

Chapter 95 The Meeting Of The Leaders

Aero

Silently, I sat at a round table while waiting for the rest of the leaders to claim their seats. Queen Adna was already with me, sitting at my right while the King of Sattus at my left. They were the two leaders that could vouch for me. The third one, Lady Yllana, who now showed her older skin, tossed me a look across the table and nodded, telling me it was time.

Time for what?

Well, time for all the leaders to know what happened in the Baltic Meadows a month after the great battle between the Kingdoms Phanteon and Ehnrelil.

All of the leaders were present and this included Governor Marius dela Forte of Earth. We exchanged brief introductory stares before I redirected my attention to the High Witch.

“Everyone, thank you for your presence here today,” Lady Yllana started. “Agotta, the realm of the witches, warmly accepts you and wishes you to enjoy your two-day stay here. As a neutral faction ever since the realms were created, I decided to host this meeting for a number of reasons:

one, to understand the situation in Ehnrelil—the late King Geraden’s betrayal and schemes; two,

to understand the situation leading to the events of the great war between Phanteon and Ehnrelil; three, to discuss more about transparency between realms and the strengthening of the bond between each realm; four, the case of this mating system our realms have; and lastly, the introduction of a new representative of Earth.”

Her head shifted to the fae queen and said, “Queen Adna, you may proceed.”

The one addressed stood up as regally as she always does with her golden long hair flowing and her fae garb shimmering. The shimmers were what I disliked, so I decided to close my eyes while I listened to her account.

“Everyone, lend me your ears as I explain Ehnrelil’s path to downfall,” she began with her ethereal voice. She started first with Geraden’s betrayal, killing his own brother—the King of Ehnrelil and her mate—with the help of his daughter. Then, she explained how he made the murder look like the work of a werewolf...of General Halcynos to be exact, pinning him directly since he had a personal grudge against him.

At that point, I could feel the stares of the leaders on me, but I just ignored them. If anything, it was the general’s story to tell, not mine.

Queen Adna further shared that Geraden poisoned the minds of the fae people starting with her

and the high elders. He took advantage of the kingdom's grief and anger, used this to incite war against my kingdom. He hated the werewolves and lycans so much that he wanted my kind wiped out at the cost of his people.

Such a petty bastard.

Queen Adna mentioned Serena too, or Ysanna in their native tongue. She praised my mate with a passion that I couldn't help but grin.

Of course, I thought to myself, my mate was the salvation they needed.

"I admit, I had turned weak and vulnerable ever since my mate, King Alduin, died," she stated with a hint of sadness in her voice. "And because of this, I was easily swayed by Geraden. My mistake almost cost the life of my people and this is unacceptable. I should have stayed strong and I shouldn't have become blind to his schemes."

She had a point and I admired her for owning up to her mistakes. I'd probably turn insane if my queen met the same fate.

"Serena, the new queen of Ehnrelil and the current queen of Phanteon has helped me out of Geraden's darkness," Queen Adna continued, "and with the help of King Aero," I felt her hand on my shoulder and this made me look up, "the fae kingdom is saved."

“I was merely supporting my wife as a mate should,” I answered whilst straightening on my seat.

“Serena, as you may already know, is part werewolf and part fae. She lives two worlds and she loves her double identity. It is all thanks to her that Phanteon and Ehnrelil were saved.”

“You are blessed with a strong, beautiful queen, Your Majesty,” Hale interjected, staring at me with mirth in his bloodshot eyes.

Damn him. He just had to remind me how he was a beneficial person during the war. He had crippled so many faes at that time that some of my wolves complained about it—well complained of not being able to get their share of the fun that is. Anyway, I tossed him a look almost close to a glare and answered, “Yes, I am.”

‘And she’s mine forever. Get a woman of your own,’ I wanted to add but refrained. I was surrounded by VIP people after all. Although they were well aware of the existing rift between werewolves and vampires, I still had to comport myself properly.

“Thank you for your statements, Queen Adna, King Aero,” Lord Mage Aizen, my close mage friend, stated as he stood up. He wore his official mage robe of emerald green and black—quite too majestic for me, but with his dark long hair loose, he looked like a brooding mage who didn’t

get a boner the previous night. “Now, to proceed, the events in their kingdoms have given us a serious lesson to learn. We need to strengthen the inter-realm bond. We can’t have this thing from happening again.”

