

Chapter 112 The Alpha King In Action

Serena

“Russel has the element of surprise so this is an expected outcome in their first clash,” my father remarked without looking at me.

I glanced up at him and saw the seriousness in his eyes. “What do you mean father?” I asked.

“One of the reasons why I picked Russel to be the next alpha is because he has this unique ability of teleportation. It’s like the alpha king’s minus the realm hopping and is limited to a few times per day.”

“Even so, wow, that’s amazing. I didn’t think some other werewolf could get that kind of ability.”

I stared back at the general who stood cautiously at the center of the arena. His focus was on the wreckage, to where Aero took his time laughing—maybe not loudly—but still, I could hear it inside my thoughts.

Ugh.

‘What’s taking you so long in there?’ I mind-link him.

‘Just basking at the feeling of being a loser for a moment, Serena. It’s been a while since I felt this way,’ he reasoned. ‘I always win on a challenge or a fight, remember?’

‘Not with me, of course,’ I bit back.

This must have jogged his memory and hit his pride because from where I sat, I saw the destroyed stones move.

‘You’re a different story, my queen,’ he replied.

Boulders big and small fell down altogether and revealed my husband already standing and wiping blood from the corner of his mouth.

He had some gash on his left cheek and bruises on his arm and chest. The lower portion of his pants was torn off and from the opening, I saw blood seeping from a wound.

Despite this, he looked unaffected. His lips curled up into a satisfied, partly arrogant smile. I

narrowed my eyes after sensing some twisted happiness flooding inside him; the same kind when he was about to fight Nevannir during the great war.

“Yes, that’s right, future alpha. Give your best in this fight,” he muttered knowing well we all could still hear him despite the distance.

General Russel took this as an encouragement and didn’t waste time. He attacked Aero again using the same ability he used earlier.

My husband was prepared this time. He easily blocked the general’s roundhouse kick and said, “You can’t use the same approach on me again, alpha.” And like lightning, he grabbed the latter’s ankle and snapped the bones there.

All of us heard the pained groan of the general. I winced. I saw my father wince. I also saw the soldiers grimaced.

And then, the arena fell into stunned silence. The only sounds we heard were the sounds coming from the two men.

From where they stood, they continued to fight. Punch after punch. Kick after kick. Headbutt after headbutt. Blood spilling. Bones crushing. It was a veritable show of pure strength and power. It was beautiful and at the same time scary.

“Oh goodness...” I expressed whilst clenching my hands on my lap. I could stomach such a bloody show. I had my own share of it too, but I couldn't keep myself from worrying now.

“Don't worry, child. Blood spillage is normal during a spar,” my father assured.

“And broken bones too?” I added.

“Yes, as long as the head isn't decapitated then werewolves and lycans are good. All injuries will heal eventually,” he explained.

“Still, this isn't sparring. This is a brutal show of strength.”

He placed a hand on my shoulder and squeezed it.

“Serena, your husband is the alpha king. Expect no less from him. Your sons will likely do the same when they come of age.”

I bit my lip and exhaled. “Yes, I can imagine, father.”

Turning our attention back to them, this time, it was the future alpha who was in a tight spot. Aero threw a powerful punch towards his chin and this sent him flying in the air. When he fell down hard on the ground, a decent-sized crater appeared underneath him.

“Do you relent?” Aero stated whilst nearing the general’s tired form.

“Hell, no,” was his quick answer while struggling to stand up.

Aero gifted him a pleased grin. “We’re a good match, I like it.” The next second, he was on top of him: one knee touching the ground while the other flexed. His knuckles, white and ready, pummeled the general’s face nonstop.

It was a cringe-worthy sight at least for me. The soldiers, on the other hand, were enthralled by this.

I figured who wouldn’t be when they just got a first look at how their alpha king rearranges a handsome face.

General Russel somehow had some reserved strength left for he used it to return my husband’s punches. He utilized his ability again and surprised the latter with a mighty kick from behind.

I heard Aero’s spine cracked. I heard him groan painfully too just as he crashed a few meters away from the general.

Down on all fours, he spat blood and flashed another wicked smile.

“Two can play that game, alpha,” he muttered before disappearing.

“Oh oh...” I heard my father say before I saw Aero reappear behind the general. In a sudden move, he used his biceps to lock his head and squeeze his neck. General Russel tried to free himself, but it was to no avail. They both disappeared thereafter.

I struggled to find their next appearance in the arena, but my father then said, “Look up, Serena. Your husband is getting serious now.”

I directed my sight in the sky and found the two hurtling down the ground.

“Oh my god, Aero!”

I stood up, too shocked to just sit down. My father threw an arm in front of me and shook his head. “Just watch,” he said.

I gritted my teeth and did so.

Seconds later, they both hit the ground. Half of the arena became a crater thereafter.

