

The Alpha King's Claim

Chapter 101 The Emotional King

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Serena

My family was ecstatic to find out I was pregnant. Mother, who had the biggest smile on her face, immediately called her gyne doctor friend and set up an appointment with us. The clinic was conveniently located around the corner of the house so we headed there after lunch.

En route, Aero remained silent and moody.

Apparently, he still disliked the idea of his name being

used by my sister's cat, but it wasn't a cat really, it was still a kitten with little whiskers and deep blue eyes and fluffy orange fur. It was the cutest thing in my parents' house and I understood Jessica why she decided to keep it aside from the fact that it was given by a special friend.

Aero the Kitten and Aero the Alpha King's fateful meeting was comical at best. It was at lunch when this happened. They had a staring contest for an intense three minutes when the former climbed up and sat at my husband's side of the dining table.

If looks could kill, the kitten would have been dead-meat already, but if that wasn't possible, Aero

was a minute away from summoning his wolf form and picking a fight with it. Yeah, he was that dead-ass angry and I could feel it thrumming through our mate bond.

My parents, Jessica, and I exchanged glances—all of us trying to suppress our laughter—before I decided to step in and picked up the cutie and saved it from my husband's wrath.

My husky though wasn't affected. When I placed the kitten down, Aurie immediately played with it by running around the opened porch.

'I am not going into that house again while that thief is still there,' he mind-linked me while we were inside my mother's SUV. She volunteered to drive us to the clinic and I happily agreed.

I bit back a laugh and gave him an arched brow.

'Thief?' I asked. 'Aero, you're so adorable when you're having tantrums.'

'Serena, I'm serious. I'm a wolf. Felines and canines don't get along,' he reasoned whilst staring back at me.

'I'm a wolf too remember, but I'm cool with the kitty's presence.' Then I smirked at him and playfully prodded his shoulder. 'Are you sure it's not because of your similar names?'

He released a sigh and replied in the form of silence, turning his head towards the car window instead.

‘Jessica admires you so much after hearing your life story and our love story. Allow her this privilege as her birthday gift. I promise,’—then I sensually touched his inner thigh—‘Aero the Kitten will grow on you.’

That did the trick. He picked up the double meaning immediately.

He narrowed his eyes at me as a result. ‘Serena, you’re awful with metaphors. Cats and my cock don’t mix.’

‘How about pussy and cock then?’ I teasingly returned.

His eyes turned a shade darker in response. ‘You’re getting your punishment tonight for teasing me like this.’

I flashed him a big smile. ‘Oh, I’m looking forward to it, believe me. The Princess of Promise cruise ship will be a new location for this punishment you speak of.’

“We’re here,” my mother announced, cluelessly interrupting me and Aero’s telepathic conversation.

I glanced ahead and saw our car driving to a modest-sized establishment with white paint and a well-manicured garden.

Aero squeezed my hand and confessed, ‘I’m excited to see our little ones even if it’s in black and white.’

I tilted my head up. ‘Yeah, me too.’

After my mother parked the car, we all entered the clinic and the nurse ushered us inside the ultrasound room. In there, the gyne doctor whose name was Dr. Catherine Gillis asked basic questions first like my menarche, my regular bleed cycle, and my sexual health. Needless to say, since I was half-wolf and half-fae, I experienced slightly different things than a human, like for example fae and wolf heat over puberty and magical pool soaks over menstruation. I couldn’t divulge them so I just used the normal answers expected of me.

Aero was beside me when Dr. Gillis started the ultrasound scan while my mother sat on a chair, in a comfortable distance away from us. His hand wrapped mine like the cliché thing one would see from a husband and a wife in an OB-Gyne advert, but I didn’t mind clichés especially if it was like this good.

“Congratulations on your pregnancy, Mrs. Blackwolfe,” the doctor greeted whilst probing my flat belly.

My teeth flashed towards her way and replied, “Thank you.” Then, I threw a silly look at Aero when I remembered how he picked ‘Blackwolfe’ as our human patronym. Phanteon families

opted out on surnames. Rather, they use their pack names or other certain traits a wolf has to distinguish their families. Again, Aero created the 'Blackwolfe' surname out of whim stating he was a black wolf and that it sounded cool.

Hmph. Definitely original.

But I had to admit, it did sound cool when the doctor used it.

"And I'm happy to announce that you have twins!" she beamed at me. "If you look at the monitor overhead, you'll see that we have two heartbeats."

Aero and I looked up and as soon as I saw the beating hearts of my twins, I choked back a sob.

My eyes started to water but since I didn't want to get too emotional, I repressed it.

Aero seemed lost too just watching the screen, but in his mind, I could see the happy pictures flashing before him: his first embrace with his sons, his attempts at soothing their cries, and even the diaper changes. They were indeed precious possibilities come future.

This time, damn it, I couldn't stop my tears from falling anymore.

'Don't start crying,' he mind-linked me there and then. 'If you cry. I cry.'

'I'm crying now, so do the same too.' I sniffed and expectantly glanced up to see him do it.

This was going to be sweet, I told myself. I hadn't seen my husband shed a tear so far. Maybe he did when he thought I was dead during the great battle, but we were under the holy water of River Enyd at that time so his tears, if he was truly crying, mingled with the liquid.

'I'm crying inside, Serena,' then he told me coolly. I went ballistic.

'No! That's so unfair. You're a cheat! I want to see your tears!'

'They are invisible,' he reasoned, showing me his usual stiff disposition.

Inwardly, I hissed. Damn sly wolf.

