

## Chapter 96 The Busy Queen

Serena

Returning to Rexhus Tower where most of my training as priestess felt surreal to me. The last time I was here was when Geraden brought me to Ehnrelil to be judged. Of course, I was made to stay in the bedroom, so I hadn't witnessed the changes in the tower's interior, which basically consisted of...none.

The black-tiled rooms, gray-colored brick walls, dull furniture, and even the training set-up and equipment were all the same. One would think that in a fae kingdom, everything would be glimmering and fanciful. This wasn't entirely true, at least not in this place.

The tower was designed solely to enclose a would-be priestess, which technically was me. In the history of Ehnrelil, they had been always strict with training priestesses, but this was a first for them to actually build a tower for one person. I reckoned this probably stemmed from the fact that my mother had an illegal affair with my father. They didn't want that to happen to me. I was the seventh priestess while my mother was the sixth. The earlier ones, I bet, were well-behaved faes, virginal and obedient.

Huh.

Because I was a half-blood, they were extra strict. I had no doubt in my mind they hated my existence too and was only forced to train me because I was the successor.

But that was all in the past. I was their queen now, well...not yet officially, but I had the power and the authority to fix the mistakes of the past.

“Let’s work on the interior first, what do you guys think?” I asked, turning to my companions whose heights towered me.

Adamar and Adaen wore their usual ensemble of white surcoat, knee-length blazers, and earthcolored trousers. They would have worn their battle armors considering they were fae knights but since the war ended, they chose a lesser flashy way to clothe themselves.

“Yeah, this place needs a whole lot of renovating, Serena,” Adamar, the elder twin by mere thirtyeight seconds, expressed as he gazed at the vaulted ceilings and high beams. His brown hair with golden highlights was worn into a high ponytail, fully exposing his chiseled jawline that probably lured most of the she-faes.

“And needs an update on the equipment too. I can only imagine the next priestesses to stay here. They probably wouldn’t dare touch these things,” Adaen added whilst inspecting one of the

spiked cuffs hanging on a beam. He had a lighter skin complexion than his brother which complemented his pale brown hair. This was how I used to tell them apart aside from the minute difference of their heights.

Smiling, I neared Adaen and took out the cuff from his hand.

“Well, in my time, these spikes were useful,” I told him with a knowing grin.

“Yeah,” Adaen chuckled. “I remembered how you threw those to an unknowing Elder’s arse. You got a good punishment after that, kneeling on pebbles.”

“My knees did hurt like a bitch,” I mock-wincing and laughed as I stepped back to face the entire room. “Anyway, let’s give this place a homely appearance fit enough for a priestess or priestesses to live.”

“I’ll have High Elder Jhenniha work on the details, Serena. It will be just a flip of her hand,” Adamar informed.

I tossed them a cool look whilst I crossed my arms over my chest.

“You guys are lucky you’re not on Earth, otherwise you’ll use power tools for this renovation stunt.”

They both nodded and sighed. “We thought so too.”

'Serena...' Aero mind-linked me at the right moment. I gave him my attention while the twins busied themselves on some weapons.

Apparently, my husband was getting bored—again—while in the leader's meeting. Before he left this morning, he encouraged me to join but I opted out. It would be premature of me to join, plus I chose a place where my presence was really needed, namely Ehnrelil. Aero understood my choice, but still, this didn't stop him from giving me a pout.

Yes, seriously, a pout.

For a grown man with a perpetual scowl on his face, he actually pouted. Happy to say, I didn't fall for his trick; at least not on this occasion.

Now, moving on, I had to quickly dismiss him, explaining that I was busy, but in reality, this was my way of entertaining him. If he'd keep on wondering where I was and who I was with then he'd be more inclined to listen to the meeting, wishing it to end even faster.

Evil of me, I know, but I'm pretty sure he liked it this way.

"Hey, Adamar? Adaen? I never had the chance to ask, but why didn't you join the fight?" I stated, choosing now as the right time to open up this subject. "I didn't see both of you on the Baltic Meadows during and after the war."

They weren't a cowardly duo. In fact, they were the most courageous fae knights I know. I just thought that maybe they had a valid reason why they didn't join the battle.

"Very observant of you, Serena," Adaen smirked at me.

Adamar tossed an arm over my shoulder in a brotherly way and explained, "We didn't join the war because we didn't support it. Even though we are fae knights bound to serve the throne, we have our own decisions too and we decided not to join. We are friends with the werewolves and lycans. Plus, we hate Geraden too."

Well, those were good reasons if I may say so myself.

