

Letters Sent To Eternity

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Chapter 31

21 – Kennedy

“Damn, girl! No one stands a chance tonight. You look absolutely stunning!” Rayna exclaimed, handing me a pair of black crystal chandelier earrings. I took a step back, surveying my reflection in the mirror. She wasn’t exaggerating—she had truly outdone herself. My blonde hair was swept up into a high ponytail, styled with soft beach waves cascading down, and adorned with a delicate black crystal hairpiece that caught the light beautifully. My eye makeup was smoky and sultry, yet subtle enough to make my blue eyes shine. A shimmering blush highlighted my cheekbones, and my lips were painted a deep, rich red that contrasted perfectly with the black accents. I looked like myself, only elevated—more polished, more radiant.

Turning around, I noticed I wasn’t the only one dressed to impress. Rayna was a vision in a deep forest green velvet gown that looked as soft as it was luxurious. The long sleeves hugged her slender arms elegantly, while the boat neckline framed her graceful, swan-like neck—perfectly showcasing the spot where her mark would soon rest. Her skirt flared just enough, hitting mid-thigh like mine, and when she turned, the back of her dress was completely open, revealing smooth, glowing skin. She’d left her hair down, but swept it over one shoulder, allowing her warm olive complexion to glow under the soft lighting.

“Jeremiah might just lose it when he sees you,” I teased with a giggle. “Or, more likely, other guys will be dying to get a look at you. You’re smoking hot! He might not even let you go downstairs.”

Rayna smiled, a playful glint in her eyes, as I fanned myself dramatically. Before we could continue admiring each other’s transformations, a knock sounded at my door. Quickly, Rayna slipped on her nude pumps, and together we made our way to answer it.

We swung the door open to reveal all my guy friends, looking sharper than ever before in our entire lives. Tonight, they had clearly put in effort. Having seen them at every ball and party our pack had ever thrown, I could confidently say this was on a whole new level. Their suits fit like they were tailored just for them, radiating power and confidence. Jeremiah wore a steel gray suit paired with a black button-down shirt so tight it looked like it might burst if he moved too quickly. Ben and Jason went classic—black suits with crisp white shirts—but Ben added a deep blue tie, while Jason left his top buttons open, forgoing a tie altogether. Tommy, always eager to stand out, sported a sapphire blue suit with a dark silver-gray shirt, also without a tie. Together, they looked like a formidable team, ready to fend off any mateless girls who dared approach.

“Wow! You two look incredible!” Jeremiah said, a hint of breathlessness in his voice. He stepped forward to kiss Rayna softly, whispering something in her ear that made her blush

and giggle. Then he turned to me, planting a gentle kiss on my temple. “Looks like the boys are going to have their hands full tonight.”

I rolled my eyes at him. “I really doubt anyone’s dumb enough to try and approach Rayna, so you’ll be fine.”

“No doubt about that. No one’s coming near my Luna,” he said firmly, pulling Rayna closer. Then his gaze shifted to me, his grip tightening slightly. “It’s you I’m worried about, Ken. You look amazing, and after your performance in training today, plenty of people want to talk to you.” He winked at the look of surprise on my face. “Come on, let’s go.”

Jeremiah wrapped his arm around Rayna’s waist and led her out. Ben stepped forward and offered me his elbow, the perfect gentleman. Together, we headed downstairs toward the main floor, where the lively sounds of the gathering reached us even from the top of the stairs.

At the base of the staircase, we were greeted by Gamma Bennet and Delta Danny.

“This way, Alpha Jeremiah,” Bennet said with formal respect, and we followed closely behind.

I wondered if this level of formality was standard or just part of the show for tonight’s guests. The room was packed—people milling everywhere. Rayna had mentioned that a few leaders from packs her brother had taken over were here. I kept hearing about her brother but hadn’t caught a glimpse of him since we arrived.

Despite how involved everyone said he was, he seemed strangely absent when his sister brought her mate home to meet the family. If it were Jeremiah, I was certain he’d have me surrounded by guards and make my mate fight through them just to reach me, even with the mate bond in place.

Oh, great—now Rayna had me thinking about mates as if I actually had one. I mentally smacked myself on the forehead, forcing myself to stop the endless thoughts and focus instead on the breathtaking hall we were walking through. Everything here was dripping with opulence and luxury. Just a glance told me this Alpha spared no expense and expected nothing but the best for himself and his pack.

Each table was covered with thick black cloths, topped with tall vases holding floating candles submerged in clear glass that reflected the flickering light. String lights and delicate fabric draped elegantly from the ceiling, while white and purple flowers adorned every available surface. The decor was ornate and beautiful without ever feeling gaudy.

