

Quadruplet Alphas And Their Lost Ice Princess Chapter 96 - Tips

Natala (Emerald) POV:

It has been three long months since everything went down, from my kidnapping to rescuing to finding my family and finding out I was pregnant with not one but four pups. Things had changed so much after the day I confronted Edward.

To say that my brothers and parents were pissed was the understatement of the century; they had gone off on me. I've hardly seen Josiah and Hayden so pissed at me as they were that day. It was terrifying; they were about to shift; if it weren't for daddy and da, they probably would've. They wanted to rip Edward's throat out then and there, but da had not let them, saying that he was entitled to capital punishment. He would be stripped of his wolf magically and then pelted with stones till unconscious, and only then would the king end his life and that too if the triplets chose to do otherwise, he would be imprisoned again and tortured until they decided to finish him.

The next day we travelled to the lycan multiverse where his punishment was supposed to be taken place, and to say I was in awe of the place would be putting it down low. I thought the werewolf multiverse was beautiful, but it had nothing on the lycan one. The rivers sparkled as if there was glitter in them, the sky so blue that it was like you were staring at the waters in the Maldives. Trees were lush and green, and insects that I had never seen in colours, such as silver and golden, crawled around in the forest area. Animals unique to the multiverse sat by the roadsides and gazed at their infants. It was beautiful, like right out of a fairytale. But what had me flabbergasted was the Lycan castle; if you could combine a mix of ancient Rome with modern architecture, that would be it. The castle covered land over land till the eye could see. Forest lined it with Lycans and wolves sparing and patrolling everywhere.

Even though I was in awe of the entire multiverse, I was also scared. I wasn't sure if the people would accept me as the princess of how the genetics worked between my parents and me and Da. It was the most peculiar thing. Despite my arguing with them to keep it a secret, none of them had it. They believed if they hadn't hidden the fact in the first place, I wouldn't have been taken away. Despite me telling them that wouldn't have made any difference, they were insistent that I couldn't know that. Not that I had much of choice, I let it go and let them do their thing.

What surprised me was how well the kingdom had taken the news. The few elders and council members that had known of my identity all but cried, saying how everything had changed, how my parents, Da, auntie Michelle and my brothers were different people and how they could see them so relaxed and after so many years happy again. It was decided that the kingdom would throw the ceremony and have a grand ball that night. How they had everything prepared still doesn't make any sense to me, but they did. Kings and queens from different multiverses were invited, and the lycan and werewolves multiverse elites were invited. It was a grand affair, but what made it the best was me being next to my mates as they treated me like I had hung the moon. My parents had nothing but love in their eyes as they watched me dance and be twirled around by my mates. My brothers being the possessive bums they were, were finally getting around my mates but however since they found out about me being pregnant, that had changed from possessive to annoying. Every second the same things were heard, such as, be careful, eat this, don't eat that, do this and blah blah blah. It was cute and loving, but I needed to catch a break since my mates thought whatever they were saying was right. Never have the nine agreed on anything since they met, but here they are now, acting like freaking mother hens around me.

But all in all, the night was amazing. I was crowned princess of the multiverse and fourth in line for the throne, while my mates were crowned princes now. If someone had told me about a year ago I would be crowned princess of two multiverses and an heir to the throne, I would've laughed so hard that I would have died because of asphyxiation.

As amazing as that night was, the following day was as tense. Edward was supposed to receive his punishment the following day. The triplets had denied giving him a trial to defend himself, and he was charged with a capital offence, murder, kidnapping, and conspiring toward the throne. He was obviously sentenced to death, but I didn't expect Hayden and Lucas to hand the punishment they did. He was bathed in wolfsbane and injected with sliver, then commanded to shift. His skin rippled over his body as it tore and bled everywhere, and after an hour, he finally shifted into his wolf. The Wizard king who helped us defeat Khole had magically stripped Edward of his wolf. And trust me when I say this, death would have been kinder. Edward's wolf's skin sizzled and smoked as if it were being burnt, but there was no fire; his fur fell and singed when they touched the ground. Blood oozed out from his mouth, eyes and ears and not red but black as it bubbled like lava. His howls were so tortuously loud that you could hear his agony. Towards the end, he began to

foam from his mouth as his wolf eyes went utterly white till he collapsed in a pool of black blood.

