Still, as the Alpha King, I couldn't be lax.

"Tell me, is this all for Serena? Did you finally soften up to her?" Elijah asked.

Under the dim lighting and the spotlights swaying, I cracked a ghost of a grin. He was too preoccupied watching the dance floor to even notice.

"Hm, no comment huh," he eventually complained. Snorting, he crossed his arms over his chest and gazed at me.

"Anyway, I'm happy for this ball. It had been such a long time since we had one."

"It had been such a long time since this kingdom had a queen too," I added, all the while looking at my wife and how her hips swayed. "It is only right to make some changes once in a while."

"Hmf, you took the words right out of my mouth, brother," he exclaimed, shifting his attention back to the celebration in front of us.

"How's the investigation going? Had you talked to Farryl yet?" I asked, not able to control myself. I was too preoccupied with Serena and him with Rhea that we failed to bring this issue up again.

"Yes, I did," he nodded. "She claims she noticed the entry of four individuals in our realm at that time when you left for Ehnrelil. Three of these individuals were witches just like what we already know. The fourth one however she couldn't figure out who or what being. She said these witches were already dead when they all entered."

I grimaced.

"The murderer planned to leave the bodies in our realm and make it so that it would look like they were killed by werewolves."

"Yes, that seems to be the case," he agreed.

"What else?"

"She says the murderer was a slippery one," he continued. "The fire in Cirelles, Farryl regretted it happened."

"She should be," I grounded.

"Brother, don't be too harsh on her," Elijah looked at me again. "I too regretted it. If only we were vigilant enough, it wouldn't have happened."

"Too late to ponder on that now," I remarked and stood up from my seat.

"Where are you going?" he quickly asked.

'Seeking an audience with our witch guest,' I told him through our mind-link.

Feeling pumped up now for an investigation of my own, I climbed down the stage and neared the first table on my right. This was occupied by the lord mage, his apprentice, Lady Yllana, and her companion.

"Your Majesty, glad that you could join us!" Lord Jacobi exclaimed, tossing his wine glass up in the air.

Even without nearing him, I knew already he was tipsy. The stench of alcohol was strong in his mouth.

"Are the food and drinks to your liking?" I asked, looking at him, then to Lady Yllana and the rest.

"Of course!" Lord Jacobi was the one who voiced out, smiling widely from ear to ear. "You're a good host, King Aero. You throw one heck of a party."

My mouth quirked up into a grin.

"Save the praises to my queen, Lord Jacobi. She's the one who planned it all."

"Then I salute her," he made a gesture of respect towards Serena's way who was still dancing with General Halcynos.

Seeing this, I knew she was in safe hands so I decided it was time to move on with my plan.

"Lady Yllana," I muttered, tossing the elder witch a solemn stare. She wore a dark blue gown, sequined from the neckline to the hem that it hurt my eyes just watching; however, this wasn't my concern. I had a pressing matter to attend to that I was willing to overlook such flashy gown.

Her mask was shaped the same as Serena's, but it was decorated with frills. She may look young, but she was as old as my father. Her spells masked her true age and features.

"Your Majesty," she replied, tipping her chin low.

"A moment of your time," I said and opted out the word, 'please'. It was unnecessary and I never say please to anyone and I wasn't going to break that record.

A smirk formed on her lips. She knew exactly what I needed from her.

"Of course," she said, standing up. "Lead the way, Your Majesty."

With Elijah and Lady Yllana following behind me, I led them to my study on the second floor of the castle.

Elijah poured whiskey in a glass—a drink he had been quite accustomed to on Earth. Lady Yllana and I on the other hand didn't waste time getting down to business.

"You want to see what I saw," she stated, moving towards an arched window near my desk.

"If possible, yes," I nodded, not beating around the bush. Normally, I would never seek help from a woman, but I was desperate and yes, Serena had slowly desensitized me. Sometimes, I thought, bowing to the opposite gender wasn't bad, especially when I get something in return.

She scoffed, then turned to look at me.

"If we do this, it will cost you. You do realize you'll be temporarily disconnected with everything around you including your senses, right?"

"Yes, I am ready." Hell, my mind was made up. It would only be just a few minutes. Surely, nothing eventful would happen during that time with the party or with Serena.

She inhaled and exhaled, and then nodded.

"Lie down and relax." She pointed towards the only chaise lounge in my study.

Elijah and I exchanged stares before I acted on her instruction.

As my head contacted the armrest, I closed my eyes and waited for her to do her magic. I felt wrinkly fingers thereafter touching my forehead and then, my consciousness turned blank and was replaced with another person's memory.

A rabbit hole with flashing pictures—that's how I could describe my experience. This spell-casting ability of witches was only reserved to the elders as it entailed quite an amount of energy and it leaves the recipient exhausted.

