

The Alpha King's Claim

Chapter 133 The Quest

## **Chapter 133 The Quest**

Serena

It only took a short invitation for Adamar and Adaen to join us. They loved this kind of quest and in addition, they thankfully knew already who this fae hermit was. They said that he used to serve King Alduin before the realms were born and possessed a status of High Elder. He underwent an enlightenment journey too, but came out more than enlightened. He decided to live on his own thereafter. King Alduin gave him freedom, despite how indispensable the man was.

I was surprised they know that much detail about him while I didn't. I grew up in Ehnrelil too, but I hadn't heard this kind of story from my mother, the other elders, or my fellow trainees.

"You forget, our mother is a High Elder, Serena," was what they explained.

But of course, Lady Hanhenna... She existed as old as King Alduin, so it was expected she'd know some ins and outs of the fae court.

Aero remained contemplatively silent during their telling and our journey to the Elaga Mountains.

I allowed him this much since I knew there was still hesitation inside his heart. Adamar and

Adaen were thoughtful too, trying to crack jokes sometimes to lighten the overall mood of our journey and hopefully, in effect, his.

We used Ehnrelil's portals to hop through different landmarks until we reached the base of Elaga.

From there, we walked on foot since the mountain ranges on these parts of the border lacked portals. It was made to be this way by King Alduin and Queen Adna since no sane fae would dare venture on such a place.

Well, not until the supporters of Geraden fled to these parts.

The latest update High Elder Asherah told me was that they had captured all the remaining escaped high elders. Unfortunately, there were still fae officials and a few more knights on the loose, so Adamar and Adaen was on guard about it. "If word about this quest reached their ears, Serena, they would likely attack. We can't let that happen, so we have to stay vigilant," Adamar expressed as he led our walk up a grassy hill. It was past noon on Ehnrelil's standards. The pillar—though transparent in the naked eye—gave off a steady light akin to the sun on Earth. It brought some warmth too, enough to put beads of sweat on our foreheads—or at least only mine since I was pregnant after all. I felt like I was lifting two hundred pounds weights with my bloated belly.

It would have been easier for all of us if I used my spacial magic or Aero's teleportation ability to arrive at our destination, but the problem with this was neither Aero nor I know where to go.

Same went with the twins. They knew the fae hermit they called Elder Calahiem, but they were clueless about where he stayed in the Elaga Mountains.

Their best move was to reach the very portal between Ehnrelil and Sattus, and wait from there, hoping that the old hermit would eventually sense us. Aero and I were hesitant with the twin's plan at first, but we went with it anyway.

"I agree, Adamar, but only stupid faes like Geraden would actually attack us," Aero expressed as he assisted me on the uphill climb with his arm around my waist.

"Yes, that's right!" Adaen chipped in while walking in front of us. "We have the Alpha King of Phanteon. That alone would ward them off."

"We can't be too complacent though," Adamar, the ever cautious of the two, remarked.

"Honestly, I am more afraid of the sacrishas than the escapees," I voiced out, lowering my eyes on my belly. "They are savage creatures that have no sense of fear. I am pregnant, remember? I could be like perfume to them by now."

“But didn’t you place protected spells around Ehnrelil, Serena?” Adaen asked, now walking backwards and facing me.

“Uh, yes, but only in the capital and our nine cities. I didn’t include Elaga since Queen Adna didn’t see the need to do it.”

“That’s unfortunate seeing as we are here now,” Adamar said over his shoulder, now gripping his sword that hang on his hips. Adaen did the same too, and as expected, Aero followed with his retracted claws.

Just like that, they all went into full-on protective mode as a soon-to-be father and uncles, and I couldn’t help but chuckle in delight due to this. It made me feel really cared for. I could have cast a spell now all over Elaga, but it would entail me to undergo a good amount of preparation to which I didn’t have the luxury of time to do.

A couple more minutes later, we reached a connecting mountain, but this time, it had winding steps going all the way up to the portal. And these steps were considerable. Imagine two hundred feet up from where we stood and probably have one to two thousand steps. It was easy for these men, but it wouldn’t do well for me because of my status.

“I could see the top, so I think it is safe to use my spacial magic this time?” I told the three who

were still alert. “I don’t think I can manage these stairs without stopping and hyperventilating.”

