

## **Chapter 125 The Maternal Truth**

Aero

After finding a safe spot away from the crowded streets of Budapest, I teleported back to Phanteon, inside my chamber specifically to place all the important materials I bought and replace the ones I wanted to replace. My conversation with Viscount Daniel was fruitful. Now, I was more cautious, more alert with him and with the people around me.

I found the room already warm; the fireplace lit and fresh of logs, but Serena wasn't around. I tuned in my version of a GPS in our mate bond, and there I found her already on Ehnrelil. My brows furrowed. She was due to visit the place tomorrow, but why was she there now?

I mind-linked her instead to get the answer.

"I want to know more about fae pregnancies," was her explanation. She also informed me about the twins and Lady Hanhenna, and where they were going—to Ineri, a bathing spot where all pregnant faes were supposed to frequent in order to get additional support for their growing babies.

I found it weird having to rely on nature for such a sensitive case, but this was Ehnrelil. They were faes. All their beliefs and traditions were odd for me in the very beginning.

“Be careful, Serena,” I told her with all seriousness. I was confident she could protect herself, but knowing Adamar and Adaen were there to guard her as well, made me feel at ease.

So now that I was left on my own, I decided to go to my father’s study located at the west wing, second floor of the castle. Let’s say I abandoned this place since he died, not because the room had a stuffy interior but because it reminded me of unsavory memories of my mother.

On the couch at the farthest end of the room was where she was found dead; half naked and bloody. Her stomach was open; all entrails were pulled out as if my father had blindly clawed it all out.

I could only imagine how angry he was that time. To do such a horrible thing to the woman he loved was just barbaric.

Cringing, I rerouted my attention away from that spot and walked straight to his study table made of the best wood in all of Phanteon. It wasn’t dusty since the servants still maintained it along with the entire place.

There were stacked books in one corner and a quill and ink on another. He was an antiquated man. He loved writing the old-fashioned way instead of using the convenient pen.

My aim was to find his diary—or similar to it—to get a good view of his rule as the first alpha king of Phanteon. After rummaging through the cabinets, I found a secret button instead. It was placed at the lowest cabinet of his table, protruding on the side wall. I pressed it and without delay, a secret door opened behind me.

Taken aback by this development, I straightened and gulped a good amount of air. If my father kept secrets in his life, then surely this room was the witness of it all.

Determined to find the answers to the many questions inside my head, I strode inside. The room was dark overall, so I used my lycan hyper sight to see clearly.

As opposed to the main study, this room was full of cobwebs and dust. It had piles of books everywhere, as if my father didn't mind organizing them. There was a table in the far left corner and an opened book with a quill resting on top of the page. It appeared like he was interrupted while writing.

After nearing it, my lips curved upward.

Bingo.

This was his personal record judging from the pronoun he used—"I."

Disregarding the collection of dust on his wingback chair, I sat in it and started reading.

'Olivia was my childhood sweetheart. Even before the realms were formed, we had been together. She always told me how she loved my ability to transform into my werewolf and lycan forms at will. She said it was an advantage to all the other men she knew. Told me it was fit for royalty. I was already an alpha of my pack, but to become the alpha king of all packs sounded even better.'

I narrowed my eyes. This account meant that the kingdom of Phanteon wasn't born yet; when our kind was still living in one world together with the other beings.

Planning to know more, I continued to read.

'She was the love of my life. When I was able to prove myself worthy of the alpha king title, the council granted me this status and I, in return, promised Olivia to be my queen, but as soon as Phanteon was created and all werewolf and lycans started to live in this one kingdom, I found a woman who I suspected to be my mate.'

My forehead wrinkled. Was my father actually talking of another woman other than my mother?

My blood began to boil, fearing for the next information I was about to read.

‘Donna was the daughter of the Bastion Pack alpha. All the physical signs I experienced proved her to be my mate. I lusted for her. I craved for her. But in my mind, I hated her. Olivia was the one for me, so I rejected Donna as my mate and imprisoned her in my manor.’

Cold dread washed all over me. Manor, he said. Was he pertaining to the manor he gave me on my twelfth birthday?

As if this wasn’t clue enough, his next accounts gutted my insides.

‘But my lust for Donna still lingered. In order to get her out of my system, I fucked her and fucked her repeatedly. I took Olivia as my queen weeks later and ignored Donna for the rest of the months until I found her with child. I kept this all to Olivia. I didn’t want her to know. We had our share of misunderstandings, arguing about her inability to produce an heir for me. When our baby was born, I found it to be a male. I took my son away from her and exiled her in Phanteon.’

I didn’t need to be a genius to know who this baby was. It was obvious before I even reached the part where he mentioned my name in his writing.

“Aero Maximillian,” he named me.

I scoffed. I always hated my second name.

The next pages were insignificant accounts of my father adoring my fake mother, how they were

happy and at peace for the next few years, and how they ruled Phanteon. Then, I reached to the part where he mentioned about the crescent moon marks.

‘I hated the Universe and its twisted mate destiny. I didn’t want the council and my people to know that I rejected my true mate, and I didn’t want them to overthrow me and Olivia, so I sought Sedsah for help. We changed this belief instead. Forced my people to think a goddess creates the mate bond instead of the Universe. I eradicated the belief of the crescent moon marks as the purest form of mating. I injected the Goddess Selene in their hearts. At the process of this change, some retaliated, some conceded. I didn’t care a thing. Olivia, me, and our belief that we were mated were the most important things.’

He also mentioned about the sudden emergence of rogue packs and how he made Donna’s father as an example when somebody crosses with him. It was sickening to read his entire writing, but I had to continue. This was my best shot at understanding my history, my lineage, and my suffering.

No wonder my fake mother never spare me a single glance. No wonder she didn’t give me care or love. I wasn’t her son all along. I wasn’t her blood.

With this revelation, I couldn't keep myself from smiling. This was good. I never liked that dreadful woman, anyway.

But another thought crossed my mind. In my father's writing, he said he exiled my real mother. To where? That was the question I so badly wanted to know.

The worst part was, this happened centuries ago.

Did anything change over time?

Is she still alive now? Is she healthy or is she fighting for her life?

Is she still in that place where my father exiled her?

Or did she move into another area or worse, another realm? Did she get help?

I badly wanted to know the answer, but there were no records about her in his diary anymore.

As I glared at my father's handwriting, another batch of questions filled my head; questions that confused me even more.

Did she seek revenge? Did she hate my father or did she love him?

Why did she allow herself to be bullied? Was she that weak?

Did she hate me as her son? Why didn't she fight for me? Why did she leave me in my father's care?

With anger clouding my vision, I barked a name in my mind so loud it probably sent all my alphas

covering their heads.

“SEDSAH!”

He was the one man I wanted to rip apart limb by limb until he gives me the answers I needed.

‘Brother, what is wrong with you? Why the sudden burst of anger?’ Elijah mind-linked me that instant, likely distressed at how unstable I sounded. That instant, I was hit with another gut-twisting reality.

Elijah...

Since Olivia wasn't my true mother, then this means he wasn't my true brother.

Had he known all along? Or had he no clue about this too?