

Chapter 100

“... I now crown you, Alpha Valens Thomas Castillo I, the king of werewolves.” The temple reverberated with applause as the oracle crowned Valens. She placed the crown on his head, took a step back, and curtsied. Applauses followed after that and I was grinning from ear to ear.

I looked at the smaller crown which had been sitting beside the king's when the oracle stepped towards me. I had a smaller one that was a replica of it. It was the same one Valens' mother wore on the day she died. He'd let me wear it on our Mating Ceremony and it meant everything to me.

I didn't know it then but him giving me that crown was the best way to let me know that he had let go of his past. He had left the path of vengeance and “updated by jobnib.com” chosen to look forward to a future with me. He let me, a daughter of a traitor from a line of traitors, wear the crown his beloved mother wore in her final hours and he was able to smile and laugh with me as I wore that crown.

“Do you, Luna Aysel Valens-Castillo, swear before the goddess and her people to commit to the service of our kind, to follow the part the goddess has made and support the king in carrying out his duties?” The oracle asked, standing before me.

“I Swear to do all these by the power of the goddess,” I answered after I made the mistake of nodding to her question. I had repeated those words for months but nervousness almost had me mixing them up.

The oracle got out a small bowl and held it out to me. Knowing what to do, I slashed my right palm with a sharp stone I brought with me to the coronation. My b***d dripped into the bowl, mixing with Valens' and that of the kings and queens who had reigned before us. The oracle chanted quick words underneath her breath until my bl**d stopped flowing, the cut healing over.

She put down the bowl and picked up the crown she'd been admiring. "The goddess has given me the authority and now I crown you -" She stopped as Valens stood from his seat beside me.

"I'll do that." He took the crown from the oracle and I saw her lip twitch as she stepped aside with a bow.

"Go daddy!" A voice shouted from the crowd.

"Yeah!" Another answered. The audience laughed while my mate and I shared secret smiles.

"I now crown you, Aysel Valens-Castillo, my queen." He placed the crown on my head, took a step back, and grinned, admiring his work. He went back to his throne with a beaming smile on his face. The oracle came forward and gave me my first curtsy before she turned to the crowd.

"Wolves, your monarch!" Little girls in the room jumped up and threw flowers into the air. The crowd stood after them, clapping and cheering.

I stood from my seat and walked to stand before my mate, dipping into a curtsy.

"Your Majesty." He had a big grin on his face as he nodded in acknowledgment. The cheers rose to an almost deafening noise as I went back to my seat.

Valens and I sat there as one after the other, the people stood to pay their respect to their new monarchs, until it was the kids left. Two kids walked up to us, barely concealing their giggles as they approached.

“You look very pretty today, mommy,” the little boy said, walking past his father and forgetting to pay his respect.

“Thank you, baby, but you forgot to pay your respect to your father.” My cheeks hurt from how hard I was grinning. Goddess, I had never been this happy before.

“Oh-oh!” The boy rang back to the king’s throne and gave a cute little bow, shouting his greetings and running to do the same to me before the king had time to acknowledge.

The girl following behind him was a lot more composed than he was. She gave a proper curtsy to the king, waited for a nod before proceeding to do the same to me before grabbing her brother who was still lingering around, and taking him back to their seat.

More kids followed after them and they were a lot more formal. Then there were just two left.

We all watched as they walked forward, stopping at a point to wave at a blonde girl and her mate.

In fact, one of them tried to climb on the big man but he pointed out Valens and I, waiting for the last people to greet us before Valens’ big speech.

The children came running after that.

One of them stopped between Valens’ and I’s thrones, bowing a little before he jumped into Valens’ arms.

“I suppose we are to share that bow, huh?” I turned to Valens with a laugh. His sister did not have a curtsy in her at that point. She climbed into my lap and immediately went for the crown on my head. Her brother was doing the same thing to my mate. Their nanny quickly wrestled them away.

After the ceremony and Valens' speech, we had a reception filled with cake and more Alphas than I had ever seen in one place.

"Should I call you Luna Aysel now or Queen Aysel?" I turned to see Levana.

