

The Alpha King's Claim

Chapter 126 Sins Of The Father

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Aero

'I'm busy, Elijah,' I answered, almost in a snappy tone. But then, I reminded myself to calm down. It was my father and his minion whom I was angry about, not my brother. He didn't deserve my wrath. 'I can't talk to you right now, but later. Certainly later. I'll visit you in your house but please make sure you're dressed this time.'

'Okay, brother,' he conceded, but still, his voice was roped with concern. 'Is Serena with you?'

'She's in Ehnrelil right now.' And I was glad she was because I want to sort out this mess on my own. I don't want her to see me murder my royal augur should he try to deny me the truth.

'I see,' was Elijah's reply. I could sense his worry increasing thereafter, but I ignored it.

'I have to go. Sedsah has arrived.'

His senile frame met my line of sight. He approached my father's table in the main room with cautious strides and like always, he brought his cane with him. Then, his head shifted to the hidden room I was in.

"Come here, Sedsah," I ordered, using a voice that was lethally calm.

I caught him flinch for a moment, then he advanced into the darkness. To his guillotine.

‘Go easy on the old man, brother,’ Elijah said in finality. I didn’t reply. I just tuned him off before I could speak out my thoughts.

‘Not if he gives me wrong answers.’

With a hard glare, I watch Sedsah enter the hidden room. He used the stone on his staff to light up the whole area with a blue glow, and then his vision flickered to me.

“You called, Your Majesty?” He bowed low to the waist, showing reverence and submission.

Something in his relaxed demeanor had me furrowing my brows. It was as if he knew this day would come.

“You don’t look surprised I found my father’s secret room and personal accounts.”

His gaze redirected to the book on my hand and simply tipped his chin down.

“This place and that diary have always waited for your attention, Your Majesty.”

My nostrils flared. “Don’t give me that bullshit, Sedsah.” I left the wingback chair, neared him and forcefully shoved the book to his chest. He caught it in haste, almost losing balance in the process. “I want to know everything and I want to know now!”

Our eyes locked: his was a picture of calm seas while mine a brewing volcano.

“But be warned. Your life hangs in the next words you speak,” I added, making sure he got my point.

He lowered his head again, an indication that he understood. I claimed a spot near the tinted bay window, putting enough distance between us. Outside, the weather matched my mood. It was rainy, almost torrential.

“I am merely a vassal, Your Majesty,” he started with again a low voice. “I can only give you my point of view of what happened in the past.”

“Then spill it,” I barked, my patience wearing thin by the minute.

He squared his shoulders and started.

“As you well know, your father had an unhealthy obsession with Olivia. He loved her and only her despite mated with Donna, your real mother.” He paused, neared the table, and placed the diary down. Somehow, I wished I had the ability to see the images in his mind or maybe see the past without a witch’s help. I wanted to dig deep into his memory this instant just to see how my real mother looked like.

She must be beautiful like Serena, but I doubt she had courage and sass like my wife; otherwise,

she wouldn't have let herself get bullied by my father.

"They were a happy couple before your father became king," Sedsah began again, pulling me out from my random thoughts. "All their problems started when Phanteon was created and when King Gideon met his true mate. He had me devise a plan to change the mating belief. I used the Universe's mysterious energy and named it as the Goddess Selene to fit his need. Your father did the rest; eradicating the crescent moon marks just because he and Olivia didn't have one; and imprisoning or even killing those who disagreed with him. They both insisted they were true mates."

I released a long, controlled sigh. This coincided with what Alpha Edmond said. Fuck.

"While this was happening, your father also secretly frequented Donna inside the manor you have now. She was a prisoner there. He used her as his fuck toy."

There. I finally got my confirmation. My father was one hell of a sick man. He actually gave me the manor he used to molest Donna. To have his way with her. This revelation not only added to the bubbling anger I had for him, but also, it gave me the desire to bring that manor down.

Destroy it all the way to the basement.

But then again, my sane mind protested. This manor held wonderful memories of me and Serena together. This was where I got a first glimpse of her nudity: her beautiful back, her curvy waist, her cleavage and her shapely ass. This was where I truly found my mate—despite refusing to recognize it at that time.

“When Olivia found out about your existence, she turned to vices,” Sedsah continued. I squelched my growing lust on my wife and focused on the matter at hand instead. “She couldn’t accept that your father hid this important information away. Adding salt to the injury was the fact that she couldn’t produce an heir for him. It was a blow to her pride.”