He placed both of his hands on the table and it glowed suddenly with blue and yellow light. Like always, he enjoyed visuals in his presentation and this was what he was doing now as he swiftly narrated the history of our realms.

“We all know that our realms were created not a millennia ago.”

A spark of gold and silver appeared in the center of the round table just as the light of the room dimmed. Then, this spark reshaped into a galaxy.

“We all have our stories to tell who our first ancestors are—if applicable—but we have the collective understanding that we used to live in one grand world.”

If applicable, he said, and that was because most of the ancestors still lived to this day. We couldn’t be sure if they were immortal—like, say, Lady Yllana, Prince Andrei’s ever-busy father, Lord Mage Aizen himself, the King of Sattus, and Lord Jacobi’s elusive queen, Queen Demantha—but it was a general understanding they would sooner or later transfer their responsibilities to their successors.

“In the beginning, we coexisted with each other, lived a life where understanding and peace prevailed, but with differences comes a price,” Lord Mage Aizen continued. “The humans started to envy us supernatural beings and misunderstandings arose between creatures. This caused a gap in all existing relationships. To address this, we all agreed to create our own homes instead, a place where we could be free and we could be ourselves. Thus, the pillars for the realms were created.”

Pillars, yes.

Literal, glowing ones.

The first ancestors along with the current rulers and representatives—King Lucien, Queen Adna, Marius dela Forte, Lord Hale, and me—sustain the pillars. With our powers, we keep the pillars standing and in turn protect the balance between our worlds.

At the very heart of Phanteon, in the castle’s highest tower, one of these pillars existed. My father sustained it with his powers while he lived and now that responsibility rested on me.

Lord Mage Aizen tossed a look at me and Hale and continued, “This is why our bond needs to strengthen. As much as we wanted to, we can’t exist alone. We each have our own share in

supporting and protecting our homes...our kingdoms. We can't have a battle like that ever happen again."

"We all understand the weight of this truth," I said in all seriousness, "but our people most likely don't. Well, not generally at least. This is why I believe it is our responsibility to make them understand. Case in point, Geraden and Nevannir were misguided faes, too wrapped up with their ambitions of being king and the dream of a superior kingdom that they failed to realize picking fights with Phanteon would only crumble theirs. These kinds of people are the ones we ought to look out for. Be wary, know the signs of threat, and be one—or better yet—a hundred times step ahead."

"You have a great point, Your Majesty, and this is exactly true," King Lucien supported. "As leaders, we should oversee our people with enough caution. Balance it with trust and a leveled head."

"Trust is hard to come by where I come from, King Lucien," Hale pointed out as expected. Everybody knew he had experienced hiccups with fixing this human slave trading issue on his turf. Although generally, this should have raised red flags on all of us, we were confident he had it

all figured out, except for this one problem he had been so engrossed in for years. It had undone him.

“And so is my realm,” Prince Andrei interrupted, taking me out of my thoughts. Naturally, his demon realm always has a problem. A lot of sick, psychotic creatures lived there.

“We are aware, Prince Andrei, Lord Hale,” Lady Yllana stated. “That’s why open communication is a must. If you need our help, never hesitate to reach out to us.”

“All in favor of this, please raise your hand,” Lord Mage Aizen called out with his hand hanging in the air.

All of us followed him, no hesitation in our eyes.

“Good,” he nodded. “We will work out a full-proof plan tomorrow. Let us continue with the other agenda for now.”

“Yes,” Lady Yllana stood up again. “To continue, we all know about King Aero’s hate of women and the recent find of his true mate and eventual change of heart. His journey to love has crossed between realms and has inspired a number of people. This prompts us to tackle about the mating system of the Universe.”

“We have no concrete evidence of how this system works, Lady Yllana,” Lord Jacobi reminded.

A crack on her stiff façade appeared showing her sadness. She had her own share of this mate bond thing but I didn't bother listening about it when Elijah once mentioned it to me.

"I know and I guess it is safe to say it is better to leave it as it is—a mystery," she continued. "The Universe is a mystery in itself. No one knows if or how it chooses two different individuals to be mates, but we still need to at least spot clues."

