

A. Nocturne's 20

Chapter 20 The Coming Ceremony

Ann scowled furiously at her phone and jabbed her fork angrily into the food in front of her. She had lost all appet*ite.

"It depends on how you define okay." She muttered, sighing heavily and slamming her fork onto the table again.

She sagged forwards, her shoulder drooping, and rested her head in her hands. Adam couldn't decide if she was upset or angry, or somewhere in between. He reached for his coffee and took a sip.

"Whatever it is, Ann, I'll help if I can. We're a team now. If it affects you this way, then it affects me too. I want my Luna to be happy." He said rea*s*suringly.

Ann swept her hair from her face and peered at him across the table.

"I'm not sure it's anything that you could help with, Adam. Although I appreciate the sentiment. There isn't anything I need to be here for tomorrow evening is there?" Adam frowned slightly as he thought and narrowed his eyes slightly.

"As long as you return here tomorrow night then you are free to do as you please. It's only the ceremonies this afternoon to officially bind us and welcomes you into the pack, after that, you are free to do as you please."

Ann nodded thoughtfully.

"Okay. I have to attend my step-sister's engagement announcement tomorrow, that's all."

"The step-sister you don't get on with at all?" Adam asked with a hint of bewilderment.

jewelry, she has another thing coming." Ann hissed, a

to her room shortly after breakfast, having eaten very little

ceremonies began. The stylists employed at the pack had made a selection of outfits for her to wear during the day for each ceremony and had instructions to find her

hands, but that she was also of royal blood. Everyone seemed to be working insanely hard to try to meet her expectations and seemed to be going

drinks and the next omega that approached her c*oc*ked her head curiously and attempted

this really

She replied with

wildly to the hive of activity in

omega chuckled and placed yet another drink

its leaders? This is to prove

Ann frowned.

myself you know? If I need a drink or something to eat then I'm more than capable of seeing to that myself. I'm sure you all

horrified

Luna! This is our job! Once you are mated and marked, you'll be a*s*s*igned a personal chef and a*s*s*istants to ensure that all of your needs are taken care of. This way, the only thing you have to worry about is the upbringing of all those pups you'll produce and the traditional Luna duties."

their way, they would turn her into a glorified breeder. Was that even in her contract? Had she missed something hidden in the

you produce will be adored by all. Despite his reputation, Alpha Nocturne is a good Alpha, he takes

She was really going to have to check the contract over and perhaps ask

Maeve offered unhelpfully. 'Oh god, Maeve. I don't think I'm ready for

all those little wagging tails and chubby bellies running around our

have

know...we share exactly

'Well, yes, but you aren't going to have to push them out, are you?'

'Don't be silly. Of course, I'll help in childbirth. Just think Ann, we'll get to play with them and show them off!' Maeve answered happily. 'We'll have many strong pups that will be the envy of all who see them!'

Ann scowled in response and suddenly found herself focusing on a different omega than was there in front of her previously.

"Do you not like these, Luna?" The woman asked, a hint of trepidation on her face.

Ann was confused momentarily as she took in the material of the dresses held up before her.

“Oh! I’m sorry... I wasn’t paying attention. I was..”

“No need to explain, Luna, we understand. It’s a stressful day for all of us so I can’t imagine how you must be feeling.” The omega answered as relief washed over her face and the tension seemed to be lifted from her body.

“We were just wondering which dress you preferred for the Elder’s binding ceremony, that’s all...we couldn’t decide between these and we’re still learning about your tastes...” her words trailed off apologetically.

Ann smiled reassuringly at her and cast her eyes across the dresses on offer. She selected an elegant-looking ivory cocktail-style dress encrusted with diamonds around the outline of the bust and along the straps.

The ceremony would be essentially a wedding, without the extravagance of the royal treasury, and officiated by the elders of this pack, and not the King himself.

Ann didn’t care though. This wedding suited her needs as much as it did Alpha Nocturne’s and she intended to not only meet the expectations dutifully but if possible.

If it served to piss her step-sister off in the meantime, then that would only make the whole arrangement more satisfying.

Ann grinned to herself as the omega’s finished their work on her hair and makeup and waited patiently for the knock on her door to signal the start of the day’s lengthy events.