Indeed it was, my thoughts cried out. I could feel her hatred towards me even with just a single glance. For a young boy like me who had no clue to the truth, it was detrimental.

“King Gideon turned a blind eye regarding her vices and promiscuity since he accepted it was his fault. In exchange, you get to live with him in the castle and have you trained as the next ruler of Phanteon. It was an arrangement they both silently agreed.”

At the cost of my own happiness. Fuck.

I suffered magnanimously. Didn’t they know? Was this the reason why my father forced me to

marry? Because he was guilty with what he had done? That my hatred of women stemmed mostly from my fake mother who in turn hated me just because he couldn't keep his pants off his rejected mate?

"It was here when things drastically changed direction." Sedsah caught my attention again. Hauling myself out of my drowning anger, I flashed my eyes to him and saw him stare at that specific couch of the study room where Olivia's body lay dead.

A younger version of me saw it too. I was supposed to show my father my new collection of a dagger from the demon realm when I found him standing over Olivia's body; his claws retracted and bloody.

"Olivia finally found her true mate. She wanted to leave King Gideon for him, but your father didn't agree."

I clenched my jaw. "Let me guess, his obsession on her turned to wrath and the rest became a fucking intestine-pulling mess."

Sedsah didn't like my choice of words because I picked up a slight cringe on his face.

"King Gideon wanted her to reject her true mate like what he did with Donna, but she disagreed.

Let's say it was a crime of passion, Your Majesty."

"The sickeningly twisted kind," I remarked.

I knew my family had flaws. I didn't expect it would be to this awful degree.

"Where did my father exile Donna?" I asked, trying to fit another piece of puzzle in its rightful place.

Sedsah lowered his eyes and shook his head.

"I unfortunately have no idea, Your Majesty. He was very discreet with her. But as her son, you should have a strong connection with her. You can track her. You just need to dive deep in your thoughts, find that connection and use it."

"Quite a fancy way of saying she's dead, Sedsah," I quipped. "I don't feel any strong connection to any woman other than Serena."

And that was the truth. If I had that holy connection with my real mother then I would have found it during those times I longed for a motherly affection. Why didn't that happen then?

"If you truly wish to find her, then you can," Sedsah boldly stated. "Just open your heart, Your Majesty."

I took a sharp breath, disliking his play on words. He didn't need to slap the truth at my face. I

knew exactly why. It was because of my inability to fully trust women that's why I hadn't found my real mother yet. I was only selective. I only trusted Serena and some women within her circle.

Since I remained silent, he took this opportunity to continue, but it wasn't to recount about my father further, it was about himself.

"I am aware what I did in the past was treason, Your Majesty. I am ready now to receive my punishment."

He bent low, this time genuinely showing submission.

I contemplated on this. Weighed everything he told me versus my anger towards him. Good news, it had lessened. My need for information was satisfied. I would spare his life instead.

"A hundred years isolation in Mount Apassu should be enough," was my final decision. Mount Apassu as opposed to Mount Thersa had the hottest boiling water and ground because it was close to volcanoes in our kingdom. Sedsah, in his current state, could survive there. Plus, he still had his sorcerer powers to rely on.

In reply to the judgment, he bent even more and said, "I'll gladly take it, Your Majesty. Thank you for being kind to me."

"Do you think I should pass the same kindness to Hindall? The priest who wedded me and Serena? His acting sure was very convincing. I want him dead for deliberately fooling me."

In a heartbeat, he placed a hand in the air as his eyes flashed with concern. "No, Your Majesty.

The High Priest is innocent. He genuinely only knows about the story of the goddess and not the crescent moon marks.”

Huh.

That explains his colorful reaction during our wedding, my thoughts commented.

Seeing as everything had woven into place, I dismissed my royal augur with a flick of my hand. After dipping his head, he turned towards the main study room. However, before he could cross the threshold, I called out:

“And Sedsah? One more question.”

He turned to me and nodded, “Yes, I am all ears, Your Majesty.”

“Does Elijah know all about this?”

I sincerely hoped he didn’t because it would surely devastate me, but then again, who was I to judge him when he underwent the same suffering as I did in the past?

“I think you should ask that to him yourself, Your Majesty,” was my royal augur’s simple answer and left.

I hated how defensive and secretive he was, but this was all for the best. Indeed, he was right.

What better way to know the truth than to ask the source himself.

[Table of Contents](#)

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Previous
Next