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As the festivities unfolded and an air of celebration enveloped the gathering, my unease lingered beneath the surface. The rhythmic pulse of the ceremony signaled the impending shift into

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wolf forms, and while the atmosphere remained harmonious, a sense of discomfort gnawed at me.

In a surprising turn of events, a distinguished member of the Moonlit Council, likely the eldest, stepped forward, wearing an expression that belied the festive ambiance. I hated the council

members the second I met them but I'm slowly despising them some more.

His serious countenance cut through the joyous chatter, casting a hush over the assembly. A palpable stillness descended as he surveyed the crowd with discerning eyes. He is acting as though he is above everyone else when the Lycan King is there on his throne.

Amidst of this subdued atmosphere, a mischievous glint sparked in his gaze, hinting at a playful intent that belied the gravity of the council's usual demeanor. The elder council member's eyes alighted upon Crew and me, the couple whose unexpected connection had become the whisper of the pack.

I don't know much about what they are saying but I have heard whispers here and there that they are thinking about what sort of affair we are having behind Luna's back even now which is absurd. I would never do that to Luna no matter what happens.

With a sly smile, he addressed us, his words carrying a weight that resonated with the unspoken currents of the celebration. I'm sure he has already ruined the night for some of the wolves here. Mine won't be ruined only because I could feel Luna and Crew's strength beside me.

"Selene and My King," he began, his voice cutting

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through the expectant hush, "we have a unique proposal for you tonight, one that will test the strength of bonds and unveil the mysteries of connection. Mainly, for the heir."

The council member revealed a set of intricately designed ceremonial masks, each adorned with symbols that carried significance within the pack's lore. I wasn't allowed to dig deeper into the werewolves knowledge and all since I didn't have a wolf but I know them.

"As part of this unique celebration, we invite you to don these masks and partake in the Dance of the Shared Spirit," he declared, the weight of the words echoing in the moonlit clearing.

The Dance of the Shared Spirit was a ritual seldom enacted, reserved for occasions when the threads of fate intertwined with the destinies of two individuals. If I don't know any better, I'd say it is meant for mates who Moon Goddess have blessed with one another.

In this dance, partners wore masks symbolizing their intertwined souls, moving in a synchronized choreography that mirrored the intricate dance of the celestial bodies above. Only mates could dance in that perfect synchronization and not one carrying the other's cub.

My eyes fell on Luna but she was staring straight ahead, her attention elsewhere and I didn't like it

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one bit. Why isn't she staring at me? Telling me it was okay to dance with her mate as we don't have any other choice but obey the f*****g council members?

As Crew and I were handed the masks, an unspoken understanding passed between us. The masks, crafted with a blend of nature's hues, symbolized the merging of our distinct paths into a shared journey. I caught Luna's eyes and she smiled reassuringly at me making my shoulders sag a little bit though I'm not happy. I officially loathe the council members.

The challenge lay not merely in the physical dance but in synchronizing our energies, a testament to the unseen bond forged between a lycan king and the bearer of his heir. But that doesn't make much sense to me. We can sync since we aren't mates.

What do the council members want to achieve with these games they are playing? Can't Crew ask them to f**k off once and for all? They will have to listen to him.

The pack observed in quiet fascination as the ritual commenced, the Dance of the Shared Spirit weaving a narrative of unity, destiny, and the enigmatic connection that defied explanation. I thought we weren't going to do it right but the flow was instantaneous.

As Crew and I moved in harmonious rhythm

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beneath the moonlit canopy, the masks became more than ceremonial artifacts—they became conduits through which the essence of our intertwined spirits found expression. My eyes widened at that. We are moving so perfectly that it makes my heart thud in my chest.

Crew voice came out as a small whisper through the mask, surprising me at the gentleness.

"Nervous, Sunny?"

I nod subtly, my eyes betraying a mix of excitement and anxiety and longing all in one. "A bit. This isn't something I expected. And we are moving in sync which is just as shocking."

