



## Chapter 26



The full moon rises over the Fenris estate, massive and silver, lighting the grounds where hundreds of wolves gather. Two weeks since the DNA results confirmed what the mate bond already knew. Two weeks of Kieran planning this ceremony with methodical precision.

Tonight I become Luna officially. Not just his mate, but the pack's acknowledged leader.

I stand in the master bedroom wearing white—a dress Kieran commissioned specifically for this. Simple, elegant, the color of my wolf. The mate mark on my throat shows above the neckline, visible to everyone. Claimed. His.

"Ready?" Kieran appears in the doorway wearing formal Alpha regalia—black suit with silver embroidery, the Fenris crest on his chest. He looks lethal and powerful and completely devastating.

"No." My voice shakes. "Your father hates me. Half the pack thinks I trapped you. My parents are down there plotting my death. And Lia—"

"Is in restraints with guards." He crosses to me, hands framing my face. "You're my mate. My Luna. And anyone who has a problem with that can challenge me directly."

The mate bond hums approval.

"The triplets—"

"Are with Rosalie until we're ready to present them. They're safe." His thumb traces my cheekbone. "Everything's handled. You just have to stand beside me and let the pack see what I see."

"Which is?"

"The strongest woman I've ever known. The mother of the most powerful Alpha heir this pack has seen in generations. My mate." His voice drops, goes rough. "Mine."

The possessiveness still makes my stomach flip.

We descend the grand staircase together. The Fenris estate's formal grounds have been transformed—torches lighting pathways, a raised platform where the ceremony will happen, hundreds of wolves in their finest standing in organized ranks.

Every eye turns to us as we appear. The whispers start immediately.

"That's her—the wolfless one—"

"White wolf, can you believe—"

"She trapped him with those children—"

Kieran's hand tightens on mine. Not restraint—silent promise that anyone who speaks against me will answer to him.

Alpha Magnus stands on the platform, expression carved from ice. He's never forgiven his son for choosing me. Never forgiven me for existing. But pack law is absolute when the mate bond is confirmed. He has no choice but to perform this ceremony.

We climb the platform steps. The pack goes silent.

Magnus's voice carries across the grounds. "We gather under the full moon to witness the bonding of Alpha heir Kieran Fenris to his mate, Thalia Blackwood. The mate bond has been confirmed. The union is recognized by ancient law. Tonight, she becomes Luna of the Silvermoon Pack."

He says it like he's announcing an execution.

The traditional ritual begins. Words in the old language, formal and binding. Kieran responds in that same ancient tongue, his voice steady and sure. When it's my turn, I speak the words he taught me—accepting the role, accepting the responsibility, accepting him.

The mate bond flares bright enough I gasp.

"By the power vested in me as Alpha of the Silvermoon Pack, I recognize Thalia Fenris as Luna, mate to my heir, mother of Alpha bloodline, leader of our people." Magnus's voice drips with distaste but the words are binding. "Let all who serve this pack acknowledge their Luna."

The moment of truth. Every pack member must approach, bow, acknowledge me publicly. Those who refuse are challenging not just me, but Kieran and pack law itself.

High-ranking families go first. Betas and their mates, Gammas with their children, council members who've served for decades. Some bow with genuine respect. Others barely hide their contempt. But they all bow.

Then my parents are brought forward.

My mother's face is twisted with rage and humiliation, every line of her body screaming resistance. My father's cold calculation has turned to ash—his worthless daughter now stands above him in pack hierarchy, untouchable.

They're forced to their knees before the platform.

"Speak the words," Magnus commands.

My mother's voice comes out strangled. "We acknowledge Thalia Fenris

as Luna, blood of our blood, leader of our pack."

My father echoes her, words like broken glass.

I look down at them—these people who called me worthless, who threatened to rip my children from my womb, who made my childhood a systematic destruction of self-worth. And I feel nothing but cold satisfaction.

"You will never threaten my children again." My voice carries across the silent grounds. "You will never speak to them, approach them, or acknowledge their existence unless I permit it. Pack law gives me that power now. And I will use it."

My mother's face goes white with fury. But she can't speak, can't protest. I'm Luna now. To challenge me is to challenge the Alpha bloodline itself.

They slink away into the crowd, humiliated and powerless.

Then guards bring Lia forward in restraints.

She looks smaller somehow. Broken. Her expensive clothes are gone, replaced with plain pack-issued clothing. Her hair hangs limp. The sister who once commanded rooms with her beauty and cruelty now looks like exactly what she is—a criminal awaiting judgment.

"Lia Blackwood stands accused," Magnus announces, voice hard.

"Attempted kidnapping of Alpha heirs. Threatening the Luna. Violating pack law. How do you plead?"

"Not guilty!" Lia's voice cracks. "I was trying to protect the pack from illegitimate—"

"The DNA results confirm the children are legitimate heirs of Kieran Fenris." Magnus cuts her off. "Your actions constitute a direct threat to



Alpha bloodline. The sentence is clear."

The pack goes completely silent.

"Lia Blackwood, you are hereby exiled from Silvermoon Pack permanently. Your pack bonds are stripped. You are forbidden from pack territory on pain of death. You have one hour to gather your belongings before escorts remove you from our lands."

Lia's screaming now, falling to her knees. "No! Please! I'm sorry, I didn't mean—Thalia, please, tell them I'm sorry—"

I look at her—this woman who orchestrated my torment, who turned my first love into my bully, who tried to steal my children—and feel nothing but exhausted relief that she's finally gone.

"You brought this on yourself," I say simply.

Guards drag her away still screaming. The pack watches in silence, the lesson clear: threaten the Luna's children, lose everything.

"Now," Magnus says, voice shifting to something like approval, "the Alpha heirs will be presented."

Rosalie appears at the platform edge with the triplets. They're dressed formally—Orion in a small suit, Luna in a white dress matching mine, Phoenix in navy that nearly matches her father's.

Kieran helps them onto the platform one by one. They stand between us, looking out at hundreds of pack members with varying degrees of confidence. Orion serious and observant. Luna quiet but steady. Phoenix bouncing slightly with contained energy.

"These are the children of Kieran Fenris and Thalia Fenris," Magnus announces. "Three cubs from a single heat, unprecedented in modern

pack history. Their power is already manifesting—tactical brilliance, empathic ability, raw strength. The strongest Alpha bloodline we've seen in generations."

The pack watches Orion calculate something silently, watches Luna feel the emotions of hundreds at once without breaking, watches Phoenix who could probably lift a grown wolf despite being seven years old.

Understanding ripples through the crowd. The white Luna—former wolfless nobody—has given them the future. Has provided heirs that will make Silvermoon the most powerful pack in the region.

Kieran's hand finds mine, fingers lacing together. When he looks at me there's pure possessive pride in his expression.

"My mate," he says loud enough to carry. "My Luna. Mine."

The pack erupts in howls—acceptance, acknowledgment, celebration. The ceremony is complete.

I'm Luna now. Officially, irrevocably, permanently bound to this pack, this man, this destiny I never chose but can no longer deny.

Kieran pulls me close, presses his forehead to mine while our children beam and the pack celebrates around us. The mate bond sings with satisfaction.

This is home. Not the place—the people. The family I fought so hard to protect now protected by the power I never wanted but desperately needed.

"Forever," Kieran whispers against my hair. "You're mine forever."

And for the first time since this all began, I whisper back without fear: "Forever."