

The Alpha King's Claim

Chapter 132 The Lost Alpha King

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Aero

Grandmother.

She had to use that blatant term.

I was supposed to be pissed off about it, but there was something inside me that stirred. Warmth.

An affirmation that she was my blood. My family.

As she was now, she indeed looked like a servant with her printed apron and her unkempt long locks, but the depths of her eyes showed a degree of nobility. Of strength and boundless knowledge.

She was a luna through and through. And that intrigued me how she became a servant for General Halcy nos. However, her past life wasn't what I wanted to hear. It was my mother's, so instead of indulging her query, I changed the topic.

"Donna." My real mother, I wanted to add but refrained. "Is she still alive?" The winds rushing over the hills died to accommodate the sharpness of my voice. It wasn't a tone fit for an elderly woman to hear, more so when it was my grandmother, but hell, acting all soft in front of her was

out of my dictionary. For now, at least.

Sharon, in response, cocked a brow and scoffed.

“You really are what you’re subjects define you: a no nonsense man with a labile temperament.”

I ignored her reply. I knew that already, and I have heard even worse way back to the time before I met Serena. They still loved my rule, though. I was a reasonable man. I was a better, stronger option than my foolhardy father. I was best fit for the alpha king position. Plus, I didn’t think she really wanted to talk about me. She was just stalling. “Answer my question, Sharon. Quit it with your acting.”

She didn’t want to meet me; she established that already earlier, and as to why she said so, I didn’t care to know the reason. I only wanted to gain clues about my mother’s whereabouts. I was prepared to wring this information out from her if need be.

“She’s still alive, Your Majesty,” was her curt reply. One out of two questions answered. Good. And it somehow lifted a thorn in my heart. I was glad to know she lives after all this time. After all my father did to her. Now, for the second question. “Tell me where she is.”

For some reason, Sharon looked taken aback. Her eyelids fluttered and her brows arched higher. Then, she sighed as if she had resigned to a knowledge only she understood.

“You can’t track her yourself? You’re her son.”

I tsked and clenched my hands. “I wouldn’t have sought you if I could.”

“You’re not searching enough,” she expressed, knotting her brows. “Use your bon—”

“Tell me where she is!” I had enough of this mother-son bond thing the people around me had been feeding. I was sick of it.

The old woman didn’t seem affected by my outburst. In fact, her haughty expression lightened almost to the point it bordered on pity.

Pity? Now that was a weird thing to feel. I didn’t need her to pity me. Fuck.

“Go to the Elaga Mountains, the borders between Ehnrelil and Sattus. You’ll find a fae hermit there. He’ll tell you where my daughter is.”

Elaga Mountains? Ehnrelil again? This was getting repetitive for my taste. But looking at the bright side, this was my wife’s domain. It would make my search easier.

I was thankful Sharon told me this, but I didn’t show it on my face. I alternatively choose to sport the same hard expression.

For fairness’ sake though, I gave her a brief nod and turned around, aiming to leave stat.

“And oh, Your Majesty?” she abruptly called.

Pausing, I shifted my head to look at her in my peripheral view.

“A little warning,” she continued, looking at me with gravity, “she doesn’t want to see you.”

And with that, something inside me sunk. I was prepared not to accept my mother into my life if she had unrealistic reasons for abandoning me. But to be rejected this early, even before I meet her, was a blow to my person.

A blow to my pride.

Consequently, it opened up old wounds that refused to heal.

(Present)

Serena was right. I didn’t sense her even for one bit when she entered the manor, and even more when she was already behind me, and I owed it all to my jumbled mind.

Since I left Alchidna, the old woman’s last words haunted me.

‘She doesn’t want to see you.’

I tried to suppress it, but my heart—that young heart owned by a lonely, neglected boy—kept on clinging to it. My beasts were sulking with that boy, too. They sensed his pain. They sensed his...unrest.

