

The Rise Of The King

The Rise Of The King Epilogue

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I smile at him.

"Ready."

I take one last look at myself in the mirror and smile, feeling giddy inside.

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Getting to this point hasn't been easy.

After the fight against the Witch Mother a little over two years ago, Noah earned the respect of not only the Dark Moon clan, but the Goldmoon's as well. It turns out, while Noah and the rest of the guys were planning my rescue, Ezra had left lycan territory without anyone knowing and travelled back to my home in search for Sofia. He knew that even with all the warriors Noah was able to gather, the effort would still fall short if it came to fighting witches. After all, he witnessed himself the power and destruction one could cause, let alone an army of them. Once Sofia heard of what happened, she reached out to all the pack houses in order to save me.

Only the Goldmoons answered.

A loud, joyful squeal distracts me from my train of thought.

As we exit the bedroom, I notice Lucas coming down the hall with Ravi in his hands. Or rather, in the air, falling into his hands... several times. My heart stops as I see my son being tossed up in the air like a rag doll.

"Lucas..." I warn, my voice low.

"What?" Lucas turns to me innocently, temporarily taking his eyes off of Ravi.

On instinct, I take several steps forward just in case he misses him, but of course, Lucas catches him effortlessly... and throws him back up in the air.

"Lucas, I swear on the Goddess if you don't quit it, I will kill you," I threaten him, my eyes never leaving the squealing toddler.

"Oh, stop. He absolutely loves this," Lucas protests.

And it's true. I can feel how much fun Ravi is having, but I don't care.

"Give him to me. Now," I order Lucas.

"Party pooper," he murmurs, holding Ravi in *one* hand and handing him to me.

"Actually, would you mind taking him to grandma? She wanted to have him while we were in the meeting." Noah chimes in behind me.

I pout but nod, feeling the emptiness in my arms from not having held my son in days.

If Luna Irene was overjoyed when she met Noah, her grandson, who happens to look so much like Ellie, she was over the moon when she first held Ravi in her arms. In fact, when she found out I was pregnant she insisted on travelling back and forth to lycan territory to take care of me and the baby. Needless to say, whenever we visit the Goldmoons, my son becomes the main attraction. Not just for her, but for everyone else.

After coming to terms with what happened to Ellie, Alpha Silas and Luna Irene expelled Alpha Samael out of their territory. It turns out, only a few months ago, he had been challenged by his beta and beaten, meaning he had been exiled from his pack.

His whole ploy to align himself with the Goldmoons and attack the lycans was just a way for him to get himself new land and a new pack and he was using Ellie as a way to manipulate all of them. Because of my vision, however, they stopped all alliances with him and even contacted his Beta - now, Alpha Amos - and confirmed what they feared: it was well known that Samael abused Ellie regularly.

To this day, we don't know what happened to him after he was exiled from his clan and expelled from the Goldmoon's territory.

Noah takes a deep breath beside me. We had reached the door to the large meeting hall at my pack house, the Dark Moon pack.

"Hey," I take his hand in mine and kiss its back, "you'll be great. Remember they're all already on board, today they just want to get to know you better."

He smiles down at me, calming down a bit.

"I'm just glad you'll be by my side," he says, gently squeezing my hand.

I smile back at him and he takes a deep, steadying breath.

"Alright, let's do this."

I nod, and he leads us both into the meeting where everybody stands up as we take our seats.

Once the meeting is over, Noah finally relaxes into his chair.

I, on the other hand, am so happy I can't stop smiling.

The treaty has been signed.

Most, if not all of them, are actually excited to get to know lycan territory and lycan ways. Of course, I'm not at all surprised. The Goldmoons and the Dark Moons have spoken so highly of lycans, the rest of the packs are actually thrilled to interact with them freely. It's to be expected considering the Allens and the Goldmoons are the highest regarded clans in werewolf society.

Noah sighs, releasing the very last bit of tension.

I smile at him.

"Alright, let's go find our son before grandma decides to kidnap him forever," he says, getting up from the chair. My smile widens.

Finally.

Hand in hand, we both step into the corridor that leads to the courtyard where the celebratory dinner will be held. This is also where we will no doubt find Luna Irene micromanaging everything. She insisted she wanted to plan this dinner for her grandson.

When we step into the open courtyard, people are already pouring in and grabbing glasses of either wine or beer. Out of the corner of my eye, I notice someone coming towards us.

It's Alpha Silas.

When he's right in front of us, I politely bow my head to him and let go of Noah's hand, stepping to the side. Alpha Silas smiles down at me.

The way Alpha Silas looks at Noah warms my heart. There's something about his gaze, something about the way he speaks to him, that reminds me of my own father. Alpha Silas looks at Noah as if he were his own son; as if they had known each other all of Noah's life. I can feel his love, admiration, and respect every time they're together.