The screams that left Edward when the spell was chanted still haunt me: despite being three months in. The scene was so horrific that the triplets had commanded everyone to leave the stadium, and only the council members and our family remained. After over an hour of absolute torture, his wolf spirit detached from his body and was left withering on the ground. But the sad part in all of this was despite going through tremendous pain and suffering, there was not even a hint of remorse in his eyes. The cold revengeful look remained as he panted for air on the floor. His body had burn marks everywhere; his veins were black as night under his skin running all over his body. He never asked for forgiveness or showed any remorse when he was being whipped. The entire time his eyes were focused on me as if looks could kill, I would be dead. The look was so intense that it had me cringing back. That was my last straw; I left the stadium and waited for the news of his death, which didn't come until four hours later. From what the quads had described, the triplets and twins had gone berserk and had beaten and whipped him to death. I knew my mates had also had a few shots in since I could smell the blood on them regardless of their shower. I wanted at the time to say I was relieved, but the strange thing was that I didn't feel anything, no happiness, sadness or grief. I was blank as white paper. I didn't know how to feel. On one side was my captor, the person who took me from my mates and family and wanted to forge a bond that was never there but on the other hand, I had lost an uncle regardless if related by blood or not. I knew my emotions would be the death of me someday, but I couldn't stop how I felt. I never asked for the details, nor did anyone volunteering give them to me. The chapter was closed. I made my peace when I told him I had forgiven him. I didn't want or need to think about Edward anymore. He was out of our lives and wasn't coming back.

But as I stand in front of the locker room mirror, getting ready for my graduation speech, I can't help but think about everything and how things have changed. In a matter of five months, my life had been turned upside down; I'm now in a place where I would've never imagined I could be. The princess of the multiverse, the luna to the most prominent and deadliest pack, and not to mention a soon-to-be mommy of the future alphas.

"Okay there, princess, we all know the mommy glow has you looking like freaking Ms. Universe, but we're getting late. Everyone is waiting for your speech so we can get this damn thing over and party." Said Hannah, pulling me out of my flashbacks

“Geez! No need to yell, Han. Just practicing.” I said, chuckling

“Then let’s bounce, doll.” Said, Hannah

Giggling, I nodded and followed Hannah toward the auditorium, where everyone was waiting for me to give the speech. Before I even went on stage, I could smell them, all of them, my family, brothers, friends, Hannah’s parents and most importantly, my mates. The thought had all the nervousness in me disparaging as I smiled at Hannah and went on stage.

Looking at the mass of people in front of me for once didn’t scare me because my support system was sitting right in front, and the smiles and pride in their eyes were enough to give me all the courage I needed. Closing my eyes and taking a deep breath, I started the last words I would speak on this podium as a student of this academy.

“My fellow students, we only arrived here four short years ago, and now it’s time to leave. How did it all go so fast? It seems like only yesterday that we were skinny little freshmen fighting with the locks on our lockers, trying to figure out where our next class was, and looking generally clueless to all the upper-level students. We are the upperclassmen, the seniors who stand here ready to graduate and move forward. Yet, at this seminal moment, we can’t help looking back.

How do we measure the time we’ve spent in high school? In the beginning, we measured it in class periods, counting the day to eventual freedom. As the days and weeks passed, we measured it in semesters and later in years as we moved from clueless first-year students to sophisticated sophomores who thought they had it all figured out. By the time we reached our junior year, we were confident that we were prepared to take over for the graduating seniors, and we couldn’t wait to “rule the school.”

And now, here we stand. Our rule is over, and it’s up to the next class to step into our shoes and take over. Looking at all of you, I will measure my time here much differently. I will measure it in all the friendships I’ve enjoyed these last four years. Some were casual, and others were much closer, but I’ll remember each one fondly, as I’m sure you all will, too. And when many of our high school memories begin to fade, that’s how we’ll ultimately measure the time we spent here, not in periods or semesters or years, but in the friendships we made and the times we shared.

We began high school as children but left here as adults. We've completed a primary education that will serve as the platform we use to launch ourselves into our futures. Some of us will go on to college, others will go straight into the workforce, but each of us will travel our path.

No matter where we go or what we do, there are challenges ahead. I'm asking each of you and myself to meet those challenges straight on with your head held high and your heart wide open. It's not enough to try to get by in life. That doesn't move the world forward. You must try to excel in everything you do; strive for excellence in every task, large or small.

