

The Alpha King's Claim

Chapter 104 The Viral Sensation

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Serena

“Oh! A ring!” I exclaimed, feeling really surprised by this.

“I had it created by the most skilled blacksmith in the Silvernale Pack earlier and had Farryl deliver it to me. It has a twin. Here is mine.” He pulled out another black box and opened it. As he said, the second looked just the same as the first but it had a thicker band and a bigger cut stone nestled on the center.

Huh. I rolled my eyes in disbelief.

It seemed my husband had been secretive this day and blocked me from reading his real activities, making me think he was with the viscount when in fact he was busy elsewhere.

I overlooked the fact that he hopped realms again since the reason was a valid one and just felt happy with this gift.

“Oh, these are beautiful, Aero.”

I watched as the pearly, opalescent stones glowed against the moonlight.

“That’s moonstone right here, coated with silver and gold,” he pointed.

“Silver?” My brows furrowed. “I thought this is like kryptonite to you? Your weakness?”

“That’s shit, Serena,” he grumbled. “Don’t believe in anything mainstream media says.”

“Oh,” I chuckled, “my bad then, but really, these are so beautiful! I thought werewolf and lycan mates don’t use rings to symbolize their union?”

“Yes, you’re correct, but I told you remember? I’ll replace the first ring I gave you,” he answered, looking super proud of himself.

“Yeah, the first ring you told me to reconfigure into a necklace?” That said jewelry is safe in his glass display now, along with the magical painting that brought us together.

“But something tells me you want to give me a ring now because of what happened to you on the sundeck this morning.” I took the box from his hand and narrowed my eyes at him.

The whole time those women flirted with my mate, I was seething in rage while decorating the stage, but I was also enjoying my husband’s attempt to push them away and failing miserably. I didn’t mind-link him to suggest what he’d do. I let him deal with them on his own until the viscount came to his rescue.

“Partly, yes, I won’t deny such an embarrassing situation.” A constipated expression appeared on his face then, clearly disliking the memory. “I hate it if that happens again but I would hate it

more if that happens to you just because you didn't wear a ring. In addition, the gyne doctor yesterday noticed how you weren't wearing one despite being married to Mr. Blackwolfe."

"Oh, you noticed that?" I was amazed. I wasn't that observant during our time in the clinic at all.

"Yes, I did. She was just courteous not to ask us." Aero took the box from me and picked up the ring from its enclosure.

"But the real reason why I'm giving this to you is that I really want to give you something that symbolizes my love. This ring is a far cry to what I really feel about you, Serena, but it will make do."

He inserted the ring around my finger as if he was a man proposing to his woman. My heart leaped, totally moved by this gesture.

"Thank you, Aero. I accept," I told him and planted a gentle kiss on his lips.

To maintain the mood, I took his ring from its box and displayed it in between us.

"Will you accept this ring as a symbol of my love for you?" I asked, smirking at him.

He cracked a proud smile before spreading his fingers. "Yes, without a doubt, I accept."

To stand with Aero like this—who once couldn't even bare existing in the same room with me—

told me how much we have grown. From better to worse, from worse to better, we had indeed prevailed and I was lucky to have him as my husband.

Other than the crescent moon mark on our wrists and my mate mark on my neck, we now own similar-looking rings that would show to the realms our union and the bottomless love we have for each other.

After that meaningful exchange, Aero lifted me up from the floor and simply poofed us out of our spot and into our suite. I may be biased to think this careless use of his ability was admissible since it benefited me, but who cares. I wanted us in our room fast as much as he was.

That night, we had another explosive lovemaking in our bed and on the balcony where the moon and the sea remained as the sole witnesses.

The cruise ship did short stopovers in two locations: Miami and The Bahamas over the span of two weeks. With this being the first for all of us, we got excited, but Aero, well, his excitement was inward and his smiles calculated. He was happy when I was happy and my family knew it and understood it.

