

The Alpha King's Claim

Chapter 105 The Overprotective Alpha King

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Aero

“Her vitals are normal, Sir, and she doesn't look in distress,” the nurse informed when he was done checking Serena. “Do you know what caused the bloodstains on her gown? Was there an accident? Is she on her period?” He glanced at the rings on our fingers first before directing his attention to me.

“She's pregnant. I asked for a gyne doctor earlier. I want my wife checked now!”

I was close to wringing the nurse's neck just to get my point across, but I held myself. Violence was an unnecessary and irrelevant displacement of my impatience. Besides, I didn't want Serena's mother to see my savage side.

The nurse lowered his head and apologized. “We, unfortunately, don't have an in-house doctor with that specialty, Sir, but we have a General Practitioner ready to examine your wife.”

I shook my head in dismay. “No, I want a doctor who specializes in these cases. What good is this five-star cruise ship when it can't offer the right services when needed?!”

The nurse took a step back and brought his hands up. “Please, calm down, Sir,” he requested.

“We...we do have a guest onboard who is an ob-gyne. I’ll try and contact her but I can’t promise anything.”

“Contact her now,” I demanded again, my anxiety growing by the minute.

When he went to his desk, I rerouted my attention to my wife. Her eyes were still closed, her forehead a bit creased. There was no active bleeding happening in between her legs and that was

good. If she did have one, the bed would have been soaking wet already. I took this as a positive sign. I tried to mind-link her and luckily, I was able to get across the haziness of her thoughts.

‘Serena, please tell me what you’re feeling.’

Her brows moved slightly, but her eyelids continued to stay shut. ‘I just need a rest, Aero. I feel so tired and dizzy.’

Her telepathic voice lacked spirit and this somehow alarmed me, but since she said she needed to rest, I trusted her and granted that.

I caressed her head and kissed her forehead before turning my attention to her mother. She was still praying and for a moment, I saw tears trickle down her eyes. Despite being just a foster mother, Mrs. McAllister truly cared and loved Serena.

I would trade my biological mother for a foster one like her if it meant I'd receive this kind of selfless love. I'd do it in a snap if I knew then it was possible, but it was useless looking back at my past now. There's no point crying over spilled milk.

Sometime later, the nurse went back to our room looking pleased.

"I have good news, Sir. The guest doctor, Dr. Nancy Rutherford, will be here soon," he announced. "Luckily, she agreed despite having dinner with her friends. In the interim, I will transfer your wife to the ultrasound room. It's her initial instruction."

"I'll accompany her there," I told the nurse in a tone that brooked no argument.

"Yes, Sir. You're allowed since you're her husband," he agreed. I was pleased. Wearing the twin rings seemed to get this fact across these humans and without so much as a fuss.

After cranking some levers, the bed moved with Serena in it. Mrs. McAllister stepped aside and allowed the nurse to maneuver the bed frame. I helped him do the same, pushing the headboard and stabilizing the bed.

Just as we reached the ultrasound room, a woman looking to be about her fifties arrived too. She

still wore her cocktail dress and her hair was in a neat bun, but I knew instantly this was the doctor the nurse talked about.

She maintained an air of confidence around her like most doctors do. The expression on her face was neutral, but when she exchanged nods with me, she smiled a little.

“So, what seems to be the problem, Mr.?” she paused and looked at me in the eye.

“Blackwolfe. I’m her husband.”

“Okay, Mr. Blackwolfe.” She neared Serena and pulled out a stethoscope from a workbench near her. “I will do an ultrasound on her right away while you recount what happened this evening before you came here. Since your wife is pregnant, we need to act fast and find out why she had minor bleeding.”

I did as she told; recounting everything from my point-of-view, but there wasn’t much to tell though. Like the McAllisters, I was in the dark about all that’s happening to my wife’s health.

“Alright, can you look at the monitor, Mr. Blackwolfe, while I explain,” she instructed whilst pointing to the black and white screen across me.

“You have twins, all boys, so congratulations,” she started. It was already a known fact to me so I just gave her a short nod.

“The uterine wall is intact. There’s no bleeding inside and there’s no breakage elsewhere so that’s a positive sign. This means that the bleeding your wife experienced earlier was just the common spotting that occurs in first-time pregnancies, especially in the first trimester. Rest assured, your twins are okay.”

Her words somehow lifted a bit of my worry.

“And my wife? How is she?” I asked in haste. It didn’t answer why she felt extremely tired and dizzy all of a sudden earlier.

“I’m pretty sure your wife is just experiencing first-trimester symptoms, Mr. Blackwolfe,” she answered in a confident tone. “You should allow her to rest for the whole day, give her more fruits and fluids. I reckon you took advantage of the many activities of this cruise?”

“Yes,” I confessed, feeling a bit guilty. “My wife wants to make the most of her time while we’re...” On Earth, I would have said, but decided not to. It would only confuse the doctor and give her reasons to probe more. “While we’re together with her family. We are only just visiting them after all.”

“That’s sweet of her, but next time, be cautious. Since she’s carrying twins, it will be trickier than a normal pregnancy.”

I accepted her explanation. It was on point, but at the back of my head, I also thought that maybe I could have Alpha Margaret check Serena too; have her probe the half-werewolf, half-fae side of her pregnancy.

The doctor pushed some buttons on the ultrasound machine and in effect, the computer printer started printing the report. Once done, she signed it and handed it to me.

