

The wedding of Fenrir and Alora was not merely an event, it was a declaration. A proclamation of excess, devotion, and unapologetic indulgence that only a man with Fenrir's reputation and a woman with Alora's tastes could bring into being.

Fenrir's family arrived in waves, a tide of siblings, cousins, uncles, and distant relations who filled the grand estate like a storm of voices and laughter. They were loud, boisterous, and unmistakably proud. The kind of family whose presence alone made a venue feel smaller. And yet, the estate chosen for the ceremony was anything but small.

The ceremony took place at a sprawling manor perched on a cliff, overlooking the dark waters of Shengdao's northern coast. The architecture was a blend of old-world stone and modern opulence. Towering arches, sweeping staircases, and balconies draped in velvet banners of deep red and black.

The courtyard, where the ceremony itself was held, had been transformed into a dreamscape. The black marble flooring had been polished to a mirror sheen, reflecting the lantern light like a pool of ink. Blood red roses climbed trellises and pillars, their petals so dark they were nearly black. White silk drapery cascaded from the upper balconies, softening the shadows and giving the entire space the feeling of a moonlit ballroom. Crystal chandeliers hung suspended from enchanted wires, glowing with warm, golden fire that flickered but never dimmed.

Alora had chosen every detail, and Fenrir had approved each one with the same answer. *"If you want it, it's yours."*

Alora had entered on a path lined with floating lanterns. Each one glowing with soft light. Her gown was a masterpiece woven to her heart's desires. A black fitted bodice of lace embroidered with silver thread. A skirt of layered crimson silk that shimmered like wine under the light of the chandeliers. Her hair was adorned with tiny white blossoms, each one enchanted to glow faintly like stars.

Fenrir stood at the altar in a tailored black suit with a deep red vest. His long fur tied back, his expression caught somewhere between awe and possessiveness. He had never been a man of soft emotions, but seeing her walk toward him had unraveled something in him that he didn't bother hiding.

The vows were spoken beneath an arch of roses, magic, and obsidian. Fenrir's voice was low, rough, and steady. The voice of a man who had made promises before, but never one like this. Alora's vows were soft but unwavering, her words weaving warmth through the cool night air.

When they kissed, the crowd erupted. Their families cheering, whistling, clapping, some even stamping their feet. It was loud, chaotic, and perfect.

The ballroom reception had been a cathedral of decadence. Tables were draped in black velvet and set with crystal glassware. Centerpieces of white lilies and dark roses arranged in spirals. A

ceiling enchanted to mimic a night sky, complete with drifting clouds and shimmering constellations. Musicians dressed in red and black played a blend of classical strings and modern Shengdao rhythms.

Alora had insisted on a dessert table that stretched nearly the length of the room. Pastries, cakes, sugared fruits, and delicate confections dusted with edible gold. Fenrir didn't understand half of what he was looking at, but he loved the way her eyes sparkled when she saw it.

Their first dance was slow, intimate, and entirely theirs. Fenrir held her close, one hand on her waist, the other cradling her hand. The perfume they had crafted together lingered between them, a scent that felt like memory and promise.

The night stretched on in waves of laughter, dancing, and celebration. Fenrir's siblings pulled him into rowdy toasts. Alora's friends surrounded her with compliments and teasing. But eventually, the couple slipped away, unnoticed by most, exactly as they intended.

Their private estate for their honeymoon retreat had been hidden deep within the tropical islands of Shengdao. A secluded paradise accessible only by boat and protected by dense jungle and natural cliffs. The air was warm, fragrant with orchids and saltwater.

The estate itself was a blend of luxury and nature. A villa built from dark wood and pale stone with many open air rooms that let the ocean breeze drift through. A private beach of white sand and turquoise water. Lanterns hung from palm trees that would glow softly as night settled in.

Fenrir carried Alora across the threshold. Not because tradition demanded it, but because he wanted to. She laughed softly, brushing her fingers along his jaw, the scent of their shared perfume rising between them again.

They spent the evening wandering the estate and getting lost together. Exploring terraces draped in vines. Pools lit from beneath with soft golden light. A balcony overlooking the moonlit sea. The world felt quiet here. No guests, no noise, no obligations. Just them.

When the moon rose high after the next day, they retreated to a private pavilion overlooking the water. The structure was open on all sides, draped in white silk that fluttered in the warm breeze. Candles flickered around the perimeter, casting soft shadows across the floor.

Alora stood before him, her expression shifting from playful to reverent. Fenrir mirrored her seriousness, though his eyes softened in a way only she ever saw.

Alora placed her hand over her throat, and Fenrir mimicked her with ease. Their scales shimmered faintly beneath their hands in the ethereal light of the moon.

Alora removed her scales first, and he followed after her. Delicate, luminous pieces that glowed with soft white and rose-gold hues, practically humming with the magic lingering from the Elder's

blessings. They shimmered like pearls touched by starlight. She placed hers gently along Fenrir's neck. As each scale touched his skin, it fused seamlessly, glowing faintly before settling into place.

Fenrir's breath hitched. Not from pain, but from the weight of the moment. Then he set his own scales to her neck, each one fitting perfectly into the pattern she hand crafted. The contrast was striking, his dark scales against her, glowing softly as they bonded to her.

When the final scale settled, a warm pulse rippled through both of them. A shared heartbeat. A merging of essence and spirit. Their scents mingled like the perfume wafting in the air.

Alora leaned into him, her forehead resting against his chest. Fenrir wrapped his arms around her, holding her as though anchoring himself. They stayed like that for a long time, listening to the waves, the wind, and the quiet hum of their newly bound souls.