

The Luna Choosing Game by Jane Above Story Chapter 17

Chapter 0017

His mouth near the microphone, Nicholas paused a moment as if thinking. Then he spoke.

“Miss Piper was chosen by the ceremony, and the royal family will honor that choice.”

He continued, “One of the many crises we face as a people is a low birthrate among werewolves. Any mother, especially one raising a child on her own, is to be commended.”

He paused, again gathering his thoughts. The way he spoke was purposeful and careful, each word carefully considered.

“Piper represents the cultural progression of our kingdom. We, collectively, have moved beyond the era of allowing only young maidens to be Luna. Now, any woman can have her chance.”

A few claps sounded in the audience, before the reporter spoke up again. “In addition to being a single

mother, isn't Piper **also** a non-werewolf?”

“Neither non-werewolves nor single mothers will face discrimination by this royal family,” Nicholas said,

faster to respond than he had been before.

My heart pounded. That sounded like a defense of me. I forced that feeling down. No, he was defending.

his family from potential ridicule, not me.

“And what would you say to the dissenters?” the reporter asked. Some of the others began to insist he sit down. He’d already asked his fair share of questions. But the report continued to stand, unyielding.

Nicholas held his gaze. “I would ask those dissenters to continue to place their faith in us and the strength of this kingdom. Change is not a death of tradition, merely an evolution of it.”

Nicholas leaned back, finished with his response.

More **claps** sounded. Many of the reporters nodded in agreement..

I watched him in awe. He’d clearly had his reservations about me, but his answer had been perfect.

He was born for this, I realized. Raised to be the mouthpiece for the kingdom.

Raised to be King.

The reporter finally sat down, and another was selected. The rest of the questions were simpler, **asked** to gain soundbites from the princes regarding the beauty and poise of each candidate.

Julan did most of the talking.

No one mentioned me.

Then another reporter asked, “Will the political strength of the different packs influence the princes’

choices at all?*

The King stepped in. “The merits of each candidate will speak for themselves.”

“Yes, but “the reporter tried to say. The King quickly cut him off.

“As much of the selection process will be broadcasted live, everyone will have the opportunity to

witness the strengths and failings of each individual girl. The princes will follow the will of the people and

make the correct choices.”

With the reporter silenced, he sat down.

The press conference ended shortly after that.

The royal family returned inside first, with the candidates following.

Back in my room, one of my maids greeted me excitedly.

“We watched the event on television,” she said. “It’s on every channel.”

Despite Lena’s dislike of me, the maids immediately took a shine to me once we had started talking, possibly because we had much in common. We’d eaten at the same restaurants and bought the same

brands of clothes.

Immediately, we’d become like friends, and they treated me much more informally than the maids of the

other girls, for which I was infinitely grateful.

“I hope the newscasters are saying good things...” I started.

“Wonderful things! They are praising the royal family for making such progressive moves. They can’t believe they are letting the princes have so much screen time. Traditionally, only the King and Queen ever

made announcements.”

I nodded. I

knew that, but she was so excited, I kept my mouth shut, not wanting to take away from her

joy

The royal family is also receiving praise for including such diverse candidates in the selection,” she said.

I’m glad I said,

And you, Miss Piper. You should hear what they are saying about you”

Honestly, I was afraid to know. But her upbeat demeanor let me hope **she** wasn’t **about** to tell me

Miss Piper, your presence has ignited the passion among the common people.” She **clapped** her hands together at her chest. “You’ve received a strong positive response so far. Some stations even called you a

front runner!