“Here’s my card also, if you wish to have a follow-up checkup.”

I accepted both of the documents from her and watched Serena now in a deep sleep. “We will make sure to do a follow-up in the future, doctor. Thank you.”

She stood up and tipped her chin once before leaving us. Seconds later, the nurse entered and gave

me two choices: to have Serena stay inside the clinic until the next day or to transport her to our suite. I chose the latter since it had better privacy than the other.

Fifteen minutes later, we were back in our suite and the McAllisters to theirs. They were kind enough to offer their services but I declined, wanting to take care of Serena all by myself.

Since she was out cold, I changed her clothes myself. Undressing her was one of the things I take

pleasure in doing, but this time, the reason was different. I chose a comfortable chemise and a fresh clean undergarment to replace the gown and her stained underwear. Slowly, I changed her and while doing so, I planted a soft kiss on her belly. "Take care of your mother," I whispered, sure that my sons would hear me. "Be good boys in there."

I placed another kiss before straightening up and finishing the job. Once everything was done, I took a shower and changed into my boxers. I joined Serena in bed thereafter and cuddled her close.

Experiencing shock earlier was an eye-opener. I didn't want that to happen again. I didn't want to feel helpless. I didn't want to see her suffer, but I knew it was an inevitable thing when it came to expecting a baby...or in our case, babies.

I wanted to be prepared for any possibilities during her pregnancy and to do that, I realized I had to start with myself. This means no more lovemaking me...for us. Even though Serena assured me that it was fine, I still couldn't erase the worry in my head.

I'm no doctor but I realized there was always a chance our intimate activities could have, in a way, contributed to her bleed.

Serena

I found myself squished by Aero's arms when I woke up from a very deep sleep. I couldn't say if it was morning, afternoon or evening at that moment and I didn't care. Here on the bed with him completed my day already. Everything else was second and third priorities.

Buried in his embrace, I looked up to see another handsome angle of my husband: his strong jaw, his pointed nose, and his thick lashes. They were bathed in the lampshade's light as if he was its lord, praising his handsomeness like the sun and the moon. I couldn't hold back a grin, enjoying just ogling him. Yes, these were all features that I love from him and of course, some more down south...his chest, his abdomen, his thick thighs and his...you-know-what.

My eager hand snaked down his belly and inside his boxers. Once I fully palmed his cock, Aero stirred and groaned.

"Serena, your hand is misbehaving again," he stated whilst popping open one eye to look at me.

Giggling, I freed myself from his embrace, sat up and straddled him. "Good morning, my alpha king. I apologize; I couldn't seem to stop my hand from wandering."

His lips curved up. One hand caressed my cheek while the other secured my waist.

“It’s good to see you awake and cheerful, Serena.” I nodded with enthusiasm. “Yes, I’m awake, cheerful and ready, Aero.” I squeezed his cock again before freeing it from his boxers. He groaned first with excitement, knowing already what I meant, but then, in the next second, his expression hardened.

“We can’t. It’s good we abstain for now,” he explained.

My brows knotted. “Why?” It didn’t seem like his erection agreed with him as it was still as solid as any iron rod on the market.

Aero visibly clenched his jaw, showing me the turmoil he was undergoing inside. He took a deep breath first before continuing to ask, “Don’t you remember what happened to you last night?”

With this, I was reminded by yesterday’s events: the opera, the extreme fatigue and the blood.

Most especially the blood. My eyes momentarily widened. I sat straight up and released his cock from my grasp.

“Oh...” was my scarce reply. It wasn’t enough a word to express the emotions running inside me though: shock, confusion, fear, and then finally, acceptance.

“I feel great now,” I started. “I couldn’t explain the heavy tiredness and dizziness last night, but I

reckon that's because of first-trimester...pregnancy...symptoms?" I trailed off as I saw the knowing gleam in his eyes. Then, without delay, I scoured his mind for information and there it was, his memory of last night from his point-of-view. "Yes, the doctor said the same, Serena," he voiced out whilst cracking a brief smile.

"There's actually an ultrasound room in this cruise ship?" My eyelids fluttered, taken aback by this information.

"Lucky for us, there is, although I had a hard time getting a specialist doctor for you."

I read his memories again and picked out the one I was interested in.

"This Dr. Rutherford you met seems a kind woman, putting her profession first over leisure. She also explained my situation in a way that you won't get stressed. She's good."

"I think so too," he agreed.

"But why the decision of abstinence though?" I lowered my body and cupped his face. "The doctor didn't say anything about that."

After another deep sigh, he answered, "I wanted to make sure we're not hurting our babies, Serena."

My heart warmed up for him. "Oh, Aero, you are such an overprotective father. I did say they will

be okay right?”

His expression remained impassive.

Somehow, I understood his side. As a first time father, naturally he'd worry and overreact.

“Okay, to ease your fears, I'll grant your wish,” I stated and straightened up. “We'll abstain as much as you want, but when the time comes that the temptation is too much for you, know that I'm always ready.”

“You say that but your hand still misbehaves,” he answered, pointing to the fact that I was already holding his cock again.

I tossed him a haughty smile. Squeezing his shaft hard, I stooped low and whispered in his ear,

“Abstinence doesn't mean I can't please my man in another way. Should I stop then?”

His expression lightened and finally, lust flickered in his eyes. “No, go on. Take responsibility, Serena.”

I hummed low and bit his earlobe. “Gladly.”