Although it may not be easy to see, every accomplishment you achieve is added to the world's accomplishments. Your successes benefit society because you lighten the burden on your fellow man when you succeed. When you succeed, you are in a position to give rather than take.

Imagine if every individual lived up to their potential. Think about how amazing that would be and how much better off the world would be. Now imagine if just half of those individuals lived up to their potential. The world would still be an excellent place. If even 1/4 of those individuals worked to make their lives successful, they could still make outstanding societal contributions.

We may not have the power to inspire the entire world to strive for success, but we do have the power to try to achieve it ourselves. My challenge to you and myself is to do all you can to reach your full potential. If each of the (Insert number) students in this graduating class can do that, imagine the effect that would have. The future is truly in our hands, so let's make the most of it.

To our teachers, thank you for sharing your time, talent and knowledge unselfishly. Yes, we know it was your job to do it, but what you did for us went beyond the call of duty. You took the time to explain assignments, sometimes repeatedly, because we weren't paying attention. You allowed us to come to your classroom after school for extra help when you could have gone home to spend time with your family. You put in the effort to make lessons more interesting, so we wouldn't just tune out. You demanded excellence from us whether or not we wanted to give it. You set the bar high and challenged us to live up to it.

To our parents, thank you for supporting us in more ways than it's possible to count. You dragged us out of bed each morning and ensured we were fed and clothed for school. You herded us out the door to the bus stop or drove us to school yourselves. You helped us with homework, paid our class fees, and

listened to our complaints. You came to our plays, attended our sporting events, and chaperoned our dances. You commiserated over our daily dramas, but you tried to give us enough space to learn how to work things out for ourselves. These are just a few of the thousands of ways you've supported us on our journey.

To our coaches and advisors, thank you for making school about more than just classwork. Through sports, we learned how to power on through adversity and give it our best effort, win or lose. We learned the importance of discipline and good sportsmanship. Through other activities like participating in clubs, school plays and service projects, we learned how to work closely with others to achieve a common goal, and we had a lot of fun doing it.

To our custodial staff and lunchroom attendants, thank you for keeping our school clean and safe. You know better than anyone else what slobbs we've been. You deserve some medal.

To our principal, vice principal and all the office staff, thank you for keeping things running smoothly so our teachers could concentrate on us. We're better off for it.

To our guidance counsellors, thank you for listening and trying to keep us on the right track for graduation. Without your help, some of us might not be graduating today.

As you can see, behind each graduate, there must have been at least a dozen people providing support in at least a dozen ways. The best way we graduates can show our gratitude is to make the most of the opportunity we've been given and go forward into the world to make it a better place for the generations that follow us. We'll pay that debt of gratitude forward.

So thank you, everyone, from the Dean to the supporting staff, for these fantastic years. And we promise that as the graduating class of 2022, we will make you proud."

The moment I finished, I could hear the wave of clapping coming towards me; the graduating class all threw their hats in the air, as did I, closing this chapter of our lives as well.

The moment I got down the stage, I was huddled between my mates as each one tried kissing me, as I giggled.

“That was amazing, Luna.” Said, Ezekiel

“You’re a born leader, baby.” Said, Sam

“Congratulations, angel. Words can’t describe how proud we are of you!” Said, Zeke

“So proud, my love! Not to mention that speech was amazing.” Said Azrael

“Thank you! Thank you all of you. Especially for the support, love and commitment, you guys have given me over these few months. I wouldn’t be able to do it without you. You truly are the other halves of my soul.” I said, kissing each of their mouths.

“Ugh, I get all of you guys are horny for one another 24/7 but not tonight! Tonight has to be perfect, and I’m not letting you guys ruin it. So alphas or not, back the hell up and let me doll up my best friend for our graduation party.” Said, Hannah

Her voice broke me out of my se.x-filled thoughts and blushing. Ugh! She wasn’t wrong; I was se.x on wheels nowadays. I grabbed any chance I got, and my mates, being the horn dogs they were, weren’t complaining at all. But she was right; it was next to impossible to convince my mates to let the entire academy have the graduation party in the packhouse. se.x could wait; it wasn’t like my mates were going anywhere plus, with the stingy gazes I could feel on my back, I’m sure my brothers and fathers were about to blow a gasket again.