"Like King Aero and Queen Serena's crescent moon tattoos on their wrists, that's a good evidence," the King of Sattus chimed in.

"Great point, Your Highness," Lady Yllana replied, giving him a pleased smile. "However, their situation is an isolated case, unless..." she turned to look at me with an arched brow, "this is currently what's happening in your kingdom, Your Majesty."

"No, not that I'm aware of," I answered stiffly, "but I'll further look into this."

I never thought much about the crescent moon tattoos. What I assumed the entire time was that this was unique to both Serena and me. Now, with Lady Yllana bringing this up, I might need to investigate further.

"This is one topic we need to figure out in our respective realms," Lord Mage Aizen clasped his hands on the table.

“Agreed,” King Lucien seconded. “Maybe then, when this mating system on each realm is well-drafted, then and then we can share it on this table in the future.”

“That’s a coherent advice, You Majesty,” Queen Adna expressed, her mint-green eyes twinkled with longing for the late King Alduin no doubt.

“This topic is hereby declared as deferred,” Lady Yllana announced, hitting the gavel like a judge delivering her verdict. “Now, for our next and last agenda to cover, Governor Marius, please claim the spotlight.”

I watched as he stood up and righted his coat. I had been a member of the council long enough to witness his journey. I saw him get introduced to all of us decades ago and I saw his contributions to the realms, especially in Serena’s life as a human. It would be a shame to see him go, but it was for the best. He was getting too old for this job and I meant it in Earth years.

“Everyone, you know my time as the representative of Earth has ended,” he squared his shoulders and looked at all of us in the eyes. “I had served my world and the realms for the past forty years with progress. I have no regrets about leaving my position now. To succeed me, I introduce you Viscount Daniel Bishop, Viscount of Everdeen in the United Kingdom and a prominent man of

his time.”

He turned around and motioned for someone to enter. From another room, a tall man and obviously younger than the governor, stepped in. He wore a full suit and polished boots. He awarded all of us a tight-lipped smile that looked almost business-like.

This viscount stood beside the governor with a confident back. I could immediately tell he was nothing like the down-to-earth Marius. Plus, his scent smelled of chemicals and fuel. Two things that I deemed repulsive when I always visit Earth. “I reckon you had already taught him everything he needs to learn about us, Marius?” Lord Jacobi asked, running a good observation on the new representative.

“Yes, Lord Jacobi, his knowledge is vast,” the governor nodded.

“Please, let me introduce myself,” the viscount raised a hand and tipped his head slightly down. “I am Daniel Bishop, Viscount of Everdeen, but you can erase the appellation anytime. I am but a humble servant to the realms. I am honored to be the next representative of Terranis.”

“Good. You are welcome to this circle, Viscount Daniel and we wish you the best in your new position,” Lord Jacobi replied. He stood up and neared him, only passing Lady Yllana and Lord

Mage Aizen to get to him.

“Thank you, Lord Jacobi,” Viscount Daniel lowered his head again whilst they shook hands.

The rest preferred to just give him a brief nod of acknowledgment. I did the same. For me, newcomers meant adjustment and adjustment meant trust. He had to prove himself worthy to me before he could earn my trust.

The rest of the meeting was filled with unnecessary talks mostly about the new representative of Earth. I decided not to listen. I was interested more in what my sweet wife was doing on Ehnrelil.

‘Serena, care to entertain your husband?’ I mind-linked, hiding a grin from the leaders in front of me.

‘Hm...bored now, my king?’ she replied within two seconds.

‘As hell,’ I answered.

‘Well, unfortunately, I can’t help you with that. I’m busy here you know.’

From the background, I could pick up her footsteps on a hard floor and that made me imagine she was somewhere inside Ehnrelil’s crystal palace, or similar to it.

‘Where are you now?’ I asked, very curious as to her whereabouts. Then I heard two male voices talking. I frowned.

‘Serena? Who are you with?’

'I'm sorry Aero, but I need to go. Chat with you later.'

And that's it. She tuned me off of her mind.

I grumbled within my throat causing Queen Adna and the King of Sattus to look at me suspiciously.

Damn...

Just when will this meeting end?