

The Alpha King's Claim

Chapter 102 Hyenas Onboard

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Aero

A cruise ship.

Ugh.

I never liked going to such mainly because it's an unnecessary extravagance and it deals with water. I had always considered myself a grounded man and thus I preferred the ground under my boots than a big slab of metal with a buoyancy that was questionable for me. I never saw any advantage of being surrounded by that much body of water for a week but anything for my queen, I would agree, so I accompanied her without complaining.

Our first night inside the ship, I admit, wasn't bad at all. It was sublime. Making love to Serena on the balcony with the sea view and underneath Earth's moon made me appreciate the place we were in. Not only was it romantic, it was also the closest to nature inside the ship. This would definitely be something I would enjoy doing again and again while we're on this cruise.

Since a special dinner with the McAllisters was already planned in the main restaurant of the place, we went out of our suite in fresh formal clothes sometime later—specifically a gown and a

tuxedo—and onto examining eyes and onto a crowd of awe-struck humans. I understood their reaction. We were in a league of our own since, obviously, we were supernatural creatures.

Dinner was good, or actually, better than expected. I enjoyed the taste. It was almost reminiscent of the culinary masterpieces back in Phanteon: savory and not too sweet, with a hint of spice that teased my throat. A bonus to this ship, I must say. Random conversations were thrown here and there. Serena mostly did the answering and the laughing while I stayed silent on my seat, happy to observe my wife's animated expression.

In the middle of our dinner, a program prepared by the staff began. This was a welcome show for their many guests including us and so we decided to watch it. It boasted sequined tights, feathered clothes, excessive popping colors, over-the-top singing, and too much dancing, and then it mellowed down to a violin and piano duo—my kind of music.

We heard a voiceover introducing the staff, the captain of the cruise, and the owner and CEO of the cruise ship which got me arching my brows. It was the new representative of the human realm, Viscount Daniel Bishop. He wore another fine suit like he did during the leaders' meeting and sported the same brushed-up do.

Waving his hand, he walked to the center of the stage where a mic stand was readied and gave a short speech.

“This is the man that replaced Sir Marius?” Serena asked, leaning towards me while staring at the man.

“Yes, it is him,” I answered in a stiff voice. The odds of us bumping into each other on Earth were one in a million, but here we were, in this ship, sailing for close to two weeks into open waters.

‘How did your parents chose this cruise again?’ I mind-linked her, preferring to keep this kind of conversation private. Somehow, an uncomfortable feeling gnawed at my bones. I may just be too harsh on the man but then again, he hasn’t proven his worth to me yet.

‘They wanted Jessica’s coming-of-age party special, so they chose this cruise out of hundreds.

Princess of Promise was the most advertised by the media, you know,’ Serena explained.

‘I see.’ I continued to watch the viscount. He was still talking, telling everyone to enjoy, have fun, and relax. A people-person, that’s my first impression of him at that time in the meeting. He conversed well with the other leaders and he knew exactly how to comport himself. He was the same now.

So far, judging from my wife's explanation, it seemed like her parents just ended up in a random situation. The viscount could have never manipulated them into choosing this ship.

'And oh, I almost forgot, Sir Marius gave them twenty free tickets for this cruise,' she added.

Or not. Damn.

Now, my overprotective walls stood up. Whatever the case may be—if our coming into this ship was just random or deliberate—I'm prepared to face any challenges head-on in order to protect my wife.

Through the noise of the restaurant, Serena tossed me a look. She sensed my change of mood and had read my thoughts but didn't comment at all. Instead, she just nodded and touched my arm indicating she understood me.

"Ren, don't forget about tomorrow," Jessica called out to her.

Serena turned to her sister's way across the table and nodded. "Yes, I will help you prepare for your party, don't worry."

"I'm on my own tomorrow then?" I asked, taking my wine flute from the table and swirled the red contents inside.

"Yes, and I know you'll be fine on your own. Someone just caught your eye and I know you'll

occupy yourself with that person.” She actually teased. “Also, this ship has lots of amenities for you to enjoy, Aero.”

“You should try the sun deck, Your Majesty,” Mrs. McAllister suggested, “it has the full view of the ship.”

“Yes, we should go there tomorrow too, sweetheart,” Patrick told his wife.

She gave her agreement by placing a kiss on his cheek. It was a sweet gesture that Serena somehow picked up since she often does this to me too—randomly anyway.

The rest of the night came by a blur. The McAllister family remained in the restaurant to enjoy the music and unlimited drinks while Serena and I retired early. On our way out of the area though, the viscount’s eyes and mine met. He was busy talking to some guests on the other side of the room when he saw me. Unexpectedly, I picked up surprise in his expression.

