



CHAPTER 9: The Alpha King's Banquet

As the date of the banquet drew near, Amelia's heart soared. It's been so long since I've been to a banquet, Amelia thought. I can't believe I gave all this up to be with Gabriel. That asshole. Never again, she swore to herself. This is where I belong. She set to work planning every detail of the prestigious event that would introduce her to the werewolf community as the Alpha King's cherished daughter.

In her opulent bedroom at Moonstone's Villa, Amelia meticulously designed the invitations. Each one was a work of art, adorned with intricate detailing and embossed with the royal insignia. With a flourish of her pen, she inscribed the words of welcome, inviting all the pack leaders to grace the grand occasion with their presence. ALL the pack leaders, including Gabriel. She smiled to herself while she wrote out his invitation. She couldn't wait to see the look on his face when he discovered who she really was.

Amelia had chosen The Cascade, a high-end hotel owned by her own prestigious family, to host the banquet. It would serve as the perfect setting for the grand affair. Amelia was at her best back in the human world. She felt strong and important. She had missed this life. Money was no object; her family was as rich as they come. To hell with Gabriel and the whole Stormfang Pack. She was so over it. The week

passed by in a blur.


Finally, the day of the banquet arrived. The pack leaders and their Lunas were in complete awe of the hotel. The grand foyer of the Cascade Hotel was a sight to behold. Towering marble columns adorned with intricate carvings greeted the guests as they made their entrance. Crystal chandeliers suspended from the vaulted ceiling cast a warm, golden glow over the opulent space, illuminating the intricately designed mosaic floor that stretched out like a magnificent tapestry.

"Holy shit," one pack leader remarked. "I'd forgotten what it was like in the human world."

A red carpet lined the path, leading the way to the regal dining hall. The walls showed off ornate paintings and golden-framed mirrors; there was nothing in the hotel that didn't scream 'money'.

At the center of each table, magnificent floral centerpieces stood tall, showcasing an array of rare and exotic blooms. Lush red roses, delicate orchids, and velvety peonies mingled with glistening white lilies. The intoxicating scent of the flowers filled the air, adding to the enchantment of the evening.

Waiters dressed in crisp, tailored uniforms moved gracefully through the dining hall, presenting silver trays filled with delectable appetizers. From savory canapés to succulent shrimp cocktails, each bite was a culinary masterpiece.



The drinks flowed freely, and the glasses sparkled like jewels in the soft glow of the chandeliers. Champagne cascaded into crystal flutes, the effervescence dancing like stars, while fine wines from the most renowned vineyards graced the tables, a testament to the impeccable taste of the Alpha King's family.

Guests milled about the dining hall, mingling and whispering in hushed tones about the Alpha King's daughter. There was an air of excitement and curiosity. Who was she? What did she look like? What if she was ugly (lol)? Everyone was eager to meet the honorable princess.

The attention turned to the entrance where Gabriel appeared. He sauntered in with Sophia on his arm. She clung to him with an air of entitlement. The pack leaders exchanged glances, and a subtle buzz of gossip began.

"I've heard rumors that the Stormfang pack is appalled that Gabriel has chosen Sophia as the new Luna," Melvia, Luna of the Bloodcraven pack, whispered to those around her. Her tone was laced with intrigue. Serena, Luna of the Silverstar pack, leaned in, adding, "It's truly outrageous that she's here. You know, she's not even officially Luna yet. She doesn't deserve to be at such a high-end event."

The gossip continued to flow like a river, each remark filled with judgment and skepticism about Sophia's presence. Who the hell was she? And what made her think she deserved to be at such a prestigious occasion? This was

supposed to be a banquet for pack leaders and their Lunas, not for riff-raff like her.

Sophia could feel the scorn and judgement. She lifted her chin in defiance. What did she care what any of these bitches thought? Soon, she would be Luna of the Stormfang Pack and they could all go to Hell for all she cared. Just then, a group of Lunas waltzed over to her. They circled around her and she knew immediately that they were there to insult her. The Lunas snickered, finding delight in Sophia's discomfort. She took a deep breath, trying to keep her composure.

Amongst the group was Beatrice, who was married to Slent, the Beta of Amelia's pack. 1

"How nice for you, darling, to be at such a lavish affair. Is this your first banquet?" Beatrice asked, her voice as condescending as a voice can get.

"Of course not," Sophia snapped back, although it was a lie. But she wasn't about to let these wolves see her squirm.

"Hmmm. Strange though, no? That you're here? I mean, look around. It's all pack leaders and Lunas, and you're neither of those," Beatrice continued. The other Lunas giggled.

"Well, as a matter of fact," Sophia said, raising her chin. "I have come to ask the Alpha King to crown me Luna."

"Is that so?" Beatrice scoffed, taking a long, exaggerated sip

of her wine.

"Yes. As I'm sure you've heard, our ruby has been stolen. It was a gift from the Moongoddess and it emits a red light when in the presence of a true Luna. Which is me, of course. But without the ruby, we need the King to crown me. So, I will be Luna soon." Sophia took her own swig of wine. Take that, bitches.

"You forget yourself, Sophia," Beatrice continued. "I knew your mom, remember? She had quite the reputation, that wolf. She was a mistress. We all knew it. She weasled her way into your father's bed. Looks like the apple doesn't fall far from the tree."

It was such an insult, Sophia was aghast for a moment. She just called me a whore, in front of all these Lunas. Sophia's mind whirled.

"I don't need to explain myself to the likes of you," Sophia replied, her voice steady despite the turmoil inside her. "My relationship with Gabriel is none of your concern."

Beatrice smirked, enjoying the reaction she was getting. "Oh, but it is," she taunted. "You think you can waltz into this high-end event and claim to be the rightful Luna? Lunas aren't like you, dear. We're respectable. Dignified. We deserve our titles."

The other Lunas giggled. Sophia clenched her jaw, refusing to back down.

"I'm surprised by Gabriel chose you. I didn't know he had a thing for mistresses. Your mother was nothing but a cheap mistress, and so are you. Even the rogue was a better choice."

The last comment stung Sophia deeply. Amelia? That bitch was not better than her. Sophia felt her wolf rising, and anger flooded her.

But just then, Gabriel joined the group. He immediately sensed the tension. Sophia was relieved to see him, hoping he would support her in front of the other pack leaders.

"Gabriel. Speak of the devil! We were just talking about you. Please, indulge us," Beatrice said, addressing Gabriel. "We were wondering why you brought this she-wolf to the party? Wasn't the invitation clear? Lunas only?"

Gabriel looked Beatrice dead in the eye. He had no patience for this. "Sophia will be Luna soon. Once the King crowns her. Her brother, I owe him everything. He saved me life. He saved our whole bloody pack! His dying wish was for me to look after his sister. I will honor him. Sophia will have anything she wants, including the title of Luna."

From his tone, it was obvious that this conversation was over. He took Sophia's arm and turned to walk away. Sophia looked over her shoulder, a smug look on her face, and blew Beatrice a kiss dripping with sarcasm. 1

Sophia was about to thank Gabriel for defending her, when a

hush fell over the crowd. She was here! The princess had finally arrived! Any minute now, she would make her grand entrance down the staircase.

The group held a collective breath, waiting in anticipation to meet their princess.

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