"Good for both of you to do that," I nodded with enthusiasm.

"We were so happy when we found out you guys won," Adaen expressed. "It would have been great to see Geraden's ass kicked, but well, we decided to stay with our mother."

"We knew you would be our queen someday, Serena, and here we are now," Adamar then squeezed me tightly with his embrace. Adaen joined in and before we knew it, we were giggling like we were kids playing in the Baltic Meadows. Really, these two faes were the only friends I had back then. They were a blessing in my

existence. They were my guardians and my cupids. They gave me freedom even for just a short while and they especially introduced me to Aero.

“Stop grinning you two and let’s continue our work,” I told them after finally freeing myself with their silly embrace.

“Aw, she’s too sweet to admit her awesomeness, brother,” Adaen cried out behind me.

“I guess we will just have to brag this to her again and again, brother,” Adamar chirped back earning a roll of my eyes.

I walked towards the door, planning to continue my inspection on the hallway, but then a fae messenger entered and greeted me.

“Your Highness, an update from High Elder Asherah,” he said whilst bowing.

I took the silvery stone he offered and crushed it with my bare hands. The fifth High Elder of Ehnrelil appeared before me in a glossy, transparent appearance. The silver stone was a way of communication in the fae kingdom. I could almost liken it to a hologram on earth if not for the flamboyant quality to the picture. It was glittering for heaven’s sake.

‘High Elder Tedris and High Elder Elowen, both supporters of Geraden had surrendered, Your Highness,’ she reported in a formal tone. ‘They are willing to coordinate with us in dealing with

the remaining fae supporters who had escaped after the war. The Elaga Mountains will be our next target. We believe they made camp there.'

I felt Adamar and Adaen's presence behind me likely showing their serious faces.

"Fortify the portals even more," I declared. "I can't have them jumping to other realms. They are a risk to themselves and to others."

'As you wish, Your Highness,' she briefly lowered her head in agreement.

"And High Elder Asherah?" I added before she could disappear.

'Yes, Your Highness?' she gazed at me with her lavender-green eyes and waited.

"Please exercise mercy in capturing them," I sighed.

"They are still our people. Like the two elders that surrendered, give these rogues options to choose their fate."

'I hear your words, Your Highness, and it shall be done,' she lowered her head once more and then saluted using her thumbs against her forehead. Apparently, this was a fae general's way of expressing loyalty to her king and queen.

High Elder Asherah was the general of the fae army. She was one of the affected faes who got turned to statues in the past. She was very loyal to King Alduin and Queen Adna and highly

disliked Geraden. When the battle of the werewolves and faes commenced, she was one of the High Elders who vocally questioned Geraden's orders. Under my rule, she was the first of the twelve High Elders to pledge loyalty to me. Six others followed her. The rest were Geraden's supporters—specifically the High Elders who maltreated me during my training—while another one was undergoing an 'enlightenment journey' so probably he was a neutral faction.

I was happy to have most of the support of the High Elders and Queen Adna was pleased with it.

"Thank you High Elder Asherah," I reciprocated the gesture, bowing and saluting before her.

With a confident smile, she disappeared into the wind. I blew a calming air afterward.

"Wow, so confident, Serena. You really are born to be a queen. Aero is so lucky with you,"

Adamar voiced out.

I flashed him a grin and winked.

"And I am lucky to have awesome friends to support me."

Adaen, who was the more playful of the two, acted innocent.

"Hmm, now, who might they be?" he scratched his head and rolled his eyes to the ceiling.

I laughed at this and quickly hit their chests with my fist.

“You guys are such a tease!”

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Inside the conference room of the palace, I gathered most if not all of the scrolls about the history of Ehnrelil, especially the ones that tackled about priestesses and the pillar.

Adamar and Adaen were still with me since they were basically my assistants. As the queen of Ehnrelil (unofficially of course), my first move was to make the twin as Magistrates of the High Court with their main responsibility as overseers of the training and eventual choosing of priestesses.

They were very open to the idea and of course, without hesitation, they accepted the job.

Somehow I had a gnawing suspicion they were also in it because of the nature of the work. They would be surrounded by female faes after all.

However, I had no doubt in my mind they were the best faes for the job.

Sitting beside me, they leaned forward and stared at the scribbles I made on the parchment paper.

“Okay, I’m thinking about abolishing the existing rules of being a priestess,” I announced.

“All of them, Serena?” they both chorused.

“Yes, all of them,” I answered after a determined breath. “Let’s create a new one that is fair and doable.”

Adaen took my pen and paper and said, “Okay, brother, do the brainstorming. I’ll write.”