If he was acting, then it was a good one.

In haste, he dipped his head towards me, and I, acting like a good sport, reciprocated the gesture.

“Nice one, Aero,” Serena remarked when we continued on our way. “If you want to ease your worries, you should ask Sir Marius. I’m sure he’ll give you more insights about this man.”

“I plan to Serena,” I answered, walking up the grand stairs. “When that man comes back to civilization.”

She chuckled and wrapped her hands tightly around my arm. “He always boasted about planning to visit the monks in the Indus mountains. It’s a lifelong dream of his.”

“And he takes advantage of it now that he has retired from his governorship and being the representative of Earth,” I stated.

“Correct,” she confirmed.

As we reached the door of our suite, I lifted Serena up as if we were newlyweds ready for our first night which to my eyes we were always one. She giggled at this and wrapped her arms around me.

“Now, where were we again?” My wolf and lycan sides growled low inside. They could still feel her heat even when pregnant.

“I believe we were supposed to try our suite’s bed, Aero.” She fluttered her eyelashes at me.

“Hm,” I walked us inside our bedroom and arranged her in bed in less than a second, “let’s find out if Earth mattresses are sturdy then.”

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Come midday the next day, I was alone inside the suite. Serena had left already an hour ago to

help out with the decorations of the party. A flat-screen television, a surround-sound stereo, and even a mini gym in a corner were available for me to while my time away, but I opted out from using them.

Honestly, I considered just poofing out of this ship and back to Phanteon, stay there for a number of hours until Serena's return, but then again, I promised her I wouldn't carelessly use my teleportation ability, so the next thing in my mind was to try Mrs. McAllister's suggestion—the sun deck.

I stood there minutes later, basked by the glaring sun and accompanied by two pelicans instead of people. This place was very spacious, all floored with fake green grass, and adorned with different tropical plants and coconut trees.

I expected this place to be crowded with sun-loving humans but apparently, they preferred the poolside deck below, close to the water where they could easily wash away the sun's heat.

I however liked it like this. Again, it was the closest to nature in this blasted cruise ship.

"HeIIlo," someone said from behind me in a singsong voice. It was from a woman but not Serena's so I ignored it.

"Um, hell...llo handsome," the woman, this time, stood beside me with her back against the

railing, deliberately showing me her cleavage. From my periphery, I gathered she was a blonde with tan skin. She wore a skimpy bathing suit, her breasts almost spilling from the little cloth. It was disgusting.

“Why are you here all alone? Are you looking for someone to accompany you? We can certainly do that,” she bluntly offered. Three giggling hyenas somewhere behind me told me a lot of the situation I was in.

Four women, one man.

Any male—bachelor or married—would be happy with this lucky strike but not me. Oh no not me. It only reminded me of my fucked up childhood with those maids of my mother.

I ignored her again, choosing to continue staring at the vast sea ahead. My hands inside my pants pocket clenched though. Anger was simmering inside me and it was inches away from exploding. Seriously, can't I just go to a place on Earth where no woman would hit on me? This already happened in Greece with Serena and though she was cool with it, I didn't enjoy it at all.

“Or I can accompany you myself,” then this audacious woman placed a hand on my chest.

“I'm...alone too you know. I'm recently divorced from a bad marriage and I needed a man to—”



“Get your hand off me,” I cut whatever it was she tried to say. Turning around to face her, I gave her my sharpest glare, the ones where the servants in the castle turn white as chalk. “I have no interest in you or your friends so GO. AWAY.”

This was the most merciful thing I could do. Of course, I could just crush her skull to pieces but that would be too brutal of me.

“Ohhh, you’re a bad boy,” she cooed and acted as if she wasn’t put off by my glares at all.

Huh. Fuck.

“I see what you’re doing. You’re a cranky man who needs to be thawed by a woman’s love.” Her hand, despite my warning, continued to caress my chest. Her free hand even joined in and touched my shoulder. “I bet you’re looking for ‘the one’ in this cruise but are too afraid to admit it. You’re so handsome and tall and so strong and I could see that you have a healthy bulge so stop with this acting. I could be the one for you.”

She leaned forward and pressed her breasts against my ribcage.

“I could thaw you in many ways possible.”

And that’s it. I’m done.

Out of anger, my hands left my pockets, planning to throw her overboard, but then another person interrupted me. It wasn’t Serena. It wasn’t her parents either. It was the viscount.

