

The Alpha King's Claim

Chapter 142 The Secretive Alpha King

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Serena

I had to eat the food my captor gave me. I had to. My babies were hungry. I was hungry, so we couldn't honestly decline clean and unpoisoned food. I considered this a blessing already. If my captor chooses to, he or she wouldn't need to nourish me. He or she would just let me rot away inside this room.

The barrier around the house also hindered me from summoning food for myself. It would have been just a snap of my fingers and food would be available. However, now, I couldn't and this made me feel undoubtedly helpless.

As to the pill, I didn't drink it. It would have helped with my babies' growth, but my gut told me not to.

Now, as I sat near the sole window of the room, I watched the outside world—which to me wasn't much. Like I said, there was a bluish glow outside, and that was it. There were no trees or landscapes visible—at least not from where I sat. There was just a transparent wall of blue that I reckoned was the cloaking spell or the barrier spell. My captor really made it sure we couldn't be

found for he or she used two spells just to hide this shit-hole.

Earlier, I took a mental note of the clock on the mantel. It read 6:46 o'clock. I couldn't tell if it was morning or evening, but looking at the light outside, it could be the former. Also, counting down the hours until now, I realized I had been here for about two hours. Then I added it to the hours I lost while unconscious, and I finally concluded I had been missing for a great amount of time.

This should have been more than enough for Aero to find me. More than enough for Phanteon and Ehnrelil to be alerted of my disappearance. More than enough for both armies to mobilize and search for me. Yet, I saw no sign of hope outside the window. Again, all blue greeted me.

I expected another tray of food would be served sometime later. I planned to reason with my captor, so I waited for it. However, during the waiting time, I felt a sudden dull ache at my lower back. It disappeared after a few seconds and then returned, accompanied by a throbbing pain under my belly. This was followed by a sudden forceful kick by one of my boys.

Shit. I cringed and gritted my teeth. I knew immediately this wasn't a good sign.

My belly wasn't that big yet, as expected for a pregnancy with triplets, so my mind went into a panic. Could this possibly be the beginnings of a preterm labor?!

It couldn't be. It just couldn't be.

However, I was both half-fae and half-wolf. My pregnancy process couldn't be certain. Aunt Margaret said so. Queen Adna thought the same.

This dull ache could be just a false alarm, right?

But as minutes went by, the dull ache became sharper. This time, it wrapped around my waist.

"Mmmhh..." I clenched my teeth and started deep breathing.

No, I can't bear my children now! I'm still in prison! I'm still in my enemy's lair! Aero should be

with me. We planned to experience this together!

My alarming thoughts were cut off when a new tray was inserted through the hatch. Despite the

pain, I rushed to hit the door again with my fist and shouted, "Whoever you are, please! Please

release me! I'm possibly going into labor! I can't be here! My mate! I need my mate!"

"Oh, poor you," my captor finally replied, and despite being muffled by the wall between us, I

was certain it was from a woman I had already met and trusted.

* * * * *

Months Ago

Budapest

Aero

“Marius didn’t choose me for nothing, Your Majesty,” Viscount Daniel answered, looking understandably smug. “So what do I owe you for this visit?”

I wasn’t irritated by his sudden interrogation. This was good, I thought. I didn’t need to establish small talk just to be able to build some kind of relationship with him.

In response to his question, I pulled out the foil packets from my coat and placed it on the table.

“I believe this is your product, correct?” I said.

“Ye...s,” his answer was slurred, almost breathy. His forehead wrinkled some more. He leaned forward and grabbed one packet for closer inspection. “But I believe these pills were already recalled by the FDA and my company right before it was distributed to the market, Your Majesty.

We found traces of carcinogenic chemicals and abortifacient compounds when exposed to the sun or ingested by stomach acid. Where did you get these?”

A spark of anger appeared inside me at the mention of these perilous words: carcinogenic and worse, abortifacient. The fucking doctor just prescribed this to us as if it was just candy! Didn’t she fucking know they were dangerous?!

“From a Dr. Nancy Rutherford. She said she received it as a gift from a medical representative,” I answered while painstakingly holding my temper. But in truth, I wanted to raid her clinic and snap her neck for doing this to Serena—innocent or not. The viscount blinked and lowered his eyes on the table as if recollecting something.

“Well, I do have medical reps all over the country and true, I gave them the liberty to distribute samples of our product,”—he explained after a few seconds—“but knowing it has been recalled, it is wise to say our reps and doctors would stop using it.”

“So, why did Dr. Rutherford prescribe this to Serena then?” I lashed. Underneath the table, I clenched my hands, controlling my claws from retracting.

“What was the doctor’s name again?” the viscount asked, truly looking clueless.

“Dr. Nancy Rutherford. She was also in that cruise ship we boarded months ago.”

“Hm, I need to run a background check on this doctor, Your Majesty. I can’t take this issue lightly. She’s ruining my reputation and your trust in me.”

“I haven’t trusted you yet, viscount,” was my sharp reply. It was rude and blunt, yes, but it was the truth. “You are yet to show me your worth.”

He gave me a slow bow. “I understand, Your Majesty. I will send you a letter if I found any important details about this doctor. In the meantime, I suggest you discard these pills and let Queen Serena discontinue taking it.”

I already planned that even before he suggested it. However, I had two problems worth noting of if I set this plan in motion.

“She already trusts that doctor, viscount, and I can’t put her in undue stress just because of the pills.”

“Then I suggest you buy our latest, improved and proven-safe supplemental pills, Your Majesty. It looks similar as these packets, but the manufacturing date and reference numbers are different,”

he offered and it was one that I expected. For a businessman like him, he must have contingency plans ready.

“My wife wouldn’t expect a thing and she’ll just continue taking these pills without worry,” I finished for him, but I said it more to convince myself.

He nodded silently while keeping a steady eye on me. This was our little secret from now on.

“Okay, I will buy some then,” I told him.

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