Crew was smiling beneath the mask, I could see it in his eyes. "It's just a dance, but it symbolizes something deeper. Our connection. I don't know what that means but it might just be the cub guiding us."

I was glancing around nervously, biting my lip. "What if I mess up? I feel like I'll stumble anyoment."

Crew said reassuringly and it calmed me down.

"You won't. We move together, guided by something beyond our control."

As the dance continued, the forest embraced us in its enchanting aura. Crew's gentle words, though muffled by the mask, carried a soothing cadence

that resonated with my nerves. I want to look around for Luna but I was afraid to misstep when I do so.

"This is so wrong, you know. Why can't you just call them on their bullshit once and for all? They are acting as though they want to take over the throne from you." I ask with a furrowed brow.

"I'm buying time, Sunny. I'm letting them have all these because I have something bigger coming. They won't see it coming but I assure, I'll call them out on their bullshit." I could hear the grin in his voice.

The Dance of the Shared Spirit became a silent dialogue between intertwined spirits. Crew's presence offered a comforting anchor to my unease, and with each graceful movement, our connection deepened, transcending the boundaries of spoken words.

Crew's arms tightened around me when he felt me tensing, I almost missed a step. "Relax, Sunny. Feel the rhythm, trust our connection. It will move just as smoothly as we started."

I was smiling behind the mask, an avalanche of trust washing away my worries. "Trusting you, Crew."

The dance continued, a mesmerizing blend of shared energies and whispered reassurances,

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encapsulating the essence of our uncharted connection beneath the moonlit embrace of the lycanthropic celebration. It feels weird but I feel like that is where I belong.

As the Dance of the Shared Spirit unfolded, Crew and I found ourselves swept into the rhythmic

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embrace of the ritual. The ceremonial masks adorned our faces, concealing expressions but not the unspoken connection that pulsed between us.

"That is because the Moon Goddess is about to shock us all." Kira said in a small voice in my head. I could feel her anxiety with the need to be out.

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"What is that?" I ask, shifting my weight a bit so my huge belly is more open between Crew and I.

"I don't know what but I could feel it coming nearer. It might be a blessing or a curse but for now, I have no idea." She said breathily then blocked me out so I won't hear her struggling.

The music was over just as it started. Crew and I stepped away from one another before he led me back to my seat close to Luna who grinned at me with no malice or jealousy in her eyes. The relief I felt was consuming and I felt like hugging her.

How would she feel if she finds out that I have dreamt about sleeping with her husband? Is she ever going to forgive me for that or what? I won't ever tell her until I'm sure she won't think any less of me. I didn't do it intentionally and it's not like I love Crew.

"You did so great. I had no idea you were such a dancer." Her eyes were wide with excitement making me grin back at her.

"I don't know how to dance to save my life which is why I was panicking the whole way. I think the synchronization has something to do with the baby that connects is." I say which is the truth but I want her to know that is all there is between Crew and I.

"Well, you did amazing out there. The council

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members were shocked you were able to move together. I think they are trying so hard to see whether or not Crew is telling the truth. I can't wait for him to kick their asses." She narrowed her eyes at them sitting opposite us.

I followed her line of vision to see them all staring at me then back to Crew and Luna with wide eyes and I can't help rolling my eyes at them. I don't care how powerful they think they are around here because I'm not part of their pack or whatever. I do not owe them s**t.

They didn't acknowledge our dance for the rest of the night so Daniel called for celebration himself but Nick dragged him back to his seat and stood up instead. Daniel scowled at him, his fangs growing and it should be a scary sight but Nick only tsk-ed at him.

"Alright, pack! The moment we've been eagerly anticipating is finally upon us! It's time to strip down to your fur and dash into the woods in full wolf glory. Give a howl of gratitude to the Moon Goddess and let loose for the rest of the night – consider yourselves officially on the wild side!"



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