

## ELEVEN

'Let me tell you kids about the werewolf rulers,' Madam Cora said, smiling down at us. We were seated in a large circle, ten of us, and we never got tired of listening to Miss Cora's stories, especially about the werewolf rulers, and the ruthless Lycan Prince.

I heard this story every night after the full moon since I was a child. Before everything went south. Miss Cora was Alpha Ronan's aunt, and also the oldest woman in the pack. She gathered little children between ages five to nine the night after every full moon to tell us stories, and those nights were the ones I enjoyed the most in Silent Moon pack.

'Many, Many, Many years ago. Thousands of years before any of us was born, the earth was dominated by shifters,' she'd started 'Sorcerers, wizards, vampires, and so many more. But amongst others were the Werewolves and great Lycanthropes,' I still remember the smile on her face whenever she told us that story, and all the dramatic gestures she made with her hands as she did. Everyone loved Madam Cora, and she'd died by my father's sword.

'The Lycan's are a special breed of werewolf descendants. Stronger, faster, smarter and bigger. Their senses are more heightened than that of a werewolf. They can smell and hear ten times more than an average werewolf. Even the moon goddess favours them. They occupy just ten percent of the werewolf population, but they were created to protect the werewolf species. They were born rulers of our kind.

The Lycans are blessed with extreme good looks and can live for hundreds of years but will not look a day younger than twenty five,' Madam Cora always had a dreamy

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expression whenever she told this story. You dare not interrupt her or ask any questions until she is finished.

At eighty five, she'd died without a mate or child. Poor Madam Cora. I'd loved her like a mother, but my father had been the one to end her life.

'The moon goddess had chosen the first king after many activities and a war that proved him worthy, and that was the start of the royal Lycan heritage. The royal Lycans can move with the speed of light, and there are rumors that some of them have the power to control the elements of nature,' she'd paused and crossed her hands over her knees, then turned to us.

'Now children, who knows the elements of nature?' she asked us. Some of us flung our hands in the air, waving it at her so she'd pick us, and often times, she always pointed at me to give answers to her question. 'Esmeray! Tell us,'

'Water, Fire, air, earth and lightening,' A six year old me replied.

'Good job Esmeray!' she'd always clap her hands together 'Now the rest of you, give little Esme a round of applause'

I would beam, and smile, and blush as the remaining kids gave me rounds of applause until Madam Cora stopped them.

'From generation to generation, the royal Lycan king hands over the throne to his first born son and heir, but there was a tradition amongst the rulers, that the next in line can only take the seat after he must have found and mated with his destined mate as ordained by the moon goddess. Every incoming king was okay with this tradition since their mates were made to make them even stronger,'

'A mate is meant to make their other half whole, and a



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Lycan may be unable to produce an heir with anyone that isn't their mates, so a rejection is highly frowned upon. This continued for a long time until the reign of King Cadeyrn-Ruaidhri,'

Madam Cora's voice dropped to a whisper anytime she got to this part of the story. It is believed that even in death, the past rulers could still hear it whenever their name is mentioned.

'King Cadeyrn was a ruthless, blood-thirsty ruler, and a very canal man. He could never control his flesh and lust for women. He didn't want a mate. Myth has it that the King Cadeyrn had a hundred and sixty three mistresses. He couldn't submit to one woman, but he needed a mate to have an heir,' Madam Cora sighed, picking up her bottle of water to take a large gulp. She was already getting exhausted, but Madam Cora will only retire after she has finished this particular story.

'King Cadeyrn found his mate, but he outsmarted the king makers. He marked his mate, ascended the throne, but never acknowledged her as his Luna. There was never a mating ceremony to initiate her as his Luna. She never wore the crown of the Luna. Instead, he used her. She was his breeder. The one he'd go to to satisfy his sexual urges during the full moon. He kept her locked up in a room for many years without seeing the sun,'

'It was never understood why the king hated the one person he was made to love. He was a very violent man, and he'd torture her first before deriving any form of pleasure from her body. Not a lot of people got to see the king's mate before she died but those who did said she was a fine woman even though her body was lined with scars from the king's persistent torture. She was his mate, but she was his slave too,'

Madam Cora never went into the full details of this story

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because we were only children, but I never believed the story. I never thought a mate could hate their companion, never saw it, until I found my own mate.

'His mate bore him children before she died' Madam Cora's eyes always lightened up when she got to this part. She loved children, so I always assumed her delight was because of how passionate she was about kids.

'She bore him sons. Strong, handsome, and gifted sons. The Prince Draven, the first born son, Prince Duron, the second born son, and Prince Donovan, the third boy child. The three Royal prince's are a direct replica of the late king in looks, but the king favored his first born child most, ' her brows furrowed together again, the glint in her eyes replaced by something else, a look I never understood.

'The king wanted his successor to be everything that he was. A dictator. Brutal. Blood-thirsty. Evil. A womanizer. Some thought he was being too hard on the boy, some thought he was doing the right thing. He put that boy at the warfront when he was barely twelve years old. That animalistic man also made the little boy watch while he whipped and tortured his mother,' she shook her head.

'King Cadeyrn thought his first born son that women were animals and should be treated as such, that they are only instruments for sexual pleasures, his father would tell him. But Prince Draven developed hatred and resentment towards his father. Rumor has it that he takes after his father in many things, but not when it comes to women. He developed a cold heart, but unlike his father, he has a reversion towards women,"

'He is ruthless. A prince who will walk the ends of the earth till he gets what he wants. One who was exposed at a young age. One who left home and disowned his father. Many says he carries the guilt of what happened to his mother. He blamed himself for her death,' Madam Cora



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started to yawn.

'Madam Cora, are you tired? You can rest for the night, but we must continue this story tomorrow night,' I'd told her in my tiny voice.

'Indeed I have to rest this night. But I can only continue this story after the next full moon,' She said, rising to her feet.

It's been nine years now since the news of King Cadeyrn-Ruaidhri's death. Rumor has it that the Prince Draven had been the one to end the King's life, some said it was a lie. But no one really knew the truth.

After the king's death, the Prince had to return home to take his birthright, but to be the king, he needed to find his mate. After what his father's did, the kinsmen reinforced the law. He must find his mate and mate with her before he can become king. The mating ceremony must also be held before the coronation, but so far so good, the Prince didn't have any luck with finding his mate. Many think the goddess is punishing him for the mistakes of his father. None of the three Prince's have found their mates. But every shifter adores the three Lycan Prince's.

There are bits and pieces of rumors scattered here and there. Some people think the prince turned out worse than his father. Some say he is just like his father, and others think he is so much better. Some say he is desperate to find his mate, others say he would hate her just as much as his father hated his mother. But one thing was true; The seat of the king has stayed empty for too long and his crown still laid around, carrying dust.