Lucky for me though, I was the Alpha King. I could withstand such an obstacle.

When I came to, I was wiser. I saw how the witches were killed. Using a long sword with red gems attached to the blade, they were skewered one by one. The witches didn't even have the chance to react or fight back. Like Farryl claimed, the murderer was indeed slippery.

I also saw where they were killed. It was a place in Agotta close to the vampire realm. Did this mean it had something to do with vampires? I wanted to believe it, but no, the evidence was weak.

Unfortunately, as Lady Yllana reported, I also couldn't detail out the face or the gender of the murderer. It was blurry and my sure guess was, it was done intentionally. The murderer-arsonist wasn't alone in this mission. It had help.

One thing they didn't anticipate though was Serena witnessing its presence in the Baltic Forest and me, finding her and as a result, derailing their plans. They definitely didn't count on me getting a good sniff of its smell.

It was just faint, but I was sure I could easily recognize it once I would come across that smell again. True enough, it was my first time smelling such stench, but the nearest smell I could liken to it was incense and soil.

"Transfer of memory complete," I roused when Lady Yllana spoke above my head. Looking up, I saw her grin down at me and muttered, "Got what you need?"

I sat up whilst massaging my temple. Heck, this kind of spell-casting indeed packed an after-effect. My body and senses felt numb, and I couldn't mind-link with Elijah who was staring at me with knotted brows.

"I understand now why you didn't want to undergo this option, Elijah," I muttered under my breath. "Hell, knowledge really demands a big price."

"I told you so," he stated, nearing me. "I prefer the old-fashioned way of getting answers, brother. Anyway, you're the Alpha King. You're built to withstand this spell's complication, so I wouldn't need to worry."

"The recovery will depend on the person," Lady Yllana informed. "With you, I bet it will only take minutes."

"A minute and a half," I corrected when I felt my strength and senses return to me in full force, and once it did, the first thing I sensed was Serena's fear and anger combined. They were the two emotions I could easily define. The rest were dismissed.

"Fuck," I cursed, tossed Elijah a look, and then disappeared in front of them.

'Fucking hell...' I thought out loud after seeing Hale's unmistakable profile...

Fast forward to the present, my rage increased but it was also overlapped with jealousy. Serena was unharmed, but not untouched. Hale's stench clinging to her shoulder, elbow, and neck where probably the contact was made raised my ire.

I wanted them completely erased so I did the next best thing I thought to do: kiss her and kiss her senseless, and touch every inch of her body, wiping out the vampire's invisible crumbs on her.

Hell, I didn't care if he and Elijah were watching. The latter would soon realize I had caved in to this woman while the former would see just how much of a fucking loser he was.

At one point, I drew out a moan from Serena when I cupped her breast. This was an enough show to really stamp a message in Hale's head that was clear as crystal.

Abruptly, I stopped our kiss and looped a possessive arm around her, then faced the two who sported dumb faces...well at least on Elijah's side. His jaw dropped, his eyes rounded like the full moon while sweat clung to his temple. As to Hale, his face surprisingly looked red for a vampire and his expression was that of utter disappointment.

'Yes, that's right. I had already claimed her and there's nothing you can do about it.' — That was the message in my eyes.

"She belongs to me," for good measure, I said out loud, sending Hale a warning, then left their midst, disappearing with Serena in a snap and reappearing in the stage.

The Alpha King's Claim chapter 68

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

The Alpha King's Claim chapter 68

Aero

I would have preferred to bring her in my chamber to finish what I started, but as Elijah said, we were needed at the party.

Serena was quick enough to compose herself once she realized we were back in the stage. Spotlights immediately found us, giving us no room to talk. She just gave me a meaningful glance just as the voice-over explained the steps of the ritual. I decided to control my unstable self; promising to question her for later.

Yes, blessing the snow moon was part of Phanteon tradition. The Alpha King and his Luna were expected to do the ritual; raising a plate of wheat in the air against the moon's light together with a chalice of water and the first pup of the year's cloth wrapping.

The whole time, I guided Serena through the process since she was still learning our traditions. In the end, she looked effortless, not rousing any suspicion at all from all who watched her. Well, either that or the guests were just in awe of us that they didn't bother on the minute details. For both of us, this was our first executed blessing.

We ended the ritual with a traditional prayer, asking for a fruitful year of harvest and offsprings. Cheers erupted in the hall afterward and the voice-over started another round of chants: "Hail King Aero and Queen Serena!"

The people around us chorused and clapped their hands enthusiastically. I had never seen a genuine reception like this before even in my father and mother's hosted party. It was filling me with pride and joy.

But, only for a moment however because just as the party started to go on full swing and the attention wasn't on us anymore, I grabbed Serena's hand and led her to the hidden room at the back of the stage.