At least I could say this Alpha took good care of his pack. I hadn’t seen any signs of hardship or neglect among the pack members I’d observed today. To me, that said more about an Alpha’s strength and character than any display of personal wealth. His pack seemed content, healthy, and well-treated. Even his Omegas were kind and respectful, including toward me.

I was looking forward to exploring the pack more over the next few days, eager to get a true sense of the world Rayna came from.

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We were guided to seats near the front of the room. Rayna and Jeremiah occupied the head table, which was elevated on a small platform tucked into a corner. Meanwhile, Ben, Jason, Tommy, and I sat alongside Josh, Bennet, and Danny at a lower table positioned just ahead of them. At first glance, the arrangement seemed a bit unusual, but as I glanced around, I realized the layout was quite practical. The tables were spaced to allow easy access to the buffet stations, a spacious dance floor, and ample room for guests to mingle comfortably. Despite the openness, the head table had no space behind it for anyone to loiter, ensuring a clear view of the entire hall. It was a clever setup, balancing social flow and visibility perfectly.

As we chatted pleasantly, I suddenly noticed a strange sensation—a prickling at the back of my neck, as if invisible eyes were fixed on me. My heart rate surged, and an undercurrent of excitement stirred beneath my skin. That familiar tingling traveled down my spine, sharp and insistent. Slowly, I scanned the room, careful not to draw attention or appear paranoid. Still, I felt an instinctive alertness, like a predator was watching me. My breathing quickened, and I forced myself to inhale deeply, then exhale slowly, grounding myself with the calm techniques I'd learned long ago. Around me, Danny was animatedly speaking, waving his hands, while Tommy responded, but their words faded into the background. My mind narrowed, as if tunnel vision had overtaken it, blurring the edges of everything else.

Our position in the corner gave me a perfect vantage point to discreetly observe the guests. I searched each face, looking for the one whose gaze burned into me so intensely. Hundreds of people mingled, clustered in small groups, but none seemed to be watching me—until my eyes reached the main entrance. There, standing tall and commanding, was a man whose green eyes stopped me cold.

I wasn't sure I'd ever seen anyone so breathtaking. His gaze was both dangerous and magnetic, radiating power without a word. Towering over most of the crowd, he wore a sharply tailored black suit that looked custom-made, hugging every inch of his broad frame. His shirt was a deep blood-red, matching the shade of my lipstick, with the top two buttons undone to reveal a strong, tanned neck corded with muscle.

Hands casually slipped into his pockets, he held my stare for a heartbeat longer before flashing a half-smile and a wink that sent an electric shock right through me—igniting a fire low in my belly. I had to press my thighs together tightly to quell the sudden ache, aware that men like him could probably smell desire from a mile away.

“Seriously?! That's so not fair.” A voice beside me snapped me back to reality. It took a moment for me to realize someone was speaking directly to me. Blinking a few times, I drew in a deep breath, realizing my body had forgotten to keep breathing while I'd been locked on the stranger. Nope, no fantasies—just a very attractive man across the room.

I turned toward Danny, who looked more than a little annoyed but was trying hard not to show it. Josh and Bennet, sitting nearby, were barely containing their laughter, their faces flushed.

“You guys aren’t helping,” Danny grumbled, shooting me a look. I glanced between the three of them, curious.

“What did I miss?” I asked.

“Nothing much—just an inside joke. And, well, Danny was proven wrong again,” Josh said, his shoulders shaking with suppressed laughter. He didn’t offer any more details, and both he and Bennet burst out laughing at Danny’s expense.

Meanwhile, the newcomer confidently strode across the room toward the head table, barely sparing me a glance. His presence drew attention as he passed, and I tried not to let the sting of his dismissal linger in my chest. Suddenly, it hit me why his eyes felt so familiar—they were the same striking green as Rayna’s. This had to be her brother. Oddly, I realized I didn’t even know his name, though I’d heard people refer to him simply as the Alpha of Dark Moon. Within the pack, he was known as the Alpha or, in Josh’s case, just “boss.”

Heat rose to my cheeks at the thought. I took a deep breath, reminding myself that he was probably used to being ogled. The way he’d half-smiled told me he was no stranger to flirting—and likely had no trouble getting whoever he wanted. I was just another woman in a long line of admirers, and he’d probably figured out I was human and not worth his time.

Why did that thought irritate me so much? Who cared if he wasn’t interested once he realized I wasn’t one of them? I hadn’t planned on anything beyond being polite to Rayna’s brother and the Alpha of the pack.

Still, I couldn’t shake the fluttering in my chest, the pull of those green eyes that seemed to linger in my mind long after he disappeared from view.