

The Alpha King's Claim

Chapter 147 Tailing The Fae

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Aero

Queen Adna looked morose when I teleported to her throne room. Gone was her beauty. Gone was her radiance. She sat on the throne, slumped, silent and without life. It was ironic to watch her like this because I knew, if I was a female version worrying about Serena's welfare, I would look the same.

When she noticed my entrance, she perked up and her expression lightened a bit.

"Have you found her?" She stood and asked without delay.

I shook my head and maintained my neutral face. My anger remained on the surface just waiting to explode; waiting for me to unleash it to the right person. I just needed to find this person first.

"No, I still haven't, but I found out who took her," I answered.

Queen Adna's worried expression changed into wrath.

"WHO?" she lashed through clenched teeth.

"Hilda Watercress. I have a feeling you know this woman."

Her brows knitted harder. Her eyes rerouted on the polished floor as if her head was putting the

pieces together. Then she laughed dryly.

“Huh...of course. Hilda. She’s Sofia’s mother.”

“She’s exacting a mother’s revenge,” I concluded for her. “But can she really do it on her own, or does she have an accomplice?”

Queen Adna sat back, but still in a stiff posture.

“She’s a human, but her family is known to produce conjurers too. She might know a thing or two about magic.”

Magic? Huh.

“That’s irrelevant to me.” I scoffed the thought away.

“Serena is more capable than her. She couldn’t be kidnapped just like that. Hilda must have an accomplice.”

“I think so too,” she agreed, “and the only possibility I could think of are Geraden’s escaped supporters.”

Escaped what? My thoughts barked out.

“I expected you have rounded them up already, Queen Adna. Is this incompetence I hear?”

I was always known to be blunt with my words. I am not going to start mellowing it just because she’s Serena’s aunt and the regent queen. Anyway, looking at her, she didn’t seem affected by my accusation.

“I understand your frustration, King Aero, but believe me when I say, the fae court has used

everything in its arsenal to capture these supporters. To date, we have seized all High Elders who sided with Geraden. What remains are faes that possesses no magic abilities.”

Good answer, I thought to myself. She handled herself well in response to my crude words.

“Tell me about this Watercress woman,” I changed the subject then. “She’s a human. How did she end up on Enhrelil and even siring one rotten half-human, half-fae?”

“She was a frequent visitor of Nevannir in the past,” she answered. “He once told me she was Geraden’s mate, so King Alduin and I allowed her access to the fae realm. We never saw her as a threat. Nevannir saw her as a friend. When I appointed Geraden to be my king, he assured me about Hilda. That she was happy living on Earth and that she possessed no desire to become a queen.”

That didn’t seem to be the case now.

“Nevannir and Geraden fooled you big time, Queen Adna,” I slapped the truth to her face, and I didn’t care how much this will hurt her.

But once again, she remained calm and collected.

“I know and thinking about it boils my blood,” was her reply.

From my periphery, I noticed something white moving towards us. I whipped my head to the right

and saw this old man with an excessively beaded robe and a gold-plated shoulder collar. His chalky beard reached his waist. I hadn't seen this fae before during my previous visits on Ehnrelil, so I was cautious right away.

"My Queen, you look tired. You should rest," he suggested to Queen Adna as he was close to the dais. He lowered his head toward her and deliberately ignored me.

I didn't care about his belittling treatment. What I cared about was how his scent fitted that smell I picked up when Serena was kidnapped.

Fuck.

I was certain then this was Hilda's accomplice. My anger shot up anew, but I quickly controlled it.

My best course of action was to play it cool. Play it like a wolf hunting his prey.

"High Elder Hadon, there you are." Queen Adna flipped her hand in the air. "I'm sure you haven't met the Alpha King of Phanteon. Come. I'll introduce you to him."

High Elder Hadon? I forced myself to remember where I learned of this name and there, months ago, I heard of it from Serena's thoughts. The fucking bastard. He belittled my queen too. I thought this was just a nonsense fae response, but this turned out to be a clue after all.

“No need, My Queen.” He glanced at me and did a short bow. “King Aero’s reputation precedes him.”

“And I should say the same to you, High Elder Hadon.” I bit back, while my beasts made an imaginary punching bag of his head. “My luna mentioned you to me. She said you once entered an enlightenment journey.”

“Yes, Your Majesty, I have,” he replied with a confident smile.

I answered with a smirk. “Then I hope it was a worthwhile experience. It would be a shame to pick up the pieces of your brain scattered everywhere while you journeyed.”

Double meaning there, and I was certain he got my point because his haughty facade cracked for a brief moment.

“Uh, ye—s, it was enlightening, Your Majesty.”

I turned to Queen Adna and gave her a stern look.

“Your Majesty, you should follow High Elder Hadon’s advice. You should rest.”

She didn’t seem to catch my sarcasm and instead agreed with my words.

“Please tell me when you have more leads about Serena’s whereabouts, King Aero.” She rose from her throne then.

“I have my suspicions now, Your Highness,” I answered quickly, aware that the damn old fae was

still listening, spying, and getting clues from our conversation. I decided to give him one that would make his worthless ass shake.

“If that’s the case, then let me help you,” Queen Adna declared. “I can’t rest easy when I know my niece is still in danger.”

“No need, Queen Adna,” I shook my head and grinned towards Hadon’s way. “I don’t want you present when I scatter brains.”

The poor man shifted in his spot and bent to the waist towards me first, then to Queen Adna.

“Uh, excuse me, My Queen. I have important matters to take care of,” he announced, and like a mouse, he retreated to the corridor with less haughtiness than earlier.

Well, that was a fast retreat. My beasts and I laughed inside.

“You think High Elder Hadon has something to do with Serena’s disappearance, don’t you?”

Queen Adna caught my attention.

“Hm, you catch on pretty quick, Queen Adna,” I answered, sending her a wicked look.

“Your spine-chilling words were clues enough.” She rubbed the bridge of her nose and sighed.

“But seriously, I’m disappointed with myself for choosing to trust the wrong faes all this time.”

“You’re right. Your choice of people is warped,” I answered bluntly. It wasn’t my intention to

console her or sugarcoat the truth. It was my intention to let her face the truth. No matter how painful it was. “Geraden, Nevannir and Hadon—they had played you for a fool and you are a fool queen—”

This time she took offense with my words because her face contorted in disappointment.

“—once,” I quickly recovered. “Now, you are wiser, so don’t make the same mistake again.”

She chuckled briefly and shook her head in disbelief.

“Way to go cheering up your wife’s aunt, King Aero. So, what now? Should we gag the old man and force him to confess?”

No matter how tempting her suggestion was, I couldn’t agree with it.

“We couldn’t be sure what’s the consequence if we do that, Queen Adna,” I answered, slowly walking to the corridor. “Experience taught me to be wary always. We never know what he has in his sleeve. For now, I’ll take the right course of action and that’s to secretly tail him.”

“I see,” she mused. “Then I agree on you with that. In the meantime, I’ll also inform Adaen about it.”

The name of the twin piqued my curiosity.

“What about Adamar?” I asked, furrowing my brows.

“He is still...I guess wooing his mate?” was her unsure answer.

I released a deep sigh at the memory of a certain woman—my half-sister.

“Aurora...”

Like I said before, I didn’t like her mated to Adamar, but that was before I found out she was my blood. Now, maybe shipping them together would be better. They were both close to me, after all.

“I’ll go,” I told Queen Adna and left, not waiting for her to reply since my claws already itched for blood and chaos.