Once we were inside, I trapped her against the door. Her back hit with a thud just as I slammed a palm onto the hardwood. A considerable splintering appeared around the edges. It worsened when my claws dug deeper. This was my way of displacing my anger and frustration. Better the inanimate object than her.

Looking down, our eyes met. Hers was searching. Mine was in turmoil.

With my free hand, I caressed her cheek and planted a kiss on her forehead.

"Help me, Serena," I whispered, gritting my teeth. "I don't...know...how...to contain my jealousy."

Her lips parted slightly in a slow inhale. She angled her head to the side after taking her mask off, closed her eyes, and sandwiched my palm with both of her hands, looking like she was savoring the warmth it had emitted.

"Aero, your jealousy is misguided," she said, then gazed at me with the most serious expression on her face. "Nothing happened between Hale and me."

'I know that, but...'

"Still, I want to know what happened," I voiced out. "What were you two talking about?"

"Is that an order or a—"

"It's an order, Serena," I interrupted, my eyes turning hooded. "When he's concerned, I want to know everything, or else this confusing emotion will eat me alive."

I had seen my father slowly sinking into depression because of the very emotion I was feeling right now. I didn't want that to happen to me. I want to save myself from the unneeded hurt and Serena was my way out of it.

'If' she'd be truthful that is.

A semblance of understanding sparkled in her eyes. She tip-toed and gave me a chaste kiss on the lips consequently quieting, even for a little, the jealousy surrounding me.

"Enemies," she started then. "He mentioned that you have enemies waiting to strike your back. I asked him if he knew about the murderer-arsonist, but he gave no reply."

Nothing surprising in that. I was well aware I'd sooner or later create an enemy with the other realms. All kings have at least one in their lifetime. I wasn't exempted.

"He knows that I'm human," Serena continued, and right after hearing this, my wolf and lycan sides growled inside. That meant he had indirectly sampled her blood. Possibly while still in his lair. Fucking bastard... "He tried to blackmail me using this, threatening to spill my identity in front of all your subjects," she added.

"That's not going to help him. Whether you're exposed or not, nothing will change. You will still be my queen and I will let my people understand that by force or by reason," I declared without hesitation.

I was dangerously leaning on the idea that she was more important than my crown and somehow that didn't bother me.

She broke out into a relieved smile thereafter and that pleased me.

"What else?" I asked, encouraging her to tell more.

"He offered shelter in his lair. He wanted me to leave you and go with him."

I scoffed at his desperation. This vampire bastard really was pushing it.

"Let me guess, he wants to drink your blood too," I stated, sneering at the idea of him biting her.

"Yes, he didn't fail on reminding me that."

I sensed a rising frustration inside her so I cupped her face with both of my hands and declared, "I won't allow that to happen, you hear me? I will protect you from him and from any other beings that threaten to hurt you."

"Ye...s," she stammered to say. "Thank you, Aero."

I kissed her forehead again and sniffed her perpetual sweet scent. By this, somehow my jealousy had lifted. I was freed and I couldn't be more thankful for her honesty.

Giving her a gentle smile, I wrapped an arm around her waist and pulled her towards me.

"It's getting late. Let's leave the party and rest," I offered, but then, she quickly shook her head.

"No, wait, there's more," she exclaimed and pushed me back whilst knotting her brows towards me.

I was taken aback for a moment, but then I noticed a gradual change inside her.

She was teary-eyed all of a sudden, but she didn't look like she was about to cry. In fact, her wet eyes brightened with determination. I was mesmerized. This was my first time seeing this side of her.

"Lord Hale said I was just your tool; a person who secures your throne. My freedom, my decision-making inside your court, my influence in your rule—he said it was all just a front for your kingdom."

I gnashed my teeth and instantly, my eyes clouded with fury. I wanted to tear that vampire's mouth so badly that instant, but I knew I had to defend myself first.

"Serena," I whispered, reaching out to touch her cheek. She immediately raised a hand then and stopped me.

"Don't worry," she said, showing me a fleeting smile. "I knew already from the start we were just using each other for our own gains. It's just that, things got complicated when you and I..." she blushed and diverted her eyes on the floor, "...when we surrendered to our desires."

I clenched my teeth. Hell, how was I supposed to correct her words when they were the truth?

"He...he mentioned about you not marking me. That you won't...ever going to do it," she weakly continued, likely unsure to bring this up to my attention.

Even I was stunned to hear about this matter. Fuck, this honestly never crossed my mind.

Marking a mate...my kingdom called it 'zimet,' an intimate ritual to seal the bond of two souls. However, such a ritual for me was unnecessary. An illusion. A foolish agreement between a man and a woman who thinks they were paired for each other.

For me, marking someone in the hopes that they were that person was a fine line between happiness and insanity. My father marked my mother in the hopes that she was his person, but it turned out, she wasn't, and it ruined him and almost destroyed the kingdom.