"Wow, such tears of joy, Mrs. Blackwolfe," Dr. Gillis remarked before I could complain to Aero again. She turned to my mother's way and signaled her to hand over some tissues. My mother, who was also crying her eyes out, handed me a pack.

"Thanks, mom," through wet eyes, I smiled on her way. She smiled back and returned to her seat. Aero, with the gentlest of hands, helped wipe my tears dry. We exchanged meaningful stares during that time, needing no words to convey how happy we were.

For now, I would concede. He'll cry eventually especially when our little ones will be born, I'm sure of it.

“They are healthy and growing well,” the doctor continued with her probing. “You’re about ten weeks’ gestational age, Mrs. Blackwolfe. This means your twins are the size of a prune and taking a human shape now. Their internal organs are in place and are working together. Fingers and toes are getting longer. They don’t look much like a baby yet but this is a great start.”

“Thank you for the information, Dr. Gillis,” I replied. She pressed something on her keyboard and the printer started spewing black and white pictures of our pups.

“I’m happy to serve you and your family,” she stated as she pulled out the pics and handed it to me.

I didn’t waste time sharing it with Aero.

“Let’s frame this,” he suggested and I couldn’t agree more.

After our visit, we went back to the house to prepare for our cruise ship tour. I made sure to keep the scans protected so I placed them inside a plastic envelope and hid them in a secret compartment in my handbag.

Aero changed into a different trench coat fit for a cruise while I wore a long-sleeved maxidress with geometric patterns. We preferred to travel light so we prepared only two medium-sized bags.

Plus, I was confident in myself. Traveling with fae powers has its perks since I could just provide us a new set of clothes at the snap of my fingers. We used a rental van to drive us to the port where the Princess of Promise was docked. When we arrived there, it was already late afternoon. The sky had a pink to orange hue and the sun's burning rays made the enormous ship glow. I gaped at the sight of it. I could never get tired of admiring beautiful places and objects even when I was surrounded by plenty of it on Phanteon and Ehnrelil. Plus, the Princess of Promise had its own uniqueness.

It had four colossal towers jutting out from the deck. Instead of it painted white, it had a wall with a mirror-like effect. It reflected the sky and its surrounding structures and I could only guess how beautiful it would look like when we get to open waters.

The bow, stern, and bridge had intricate Neo-Victorian carving designs and they were mostly painted with white, gold, and silver. Overall, the ship looked like a crown floating in the water.

Really.

"Let's climb aboard?" my father asked while turning to all of us. Of course, he didn't need to see our collective nods before he led the way to the entrance stairs.

Aero, thinking about the babies and not trying to be a gentleman, lifted our bags, and my god, how I salivated watching him.

Damn. How could a simple chore like this look so sexy?! He still exuded his royal flare while doing this!

I swore I saw other female guests ogle at my husband when we boarded the ship, when we checked in the front desk and when we passed by hallways, and this persisted until we found our upgraded cabin—a luxury suite that Aero chose.

“Maybe next time I should think about bringing you to Earth, Aero. You stick out like a sore thumb,” I half-grumbled when I leaned against the metal balcony near our bedroom with my arms folded. We had been to Earth together twice: first was in Greece and the second was in Spain but we were in private locations during those times, not too many people technically. This was a first for us to be in public.

He placed our luggage against the wall next to the bathroom before he neared me and grabbed my waist.

“Hmm, do I hear jealousy in my wife’s voice?” His amber-green eyes danced with mischief.

Lifting my chin, I scrutinized his freshly trimmed stubble that peppered his jaw and threaded my fingers through his hair.

“Yes, and I’m not ashamed to admit it,” I blurted out. His round lips that I had oh so wanted to kiss curved upward.

“Then good, the feeling is mutual,” he replied. His hands guided me to turn around and face the darkening sky ahead. Our suite was located at the rear end of the ship. The only things that welcomed us were the earlier-mentioned atmosphere and the vast sea. This time, no eyes could observe us.

“I saw lots of men ogle you too, Serena,” he whispered in my ear. His arms fully covered me and I relished every second of the position.

“You know what kept me from barking at them and tearing their eyes apart?” he continued.

Slightly, I inclined my head and gave him an incredulous stare. “Because you’d be imprisoned for murder and I’d be left taking care of our children alone?”

“Hmf,” he briefly scoffed, “well, yes...that,” then he tightened his embrace around me, “but mainly because I enjoyed watching them realize you’re mine alone.”

I chuckled just as my cheeks heated up. “Oh gosh, Aero, you’re fattening my liver.”

There was a peaceful silence between the two of us thereafter. For minutes we did this, just

watching the changing colors in the sky and enjoying smelling the sea breeze until I felt his bulge against my behind.

“This balcony with a sea view is beautiful,” he commented out of the blue.

I sighed and snuggled against his chest more. “And this early evening too.”

“You know what else I am thinking, my queen?”

‘Huh, you really have to ask me that when I can literally read your thoughts right now?’ I mindlinked him.

Pictures of us passionately kissing on the balcony, half-naked and our hands exploring our bodies flashed in my head. And oh, as well as his cock deeply embedded inside me while I hang on for dear life on top of the railing. He was the source of these dangerous but erotic images and I couldn’t blame him. I wanted this to happen too.

“Good, then you know I want an answer,” was his response. He pressed more of his bulge against me and I bit the inside of my cheek. He knew he just turned me on.

“Is it a yay or a nay?”

I shifted to face him, my seductive side now on the surface.

‘Certainly a yay, my king,’ I replied through telepathy. Not wasting time, I initiated our kiss, hungrily locking his lips with mine.

'Wise answer,' he fired back whilst doing the same passionate kiss to my lips.
His hands began to wander down my thighs minutes later.