His older brother quickly hit him in the head as a result. “Hey! You beat me to it!”

I chuckled at their antics. I always felt like they were only acting this way if in my presence.

When with other she-faes? I doubt it.

“So, let’s start with choosing candidates,” I began.

“Yeah, I have an idea about that one,” Adamar winked at me.

“What is?” Both Adaen and I asked, genuinely curious.

“All would-be priestesses must be beautiful,” he swiftly answered.

My brows furrowed. Before I could stop myself, I jabbed at his ribs.

“Hey! I said fair not biased!” I shouted like a mother admonishing her son.

“Okay! Okay!” he cried out just as Adaen doubled over and laughed. “Just kidding, Serena! But beauty would be a plus point right?”

“Brother!” Adaen paused and made a serious face. Then, after a few seconds, he snickered. “You just read my mind.”

Now, the two of them cried victory. I simply released a sigh of surrender and returned to making notes.

“Whatever. I’ll just write here that all female faes of the right age have the opportunity to join the training. It should be their own choosing. They shouldn’t be forced to join.”

“Serena, working with the royal family and assisting the queen in taking care of the pillar would be an honor to all faes. Of course, the majority would love to join. Nobody would be forced,” Adamar pointed out, now in a serious disposition.

“I know,” I replied. “I guess I’m just thinking out loud based on my experience. I was forced to become one you know, just because my mother was the current priestess.”

The twins gave me an understanding smile and a pat on the back.

“Anyway, to continue, all would-be priestesses are allowed to leave the tower freely. Their movements wouldn’t be limited, but proper decorum is expected.”

“Good words,” Adamar remarked.

“And how about the...you know...Serena, the lovey-dovey stuff?” Adaen pointed out. This topic was already in my mind before he even brought it up.

“Well, priestesses won’t be discouraged to seek their mates. They will have the freedom to leave and chose to be with them. They won’t be imprisoned in this tower. They will have the freedom to love and be loved.”

“Yes!” Adaen expressed without reservation, standing from his chair and making a happy dance. I giggled at his show of happiness. Like him, I felt glad I could change this rule. Speaking by experience, it was truly not easy to be forced to forget a loved one, especially a true mate. If this change means no more heartaches like my mother and I experienced, then Ehnrelil’s priestesses would surely serve the crown better.

“May I interrupt your meeting?” I heard a soft voice of a woman first before I sensed her regal presence enter the room.

Adamar and Adaen immediately stood up, stepped back near the wall and bent their heads. I, on the other hand, smiled towards the woman’s way and gave her a hug.

“Auntie, you’re back.”

“I see that you’ve been busy,” Queen Adna expressed as her eyes rolled to the scrolls and parchment papers.

Adamar and Adaen thoughtfully left the room after sending me a silent message. I giggled at their

stiff movements before returning my attention to her. “Yes, it’s a lot of work but it’s a must for our people,” I told her.

“You really should be officially crowned as Queen of Ehnrelil, Serena. It’s already overdue.”

Queen Adna held my hands and squeezed it tight. I, in return, smiled sheepishly at her. “Thank you, but no. For now, I’m fine with this arrangement, Auntie.”

She sighed and gave me a serene smile. “Okay, I shall relent for now, but know that the people of Ehnrelil already see you as their rightful queen. Luckily, they are patient faes. They will wait until you are ready or...” Suddenly, I saw mischief in her eyes, “You can give them an alternative.” She flashed me a grin before continuing. “A princess perhaps? She would suit better.”

I was taken aback when I saw my aunt squirm a little from her spot. This was a first for me. She definitely wasn’t this happy-go-lucky before.

“Oh, how I would love to train your sweet child using my motherly fae ways!” she cried out in a singsong voice. I swear I could see stars in her eyes right then and there.

I quickly raised my hand up whilst laughing awkwardly. “In due time, Auntie. In...uh...due time.”

“Well then, tell King Aero to speed it up,” she placed her hands on her waist and furrowed her

brows. “I thought werewolves and lycans are wild in bed? You should already be pregnant by now.”

I felt immense heat rush to my face. My Alpha King really was wild in bed. During my heat—which I am still experiencing now—we did it in different places, in a number of positions, and almost in every hour, or...was it actually every minute?

Oh, goodness.

We had to dial it down eventually due to the responsibilities of both kingdoms.

Queen Adna’s frustration was understandable, but as much as I wanted to console her, I couldn’t since my bedroom life with my husband was mine to keep.

And oh, as well as breaking the good news to him first.