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As the full moon graces the night sky, my primary focus lies in ensuring Kira remains securely tethered under my control, preventing any unexpected takeovers.

Little did I know that the exuberance with which the Moon Light Pack commemorates the full moon pales in comparison to the grandeur unfolding in the realm of the Lycan king.

Preparations for this celestial celebration have been underway for days, each moment meticulously dedicated to crafting an extravagant spectacle befitting the Lycan king's stature. The air buzzes with anticipation as the entire kingdom immerses itself in an extravagant display of festivities.

The vibrancy of the occasion extends beyond the moonlit sky, with every corner of the kingdom adorned in resplendent decorations. Elaborate archways and cascading fairy lights weave through the labyrinthine paths, creating a tapestry of luminescence that mirrors the celestial radiance above.

The fragrance of exotic flowers, carefully selected for their symbolic significance, wafts through the air, infusing the atmosphere with an enchanting

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aroma. In the heart of the kingdom, a colossal bonfire roars to life, its flickering flames casting an ethereal glow that dances in harmony with the moon's luminosity.

As the celebration unfolds, the resonant beats of tribal drums punctuate the night, amplifying the rhythmic heartbeat of the Lycan kingdom. Intricate dance performances unfold, with each movement a testament to the unity and strength inherent in their werewolf existence.

Feasting tables groan under the weight of an opulent banquet, featuring a lavish spread that spans the spectrum of culinary delights. Exquisite dishes, carefully crafted to cater to the unique dietary preferences of the lycanthropes, beckon all to partake in the gastronomic extravaganza.

In this extravagant celebration, the full moon takes center stage, casting its silvery glow upon the revelry below. The kingdom pulses with energy and unity, embodying a collective homage to the celestial force that binds the Lycan king and his subjects in a sacred dance beneath the celestial canvas.

I made my way to my room after Luna got my makeup done, she insisted on doing both my makeup and hair. I turn out really pretty as this is the first time I am applying makeup to my face. I'm excited for the night ahead even though I'm a

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bit fearful.

What if Kira decides she cannot take it anymore and changes in the middle of the event. I have tried talking to her about it but she is not listening, too focused on trying to keep herself in check so I tried again now.

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"Kira, are you there?" I ask while opening the door to my bedroom, the beauty of it taking my breath away again.

"Yeah, yeah, I'm here." She sounds anxious as she paces inside my head which is infecting my own mood right now.

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"I'll get you out there tonight, I promise you. I don't care where I will have to go but be rest assured you are coming out to play tonight. Yeah?" I try to convince myself because I will do anything in my power to make sure I keep my words.

The allure of the full moon holds a special kind of magic, a magnetism that beckons wolves to embrace their wild forms and revel in the camaraderie of their kind. It's a night of liberation and communal celebration, an occasion when the pack transforms into a collective embodiment of untamed spirits.

However, as a lycan, my connection with this lunar phenomenon takes on a different hue, one that intertwines restraint with the longing for camaraderie. I cannot just go in the middle of wolves and turn into a lycan while they are bowing to only their king.

In the midst of the pack's fervent desire to shift and partake in the exhilarating festivities, I remain on the fringes, my lycan nature veiled beneath the surface. Unlike the others who seamlessly surrender to their wolf forms, I grapple with a sense of discomfort, an internal struggle preventing me from unveiling my true self.

The dichotomy between the instinctual urge to join the revelry and the hesitation born of my lycanthropic identity casts a shadow over the

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celebratory atmosphere. A plea, laden with vulnerability, escapes Selene's lips, her voice echoing with a poignant whine that resonates through the night.

The raw sincerity in her request tugs at the strings of my heart, weaving a tapestry of empathy.

"Please do, Sel. I don't think I can deal with this all alone," she implores, laying bare the weight of solitude she grapples with amid the lunar glow.

As I stand on the threshold of my own reservations, Selene's plea becomes a compelling call to bridge the gap between my lycanthropic identity and the primal allure of the full moon.

It's a delicate dance between embracing the essence of my being and forging connections with those who yearn for shared experiences beneath the celestial radiance. I can make it work at the end of the night after everyone got drunk deep into the celebration.

I went to the closet where my dress was hanging. Crew had it made for both Luna and I, it is the same. Mine is a forest green and Selene is wearing a vibrant red. He said he liked the green color on me because of my eye color and it makes my red hair pop.

"Flattery again, my king?" I teased when he told me that we were alone in his study when the fashion designer took my measurements.

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Crew smiled, his thumb touching his groomed beard. "Just the truth, Sunny. You and I both know that forest green is your color and that is exactly what you are going to get."

"Sunny?" I ask with furrowed brows though my smile hasn't evaporated even a little.

"You are sunny, don't you know? You might be a werewolf but you have more of the sun in you and your personality than anyone I have ever met. And it sounds great with your name. Selene Sunny." He chuckled when I gaped at him.

Till now if I recall the conversations we have had, I blush because it comes with that dream I had in his car. I don't understand how I let that dream keep messing with my head but whenever I see Crew, it becomes fresher in my head.

Keeping the thought aside, I bring out the dress from its hanger and survey the beauty of it. A forest green dress, adorned with nature's hue, cascades in soft elegance, embodying a harmonious blend of simplicity and enchantment, great fabric too. The best for the lycan king heir's mother.

I shimmed into it allowing the softness of it to settle on my body with richness then I slid both feet into slippers. I cannot exactly wear high heels now that I am heavily pregnant. I have never worn heels in the first place so I can't risk it.

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I stepped out of the room just as Luna was about to knock on my door and we both stopped to stare at one another. A slow grin widened the edges of her lips and mine did the same, tugging upwards. I tilt my head to the side. She looks much hotter right now that her hair and makeup is done.

"You... I'm speechless" she said, her eyes widening and she turned me around before her eyes fell on my belly.

"Thanks. You look beautiful." I say to her, meaning it. She knew she did. She looks the part.

Crew's voice came from behind and it slid down my spine making it hard for me to breathe. Slowly, I turn around to see him also dressed in a suit. I have never seen him in a suit. Casual outfit? Check. Royal outfit? Check. But a suit? This is the first and he looks like suits are meant for him.

I couldn't breathe properly and when Luna walked towards him with the confidence I knew I would never have, I watched silently as he kissed her forehead so as to not ruin her lipstick. I swallow something within me then turn away to give them privacy.

I don't know why the hell I think I have the right to feel something for someone else's mate knowing fully well that mine has rejected me. Tears of anger, hurt and frustration sprang to my eyes at the thought of what I would have had if the Moon

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Goddess hadn't given me Alpha Archer as my mate.

Luna and Crew walked towards me with a glowing smile on both their faces and I forced one to my face too.

"I knew it was going to look great on you." Crew said, staring me up and down. "You look stunning."

"Thank you. You don't look bad yourself." I say, looking at him once then lowering my eyes to the floor.

"Shall we?" He offered his other hand that Luna isn't hanging on so I accepted it with this weird flutter in my stomach.

"I don't think I can hold back any longer, Sel." Kira said into my head turning everything inside out for me.



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