

# **The King's Mate- Lady Xquisite Chapter 10 - 9: Pack Meeting**

## **C10 9: Pack Meeting**

Pack Meeting

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POV: Arlan

Dillion gave him a sign that all the packs were already complete. He sighed in relief as he looked at the vast quiet crowd gathered in the Great Hall, sitting at their designated tables ignoring other packs.

His eyes slightly stopped towards the two anxious and well-driven packs sitting in the front row of the room.

The Lunar Pack sat in the left side corner of the area – quietly and seriously talking at each other – and the Dark Wood Pack sitting on the right side of the room – who was intensely glaring at the former pack.

Arlan disappointedly shook his head at the latter pack and went near the King to inform him.

It was the day of the Pack Meeting. Even he couldn't comprehend what was in the King's mind right now. He was also surprised as to why the King held the gathering inside his palace. It was the first time, and everyone was looking forward to his announcement that made him decide to go onto this far.

Everyone knew that he abhorred gatherings – especially inside his palace, so he created a separate Grand Ballroom outside – near the place to hold such assemblies.

And now?

Here they were.

Arlan just shrugged his shoulders off. He didn't want to ask any more questions – for now. Although, he was against some of the topics on today's agenda.

He let out a deep sigh. He couldn't do anything about it, though. He trusted the King's decision – and as his loyal Kingsman, all he could do was to obediently follow.

“You’re Majesty, all of the packs were already here.” He bowed his head down to give respect as he said the words to the King, who was sitting at his golden throne looking intently at the huge glass window as if it was the most interesting thing on earth.

Arlan’s forehead creased as he straightened his back and cleared his throat – trying to get the Alpha King’s attention. The King shifted his deep penetrating gaze towards him. It was so intense that the hair at the back of his nape stood directly.

He immediately swallowed hard to compose himself from the intensifying fear that was slowly creeping inside him, “W-We can start now, my King,” he carefully said – making his lips tremble a bit.

King Hades curled the corner of his lips upwards as he smelled the scent of fear emerging towards his second in command – making him anticipate more.

His wolf loved the way they feared him, and it was now at bay.

He clenched his jaw and raised his brow to govern himself from his animalistic side.

“Then, start,” his booming and unfathomable dark cold voice echoed in the entire hall, shushing everyone, and caught all their gazes turning to them.

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Some time, before the pack meeting in the castle started...

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POV: Shahara Vikesh

It was not just a typical day for every pack which was in position like hers. Being the daughter of the Alpha and Luna of the Lunar Pack requires a challenging yet complicated sense of obligation and accountability.

It was all wearing her out a bit these past few days.

Shahara heaved a deep sigh as she turned her head around the Great Hall. The moment she stepped into the castle; she could quietly feel the dark aura encompassing every corner of it. It wasn’t her first time, but it always felt like it was whenever she entered this cursed place.

She deeply smirked.

She hated this place – it was suffocating her... As well as the memories it held.

She instantly shook her head to erase that rushing excruciating thoughts.

Besides, she always loathed to wear these kind of fancy long dresses – for she couldn't even move the way she wanted. She was more comfortable with just jeans and a shirt.

The high heeled shoes were also painful to bear, but she had, too. Her mother might lose her mind when she wore a pair of high cut shoes instead.

That was a sight to see – but she'd rather not do so, or else she'll be bored to death inside their mansion for being grounded.

Yes.

She would be grounded, and it was awfully traumatizing.

She shook her head when she remembered the last time she experienced that one. It was probably the most boring days of her life that she almost got maddeningly crazy.

She wouldn't want to experience it again.

Shahara rolled her eyes upwards as she remembered how her mother looked at her a while ago while wearing this icky gagging long dress and killer high heeled shoes.

She heaved a deep sigh for the nth time.

She was now wearing a deep dark cobalt blue mermaid-cut dress that reached her ankles. It was elegant and chic – perfectly accentuated her hourglass body shape – but still, she didn't like it a bit.

Her creamy and fair skin was flawlessly specified and matches her wavy auburn hair – tied up in a slight loose messy bun making some of the wavy strands of her hair flow at both sides of her face.

She wasn't fond of wearing make-up, thus she just put on mascara and an eyeliner that matches her tweaked wood-colored almond shaped eyes and to at least give color to her pale face. Her lips were natural pink and she just left it as it is – making her stunningly gorgeous.

Shahara took a small sip of champagne in her wineglass as she boredly waited for the meeting to start. She wanted to yawn loudly, but she couldn't do so. The King's presence was too powerful and authoritative as it radiated throughout the entire room.

Besides, her parents were watching her every move. She needed to portray her proper etiquette. She wanted to gag at that thought.

She heaved another sighed and took another sip of champagne when her eyes suddenly stopped to a certain man sitting on the last step of the Grand staircase in the left corner of the room.

