

Chapter 116 Playing Cupid

Serena

“Welcome, Alpha King Aero and Luna Queen Serena!”

Alpha Aaron's beta proclaimed before we waltzed inside the function hall. I expected a lot from the Slandail Pack and oh yes, it delivered.

First, the pack house. It was almost made out entirely of glass: see-through from the inside but tinted from the outside so the privacy of the occupants was still maintained.

Second, the interior design of the place. Like the tree house, the pack house was reminiscent of the modern designs on Earth and I couldn't help but think if they indeed took some inspiration from there. Instead of crystal chandeliers, there hang geometric designs of lighting and instead of arched ceilings, the house used exposed beams. Furniture was more of a simpler design and the floor was made of dark wood panels.

Third were the pack members. There weren't many of them present at the party and I reckoned it must be a gathering by invitation only. I counted more or less fifty people inside, all dressed in

formal clothes that complemented what Aero and I wore.

As we descended the steps, a number of guests near us bowed.

“Your Majesty, Your Highness,” they all chorused. Aero maintained minimal interaction while I, trying to be as friendly as possible, waved and dipped my head from time to time.

“Despite the short notice, thank you for welcoming us to this celebration. We would love to spend time with all of you,” I stated once we were at the center platform, facing all of the guests. “And to the birthday celebrant, Miss Victoria, happy birthday.”

Alpha Aaron already briefed me about her during the tree house tour. She was a new werewolf of the pack; ‘the most beautiful woman inside the function hall’ those were his exact words; with an ash-colored hair sweeping down to her waist and mesmerizing green eyes. He also informed me where she sat: front and center of the main table; and also advised me what color of dress she wore so that I could spot her immediately. It was an emerald green gown, apparently the same shade as her eyes.

When I did spot her, I realized this was the woman I saw back when I first met Alpha Aaron. She

was with him battling the fire in the Cirelles market and she volunteered to help out with bringing the victims to the south wing of the castle.

What luck! I thought. I was instantly sure she and I would get along well.

“Thank you Your Majesties,” she replied, dipping her head low with a demeanor of a well-bred young lady.

Alpha Aaron stood at the opposite side of the main table watching her, and watching her with a twinkle in his eyes might I add.

Beta Mark guided us to where they sat. Aero claimed the seat next to the alpha while I claimed the

space beside him. William was already with us on the table, taking advantage of the party too after our long ride.

“How old are you now?” I asked Victoria when our eyes met.

She paused from forking her ham and answered, “I am twenty-one, Your Majesty.”

My brow quirked up. “You mean twenty-one on Earth years or Phanteon years?”

“Earth years, my luna,” she clarified. “I am very young when compared to the werewolf age.”

“But oh, that’s amazing!” I exclaimed. “So many experiences await you in this life.”

“I couldn’t agree more, and I’m delighted I belong to the Slandail Pack. There’s no better pack than here.”

I detected the genuine spark in her aura when she said that.

“You’re such a sweet child. Your loyalty to Alpha Aaron is admirable,” I remarked, looking at him who somehow appeared too flushed for a man who just started drinking.

“Yes, luna. I’m very...loyal to him,” she confessed, but I certainly noticed the pause there along with the way she shyly tried to make eye contact with him.

And with that, I knew without a doubt, something was happening between these two.

During the course of the party, Aero and I found more couples who possessed the crescent marks, mingled with them and exchanged stories with them, but my attention, in truth, was focused more on Victoria and Alpha Aaron who seemed too oblivious of what was really happening between them.

I saw the numerous secretive glances they had thrown at each other, all filled with longing but not one glance met the other. I saw their movements too, of how conscious they were not to bump into each other. I witnessed how Victoria’s shoulders sank when at one point Aero dragged the

alpha for a private talk in the study, away from the celebration. In return, I saw Alpha Aaron's frown and stiff composure when Victoria was with another man dancing.

All of these were minute things I observed from them but they were all clues to a bigger picture. I was pretty sure the alpha was in love with Victoria and luckily, the same goes for her.

So, this led me to the question: why?

Why wouldn't he just approach her and start a conversation? Why couldn't he truly act like an alpha and stake his claim on her?

"Something is odd," I expressed the moment Aero and I were inside the tree house.

It was an exhausting night, not because of the party but because I was too worked up with spying on the two, waiting for them to just...hook up, but sadly, it never came.

Ugh. Now I feel like a reader in a romance novel who wanted the main male and female protagonists to just own up their feelings, ditch the outside world, and start banging.

"What is?" Aero asked, his large frame pressing behind me as I undressed in front of the mirror.

"Alpha Aaron and Victoria, they had been swapping loving glances with each other the whole night!"

"And what does that mean?" he replied.

I granted him a soft glare through the mirror's reflection since it wasn't his fault he was as innocent as a baby.

"I wouldn't expect you to understand since you were a woman-hater for the most part of your life," I stated, "but remember when we were still on our way to confessing our feelings for each other?"

He helped me out of the gown by zipping it down.

"The fleeting glances?"

"Yeah?" he replied whilst proceeding to unclasp my strapless bra.

"Hiding behind the walls just to ogle longingly at the other?"

"Hmhm," was his reserved answer. His hand cupped my exposed breast and squeezed it good.

"Mmm," I moaned softly, responding to his beginning foreplay, "and the...the heart-thumping?"