Aero turned to me and nodded. “Go on, do what you see fit, Serena.” Adamar and Adaen agreed with me too, so with a wave of my hand, a large circle appeared on our feet.

‘Wainie esum,’ I intoned, and a greenish light caged all of us.

When it disappeared, I found us in another area, near the portal platform to be exact. Adaen congratulated me for a job well done, but Adamar and Aero were both silent and stiff.

I furrowed my brows and tried to capture their attention.

“Aero? Adamar?” I asked, tugging both of their elbows.

My husband’s eyes were full of fire while Adamar’s were—how do I say this—unusually surprised? Or more like puzzled?

“Get behind me, Serena,” Aero sternly ordered, maintaining his gaze in a particular area.

I followed where his eyes landed and I instantly gasped when I saw a woman half-kneeling on top of a boulder and holding up a special-looking bow with four arrows directed at us.

“Nobody move or else you’ll be skewered like the ones before you who dared to come here,” she ordered in a sultry, commanding voice.

I took note of her words and picked up clues from it. Was she talking about those fae supporters of Geraden who fled to the Elaga Mountains? If that was the case, then she mistook us as escapees too.

“We are not what you think we are,” I declared, eyeing her with enough intensity that wasn’t threatening and enough determination to prove I was telling the truth.

With her long inky hair in a braid and her lavender low-cut gown cascading down the boulder, she looked like an Amazonian goddess. Her dark brown eyes were fierce, and she had a no-nonsense vibe. She was beautiful and her body near athletic.

“So who are you then? I’ve seen and killed many who dared to cross the realm of Sattus. I heard the fae court is in turmoil. Why would you be here if you’re not escapees?”

She had a point, and I admired the fact that she was guarding this portal like a real guardian would. Mayhap even guarding it since Nevannir’s death.

I stepped forward past Adamar and Adaen. Aero, in reflex, stopped me. “No,” he said, but I only gave him a sharp eye.

‘Leave this to me,’ I mind-linked him.

He huffed, and though against it, released me, but he also stepped forward and stood beside me.

“I am Queen Serena of Phanteon—”

“—and Ehnrelil!” Adaen added in a comical way. I had to hold myself from chuckling and shaking my head because of this.

“Yes,“—I returned my attention to her—“And we are here to find the fae hermit, Calahiem.”

From a hard knot, her brows eased and from stretching her bow and flexing her arm, she lowered them. She grabbed the four arrows and chucked it inside a sling bag, and she did this all in a matter of seconds.

She was already a seasoned archer, possibly even a woman who knew martial arts like me. I couldn't help but think about her identity and where she came from.

“Come with me,” she said after jumping off the boulder with ease. She knew already I was the queen, but I didn't think she'd actually curtsy or bow before me.

Behind me, Adamar audibly voiced out, “Wow.” I turned to look at him with an arched brow. He quickly cleared his throat and flashed an awkward grin.

Something was up with him. Something was definitely up.

“Serena, following that woman is unwise.” Aero gripped my waist before I could start walking.

“Well, we don’t have another way to find the hermit, right?” I reached for his face and cupped his cheek. “Just stay vigilant, my king. You will do that, right?”

He clenched his jaw and nodded.

Following her, we passed by more boulders of different sizes, stairs and more stairs, and a spacious underground cave until we reached a dead end. Aero gripped my waist again, feeling all too cautious. Adaen stood beside me, cupping the hilt of his sword, while Adamar boldly neared her in a very relaxed, too friendly position.

What the heck was wrong with him?

“You are to go through this wall one by one,” she informed, pointing to a stalagmite-covered area beside her. She gave Adamar a quick once-over, knotted her brows, and then ignored him.

“What is behind that wall? How do we know you’re not tricking us?” Aero pointed out.

She gave him a hard look. “I believe Calahiem is already expecting you. He told me so many times before about four strangers: one wearing a black coat with the Phanteon crest, one who claims she’s the queen of both realms, a twin with a cheeky grin, and another twin who I was—”

She abruptly stopped, cleared her throat and pointed to the wall. “Like I said, he is expecting you.”

“Yes, we will do as you instructed,” I declared, effectively telling my husband and my knights to be obedient.

“I’ll go in first,” Aero volunteered. We exchanged glances just as he mind-linked me. ‘I’ll tell you it’s safe when I deem it safe.’

‘Sounds good, my king. Go on.’ I nodded.

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