Hating women ever since I was young, I didn't think I would be able to mark someone, but then, enter Serena in my life and all my beliefs crumbled. She had thought me a lot, made me experience many things I never knew possible in my self-imposed gloomy life.

Thinking about it now, indeed, she had freed me. She had brought me out of the darkness. She was my true mate. She was destined for me.

“You’re not going to ask why I haven’t marked you?” I questioned, grabbing her arm to direct her focus back to me.

I was ready to bleed my emotions to her, ready to spill it all, ready to tell her I was falling for her, hard, and that at this moment, I wanted to mark her, but then she answered in the most honest way possible: “I won’t, because I’m not even sure myself if I wanted you to mark me.”

Her words caught me by surprise, and admittedly, it really did sting my heart. However, I couldn’t blame her. She was in a different world, unsure of her identity, and with a man who still...or now selectively hates women and could turn into a beast anytime. Sealing our bond meant commitment. Marking her meant she was ready to submit her all to me, including her heart.

“That’s exactly the reason, Serena. We already had a forced wedding, a forced bond in the first place. I need to mark you with your consent,” I explained, choosing this convenient reason instead.

“Until you are ready...” I continued and pulled her in for a tight embrace.

‘Until you admit you love me...’ my thoughts concluded.

Thick silence filled the room. I didn’t press her to answer, not verbally at least. Tipping her chin up, I held her gaze, telling her in silence how much she meant to me.

“I know you’re not a very patient man, Aero,” she stated, giving me a partly worried, partly relieved smile.

“I will try for you,” I said promptly, then seized her lips.

That night, we made love. The third phase of the snow moon was the sole witness of how much my restraint was tested.

The Alpha King’s Claim chapter 69

[/ The Alpha King’s Claim](#)

The Alpha King’s Claim chapter 69

Aero

“Brother!” Elijah’s voice boomed across the receiving room the moment I heard the main door swung open. I already knew he’d be visiting me this early morning after my show of possessiveness last night. He was either happy that I got hitched for real or angry that I didn’t tell him sooner. I was curious to know which reaction he’d show.

Finishing up the buttons of my coat, I stepped outside my bedroom and faced him.

"Hey, what I saw last night, that was real right?" he asked in a hurry, his face completely curious.

My mouth curved into a small smile.

"Keep your voice down, Serena is still asleep," I replied.

Slowly, he stretched his head and looked past me to the double doors I had intentionally left open.

"Ha! I knew it!" he exclaimed in a joyful tone. "I knew you're going to surrender."

Then, he gave me a smirk, one that was really vexing.

"And you've come here to gloat," I stated, sighing. "Couldn't you wait for me in the throne room?"

"Erm, I apologize, but I can't brother." He followed me when I strode towards the main door. "I'm feeling over the moon since last night. I needed your confirmation, but seeing Serena sharing your bed—that made it official."

As brothers, any changes of the heart could have been easily sensed by the other, but I hid mine so well. I was privy to my emotions and he understood that.

"So, now that you both consummated your marriage, what happens to the agreement then?" he asked, walking beside me along the hallway going to the throne room.

"It's void," was my swift answer.

"Okay, good, then that means she'll stay?"

"Yes, indefinitely."

"Why's that?" his brows furrowed quickly. "You're subtly telling me she could still return to Earth anytime. You're supposed to answer that she'll stay for good."

I wanted to fill in the gap, but I also was curious to see if he'd notice.

"Wait, you haven't marked her yet?" he asked, blocking suddenly my path.

There.

I gave him a blank expression in response. Hell, I wanted to last night, so much so that my wolf and lycan sides were clawing to the surface, howling and getting aggressive by the minute Serena and I were together. Now that I had fully recognized my feelings for her, I realized my beasts had long ago wanted to mark her. I was just stupid enough to keep a blind eye to it.

"You should mark her!" Elijah shouted, knotting his brows further. "If you did, then all this discussion about returning to Earth will end!"

"Elijah, I prefer not to be hasty," I stated, walking past him with still a blank expression on my face.

"You love her, don't you? Don't deny it. I could see it in the way you kissed her last night."

I released a deep sigh.

"I wasn't going to."

"Had you told her you love her?" he continued, returning to my left.

"Not yet."

I gritted my teeth. Not until she loves me too. I didn't want to force her into loving me, a beast-man. She had to learn and discover it for herself. I was ready to restrain myself, ready to accept all the struggles that lay ahead just for this.

"Hmm, you really are just a baby in terms of starting a relationship," Elijah mused whilst shaking his head.

I frowned at him.

"This is my first relationship, what else should you expect?"

"Yes, point taken, but a word of caution, you got yourself a good competition."

I knew exactly who he was talking about and I couldn't help but laugh blandly.

