

Chapter 15

He walks me down the aisle, and every step I take feels like walking barefoot over broken glass. The guests stare at me with disdain, whispering about how I trapped him. How miserable he looks, how unfair it is to Audrey. Some carry on with the rumours about me seducing him in order to be marked, but I don't flinch.

I don't give them the satisfaction. I keep my eyes forward, staring at the man who caused all this. Kingston stands with his back to me, dressed in a black tux with the silver embroidery of the pack crest on his cufflinks.

When he finally turns, my heart starts to frantically race. The closer I get, the more his scent flares up my nose.

"Mate," Lumi breathes.

I gulp. Not now, Lumi.

Kingston's eyes, are dark and turbulent, the pupils blown wide like he and his wolf are fighting for dominance. Father lets go of me and I stand beside him, my ears ringing.

"Let us begin," the High Elder says, his voice dry.

I begin to count backwards, bite my tongue, try to hear, anything to ground myself before. "Focus," Lumi tells me. "Mate."

"Not helping," I bark at her, staring right at him..

His eyebrows furrow but he doesn't say anything, he keeps his composure. His scent mixes with something in the air, something calming and soothing. I focus on that and avert crisis. I can breathe. I'm okay.



The ceremony is short.

There are no romantic poems or promises of forever during the ring exchange. After that, the Elder, Mr Winston recites the ancient laws of the pack, the duties of the Alpha, and my submission as his Luna.

“Kingston, son of Dante,” Elder Winston intones. “Do you claim this woman? Do you take her into your house, your bed, and your soul, to be your Mate and Luna until the moon fades from the sky?”

The silence that follows his words is deafening. I’m both scared and excited for his possible rejection. But it never comes. “I do,” he says, his tone cold.

Elder Winston turns to me. “Aeliana, daughter of Bryan. Do you accept this claim? Do you bind your wolf to his, your blood to his, and your life to this pack that you both shall lead?”

“I do,” I whisper. My voice is steady, but it feels like I’m signing my own death warrant.

With a smile, he produces a small knife and Kingston puts his hand out. This part wasn’t supposed to happen, no one does this anymore, not even his parents did this, but he glares when I don’t put my hand out.

Elder Winston takes his hand first and slices across his palm as I put my hand out. King doesn’t flinch but I do, when my own hand is sliced I don’t flinch either. Elder Winston takes my hand and places it in Kingston’s. “Hold.” He tells us.

Kingston squeezes my hand more than necessary but I don’t flinch, the dull ache from the cut fades and so does the world around us. The mate bond solidifying is unlike anything I’ve ever felt before, nothing prepares you for the out of body experience of your wolves connecting. Our bond



hits me so hard that I nearly fall, but Kingston steadies me.

I've always had a unique reaction to his touch but this is different, my core aches with a sudden, pulsing heat and I let out a broken moan. My eyes meet his and for a split second, the mask of the Golden Alpha is gone. I see a predator. "Bound by blood, bound by the moon may no one separate what fate has entwined." Elder Winston says. "I pronounce you husband and wife."

"That's enough," King growls, pulling his hand away like my touch burned him. There's no blood on our palms, but he doesn't seem shocked by that.

Elder Winston chants something and then smiles. "You may kiss the bride."

King steps forward and leans into me, his lips crushing onto mine without warning. His tongue slides into my mouth, kissing me hard and rough. Like he is punishing me for something, I fight back, I bite. "Fucking brat," he groans, pulling away.

I almost laugh when I see blood beading on his lip but that laughter is quickly replaced by an overwhelming need to lick his tiny wound clean. What the hell is happening to me?

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