

The Alpha King's Claim

Chapter 135 His Blood

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Aero

We didn't stay any longer inside Calahiem's cave. We hopped realms to Earth, to Florida specifically under Serena's lead. I was cool with it since she was with me; however, my attention wandered to the people who came with us: Elijah, who joined us when we were at Ehnrelil's plaza where a portal to Earth was nearby, Adamar who looked consciously silent since he returned to our group, and that woman—his so-called true mate who disappointingly joined us.

Whatever happened between them during the time they left us, I could only imagine. But it definitely changed Adamar's mood. With his poker face on, I couldn't tell what he was feeling, but I was sure of one thing: this ship was a mistake. I could say this because he kept on tossing the woman glances during our travel—longingly, might I add—and the woman? Hell, she returned it with glares. Sharp ones.

It was getting on my nerves.

'Remind me again why she had to join us?' I grumbled inside Serena's thoughts as we rode inside

an SUV Elijah speedily rented for this travel. He was the one driving while wearing Earth clothes like the rest of us. I sat on the front seat, Adamar sat far back, and both Serena and the woman claimed the middle. It was the perfect arrangement, enough not to see the woman's irksome presence.

'High Elder Calahiem suggested it,' she answered telepathically while exchanging stares with me in the front-view mirror.

'She doesn't want to join us. Can't you see?' I shifted my eyes to her seatmate, who looked too prideful, too untouchable. It was like she was ready to diss any attempt of a small talk and just wanted to be left alone.

Yes, I must admit, this behavior of hers was similar to mine on many occasions, but my subjects knew already the reason why I was prickly.

Serena, in response, blew out a cleansing air.

'Aero, she probably can't disobey her master,' was her simple explanation.

'That's bullshit,' I quipped, giving my forehead even deeper creases.

For some reason, Serena found this funny as she chuckled lightly.

'You are acting like a brat again, my king. I missed this.'

I rolled my eyes and huffed internally. 'Come on, Serena, don't tease me.'

'What is in Aurora that you dislike?' she asked, catching my eyes on the mirror with her steady gaze again. 'She's a strong woman, obviously, and she's beautiful too. Plus, she's Adamar's true mate!'

I growled inside our mind-link. 'That's the point, Serena. I don't like her for him.'

'Well, that's your second reason,' she quickly pointed out. 'What's your first? Tell me now or I'll read your thoughts myself.'

'I don't know the reason,' I answered right away. 'I just don't like her.'

She slumped on her side of the car and released a frustrated sigh.

'Here you go again with your stereotyping, my king. I know you're not yet fully cured with your hate on women, but give Aurora a chance. It will break Adamar's heart if you don't give them your blessing.'

My blessing is nonexistent when it came to this paring.

'He'll have difficulties courting her, that's for sure,' I told her this instead.

'A challenge, yes, but a welcomed one,' she remarked. 'She will cave in eventually, like how you cave in with me.'

Her eyes danced, remembering our splendid memories inside that cave hot spring. I cursed deep inside. Ugh. Heck, not now.

‘Don’t remind me that, Serena,’ I grumbled. ‘You’ll only turn me on and we’re still on our way to my mother’s house. I’ll suffer longer. Are you deliberately doing this?’

I saw her smile sheepishly in the mirror. Damn it, if it wasn’t for this accursed travel, we would be making love again and again inside our chamber—with care of course since her belly was getting marvelously larger.

‘Knock, knock. May I cut in, lovebirds?’ Elijah butted in. Our mate mind-link was supposed to be exclusive, but Elijah was family, so he was given this opportunity to join us.

‘Who is this scary woman?’ was his specific question. I tossed Serena a pointed look.

‘See?’ I exclaimed. ‘Even Elijah thinks she’s scary.’

‘Oh hush, both of you,’ she grounded. ‘She’s only intimidating with her firm countenance, that’s all. She’ll eventually smile and Adamar will be the cause of that smile.’

There she goes again with her matchmaking prediction.

‘Elijah, her name is Aurora,’ she continued as her eyes landed on my brother’s back. ‘She’s High

Elder Calahiem's apprentice and his one-woman security. She's accompanying us under his request.'

'Adamar is so besotted with her, sister-in-law,' he said, and he had to make it obvious.

'I know, but let's leave them alone,' was Serena's reply.

I didn't agree with her entirely. I didn't want to 'leave them alone.' I wanted to make Adamar see he'd only waste his time with this woman. However, Serena would certainly make a dicing board out of me if I hindered him, so I agreed with her in the end.

As the car continued to our destination, silence reigned in the interior. I opted to watch the scenery outside the window and saw the passing fields, trees and modern houses. I also saw commercial buildings, restaurants and malls. I had never been in this part of the country since I was born. Maybe if I did, would that have made a difference in finding my real mother? Would I had sensed her then?

I didn't think so.

A few minutes later, the GPS where Serena uploaded Donna's address declared to turn right into a rural road. Elijah did so, and we found ourselves going straight to a private neighborhood. It was

filled with trees on either side of the road until it widened to a clearing with five two to threestory houses. Each one was different. Some used brick walls, some had painted walls and clay roofs.

We had no idea which was the right house, so Serena volunteered to disembark and inquire. There were two women talking and standing on a curb a few feet from where we parked. This was where Serena went to ask.

I left my seat too and stood beside the car. Elijah did the same while the rest stayed inside.

“Well, hello there,” the woman with gray hair and a scarf around her neck greeted when Serena neared them. The second woman taller than the first was busy taking a sudden call. Her back was to us, so I couldn’t tell what she looked like, but she had coal-black hair and thick-rimmed glasses. They were both in jeans and blouses fitting their age. I reckoned them to be well over fifty.

“Hello, Ma’am, we are looking for Mrs. Donna Peters living in House 1 SW 29th Street? Is there a chance you know her or where this house is?”

The first woman looked at the second and the second briefly turned to them, dropped her call, and nodded. “I am who you are looking for. I’m Donna Peters. How many I help you?”

I instantly stiffened. This was my mother. My real blood. I imagined her to be weak and wrinkly; using a cane or even a wheelchair, but this version of her was different. Her youth was preserved. She looked without problems. She looked happy, as if she didn't abandon her firstborn son...

"Well, it is complicated to say in public," Serena answered after glancing warily at me. "Can I request a private area where we can talk, Mrs. Peters?"

Her head jerked towards my way. We exchanged cursory glances, and that was that. She showed nothing, not even a hint of knowing who I was. I heard the car door open and close behind me. Then, my real mother looked past me with her eyes bright with recognition.

"Aurora, honey!" she shouted, rushing past me. 'Aurora—hat!' My mind blanked.

I saw her hug the woman with so much care, so much motherly tenderness. The woman, in return, hugged her back with equal emotion. Then her eyes flitted to me. I clenched my jaw.

What the hell is happening here?

"Your father is missing you already, but I thought you'll visit after summer. Why are you here all of a sudden?" Donna asked when she withdrew.

"She's your daughter?" I asked, controlling my arising temper.

She shifted to me, smiled and nodded proudly. “Yes, she is. Are you her friends?”

The woman placed a hand on Donna’s shoulder and looked at me.

“Mom, that’s the Alpha King.”

Immediately after this, my real mother’s eyes widened.

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