It was weird for Noah at first, of course. He had people he called family before, but now, he can actually feel a sense of belonging. Even if the time they have known each other is relatively short, they all absolutely adore him, none more than Luna Irene and Alpha Silas.

Alpha Silas has even cleaned up his act and after years of taking to the bottle, he's finally sober.

"Ah, there you are!" Luna Irene catches me staring at Noah and Alpha Silas at a distance, not wanting to interrupt their exchange. I turn to her. She's holding Ravi in her arms, my son fast asleep.

"Could

you

hold him? I'm running around like crazy and I wouldn't want to wake him."

I resist the urge to roll my eyes. Of course, I can hold my son. In fact, it's about time she returned him to me.

Ravi wakes up ever so slightly as Luna Irene hands him to me, but as soon as he senses it's me, he smiles and goes back to sleep with a warm smile. She kisses his forehead and leaves.

I turn to look at Noah and Alpha Silas one last time before going to our table. They're talking and laughing. Alpha Silas occasionally putting his hand on Noah's shoulder. It fills my heart with joy to see both of them so content... so

at peace.

Walking towards our table, I take a seat next to Noah's designated seat. Soon after, Charlotte comes to sit with me with her very own sleeping kid.

"You too, huh?" She says as she takes a seat.

I smile at her.

"Hey! How are you feeling?" I ask her.

"Very pregnant," she says with tired eyes.

Charlotte is currently expecting her second child after having a very successful first pregnancy. It turns out, humans are, for the most part, not capable of carrying a lycan baby to term without putting their lives in serious danger; by the end of their pregnancy, their child is much too powerful for them, specially because the mothers have already spent months of energy on the baby's development.

With Dr. Owens, we decided to give Charlotte regular transfusions towards the end of her pregnancy and several vitamins and minerals to help her regain her strength. The blood transfusions were particularly necessary because she inexplicably kept losing blood and it was the cause of her overall weakness. Regardless, Dr. Owens monitored he throughout her pregnancy and ultimately decided to deliver the baby via c-section before it came to full term.

That ended up being the trick: not allowing the babies to get to full term. Delivering them only a few weeks before their due date lowered maternity mortality rates significantly, and after extensive research, it turns out lycan babies are so resilient, it doesn't affect them at all.

Everything worked out wonderfully. She now has a beautiful, healthy almost three year old and the best part is, Ethan lost his fear of having children with Charlotte.

In fact, Charlotte is the reason why Dr. Owens decided to move to lycan territory and help me establish the clinic. He couldn't believe the maternal mortality rates were so high and made it his mission to change it.

"Oh, Goddess, Vera, I totally forgot," Charlotte says, leaning closer to me and whispering, "I have some juicy gossip

about our favorite doctor friend."

There's a mischievous glint in her eye.

While Charlotte was pregnant and Dr. Owens made it his mission for both her and her baby to come out healthy and strong out of that pregnancy, Charlotte and Dr. Owens became incredibly good friends. To this day, Charlotte is still Dr. Owens's right hand when it comes to the administration of the clinic.

In fact, the clinic in lycan territory was used as proof that not only can lycans, werewolves, and humans coexist, but

they can in fact thrive together.

I lean closer to her. This outta be good.

"Remember that lady you told me he met here? What was her name?"

"Amelia?"

"Amelia! Right. Well, guess who's been coming to visit him at the clinic lately?" She says with a twinkle in her eye.

I gape at her.

"No," I mouth.

"Oh, yeah," she says, giggling.

"No way!"

"And I think it's quite serious. I always know when she visits because his mood changes dramatically; he even sings i

the office."

As if sensing that we are talking about him, I see Dr. Owens enter the courtyard, his eyes landing on Charlotte and myself immediately. Also just in cue. Amelia comes in looking quite beautiful in a simple white wrap dress. Dr. Owens can't help himself; he smiles from ear to ear the minute he notices her. They greet each other rather formally, but their demeanor takes on a whole new meaning due to Charlotte's revelation.

I smile as he turns back to look at me, raising my eyebrows up and down at Amelia and him. He narrows his eyes at

me, silently daring me to say something. I put up my hand, yielding immediately, and he and Amelia walk away, hand

in hand.

"Oh boy, they're holding hands. It's serious serious," Charlotte says beside me and we both explode into a fit of

giggles.

"What's so funny?" I hear someone beside me.

Sofia has come to sit beside me and Charlotte fills her in.

Shocked, she looks at Dr. Owens and Amelia in the distance.

"There's no way," she says, incredulous.

"Oh, they're holding hands beneath the table. It's the real deal." I tell her.

"Who would've thought that old man still had it in him," she says, laughing.

In front of us, Sofia's kids are both playing with each other, running around and fighting each other to the ground

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