

The Alpha King's Claim

Chapter 141 An Enemy Of The Kingdom

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Serena

Dizziness and disorientation soared inside my head the moment I peeled my eyes open. I found myself in an unfamiliar bed inside a stuffy room, with no idea about the time or day, and with me, in an awkward position. My feet dangled at the edge of the bed and I lay on my side as if I was simply tossed in the mattress with no care for my delicate condition. My belly had grown three times its size in a matter of days. It was clear to see. Didn't that matter for my captor?

Slowly, I sat up and studied my prison. Yes, prison. I figured it as much after remembering how swift and sneaky I was kidnapped. I didn't even notice the danger I was in while I was inside the backstage room. Aero didn't even sense it because if he did, he would have alarmed me or curb the sinister plan himself. As to how my kidnapper did this feat, I could only assume he or she had some special ability.

Which brings me to worry about my situation. What was the motive? Why would my kidnapper want to do this to the Queen of Phanteon and Ehnrelil? Then, my answer came in the form of a smell.

My werewolf blood picked it up, that familiar fae scent of my beast friend Sofia. The house or mansion or whatever edifice I was in was inundated with it. I immediately assumed I was inside her lair. Just her lair, because I was pretty confident she didn't exist in this realm anymore. Lady Yllana and her subjects made sure of it.

But why would I be here then? What was the point? Moreover, who actually brought me here?

Finally, my state of disorientation lifted and my memory of earlier rushed inside my head as clear as the bluish glow outside my window.

Fucking fae again, and not just any fae, the damn scent I picked up earlier came from High Elder Hadon himself.

I knew it. I knew it the moment I met him and the callous treatment he gave me. He wasn't a potential enemy. He was my enemy. And there was nothing else I could think of than him being Geraden's supporter.

His motive? Probably to avenge the deceased foolhardy king.

With this realization in mind, I left the bed, stood straight facing the unlit hearth and summoned my spatial magic. I aimed to teleport out of this room in particular, not out of this house since I wanted to meet my captor and interrogate him. Maybe even fight if the need arises.

But, well, not a surprise, my spatial magic didn't work. I expected a barrier spell would be placed in a hideout like this, and I reckon it was created by the old man. Yet, I sensed some older magic surrounding the place too. Older magic which somehow resembled Sofia's.

Now truly feeling imprisoned, I gritted my teeth and banged on the wood.

"Open this door at once!" I cried out. I used physical force to bring the door down, but it was to no avail. I summoned energy spears and balls to slice through the door and walls, but they only bounced back to me.

That was when I realized my prison of a room had a deflective spell. Damn. Hadon again, I thought. As a result, I sat on the edge of the mattress and huffed.

'Aero, I'm here. Please talk to me,' I tried my luck and mind-linked my husband, hoping our mate bond was strong enough to break through the barrier, but it was unsuccessful.

Hissing, I stared at the door, boring invisible holes through it. I didn't know how many minutes I did that until a small hatch below it opened and a tray of food was inserted.

"Release me!" I rushed to bang on the door again, disregarding the food on the floor. "Release me here at once!"

No one answered. I punched the door again and again until my knuckles reddened. Still, silence accompanied me.

I wasn't hungry, but I stared at the tray anyway, thinking maybe my captor left a note, but there was none. Instead, a menu of grilled lamb, mashed potato, and cubed fruits teased my eyes.

Upon closer inspection, I also noticed a tiny pill barely hidden by the watermelon cube. I was consequently taken aback after recognizing what it was. From the markings to the fonts used, I was certain it was my folic acid pill. The same ones Dr. Rutherford gave me. She mentioned these pills were created by the Bishop Pharmaceuticals Company.

Could I actually take her words as a warning? Did this mean a clue for me? That maybe Viscount Daniel also had a hand in my kidnapping? If it were just a random fae, or a high elder for that matter, they wouldn't know I was taking one if they weren't in cahoots with each other, right?

I sat back on the mattress and furrowed my brows further. I could be concluding this way too fast just basing it on the pill alone, but Aero...he always told me the viscount was someone I should be cautious about.

The presence of the pill made little sense too. If my captor or captors wanted me and my unborn

children dead, why bother to give this supplement? I stared at the tray of food again and winced, hating just how much this situation made me feel powerless and confused.

“It seems we will be here for a while, huh?” I murmured as I caressed my belly. I could feel my babies kicking inside, stretching their territory even more. But it was possible they could also be feeling anxious about my situation. “Don’t worry, boys. Mommy will find a way. I promise it.”

\* \* \* \* \*

## Aero

The early morning sunshine greeted my castle walls, but I felt not one bit cheerful with its appearance. After I ran like a rabid wolf across my kingdom, I still hadn’t found Serena or sensed any traces of her. This made my mood even gloomier, pricklier, and as a result, my beta and omega got a taste of it when I returned to the castle. General Halcynos, Alpha Russel and the rest of the Alchidna pack spread out to find Serena all over Phanteon. King Hein, King Andrei and the other leaders, after receiving this news, promised to help and searched for her in their respective realms.

Queen Adna and her court continued their search in Ehnrelil too, but yielded no results as dawn

came. Adamar and Adaen were the same. However, they promised not to give up on finding her.

I wasn't the type to sit and mope in my study, but this was the remaining sane thing I could do for myself, hoping she'd miraculously mind-link me. The waiting wasn't easy though. It was eating me up inside.

Sometime later, Elijah entered; broke the door lock even disregarding the clear sign I didn't want to be disturbed.

"Brother, Serena is strong," he expressed as soon as he neared me. "She won't be bullied by whoever took her."

I massaged my temple for the sixth time and released a deep breath. I was glad he came to console

me despite my labile mood. He was the closest to a family I needed right now.

"I know that Elijah and I know she will return to me," I answered with confidence. "However, I can't ignore the fact that she's also pregnant and due anytime. What if she'll give birth without me by her side? What if she'll give birth in wherever prison she is locked right now? What if our enemies hurt her and our babies? I can't bear to think about those possibilities, Elijah. I just can't."

Upon hearing this, his forehead creased. He sat on a nearby chair and remained silent, probably chewing on the information I dumped on him.

“I understand your concern, brother, but as we are right now with no leads and no clues, remaining sane and strong are the best options.”

“How is Rhea?” I deliberately changed the subject. He softly smiled for a moment and stood up. “She’s barely holding on like you. She worries for Serena too.”

“You should go to her then. Console her, not me, Elijah,” I said, not trying to be rude, but trying to be a sensitive brother-in-law.

“I will, brother.”

He strode to the door but before he opened it, he turned to me once more and said, “Hey, your love for each other is so strong you will pass this obstacle in no time.”

“Thank you, Elijah.” I gave him a short smile, at least to show that his words lifted me up somehow.

He smiled back, twisted the knob and he would have left if not for the woman standing in his front.

Farryl.

“Your Majesties.” She bowed to Elijah first and then to me before entering the room. Elijah

cocked a brow at me and decided to follow Farryl inside.

The way she looked—so serious and determined—made me realize her visit had something to do with Serena’s disappearance.

“My Alpha King, I was asked by Viscount Daniel to give this to you.”

She handed an envelope stamped and sealed using candle wax and I accepted it without delay.

Both of them didn’t leave the room as I opened it, and I didn’t mind. They were as curious and as worried as me about the content of the letter.

Viscount Daniel’s name was the first thing I noticed written in cursive, but he also mentioned another name and with that, I remembered that day when he and I sat for a talk.

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