During our time on the beaches, Aero allowed me to wear two-piece swimsuits. In return, I

allowed him to wear nothing but his swimming trunks. His lean body and those delicious abs of his, fuck, they were glorified by the sun, sand, and seawater. It was unfair.

Again, we gathered curious stares from around us. When it got to the point where a group of teenagers approached us for an Instagram photo-op, Aero inwardly grumbled.

‘Next time, we go to my private islands. Your parents can use the one in Hawaii while you and I occupy our favorite in Greece.’

I laughed at this. ‘Of course, your will, my king,’ I replied. ‘That would be better since, after this cruise, you wouldn’t want to be seen in public ever again.’

‘And why is that?’ he inquired with his eyes directed to me all the while our giggling fans continued snapping pictures.

‘That’s because you’ll be a viral sensation in the next few minutes.’ I gave him a wink as a takeaway.

His face reddened in response. ‘Humans are crazy people. I may not use this ‘net’ thing you mentioned but my sources told me enough to steer clear of it.’ Then he grabbed my elbow and yanked me away from the group. ‘Let’s go.’

“Thank you, sweeties.” I waved goodbye at our fans and quickly matched Aero’s pace. Behind us,

I heard squeals of delight and shouts of ‘shares and views.’ It was enough to tell me that our peaceful time on Earth was over.

On our last night aboard Princess of Promise, we watched the famous opera show heavily recommended by the media. Once again, we wore formal clothes: Aero now on a white tux while I, on my sky-blue goddess-inspired gown.

True to the adverts, the opera show was breathtaking. The story was about love, devotion, loss,

and redemption. At one point, tears really did leak from eyes, but Aero was quick to console me.

By the time it was done, we left the theater feeling contented—or at least for a short while

because I suddenly felt dizzy in the middle of the hallway. Extreme exhaustion hit me in waves I

had never experienced before and it was followed by hot flashes all over my body.

Aero, quick to notice the change, wrapped both of his arms around me.

“Serena, how are you feeling?” he asked, his face filled with intense worry.

Through my blurry vision, I looked up at him and smiled weakly. “I think I need to rest.”

“Ren! Oh my god!” Jessica exclaimed and neared me, her eyes directed at the lower half of my gown.

I heard a sharp gasp from my mother and then her panicked voice saying, “Your Highness, we need to get Serena to the ship’s clinic now!” I followed Jessica’s gaze and saw, to my astonishment, drops of blood soiling my gown.

Aero

I was calm and collected on the outside, nodding to Mrs. McAllister, but deep inside I was in a panic. My wolf and lycan sides jumped close to the edge of my consciousness with their claws retracted and teeth bared, growling furiously, trying to connect with their mate; trying to ensure she was fine and that our pups weren’t hurt. Serena looked horrified to see the bloodstain on her gown. She didn’t know what was happening. I was the same. Seeing blood on her was enough to turn me crazy, but it was more after finding it below her waist. It was indicative that something was wrong with her pregnancy... that something...

Fuck, I hope I am just thinking too much.

My alpha king status didn’t matter anymore. Fear had won and it gripped me on the spot. In a flash, I lifted her and bolted straight to the hallways where it led us to the grand foyer. It pays to be observant with the ship’s floor-by-floor map. I knew right away the clinic was conveniently

placed here.

The McAllister family followed me; their worry evident on their faces. Serena, silent and unmoving, rested her head against my shoulder. She was still conscious, but her eyes were closed. Upon entering the clinic, a male nurse stood up from his office chair and met me halfway.

“What happened?” he asked but I ignored his question.

“I demand a gyne doctor now!”

He must have been used to unstable people like me because he showed calm and poise when he answered, “Please, Sir, let’s arrange her in bed first.”

He pointed to a room with sterile-looking beds, curtains and walls, and I, without delay, entered it.

I arranged Serena on the mattress closest to the door while the nurse started taking her vitals.

Mrs. McAllister joined me inside while Patrick and Jessica waited in the vestibule. She grabbed Serena’s limp hand, sat down on the stool and started praying in silence.