"It's not a competition if Serena doesn't like vampires, or Hale specifically," I voiced out.

He nodded at my statement, but still sported this calculating expression on his face.

"I agree, but he could still steal her away from you and do those kinds of vampire shit towards her, willingly or not," he remarked.

Somehow, this affected me. Thinking about Serena in Hale's arms, beguiled and under his spell—it made my stomach lurch.

"I'll die first before that happens," I growled.

But in the midst of my heightened emotion, Elijah just remained cool and was even grinning at me.

"Aw, you really have changed, brother. I'm happy you finally see how much a woman is worth," he said.

Dying for a woman? I scorned, spit, and mocked on that idea in the past. Never in my life had I thought I would be willing to do that for a woman.

Now, I guess, my views had changed and all because of Serena.

Serena

I woke up finding Aero's presence absent, but he left me a note on the bedside table informing me he'd be in his throne room doing court duties. Spending almost every morning together, I found this change a bit unusual.

An unwelcomed negative thought crossed my mind, thinking that maybe, he was displeased with my answer last night, but I quickly shut the thought away. Now wasn't the time to doubt him.

I left his chamber wrapped in his bedsheet. In one arm was the ball gown that had been ripped in two with Aero's claws last night and in the other was my mask and stiletto.

I went to my chamber and dump them in a basket before going to the bathroom. In there, another thought crossed my mind.

Tomorrow would be the day the fire victims get to transfer to their new houses and businesses. I was very excited about that. Last night, Aero told me I'd be heading the opening and the blessing, and that meant I'd give a speech too.

A speech...for them, my mind commented.

I didn't think it was a difficult task, but still, this left me on edge. What if Lord Hale executed his threat? What if he already told some of the guests at the party that I was a human? What if the whole kingdom now know it?

If he did then, that would be a big problem.

I couldn't even verify for myself if I am a human since these insects still kept on surrounding me.

Recalling what Aero said, that he'd have his people accept me by reason or by force, I bit of ease filled me. Maybe by reason, I'd be fine with that, but by force? Oh no, I couldn't allow it.

Phanteon's people...or erm, werewolves have every right to choose freely and to give their opinions. The queen position wasn't exempted from their judgment.

So, with this in mind, stepping out of my bath, I decided to prepare a speech—a speech that would make all jaws drop. It took me half a day to compose it, redoing the flow of the sentences, choosing the best words, making it as sincere as possible. By the time I finished, I went to the south wing mess hall to get Rhea's comment. She was unfortunately not there and hadn't been since this morning which I found rather odd.

I decided to safely tuck the paper inside my dress's hidden pocket for later use and focus on helping out the volunteers in preparing lunch.

By afternoon, Rhea didn't come too and I was left wondering why until night time came. Maybe she was with Elijah or maybe she was busy with another errand. It was, for me still odd, however. It wasn't like her not to inform me or the volunteers about her whereabouts.

The same went for Aero too. I tried to visit him inside the throne room but he wasn't there. I also checked his study and received the same result. I tried asking William and his other Alphas who I was able to come across in the hallways, but none of them knew where he was.

At one point in my search, I saw from the hallway window, Elijah and Alpha Aaron mounting their horses and leaving the castle together. I crinkled my brows. Here I thought he was with Rhea, but I guess I was wrong.

By evening, I was in the mess hall again when William approached me. Dinner with the King, he said. I was so enthusiastic to meet him that I opted out on bathing first and changing my clothes.

When I entered the dining room, Aero was already in his seat like always, but the difference this time was that a female servant with wavy, pony-tailed hair stood close to him, speaking in a hushed tone.

This was my first time seeing him welcoming another female into his personal space. I was supposed to feel happy about it, but something inside me pricked—especially when that said female servant looked at me awkwardly and left in haste when I sat on my chair.

I noticed his plate already half empty and I figured he had started eating before I came in. Again, this was a first. He usually waited for me to arrive before starting.

A gnawing feeling left a bitter taste in my mouth when Aero acted as if nothing was amiss. He just raised his wine glass and drank its contents liberally. His gaze flitted to me as he did so. Our eyes locked and just like that, my heart shrunk. His usual loving gaze now turned cold and lifeless.

Not like I wasn't accustomed to this in the past. It was just that, I didn't expect I'd see this kind of dead gaze again after we created a bond.

"Uhh..." I mustered up the courage to speak, but suddenly, a shadow appeared on my left.

“Excuse me for the intrusion.”

Glancing at the source of the female voice, I realized it was Rhea.

“May I speak with you, Your Majesty, in private?” she asked, her attention fixed to the king. She didn’t even care to give me a glance or a smile on my way. She looked uneasy and rather shifty, definitely unlike her usual self.

I wanted to ask if she was okay, but Aero stood up from his seat, interrupting me.

