

The Alpha King's Claim

Chapter 153 Epilogue

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Serena

“Ryland! Raziell! Rule! Be ready!” Aero roared as he paced in front of them, acting as game master in this friendly competition of brothers. He was dressed in nothing but trousers while the triplets, as usual, copied their father, acting as if their pre-pubescent muscles could contend to Aero’s bulging ones. The three were lined up within the yellow line, ready and waiting for the red flag to be released.

I sat on the stone bench outside the mini arena of Alchidna just observing them. On my lap was Scarlett, trying to shake her baby maracas to the best of her ability. She just turned two five days ago while my triplets reached their teenage status a month before that.

Scarlett was a heaven-sent to Aero and I. We were never sure what gender we would be blessed in my second pregnancy, but luckily, it was a female. A princess. Aero let me name her, and I used the Earth name of the Salviste Lake. The lake where Aero and I first met.

With golden curls like my mother’s, Little Scar had shown promising growth as the future queen

of Ehnrelil, and Aunt Adna was more than happy to volunteer as her babysitter almost every day.

Today, though, wasn't one of those days because Aero and I decided to bring our boys to Alchidna to prepare them in their first shifting. The friendly matches both in close combat and with weapons were some of their itinerary during our ten-day stay. This race around the mini arena was the first of the many they would undergo, and Aero was eager to guide them.

My father was also on standby along the grounds, ready to help should my husband or our sons needed help.

With me sitting on the bench were Elijah and Rhea, busily attending to their two kids, Crystal, a one-year-old sweet angel, and Hans, their ten-year-old heir. Hans, with a messy batch of blonde hair like Rhea's, was obediently sitting next to his father, looking ahead to his triplet brotherfriends with enthusiasm. He expressed to join the sparring matches with them, and Aero was happy to include him for later.

I remembered the day when Elijah first held Raziel in his hands. He was googly-eyed, looking at his cuteness that he couldn't help but ask.

"Can I borrow Raziel, brother? I promise I would return him after Rhea and I practice with him."

Aero gave him a glare, but I knew it was just for show. “My son is not a practice dummy, Elijah. You can play house with one from Margaret’s birthing clinic. Not Raziel.”

Elijah pouted and looked at me, silently asking for backup.

I shrugged and gave him an apologetic face. “Or you can make one, Elijah. I’m sure Rhea would be happy to help.”

Sitting on the sectional sofa with me and with Ryland in her arms was Rhea who only giggled.

“We are, Serena. And he has been relentless about it.”

“There you go. See?” I gave Elijah a hopeful smile.

“In no time, you guys will have an angel of your own. In the meantime, you can always visit the nursery and play with the triplets.”

“But there are others lining up to play with them.”

Elijah pouted again. His eyes wandered to the many people crowding the nursery room namely my father, Donna, and Sharon, the four aunts Margaret, Farryl, Aurora and Queen Adna, the Alphas of Phanteon, Lady Yllana, Lord Hale who Aero allowed to visit (with a price probably), William, Chris, and the twins, Adamar and Adaen, with their mother and my favorite pets Quickie and Sprint.

I watched them pull off an excited, but impatient smile as they await their turn holding our Little Ones.

I released a sigh of surrender. I guess this amount of guests was a given on the first day of my sons' birth. If my Earth parents were here, they would probably wait in line with the rest.

"And I'm bummed I didn't get a share of the action in the waterfall too," Elijah expressed.

"You would arrive with nothing but sacrisha bones, anyway, Elijah," Aero answered, still standing beside one of the empty cribs but with Rule in his arms. "Serena and I needed to take down the enemies stat because of our babies."

"Yeah, I figured it was the case." Elijah pursed his lip.

"Where is the viscount now?" My father joined the conversation and asked.

Aero glanced at Aurora, who neared him and gestured to hold Rule. He gently handed him to her and continued, "Aurora told me he is recuperating in his manor. The healers already attended to him, so he should be okay."

"What a lucky old man, that viscount," Lady Yllana expressed. "Marius would be so proud of him once he returns from his trip."

"Yes, I believe he would, Lady Yllana," I agreed.

“Well then, Rhea and I will be on our way.” Elijah flashed a big smile and slowly turned towards the door. “Take care, brother, Sere—”

“Elijah,” Aero interrupted with his eyes narrowed. “Ye—s, brother?” The latter batted his eyelashes as if trying to look cute in front of our many visitors.

“Put Raziel back in his crib,” was my husband’s order. I heard Rhea and the rest chuckle.

“Oh,” Elijah sheepishly lowered his head. “I thought you already approved with me borrowing him.”

“Not!” Aero’s voice rose an octave higher, and his expression was a picture of controlled patience.

“Here, here. I believe it is my turn now,” Lord Hale announced and picked up Raziel from Elijah’s hold. My clueless son simply snuggled his head against Lord Hale’s chest, not at all uncomfortable of the vampire’s cold hands.

I immediately noticed Aero’s brow arch.

“What?” Lord Hale asked, directing the word to my husband. “I love babies too you know.”

“How can you love them when vampires can’t reproduce?” Aero pointed out.

I stood up from my seat and gave my husband a pointed glare. ‘Aero, that’s so insensitive of you!’ I admonished him through telepathy. He remained silent, choosing to direct his attention to Lord

Hale when he said:

“Oh, I can reproduce, Your Majesty. It’s one of the advantages of being a pure-blooded vampire lord, and especially one who is mated.”