I didn’t know how long I was in the pool—maybe three hours, maybe more—, but all I did was to stare at the dome ceiling looking for something there: a spark, a miracle...whatever. What I didn’t

realize was that the miracle I had been looking for was already behind me.

Out of relief, I pulled Serena close to me and kissed her. Kissed her like she was my antidepressant drug—which she was.

Gladly, she reciprocated me.

I hoped this would divert her away from my awfully pitiful ass. I wasn't yet ready to bleed it all to her, but like always, she wasn't fooled. I surrendered instead and showed her everything I experienced and uncovered.

“Oh my...” Her face blanched a little. As expected, I saw pity in her eyes for me, but then it quickly changed to resolve. “Aero, I'm here for you. What is it you want to do? I'll help you.”

This was the very reason why I treasured this woman. It was not only because of her unconditional love, but also because she understood me.

I shook my head in reply and withdrew from her embrace. “No, it's not over yet, Serena,” I told her. “There's still more.”

She gave me a hard look. “More? Please tell me it's good news this time.”

I remained silent, not really a fan of spoiling the plot, and opened another section of my thoughts where it contained information about my real mother.

She was static at first, her face intently focused, her eyes holding mine, but then her brows flinched and the corners of her mouth repositioned downward.

“Oh Aero...I’m sor—”

“No,” I quickly cut her off. “Don’t be sad for me, Serena. It’s the web of life. Just a tangled one in my case.”

I pulled her in for another embrace and this time, we took our sweet time. She was thoughtfully silent during this moment. It was only when I kissed her forehead that she offered again.

Or more like finalized, for the tone in her voice brooked no argument.

“We will go to the Elaga Mountains anyway and search for this fae hermit Sharon spoke of. We will invite Adamar and Adaen to accompany us. Let’s do this tomorrow.”

She cupped my face and stared at me in the eyes, with full of love this time.

“We are here for you, Aero. We will get through this.” At first I thought she meant the fae twins and her as ‘we’, but when her eyelids lowered and I followed her gaze, I realized she was looking at her belly.

Her belly that had grown big and quite noticeable because of her wet sticking dress.

Woah. Pregnancy suits her well.

“For our children, I will go through this, Serena,” I said and palmed the beautiful round shape that had half-submerged under water.

“Good answer.” She beamed and straddled me.

“Now, let’s focus on this next problem you have.”

From sulking, this time, my beasts lit up, and my boy self? Well...let’s just say he was now around a corner of my brain watching his adult self get pleased by his beautiful mate.

“And what is that?” I asked her, my eyes crinkling with barely contained excitement. It had been a grueling one night—an exaggeration, I know—but that’s how I felt without Serena next to me last night. Not to mention my wrist mark that kept on throbbing painfully while she was away.

“My king, don’t play coy with me,” Serena stated just as she wrapped her hand around my hardness.

I briefly grunted and thrust my hips upward.

“It is cute though.” I smirked.

“Yes,” she hummed. “Yes, indeed.” Leisurely, she bit my bottom lip while her hand started pumping my shaft. The friction was unusual since it was under the water, but heck, it still gave a pleasuring feeling beyond my own hands could create.

I tossed my head back just as she lapped my neck, making an ice cream out of me. I felt her

breasts underneath her gown and my hands decided to free them.

With one pull of her back zipper, her neckline loosened. I cupped one breast immediately and massaged it. She let out a soft moan, enjoying the feel of my hands on her too.

At times, my hands bumped against her belly, but that didn't discourage me. Serena's pregnancy made her hornier, and it also made me want to please her more.

"Ah, fu—ck," I groaned as I felt the quick climb of my arousal. Serena's hand squeezed my cock just right and squeezed it again and again until finally my cum spurted into the water.

"Hmgggh." My chest rumbled. "A+ for the handjob." Serena's laughter filled the indoor pool that instant. "Okay, hubby. Let's see how you will grade me riding you."

She positioned my head at her entrance and not a second longer, it was inside her, squeezing me.

Taking me home.

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