“Continue with your meals, Serena,” was his stern reply and this, he did without hesitation.

Again, my heart sunk.

“Okay,” I answered, but truth be told, I didn’t have an appetite anymore.

When they left to who-knows-where, I counted to fifty before leaving the table. Going straight to my room, I decided to take a shower and hoped that maybe all these negative thoughts swimming my head would be washed away. I didn’t want to think about it, but the idea that Aero was indeed displeased with my answer last night had battered my consciousness.

I couldn’t also piece out what was wrong with that female servant, Rhea, and Aero. Why the damn secrecy?

However, again, I want to be optimistic. Maybe...it was kingdom-related. Aero hadn’t really allowed me to get involved in most of the problems in the kingdom.

Then again, still, this secrecy was pulling me down. I had to know. I had to ask him straight to the point whatever it was they were hiding from me.

So, after changing into my white chemise, I decided to stay inside Aero’s chamber and wait for him there.

Like always, I confidently strode towards his chamber, acting at home and relaxed. His receiving room’s fireplace was unlit and even the chandelier was unlit just like the usual. However, this time, before I could open the bedroom door, I noticed a faint glow of something inside a glass cabinet.

Furrowing my brows, I neared it and found that the faint greenish-violet glow came from the fist-sized stone included in his collection. Ehnrelil—it said in the label below it and this time, I understood what this word meant. It was the origin of the stone.

I stared at it for a few minutes, weirdly feeling calm and satisfied. There was something about the stone that attracted me so. Something that captured my consciousness. For a moment, I was tempted to open the casing and touch it, but then, a very loud, very erotic voice of a woman caught my attention and it came from no less than Aero’s bedroom.

Instantly, a wave of chill ran down my fingers and toes. My heartbeat immediately sped. My pulse increased.

I didn't want to believe that that sexual sound surfaced from the same place where Aero and I always make love. I wanted to unhear it. I wanted to deny what I was hearing, but I knew the sound was real. As real as the dread I was feeling.

My attraction to the stone was gone in a snap and was replaced with the need to open the double doors of Aero's bedroom. With my lips trembling, I slowly twisted the knob open and to my great surprise, Aero's nakedness greeted me—his face a picture of ecstasy as his hips thrust wildly against a woman's ass.

But no, it wasn't just a woman.

It was Rhea.

The Alpha King's Claim chapter 70

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

The Alpha King's Claim chapter 70

Serena

Hurt wasn't an enough word to describe what I felt while looking at the betrayal before me. Pain of any physical kind couldn't even match up to the anguish I felt deep inside.

What I felt was pain caused more than slicing me open with a blade, more than pouring acid on my insides, more than chopping me into pieces, more than bleeding me dry...

My bright world had completely turned dark and gloomy and for a brief moment, I thought I had died.

Actually, dying was preferable than witnessing this highest form of treachery. What was worse was I was present to witness it all. Inch by inch of their nakedness. Inch by inch of their lewd connection.

They were so engrossed that none of them appeared to notice me. Rhea kept on moaning loudly, enjoying every bit of Aero's embedded cock, while the latter was in his own world of pleasure, grunting and groaning. The tautness of his muscles, the length of his shaft slipping in and out of my friend's sex, his completely elated face—eyes closed and mouth formed into a 'hiss'—it was the most painful picture I had ever seen.

At the back of my head, I wished and prayed that this was all just a dream. That I'd soon wake up from this nightmare, but no...

This was really real.

I felt a crushing weight on my chest. I couldn't breathe properly. My fingers, they all turned cold and trembled wildly. I clasped my hands together in the hopes of controlling them and crossed my arms over my chest in an act of embracing myself.

Consoling myself...

My God...I thought.

Was that why they were so secretive earlier in the dining room? Her, asking to 'talk' to him in private?

Moving further back, was that the reason why they were both absent this morning and afternoon?

Had they been fucking all this time? Had they been fooling me? Making me think that she was in love with Elijah and Aero with me?

Had Aero been that quick-hearted? Just because I was being honest with my feelings, unsure as it may be, that he'd speedily jump into another woman?

Just because he had finally tasted the pleasures of a pussy that he'd want to sample all females now?

Was this the real reason why he didn't want to mark me?

Hot tears fell down my cheeks unhindered. It was like a river, with deep sadness as its driving force.

I didn't know what to think anymore. I didn't know what to say, but I knew the more I looked at them in their pleasurable world, the more I felt embarrassed.

Huh. Me, embarrassed.

I actually thought I was intruding on them than discovering an illicit affair.

My legs felt frozen. I couldn't seem to take another step, but unable to watch them any further I willed my legs to move.

With a soft sob, I left the bedroom and walked straight to the main door, planning to hide in my room where no one would see me cry.

