

The Alpha's Mate Who Cried Wolf Chapter 155

The Celestial Realm

Selene

I peer down at the glass orb on my table. The people of Mysteria are celebrating the solstice in each town. I glide my fingers across the orb to watch other villages. In Garnett Halls, the people have draped large garlands around the horse's necks. In Bramblemore, I do not see one sober person. I cover my lips with my fingers and giggle as a handsome lad drunkenly falls into the lap of a lady. She looks down at him and hiccups, only for them to both blush and laugh. The beginning of a new romance for sure. I then glide my fingers along the globe until I stop when I see my descendants celebrating not far from Moon Crest Castle.

A mage and a soldier jostle at one another behind a half-crumbled blue stone wall. Women hold ribbons and dance around the maypole. Others couple up and frolic in the nearby woods. Nina, Magnus, Alec and their families sit at a long table, eating an assortment of foods and drinking plenty of rum and wine. I watch them dance around and celebrate for while before I wave my hand over the globe. The view of Mysteria disappears, and the globe dims.

I walk from the table and lean against a pillar in my grand hall. I sigh as I gaze up through the transparent ceiling at the moon, planets and stars. I'm waiting for my friends to return from searching many different worlds in hopes of finding Thypon. While they have been searching for him for the last few days, I've been searching for my sister but to no avail.

Suddenly Ogrun, Valkrim and Cerridwen enter my hall. They look dismal, which tells me they haven't found him. I take my seat at the table, and the others join me. I wave my hand for jugs and chalices to hover over to our table and magically place them down.

Ogrun clears his throat as he fills his chalice with wine, 'Selene, maybe it's a good thing we can't find a trace of Thypon.'

I close my eyes and shake my head at his words, 'Pardon?' I say.

'I mean, there haven't been any incidents caused by him. Perhaps he learnt his lesson from being trapped under the volcano and is living quietly,' he says.

'My dear Ogrun, if you knew Thypon as I do. You would know he will never stop. I guess the question is, what do we do now if we can't find him?'

Cerridwen takes the chalice of wine from Ogrun as he is about to take a sip and sips it herself, 'The only thing we can do is wait for him to pick which world he plans on destroying next. The strange thing is it's been a week since he has been freed and still has not attacked any of the worlds. It's not his typical behaviour. Perhaps he is waiting for something?'

'What could Thypon possibly be waiting for? He can enter through any world anytime he wants to....' My body stiffens in realisation.

'The solstice! Mysteria! He couldn't know, could he?'

Cerridwen, Ogrun and Valkrim all jolt simultaneously as they realise what I'm thinking.

'Aria knew,' Valkrim says.

'What!' I say, standing up abruptly from my chair.

Valkrim cowers back, 'I was talking to Ogrun about it once. It was a few months after we created Mysteria. Then Ogrun left, and moments later, I heard a sound coming from the high branches of a tree above me. I looked up and saw Aria there with a guilty look on her face. She held up her notebook and pen and said she was just chilling in the tree and doodling and didn't mean to hear the conversation. I asked how much she heard, and she replied in a squeaky high tone, all of it... she swore on the stars that she would never tell anyone and motioned herself, zipping her lips.'

'Wands! I curse. It's all making more sense now. Atlanta left her home and went to see Aria. And Aria must have accidentally told her about Mysteria and how to enter. Atlanta didn't want anyone to know she was out and that she knew the secret of Mysteria. So she must have banished or sealed Aria away somewhere so Aria couldn't tell us she was out. Which all happened right before Thypon was released. Thypon hasn't entered any worlds yet, but he could be waiting for the solstice to enter Mysteria, but I've been watching the celebrations of the solstice through my orb, and all is peaceful. Surely if he planned to destroy Mysteria, he would have entered already?' I say to them.

'How long do we have until the solstice ends,' Ogrun asks.

'A few hours at least,' I answer.

I hover my hand over the orb, centred on the table. It lights up, showing the land of Mysteria. 'Everyone is still celebrating.'

Suddenly Juliet, the goddess of youth, runs inside my domain.

'Selene! It's Thypon. The deities guarding the veil were defeated by him, and then he entered through the veil. He has entered Mysteria!'

'We have to enter Mysteria! We have to stop him!'

Cerridwen gives me a sympathetic look, 'Selene... we can't enter. If we go, we might end up trapped there with him for a year.'

'What are you saying? We should do nothing and watch our people be killed?' I ask her.

Ogrun and Valkrim step on either side of Cerridwen.

'She's right,' Valkrim says. 'I'm sorry, Selene. We can't go to Mysteria. It's too much of a risk for us.'

I can't believe what I'm hearing. I shake my head at them and then hold my head up high, 'I'll go alone then.'

'What!' they say simultaneously.

'Selene! You won't be able to seal him away on your own. You will at least need another deity to help,' Cerridwen says.

If none of you will volunteer to come with me, then I demand the sceptre of divine power and will choose who in Mysteria will be left to have it and become a deity.'

Cerridwen, Ogrun and Valkrim stare at each other in dismay.

Ogrun steps forward and holds his hand out, palms up. Valkrim steps forward and places his hand over Ogrun's with his palm up. Hesitant, Cerridwen nods and gives in, placing her hand the same way. Then finally, it's my turn.

We close our eyes, and I chant, calling forth the sceptre which can turn any mortal into a deity. It requires four deities to agree and to summon the sceptre. It's been thousands of years since any of us have had to call it forth. But desperate times call for desperate measures. I will need all the help I can get to defeat Thypon. Above my hand, glittering dark dust begins to form a black sceptre with a larger round red crystal. Once it's finished, I slowly raise my hand and take it. The others lower their hands and step back.

'Are you sure you want to do this, Selene?' Cerridwen says as tears pool in her eyes. 'What if it's not enough to defeat him? What if you're trapped with him in Mysteria until the next solstice? I don't want you to go,' she says, placing a hand on my arm.

'Cerridwen, I have to go. I have to at least try and save Mysteria,' I tell her and walk away towards the veil.

Cerridwen turns and speaks to Valkrim and Ogrun. They listen to her intently and then begin running after me.

'Changed your mind?' I shout out to them as I hurry towards the veil, but they don't answer.

The veil looks like a portal but no matter how much power you use against it. It won't let you through. It's solid silver when you see it, but right now, because of the solstice, it's semi-transparent. I can make out mountains through the veil. As soon as I'm only a few metres away, I'm suddenly pinned down by Ogrun, Valkrim and Cerridwen.

'We're sorry, Selene, but we can't let you go through. We can't risk anything happening to you,' Cerridwen cries.

'No, please! Let me go! I have to help them,' I shout, trying to fight them off with magic. Valkrim is thrown back. I look up at the veil. As Ogrun pounces at me, I throw the sceptre towards it. As soon as it goes through, Valkrim, Ogrun and Cerridwen circle me and begin to chant. A large bubble forms around me.

'No!' I shout and bang my fist against the wall. 'Please, let me out! I have to go through the veil before it closes. I have to save Mysteria!' I try using magic to burst the bubble, but nothing works. Ogrun waves his hand around the bubble. Chains hug the sphere and wrap an end around his hand, and pulls it back toward my home. I fall to my knees and cry into my hands.

'Why are you doing this!' I shout.

'Because we are your friends, and we care so much about you that we cannot risk seeing you harmed,' Ogrun answers.

'When will you release me of this?' I ask.

'When the veil closes,' he replies.