

Chapter 121 The Queen's Mother

Serena

I won't deny it. My aunt's words worried me for a moment, but Aero, so supportive a mate, gave me a boost.

Pregnancy wasn't an easy milestone to undergo; I knew this already, and it was even more difficult since I got twins. I hadn't really equated the facts about me being a half-fae half-wolf and how this would affect our babies' development, but what the hell.

The deed was done, and our pups were coming, and they were coming soon. I looked at the brighter side instead. At least Aunt Adna was conscious enough to inform us of her worries. Aero and I ate light while auntie shared her fond memories when my mother had me. Of course, since she loved flair and spectacle, the dining table we used became a brief stage. The room dimmed. A hologram of some sort powered by glittering sand provided the show.

As Queen Adna narrated, the sand transformed to the setting and characters. And they moved. My goodness, a mirror image of my mother and my aunt in their younger years moved as if I was

looking through a television screen. It was both surreal and magical.

“Since a child, your mother always loved to go to different places. She had a carefree attitude that was balanced by her profound sense of duty. She was the top fae in the priestess training but at the same time, she broke many rules and the elders were very stressed with her.”

Rich laughter left my chest as I saw the many younger versions of my mother play out auntie’s words. The Rexhus Tower was the main setting and around it, she was either playing under a tree, using her fae ability to create a rainbow, win the race against the other fae would-be-priestesses, climb up vertical mountains with her bare hands, swing over Ehnrelil’s many stone bridges and being reprimanded by an Elder.

She was a total package of me and this made my eyes brim with tears, but not wanting to miss out the other parts of my auntie’s narration, I held it back from falling.

“But Cyrena’s favorite of all was to visit Salviste Lake on the Baltic Meadows,” Auntie’s attention briefly landed to my silent husband before continuing, “The border between Ehnrelil and Phanteon as you well now, and this became the main spot where her love story begins.”

The sand changed from tower to lake and from the young Cyrena to a grown woman. It showed my handsome father too, looking at her at the other side of the lake with the most intense eyes I had seen in him. Just this magical hologram alone, I felt their love. I felt their longing. I felt their bond. It was enough to bleed tears out of my eyes. Beside me, Aero caught my waist and pressed me closer.

“I was about to be crowned queen when your mother told me about her relationship with Hal, the premier general of the Phanteon army and the beta of the Alpha King. Naturally, being of different species, I advised her against it, but she...she looked so in love, so alive when she revealed he was her mate. I understood her instantly. I was in love myself with Alduin, my fae mate.”

The brightness in her eyes dulled for a moment. Across the table, I was tempted to reach out to her and comfort her, but she regained her composure in the next second, sniffed and smiled towards me again.

“We decided to keep this a secret from the Elders and from our people. Alduin knew and he was probably the only fae who understood Cyrena’s situation. His brother though, damn him to

Gehenna, harbored an unhealthy infatuation with my sister. He tried a number of ways to court her but he failed every single time. I may not know fully what he did to your mother, Serena, but knowing him, I'm certain he was the cause for all your parents' misfortunes."

Once again, the sands played out her words. I had difficulty looking at the model figure of Geraden wooing my mother. It was sickening to watch.

"Then Cyrena told me she was pregnant with you, sweetheart." Aunt Adna's expression morphed into gentleness. "I had never seen such brightness in my sister's eyes when she told me about it. She loved you dearly and she planned to bear you in a house Hal had built near Salviste Lake. She wanted you to celebrate your unique roots as being a half-fae half-wolf. She wanted no borders for you; no strings to tie you down."

This time, my tears mimicked the mini waterfall Aero and I just recently made love in. My heart broke hearing her words. Part of me was happy but another part of me was sad...so, so sad. I knew my mother enjoyed her life with me growing in Ehnrelil, but I also knew she'd enjoy it more if she spent it with us—me and my father.

Now, that time has come and gone, and there were no options left but to move forward and focus

on the silver lining behind the darkness:

My husband, Aero, and our children.

I choked back a sob. Aero was quick to embrace me and embrace me tightly.

The sand showed us my mother with her stomach so full of me. She was laughing, sitting next to my father under a tree—the same tree that Aero and I shared when we were kids. It also showed how she bore me, sweating and grimacing...shouting her pain...gritting her teeth...holding onto the sheets...but with no mate beside her.

My heart bled with so much agony for her.

Damn you, Geraden.

I wanted to kill that monster again and again and again just so that I could avenge my mother for all the things he did to her. Fucking hell, I really do.

‘Your father has already avenged her, Serena,’ Aero mind-linked me, this time acting as my voice of reason. ‘Don’t focus on the past. Focus on the future.’

My future...