I was about to open the door, but then, a thought crossed my mind.

"No," I muttered, knitting my brows.

I shouldn't feel embarrassed. I shouldn't be afraid to confront them. I was the one who was being wronged at. I was the victim!

But this wasn't the very idea that encouraged me to go back. It was my intuition, my feeling that something was wrong.

"This doesn't add up," I murmured.

All I experienced with Aero these past few days: his warmth, his genuine care, his possessiveness, the loving way he looked at me, his reassuring words, even his hatred and arrogance, they were all real, and I thought, he would never do this to me.

He would never betray me.

Taking a deep breath, I turned back and marched into the bedroom with fire in my wet eyes.

"Alright!" I shouted just as the double doors swung open. "I know you're not my husband, so let's cut the bullshit acting. Reveal yourself!"

Aero and Rhea stilled. They both looked at me, but the former was the one who actually chuckled.

Chuckled first like how the real Aero would with his rich voice but it soon changed into a woman's.

"Impressive. You amaze me, Your Highness," he said, curving his lips into a wicked smile.

Then, as I continued to glare at him, his face and body morphed into someone I didn't expect at all.

"Farryl...?" I murmured, thoroughly flabbergasted.

Then, Rhea, or who I thought was her disappeared like a ripple in the water. That's when I realized everything I saw earlier was just an illusion. Farryl actually had the power to create such a vile image, but why?

"Why are you doing this?" I asked, gritting my teeth. My tears had ceased to flow. It all dried up due to the anger boiling inside me.

"I told you you're making a big mistake," she spat whilst standing up from the bed. "You're a human. You're fragile. I want to save you from the king!"

"Save me?" I scoffed and cringed. "By fooling me? Are you out of your mind?"

"No, I am not out of my mind, and yes, I had to fool you," she tipped her chin up, feeling righteous.

"It's a necessary solution for a holy intention, Your Highness. King Aero has a heart of ice. He'll only crush you with it."

I shook my head, disbelieving her stupidity.

"I thought you're this realm's guardian. You were supposed to be well-informed with all that's happening here."

"No, don't mistake me for a god, Your Highness," she answered. "I am not all-seeing. I only see what's within my jurisdiction."

"Then, you are not fully informed of what's happening in this kingdom, especially with your king!" I cried out. I wanted to tell her he had changed, but with no evidence to back it up, it wouldn't be as effective.

Aero was the only one who could change her mind. He should confront her, but I doubt he would be willing to defend himself. He was that stubborn.

"Yes, as a guardian, there are still some limitations, but I do care for my kingdom and I want nothing but the best for it!" Farryl cried, her eyes bright with broken fury. "That's the reason why I accepted this guardianship position in the first place even though I was rightfully to become an Alpha!"

She waltzed past me and stood near the balcony door, looking up the dark sky, towards the snow moon no doubt.

"As to my king, huh," she bitterly laughed, "his pitiful life is none of my business."

I felt for her. I really did, but still, her beliefs were wrong. So wrong.

"True, your grudge against him is justifiable, but you shouldn't have let it keep you blind all this time," I said.

"No!" she immediately turned and glared at me. "You're the one who is blind. Can't you see? He is just using you!"

"He once did, yes," I butted in, squaring my shoulders. "We both entered into a mutual agreement in the past that both benefited us. We took advantage of one another. It was never one-sided, Farryl. I was using him too."

My words seemed to take her by surprise. She remained silent so I used this chance to fully defend my sorry-ass husband.

'He should repay me big time for this,' I told myself.

"I was aware of how difficult he was the very moment I appeared underneath him in this chamber that day. He hadn't failed to remind me every day he hated women, but still, I persevered because I saw his potential to change. I saw the goodness in his heart. I saw how his people cared for him and how desperate they were to see him happy. Did you stop and think why I still choose to stay despite all that?"

She gave me a clueless look.

This time I really did step up further, realizing over the course of a few minutes, my true feelings for Aero. I was no longer confused now. It was as clear as day I truly love him.

"Because I wanted to see him happy," I told Farryl. Fresh tears immediately streamed down my cheeks. Not of sadness or disappointment, but of joy. Pure, unbridled joy.

"I care for him deeply. I love him. With all my heart!" I declared, my eyes flashing bright.

"You love him despite his flaws?" she asked, twisting her brows, completely fazed.

"Yes," was my sure answer.

"Despite knowing you'll get hurt someday?!" she shouted. "The illusion you saw earlier will be your future, Serena. What I did is just a taste of what you will experience if you don't leave him!"

I shook my head, determination filling inside me.

"I won't because I have faith he would never do that to me. I know he loves me too."

"Huh, the king, in love?" she broke out into a dry laugh.

"Yes," someone answered from behind me, and when I turned, I saw, to my astonishment, the real Aero of my life, sporting a gentle expression on his face. "I am in love with Serena more than my kingdom. More than my life."

