

Chapter 138 Making Waves

Serena

The next day, Aero seemed to be back to his normal self—at least by my standards. We made love in the morning, he did his alpha king duties after lunch and we made love again in the afternoon. He didn't open the subject about Donna and Aurora, and neither did I.

We didn't need to. I could sense his fragile heart slowly mending, accepting them. He just needed more time, more understanding, and more patience. Eventually, he would fully welcome them into his life and I was certain that would happen, maybe not now, but soon.

Since our quest was over, I returned to my luna duties too, and this involved preparing for the annual harvest celebration of Phanteon to be held this evening. This would be my first time attending to such an event, so I felt excited about it. In addition, Aero and I planned to announce my pregnancy. I knew there were already some talks around the kingdom, not to mention my obviously growing belly, but this time, we were going to make it official and special.

We were going to rewrite the rules of Phanteon regarding the mating system too. We were going

to bring back the old belief so that those with the crescent moon marks could step forward and confidently proclaim they were true mates. Whether the Universe or a magical moon goddess does the pairing, it didn't matter. As long as they had the crescent marks, that was proof enough they were destined for each other.

By nightfall, Aero and I were at the back of the amphitheater, the one where our fake wedding was held months ago. Here, we waited for the program to start. He was sitting cozily on a sofa while I stood next to the refreshments table, fetching water for myself.

"You are still taking the folic acid pills Dr. Rutherford gave you?" he asked when he saw me tear the silver foil and toss the capsule into my mouth. I nodded after I followed it with water.

"Yes, every day. That was her prescription, remember?"

Aero cocked a brow. "Isn't it useless, Serena?" he said. "You already have the Ineri cave to sustain both you and our triplets."

I sighed and joined him on the sofa again. "Aero, there's no harm in drinking these pills. In fact, they give additional nutrients for our children. Think of it as my backup, especially when I can't go to the cave."

He was silent for a moment, maybe contemplating my words. Afterwards, he released an affirmative hum and said, “Okay, I’ll allow you to continue that then.”

Just in time, a knock on the door sounded. Chris came to view thereafter with his head lowered.

“Your Majesty, asking your permission to start the program.”

Aero stood up and replied, “Go ahead.” Then he shifted to me and offered a hand. “Let’s go, Serena. Let’s make waves.”

With an enthusiastic nod and a big smile, I accepted his hand and followed him to the backstage hallway. When we were announced, we entered the stage with heavy spotlights directed at us.

I waved to the audience before us and reciprocated their warm smiles while Aero, well, he was in his usual stoic demeanor. I claimed my gilded seat while he advanced and stood on the podium.

“My people,” he started using the mic stand. His voice was all formal, but I knew he employed a great deal of control just to keep it from stammering.

“We have gathered here today to celebrate this year’s harvest. Phanteon has provided and sustained us, and it has done so well. Let us return its kindness with an offering.”

The rays of the quarter moon shone down on the stage just as three women entered from the side

stairs. In their hands were the materials needed for the ritual. Elijah mentioned this earlier to me.

Said that Aero allowed a change in the usual all-male-performed ritual. This was probably what he meant, including women in the program, and this warmed my heart. This was a welcome change, and the audience thought of it too, judging from their happy faces.

“The first pressed wine of the year,” Aero continued as he gestured for the woman with a bottle of wine in hand. He opened it and poured all contents on an intricately designed vase already prepared at the edge of the stage. It was set up in a way that it looked like a mini altar with hay, twigs, garland, and fruits. Inside the vase was the soil of Phanteon, said to have been dug at the very base of the pillar.

When this was done, Aero returned to the podium and continued, “The first harvest of grain and the first harvest of sugar.”

Again, he did the same with the products, performing it with finesse and filled with regal aura. I was mesmerized the entire time of the ritual. It was almost similar to Ehnrelil’s annual harvest celebration too—minus the shimmers and glitters, that is, since Queen Adna loved to incorporate those.

“Let the next years be bountiful,” Aero announced in finality, and after this, cheers erupted from probably the entire population of werewolves and lycans.

My heart was filled with pride for my husband and for the people of his kingdom.

‘No, our kingdom, Serena,’ he corrected me through mind-link. I chuckled and nodded at him.

‘Indeed, it is,’ was my answer.

‘It is time,’ he added, looking at me with so much meaning.

‘Yes, let’s make waves, Aero.’ I stood up and joined his side.

“My people, I stand before you now not as your king, but as a fellow lycan and werewolf.” The cheers died out and all attention was directed to him—to us—again. There was eagerness in their eyes. An eagerness to listen to their alpha king, who was now baring it all to them. “We have been through numerous trials, but we always solve it as a pack. Now, I have no right to ask you to support me. Now, I ask that you judge me.”

There was no break in his voice. It was fluid. Stern. Sincere. He then took off his royal coat and shirt and kneeled on one knee before the crowd, gloriously shirtless, but repentant.

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