

The Alpha King's Claim

Chapter 145 Her Majesty's Savior

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Serena

“What does it feel to be hopeless now, luna? It’s fun, right?” Hilda stated as she continued to stare down at me. Her mocking voice was dripping with confidence, so similar like her daughter’s. I wanted to lash out, give her a witty reply, but the state I was in reduced me into a moaning mess. I embraced my contracting belly and ignored her instead.

“Your husband will never find you. You are doomed,” she continued, still with the viscount by her side, just looking at me with no emotion in his eyes. “My daughter’s house is imbued with her magic—from the surrounding landscape to this very building we stand, and with Hadon’s help, this place is forever hidden. No one can enter unless I will it so.”

“Mhhhh!” A whimper of pain was my reply when I felt my back ache like it was being stabbed with spears. This would have been okay if it were labor pains, but this was not normal as per Hilda’s words. This was an indication that my body was rejecting my babies. “Ahhhh!” I closed my eyes and rode the stabbing pain with perseverance.

Hilda snorted and chuckled. “Good,” she said, “let your body continue killing your children.”

Through my half-lidded eyes, I saw her return to lip-locking the viscount.

They weren’t even bothered by me writhing in pain on the cold floor. Any sane mind and kind heart would have already helped me up and placed me in a comfortable bed. These two didn’t.

They continued their passionate engagement, started removing their upper garments until they finally headed upstairs and screw each other.

They didn’t care to close the fucking door of wherever room they were in. Hilda’s overexcited moans were audible in my location, and I had the misfortune to hear it all. It was gross.

High Elder Hadon didn’t show himself after I saw him earlier. I couldn’t sense his presence anymore inside the house too, and I concluded he might have returned to Ehnrelil and continued fooling everyone.

I salute the old man for his acting. He really had everyone in his pocket, including Queen Adna and me. Was it because of his pretentious enlightenment claim? For him to choose the wrong side,

I think he bumped his head too much while on the journey.

I thanked the Universe once the sexual sounds disappeared sometime later. I expected Hilda to return and mock me again, but she didn't. Instead, it was the viscount who descended the stairs and approached me dressed in proper clothes, thank heavens.

"Queen Serena," he said as he squatted and reached for me.

"Don't—touch me!" I gritted, tossing him a hateful look. "You are a—disgrace! Sir Marius—shouldn't—have chosen you!" The pain I felt increased because of my anger. Was this his way of playing with me? Making me suffer more? He looked hurt for a moment and then his eyes lightened and he gave me a soft smile.

"I suppose I'm bound to get this kind of reception from you after what you witnessed and heard earlier. That's okay. I understand it. What is important now is to let you escape while Hilda is sleeping."

"Me—escape?" I twisted my brows. He is definitely toying with me.

"Yes, Your Highness." He nodded and touched my shoulder. "I am here to help you."

I jerked backward, disengaging his hand from my skin.

"Don't expect me—to believe you, viscount! I am not—that desperate despite—my situation right

now!”

My belly contracted again, making me moan, clutch the sofa’s edge and close my eyes.

“I know,” he went on in a whisper. “I may look like your typical villain, Your Highness, but I’m not. Yes, I joined Hilda’s cause, but it is just a ruse. I only joined her to keep her in check. Marius and I already saw her as a potential troublemaker in the realms—that is, as a Watercress. I never expected her to change names when dealing with you.”

He placed a hand on my back this time and gently massaged it. It felt good, relieved my pain a bit, and despite hating it, I let him continue.

“I care for the realms and I care for your children too, Your Highness, so accept my offer. Escape while you can. Now.”

“But the—pills!” I shot him a weak glare. “You made—the pills! You—endangered my—children!” My voice broke even more after remembering I’d be losing them soon. I didn’t cry earlier, but now I felt my tears ready to fall. I was willing for them to fall.

Viscount Daniel squeezed his eyes shut, shook his head and released a sigh.

“When you see your husband again, you should ask him what he did, Your Highness,” he then

said after meeting my now-watery gaze again. “But for you to be consoled now, the pills you took all these time are safe. King Aero found out about the abortifacient quality of the pills even before you drank them. Remember your husband in Budapest?”

Budapest? My mind quickly sifted through my memories and yes, his words were right. I remember Aero telling me he went to that city because the viscount was there. He gave me details about their meeting, but he mentioned nothing about the pills. Why didn’t he then?

Or was the viscount lying to me?

“I offered him the same pills, but the safer, improved, and FDA-approved batch,” he continued.

“So what you are feeling now aren’t complications of the pills as oppose to what Hilda told you, Your Highness. “You are having labor pains now. You are soon to deliver your babies.”

“Oh god...” My cold lips trembled even more. If he was telling the truth—I hope he was telling the truth—then what great news this would be! Without thinking, I slowly straightened from lying on the floor and sat on the sofa. There was no harm in believing him, right? Aero might have a solid reason why he didn’t share this to me.

Right now, Viscount Daniel’s words were the only things I could cling to. It was my ray of hope.

“That’s it, stand up carefully, Your Highness.” He assisted me and this time, I let him. I wasn’t disgusted with him anymore. I was too over-the-moon to feel that petty feeling against a person. He walked me to the same corridor he entered earlier. The entire time this happened, my stomach continued to contract. It was uncomfortable doing this. Very comfortable, but I would rather walk to my freedom than stay in the house, on the floor to my doom.

We arrived at the main door in less than a minute. He opened it for me and stated before letting me go.

“You should run as fast as you can, Your Highness. Cover as many kilometers as possible. Soon, you’ll sense the air thinner and easier to breathe. That means you are no longer inside Sofia’s barrier spell. You can safely teleport yourself to Phanteon. I’ll distract Hilda while you escape. I’ll try to keep her in bed until nightfall. That should be enough time for you.”

If I wasn’t in labor, yes! I commented to myself. But I knew I had to try my best. I had to stretch my limitations for the sake of my sons.

“Thank y—ou, viscount,” I muttered with great appreciation. I gave him a smile, but I doubt it was sweet looking considering the grimace I showed too.

“You’re welcome, Your Highness.” He smiled back anyway. “Be safe.”

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