"You made it!" I pulled her into a hug. I hadn't expected her to come considering how heavy she was. "Wow, pregnancy looks good on you," I said.

"Not as good as it does on you, though." She nudged me with a grin.

"What do you mean?" I laughed. "I am not pregnant!" I already had four kids running around. I could use a break.

When Valens said he would give me twins, he forgot to mention how many. I had two sets now and they certainly didn't take after me because I was a quiet kid.

You are not? But you have the same scent that you had during your last pregnancy. Oh no, I can't believe I just assumed that. I am so sorry."

she rushed off before I said anything.

I sniffed myself but I could not tell if my scent had changed. The oldest twins just turned seven and the youngest was three. I was pregnant again?

Yikes.

I walked up to Octavia and Celeste while they spoke animatedly. Octavia had a large piece of cake on a plate. I was happy to see her eating well these days. She had to go away for a while to get treated and I was happy she was now doing well.

"The queen." Celeste curtsied as I approached them. I giggled at how awkward she looked.

“Have you seen my mate?” She asked, looking around the room. “He had to take Lucian to the bathroom but he hasn’t been back in ten minutes.”

Celeste and Jabari’s story was not mine to tell.

They had too many ups and downs. I hated to remember how broken she had been a few years ago after her parents ended their lives in the dungeons. I almost had to kidnap her from Redville to the Alpha Pack and force her to enroll in college when I did. Doing something she loved helped as much as being close to her mate did.

The reception went on till late in the evening, By the time I got back to my room, my back and feet were sore. I was dozing off when Valens entered the room and joined me in bed.

“My queen,” he whispered, turning on his side to face me. “Every day, you amaze me with how awesome you are.”

“Well, what can I say? One of us has to be awesome.” He laughed out loud at that.

He turned on his back, the two of us staring at the ceiling in our room, silently sifting through the events of the day.

“Has my scent changed again?” I asked, remembering Levana’s words.

“A bit. You are stressed. After all this He paused, his mouth forming an ‘O’.”Are you –

“Possibly,” I answered, giggling at the look on his face.

“All hail Queen Valencia!” A child shouted from outside our door before he could speak.

The door burst open to reveal a little girl doing a slow, dignified walk into the room, her brother holding the door open. The girl paused halfway into the room, deciding she wouldn’t be queen anymore.

You are the boy. You are the king!” She ran back to hold the door but the boy would not let go.

“No, you are older. You are the queen!” The boy protested. In three, two, one She zapped him.

The fun and frustrating part about having kids with magic was getting them to stop fighting. The first spell Valencia learnt was an electrocution spell and ever since she learnt it two years ago,

I could no longer count how many times she used it on her brother. In turn, her brother had learnt to light her hair on fire.

“The boy succeeds his father!” Valencia yelled.

Of all my kids, she was the only one with the courtesy to look like me. The rest copied and pasted their father’s looks.

“Either one of you can succeed me, Vee,” Valens said to the kids. I respective of gender or age.”

Valens did not have an heir yet seeing as they were just seven years old. Valencia was older and displayed more leadership qualities at their age but we had not considered an heir yet.

“But that hasn’t happened in the history of the monarchy. The male child succeeds his father,” Valencia repeated.

“I am the king now. I make the rules,” he grinned at them as they climbed into bed. Valencia launched a lecture on how difficult it would be to change the rules. Five minutes later, their younger ones came in through the door they left open.

You are still awake,” I exclaimed, rushing out of bed. Their nanny came running after them with a grimace.

“No sleep until bedtime story, mommy!” They chorused. I had to carry them back to their room and read them their favorite story of the alpha prince and his mate.

It was an unending circle of work from the office to the pack and then the kids. A circle I would not trade for anything in the world. I loved every second of my duties and coming home every day to my family was everything Valens had taken the older kids to their rooms when I came back. I had a quick shower and crashed into bed. I registered his return sometime later, mumbling a quick greeting. A while later, I felt lips on my cheek.

“Thank you,” he whispered into my ears. “Thank you for saving me.”

“Yea, I love you too,” I yawned, snuggling into his chest, barely comprehending anything. I heard a chuckle and my favorite words.

“I love you, little moon.”