“So are you mated then?” Aero continued to ask. I couldn’t be sure if my husband was concerned for him or he was just curious.

I was curious and so were the rest of the people inside the nursery, judging from their eyes falling on the vampire lord.

“Ah, ah,” Lord Hale simply flashed his fangs. “I can’t answer that, Your Majesty. That’s another story for another time.”

Ugh. What a tease. I cried out in my head.

Going back to the now with Scarlett on my lap and my twins still inside the mini arena, I was reminded of Lord Hale and how we never got a chance to learn of his story. He hasn’t visited Phanteon for almost six years now and I reckon he finally found what he was looking for, spending more time with that person than with us. I’m happy for him if that was the case then.

A gunshot sound, followed by the red flag lowering, caught my attention and ended my blissful reverie.

I saw my sons run to the obstacles inside the race track with confidence, each of them showing

agility and strength. They jumped over hurdles, climbed up vertical walls with precision, crawled under mud-coated ditches with spikes over their heads, and finally, weight lift boulders five times bigger and heavier than their bodies.

The majority of the Alchidna pack watched and cheered as the race went on. Hans was also shouting. I wanted to cheer them too, but I was afraid Scarlett would cry. Instead, I just waved my hands to the three of them as they passed my way. From the distance, Aero nodded to me, telling me the main obstacle was coming. Queen Adna proposed this to us. She wanted to incorporate this fae element into the race in order to provoke what dormant powers our sons have.

When the three of them reached the base of the hundred foot tower, they looked up and showed a bit of concern.

The tower had nothing to hold on to. It was pure smooth metal from the base up to the peak where their respective victory flags await.

They looked at their father and then to me with questions in their eyes.

‘How are we supposed to climb up, mom?’ They asked me in unison through mind-link.

‘Find your inner powers, my sons. Cultivate it and use it to your advantage,’ I told them.

“What’s the holdup?!” Aero shouted, directing the question to the three. “Those flags will not drop themselves, boys. Climb and get them!” ‘Go on, Raziel, Ryland, Rule. You can do it,’ I cheered like a proud mommy that I was.

My triplets nodded in unison.

They closed their eyes and clenched their hands. What followed next had me, Aero, my father and the rest of the audience in awe.

Flames appeared around Raziel’s body, icy crystals surfaced on Ryland’s skin, and tiny lightning bolts emerged from Rule’s hands and eyes.

I couldn’t help but stand up. Aero’s surprised eyes met mine.

‘What is happening?’ he asked, which basically was the same question I wanted to throw at him.

Then our sons morphed into their wolf forms. All of them were in the shade of metallic black, but they uniquely differed because of the energy they surrounded themselves with.

All at once, they ran vertically toward the peak of the tower. Their steps through the smooth metal were precise and effortless, leaving in their wake flames, icicles, and small charges of lightning.

In less than a minute, they reached the peak, morphed back into their human forms and grabbed their respective flags and waved it down at us.

The audience, from getting dumbstruck and silent earlier, now erupted in shouts of hurray.

I flashed my sons a proud smile.

Aero teleported to the peak of the tower, stood behind our boys, and brought their arms together with their flags in a victory wave.

“My people! What you witnessed earlier was a glimpse of a wonderful future ahead of us!” Aero declared, his voice booming all over the mini arena.

“Phanteon will be greater than before and our sons, Raziell, Ryland and Rule will lead us to that glorious day!”

The soldiers continued to cheer and clap their hands; in their eyes a tsunami of happy emotions.

I raised Scarlett’s hand and made her wave to her brothers and father. “Look at them, sweetheart.

Look at your father and brothers. They will be your protectors as you grow into a beautiful lady.

Your suitors will have a hard time wooing you, but don’t worry, I will be with you during this journey to finding love.”

She cooed and softly muttered two words, ‘Mommy! Love!’

I laughed and kissed her forehead. “Yes, sweetheart, love. Love guides us to happiness. Love found its way to your father and me, and soon, you and your brothers.”

Aero teleported them back on land. My triplets quickly ran to me and hugged me. I was sardined by their bodies that instant, but I didn't mind. I loved it when this happens—which basically happens around a thousand times a day.

“I'm so proud of you, my boys!” I shouted and messed up their hair one at a time. “Tonight, we celebrate your successful shifting and awakening of your powers. There will be Krispy Kreme, White Castle burgers, milk shakes, pizza, cakes and ice cream!”

All three of them jumped and cheered. “Yes! Thank you, mom!”

“Careful now, you don't want them to have a sugar rush,” Aero neared me and kissed my forehead.

“It's fine. They deserved it anyway,” I answered, and watched them get congratulated by Hans, my father, Elijah, Rhea and the rest of the soldiers.

“We got our answer regarding their secret powers,” he pointed out.

“Yes, we have,” I agreed. “I know Aunt Adna will be ecstatic to hear of this.”

Aero kissed Little Scar's chubby cheek before taking her from my arms.

“Are you worried with our sons when they get older?” he asked, looking at me with seriousness in his eyes.

I simply shook my head and awarded him a gentle smile. “No, Aero, I’m not worried, because I know you and I will be there to guide them.”

“That’s a good answer, my queen,” he muttered and hooked his arm around my waist.

“Together?”

I flashed him a grin and leaned my head against his chest, where his beating heart lay—the heart which I loved so.

“Yes, together, always.”

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The End.