"Aero..." I muttered, my heart fluttering a hundred beats per minute. I wanted to ask him where he'd been, what were he and Rhea talking about, and what was all that cold and lifeless look in his eyes? But I reserved it for later. I wanted to savor this moment. He just confessed to me in the most grand of way and this utterly made me feel special.

Stepping inside the room, he awarded me a meaningful smile before holding my hand.

"It's been a while Farryl," he then said, directing his attention to his guardian.

Farryl looked suddenly pale, embarrassed, and overall guilty.

She took a step back and slightly lowered her head.

"I expected you to excel with your position. I didn't think you'd use this to sink so low," Aero stated, frowning.

I expected a string of harsh words thereafter, but I was taken aback when his frown disappeared and was replaced with a soft, repentant face.

"However...our quarrel aside, I honestly want to seek your forgiveness," he declared.

"My...forgiveness...?" Farryl parroted, looking surprised herself whilst staring at her king.

"I was a fool thinking no woman should hold any Alpha position. I may not have fully released my hatred, but what I am right now is enough to see past my prejudice of women. I owe it a lot to Serena for showing me the light," he said, then squeezed my hand. "She is my savior. My true mate. The woman that I love."

I was dying in happiness inside hearing his words. Oh god, let this not be a dream, please.

"You're skillful, Farryl. You're talented. You have a strong mind and a caring heart. I truly think you're fit for an Alpha or a guardianship role. If you could find it in your heart to forgive me, I would be grateful."

In a heartbeat, Farryl was teary-eyed.

"My...king," she murmured and acted like she was about to kneel, but Aero stopped her.

"No, stand up," he said. "You don't need to force yourself right now. Let us allow the healing of our wounds. Give yourself time. Report to me when you're ready."

Farryl straightened, but the overconfident, spiteful woman I had seen in the last few minutes was gone. In our front now was a guardian with the same look of justice in her eyes but a newfound respect for her king.

"Leave, Farryl. I'll overlook whatever you just did here or said to your queen," Aero finalized.

Farryl turned to me and knelt on the ground with one knee.

"Queen Serena..." she lowered her head and continued, "I apologize for the hurt I caused you."

"Apology accepted," I replied, giving her a gentle smile.

With that, she disappeared, leaving me and my husband alone.

A desire within me was lit that instant. Aero squeezed my hand again in response, no doubt feeling the same.

"Serena..." he mumbled and faced me.

I cupped his cheek and thumbed his lips as sensually as I could.

"Aero, please, can you mark me now?" I requested, my eyes pleading.

His hazel-greens turned hooded and he growled low before wrapping an arm around me and pulling me close.

"With pleasure, my queen."

In a flash, our mouths crashed and our tongues smashed against each other. Aero lifted me up the floor and I reactively looped my legs around his waist.

I was in dire need of him inside me and in dire need of him marking me that the waiting hurt so much.

"Please, do...it. I can't...wait any...longer!" I ordered again in between our kisses.

He chuckled at this.

Still wildly kissing, he arranged me in the center of the bed. I grabbed his coat, unbuttoned it as fast as I could, pulled it off of his arms thereafter before aiming for his undershirt.

But, he untangled himself suddenly and knelt before me.

With both hands, he grabbed the neckline of my chemise and ripped it in one move.

"Aero!" I cried out. He didn't really need to do such drastic measure again when I could have easily undressed out of it.

My husband though only hummed.

He lowered his head, neared his eager mouth on my breast, and dined my nipple full.

I tossed my head back and moaned hard when I felt his warm tongue wrap around the tip.

"Ahhh!"

"Say you love me again, Serena," he ordered sternly against my breast, then bit the fleshy part that bounced for him.

"I love you," I whimpered.

His excellent fingers entered my underwear and found my dripping sex. He slid two in between my folds and ordered again, "Louder, Serena. I like how those words sound when you speak them."

I squirmed underneath him when his fingers advanced. "I Love You!" I cried out harder.

He faced me, gave me a victorious smirk before capturing my lips again.

His fingers and his tongue were both heaven-sent, but unfortunately, I had become greedy. I wanted his cock too and I wanted it inside me asap.

"Aero, fill me now," I asked, palming his bulge.

He traced his tongue down my neck as tortuously slow as he could and whispered on my ear, "Yes, I'm going to fill you full, my queen, and I'm going to mark you at the same time you'd experience the best kind of euphoria in your life."

He pulled away, ripped his undershirt, pulled his slacks and boxers in less than five seconds, and stood in front of me naked, like the mouthwatering Alpha King that he was.

"Are you ready?" he asked.

I nodded slowly and gulped.

Hell, yes, I am ready.

Author's Note: You can dice me now, my dear readers.