His other hand snaked inside my underwear and parted my folds.

"Ohhh..." I cried again, biting my lip this time as a reaction to his skillful fingers. "The uncontrollable desire to hold the other?" I asked, my breath beginning to tremble.

At that point, I reached behind and sought his erection. He still wore his tux but this didn't matter. I could always dissolve his clothes when the need arises.

He groaned in my ear and as a result, bit my earlobe.

“Serena, are you telling me that Alpha Aaron is in love with that woman?”

“And vice versa, YES!”

I was pretty sure I meant the ‘yes’ in both ways. One was agreeing to Aero’s words while two, approving how his fingers slowly fucked me.

“So, what’s the problem of it?” he asked, continuing to entertain my clit.

I was too flushed, too dizzy to answer but I tried anyway.

“The problem...the problem is neither one of them is...initiating the first...steppppp...ohhh god.

Their desire for one another is so ob...vious. Why aren’t they doing some...thing about it? Ahhh!”

I was in a mess; a good mess.

Aero, deciding to pause our conversation, hoisted me up, planted me on a rocking chair and spread my legs.

Trapped by his body and filled with the intense need, I offered up all of me for him to dine.

And dine he did and drank my orgasmic juices and dined again.

Oh, fuck!

The rocking chair seriously almost broke from the force of his oral and my climax.

After coming down from the high, I gathered my composure—and the little remains of my torn underwear—and went to the bathtub with him. “Serena, the woman is a new werewolf,” he answered, stripping himself while I entered the soothing water. “If anything, she might not have developed a boldness yet. Plus, look at their status. She’s a pack member and he’s the alpha.” “So?” I stared at him with an arched brow. “Their status wouldn’t matter if they’re in love with each other.”

“Yes, you’re right,” he agreed whilst joining me inside the tub. “What I meant to say is, one of them might find this challenging.”

I bit my lip in frustration. “I get what you mean but still...”

“Hey,” he curled his finger into a come-hither movement and I, without delay obliged, straddling him and giving him an embrace. The fact that our sexes met under the water didn’t bother me. I wasn’t the one in self-imposed abstinence. He was. He didn’t seem to mind about this though, probably ready to thigh-fuck me again.

“You’re too affected with them, Serena. Try to relax. If the Universe chose them as mates, then nature will take its course.”

“It won’t hurt if I help a little right?” I looked up to smirk at him.

“And how exactly will you do that?” he inquired.
“Simple. Give the alpha a little push.”

Seeing as this was my personal quest to do, I searched Alpha Aaron early morning the next day leaving Aero still sleeping and covered in sheets. I found him at the sizeable back garden of the pack house, near a makeshift shooting range with his beta.

Both were shirtless; their muscled forms perfectly glorified by the sunlight. Luckily, I was immune to this kind of delicious show. No man could stir me like Aero did and that was a believable fact.

“Rifles? Guns?” I neared them, crossing the healthy lawn. “I didn’t know Phanteon would use these kinds of weapons.”

They both paused from loading the guns, turned around from the table set-up, and lowered their heads towards me.

“Good morning, Luna,” they both greeted.

“Good morning Alpha Aaron, Beta Mark,” I greeted back, but my eyes landed on the former as I waited for him to answer.

He raised one shiny gat in between us—nozzle down of course—and answered, “This isn’t for Phanteon’s security really. It is more like a hobby of mine, luna.”

Beta Mark stepped back and allowed me to pick up the smallest rifle of the batch.

“Oh, so you like guns?”

“I enjoy target practice games so, yeah, guns are one of them, luna,” he replied.

“I see.” My head bobbed. I stared at the target far ahead and raised the rifle, mock-firing it.

“It’s unusual for a werewolf to use such when they basically have their bodies as weapons,” I exclaimed whilst putting the firearm down.

“That is correct, luna.” This time, it was he who aimed the target with his glock and pulled the trigger.

The resounding sound of the gunshot traveled through my ears and our surroundings. Normally, this would have hurt a person without wearing ear pads, but not me. I heard louder, ear-splitting noises than this on Ehnrelil.

He loaded the gun again with a silver bullet, but I, deciding to play cupid now, suddenly asked him: “Is Victoria around?”

His stance quickly shifted and his fingers fumbled, consequently dropping the bullet onto the table.

“Uh, she’s...she must be sleeping still, luna,” he answered with a hint of a pause. “It was her birthday celebration yesterday after all so she’s probably tired.” He picked it up and loaded it back

to the glock.

I leaned against the table and crossed my arms.

“Does she live inside the pack house?”

“Oh, no, luna, she stays with her parents in their house nearby.” There was definitely a dash of disappointment in his voice there.

“So you hosted the party for her yesterday?”

A ghostly smile appeared before he nodded and raised the gun. “Her parents are close friends with my family, so uh...it’s the kind thing to do for their only daughter.”

“I see...” I answered, not really buying his alibi. For sure, another reason why he hosted the party was that she was special to him.

Deep inside, I groaned. I couldn’t stand it anymore. I wasn’t one to trespass another person’s privacy but this here...this here was certainly begging for my help.

“Hey, do you love her?” I asked directly.

As a result, his aim faltered. The bullet, instead of hitting the red dot, swooshed past the trees and hit a life-sized boulder.

Alpha Aaron gazed at me with wide eyes. “Luna, how...how did you know?” was his shy question.

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