

The Luna Choosing Game by Jane Above Story Chapter 16

Chapter 0016

“Linda”

“Olivia!”

A few other names were called as well, but none as loud as those two. They had to come from

prominent packs indeed, to have been allowed so many onlookers into the small crowd.

Elva, nervous by the noise, hid behind my skirt. I picked her up into my arms.

“Are you frightened?” I asked her.

She nodded.

“Don’t worry,” I said. “They just want to see you. They’re here to cheer for you,

“They aren’t saying my name.”

I kissed the side of her head. “They just don’t know it yet.”

When the royal family arrived to the stage, the camera crew came alive.

Elva.”

Nathan walked his way down the line of us girls. “Heads up, everyone. We’re about to start.”

1 straightened Elva’s dress, then held her close as the director **waved** and the crowd erupted into a roar.

Nathan took a strong breath that lifted his entire chest, and spoke.

The royal family humbly thanks everyone for joining us. Those here in the crowd, and those watching at

home. We are eager to introduce you to the selected candidates, any one of which could eventually

become Luna, that is, the next Queen.”

One by one, the girls stepped forward, introducing themselves, the pack they were with, and said

something about themselves.

Linda, as expected, was from a wealthy and successful pack. “I will bring glory to my pack,” she said,

and half the crowd cheered.

Olivia, beside her, was not to be outdone. Her pack was just as prominent. “I thank my pack for their support in helping bring me here.”

The other half of the crowd cheered.

Linda smiled at Olivia, but it was too tight to be genuine.

Susie spoke too softly into the microphone for anyone to hear. Nathan asked her to speak up but she

panicked and froze. Nathan smoothly moved on from her distress, passing the microphone forward

When it was my turn, Elva helped me hold the microphone. The crowd, watching us began to murmur.

“My name is Piper,” I said. “I am twenty years old, and my pack..” I quickly gave the name

of my less- prestigious pack. I would like to thank the royal family for giving a single mother like myself a chance at

the selection.”

No one cheered for me. They whispered and stared.

Elva leaned into the microphone. “And I’m Elva.”

That at least earned a couple of claps.

Elva worried her bottom lip with her teeth, as Nathan took the microphone away from us.

“You **did** great,” I told her, but she still didn’t seem so sure.

After the introductions, we were ushered to a press conference further into the gardens.

The three

princes and the King were already seated. Different cameras were **aligned**, facing them

. A slew of

reporters sat in folding chairs behind the cameras. Each had their hands raised.

The King called on one reporter who stood.

After briefly introducing himself and his publication, he said, “A question for the princes. Your Royal

Highnesses, what are your thoughts about a single mother participating in the selection?”

Julian leaned forward first. “It definitely adds to the excitement, doesn’t it? A relief, really

. Sometimes

things can get stuffy and dull around here.”

The press laughed. The King gave him a flat look. Julian met it and shrugged.

“Prince Joyce?” the reporter asked.

Joyce leaned toward the microphone. “It’s fine.” He leaned back.

The reporter waited, but Joyce didn't say anything else. The reporter cleared his throat.
"Yes, thank **you**."

Uh Prince Nicholas? Same question.

Anxiety clawed at my chest. What would
he say? He had made his opinion of me very clear in that

bathroom. I couldn't imagine that he
wanted me here. He couldn't even seem to stand looking **at** me for

Too long.

He leaned forward, toward the microphone.