In haste, I neared the edge with my father following me. We saw Aero standing as if his spine wasn't broken. General Russel was standing too but he looked so wounded and bloody that he couldn't stand straight.

“Do you...relent?” Aero rasped whilst throwing the man another searing gaze.

“No!” the future alpha of Alchidna stubbornly replied. ‘Aero, the man is bleeding to death. That’s enough!’ I couldn’t hold back from mind-linking him, now too affected by their fight.

‘Relax, my queen, and look,’ he simply answered, not even looking at me.

Then, General Russel fell down face flat on the ground.

“Alphas never quit, my child. That’s the ultimate rule if we want our packs united and safe,” my father filled in, squeezing my shoulder again. “If Russel relents that easily, then he doesn’t deserve your husband’s blessing. In turn, the pack won’t recognize him as their leader.”

“But obviously there’s a cosmic difference between the two men!” I exclaimed.

The serious look on my father’s face lightened.

“Your husband is called the alpha king, right? It wouldn’t make sense if his abilities and strength only equate to that of alpha status.”

I returned my attention to Aero. Dust and smoke parted revealing his contented visage.

“The fight is over. My future alpha has already used up all his strength,” my father said and then entered the crater. I saw him bow down to Aero first before picking up the unconscious body of the general.

“General Halcynos, you picked the right man. Give him the best ascension ceremony tomorrow,” Aero said.

“Your will, my king,” my father replied before leaving the crater with the general on his back.

Aero followed behind them, walking casually like he wasn't injured, but I saw through his ruse. I felt his pain. I felt how exhausted he was. And I felt every broken bone inside his body.

“Damn, look at you!” I lashed, giving him a pointed glare just as he neared me.

“I'll live Serena, don't worry,” he answered and reached to cup my face.

“Oh really?” My brow arched up. I was beyond pissed with him but at the same time, happy with the outcome. “You will live, alright, but that doesn't mean you can't feel this.”

Then, I gave him a quick hand blow on the back.

“Oof! Serena!” he cried, squinting his eyes.

I folded my arms and hissed. “Next time, if you want a death wish, be sure to challenge me.”

“Your sense of concern is very sweet, my queen,” he mocked.

The corner of my jaw ticked.

“Let's go to our chamber before all of your subjects see you whine underneath me,” I stated whilst throwing him an arm for assistance.

“Is that a double meaning or—”

I gave him another back blow again, one that was forceful.

“Oof! Aw! Alright! Alright! I get it!” he cried.

I blew a frustrated breath before transporting us out of the arena and into a random chamber inside my father’s house.

Aero

Serena sure was skilled in treating my wounds and broken bones. I told her it wasn’t necessary since I would heal after a few minutes anyway, but she was adamant about playing nurse with me.

I ended up enjoying her comforting touch and genuine concern. She was a natural.

Since my fight with Nevannir, my alpha strength and power had become dormant. Endless duties in the court relegated me into office work and it was sometimes damning. I wanted some form of action, some excitement other than my lovely time with my wife, and sparring with the next alpha of Alchidna would give me just that.

Except for those elderly alphas still existing while my father ruled, the new alphas of Phanteon under me had already proved their strength and worth.

Alpha Russel had proved the same when he gave me a good fight. He did three things that

impressed me: one was having a teleportation ability almost like mine. I didn't expect he'd actually possess that kind of skill and it truly surprised me.

Second was his immense strength and the fact that he didn't transform into his werewolf form. He knew hand-to-hand combat was better than two fangs locked on each other's throats. I wouldn't have hesitated transforming into my lycan form and ended the fight that instant. He was smart to understand how we greatly differed when it came to our beast forms.

Third was his resoluteness. He was determined not to surrender and this made him a worthy alpha in my eyes.

Once all my injuries healed, Serena insisted I take a bath since I was covered in filth and blood clot. I agreed but invited her to join with me, planning to make true of my words earlier. She accepted my offer and quite enthusiastically at that because she leaped towards me and hooked her legs around my waist.

Our lips crashed thereafter and this continued until we found the bathtub. Just like in the indoor pool in our chamber, we made love without penetration. It was hard for me to do so, really hard, but remembering the bloodstains on her gown, I was able to control myself.

By the time we left the bathroom hours later, a knock on the door caught our attention. Wearing a fresh set of clothes, Serena opened it and invited the guest in.

It was General Halcynos.

“You were supposed to be in a bigger room than this Your Majesty,” he stated whilst nearing me.

“This room is fine, General,” I answered just as I took a seat on a nearby couch. “Serena picked it after all.”

“In haste,” she added, crossing her arms.

“I’m here to help you with your investigation, Your Majesty. What do you want to know?”

I gestured for him to sit down. Once he did, I leaned forward and placed both of my elbows against my knees.

“Tell me, General, do you know anything about the crescent moon marks?”

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