I withdrew and stared at his hazel-greens glowing for me. He palmed my stomach and kissed my forehead. I soaked his love and warmth in.

Of course...

My beautiful future.

I was going to honor my mother by taking care and protecting my children and my mate.

“Oh, dear, I made you cry again,” Aunt Adna stated, looking remorseful.

“No, auntie. Don’t worry. It’s better to know someone’s point-of-view about my mother. Thank you for sharing.” I wiped my tears dry and took a long, deep breath.

The sand hovering on the table disappeared. The room returned to its normal lighting. Aero released me as I stood up and neared her, giving her a hug that healed both our crying hearts.

I was glad I visited my aunt. Not only did Aero and I made progress with his quest and our relationship with the packs, I also made progress with my relationship with the only family I have closest to my mother.

Once we returned to Phanteon, it was already evening. We went up our chamber, freshened up, and spent the whole evening next to the fireplace planning our activity for tomorrow.

“Send my regards to Alpha Margaret,” Aero murmured as he kissed my temple.

I snuggled closer to him and nodded, “Yes, I will do, Aero. What I’m worried about is you tomorrow. Are you sure you want to visit Elijah in the middle of his honeymoon?”

Honeymoon. Yes. Elijah and Rhea were still cooped up in some faraway place I wasn’t informed

about, but Aero told me it was on Earth. I didn't press for more information nor did I scan his thoughts for the exact location. I respected their privacy. If Elijah and Rhea didn't want me to know, then they have a good reason. I could teleport anytime to them after all and become an uninvited guest.

Like Aero was unfortunately planning to be tomorrow.

"He's going to be pissed, but I can't put off this issue much longer," my husband replied, his eyes dancing together with the flames in front of us.

"Well, I suggest you mind-link him first before you come poofing into their room. You very well know why."

He groaned, probably disliking what crossed his mind, and didn't comment anymore.

We slept thereafter without intimacy involved but his embrace never loosened the entire night, and I, not once, complained.

I found myself alone when I woke up the next morning—something that I already expected. Aero was probably on Earth right now, talking to Elijah. After pulling my silk robe from the bedside chair, I stood up and donned it. I strolled straight to the bathroom, showered and changed clothes. Aunt Margaret knew already I would visit her since

I sent word about it yesterday.

Normally, pregnant women on Earth would go to their obstetrics doctor once a month for the first and second trimesters for check-up. My visit to my alpha aunt could be similar to this save from the fact that she wasn't a doctor. She was better than one.

William drove me to Palmeeya. I was the only person inside the coach. I had been so accustomed to traveling with Aero this past few days that now, sitting alone inside the box felt rather different. Or to be precise, empty.

We passed by the Cirelles Market which was, as always, buzzing with activity, and crossed the roads that showed a different side of the Baltic Meadows. When we reached the tower gates of Palmeeya, Aero, on cue, popped in my head.

'Have you almost arrived?'

A slow smile formed on my lips.

'Yes, and how about you? Have you and Elijah met already?'

Communicating with him wasn't difficult. Our bond was so strong, our thoughts could cross between realms just like it did in Viacronis and Ehnrelil.

I heard Aero groan first before he answered:

'He is donning clothes as we speak. I found him flaunting his ass around the living room of his

penthouse suite. Ugh, I wish I could erase that picture out of my head.'

I suppressed a laugh.

'Well, I told you to mind-link him before you come barging in.'

'He tuned me off,' was his quick reply. 'How was I supposed to give him a heads-up?'

From the window, I saw that William had already parked the coach at Aunt Margaret's building, so I decided to end our conversation.

'I'm about to disembark, Aero. Update me later, okay? I love you.'

'Yes and I love you more,' he answered just before I tuned him off. This time I couldn't hold back a grin. Who would have known this iceberg of a man would be exchanging I love you's with me?

"Luna, welcome back to Palmeeya Health and Healing Department," Theya, now working as a receptionist of the building, greeted me behind her counter as I walked in.

I raised my hand up and waved at her.

"Thank you, Theya. Where is my aunt?"

"She's delivering a baby now, Luna. She said you should wait in her office."

"No, I'm good." I shrugged. "I'll tour the building if you don't mind."

"Of course, Luna." She lowered her head and I, planning to do just that, was off to my first stop:

the nursery.

Such a typical thing to do, I know, but I couldn't help it. Since pregnant, I had been thinking of what my little ones would look like. They would surely have cute, button noses, a pair of thick brows and handsome chins like their father. They would probably have my lips, kissable as per Aero's words, and they would inherit the texture of my brown hair.

Or black like his.

Whatever the case maybe, I was sure they would look angelic and adorable when they come out, the same as the babies I watched behind the viewing mirror.

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