I Am His Luna by Fanny Brook Chapter 18

Enzo's POV

I poured the vodka down my throat, trying to ease the irritation in my gut.

My headache was terrible. I didn't understand why Andrea was not willing to be with me. I've tried my best to be good to her!

How could she say she didn't like me so easily?

Instead of heading back to Alpha Michael's residence, I booked a room at the hotel where my other Pack members were staying.

I didn't want to see Andrea.

I was afraid that once I saw her, I would grab her by the neck and drag her into my territory regardless of her will and force her to submit the way male wolf conquered his she-wolf. In that case, she wouldn't dare to hold her head up and tell me that she doesn't like me anymore.

But I couldn't do that. I didn't want to hurt her, let alone force her to do something she didn't want.

Kyle kicked my door open, then snatched the clear bottle of alcohol out of my hand. "Stop drinking and calm down." I sat on the floor, not really wanting to talk to him. Kyle pulled open the curtains, and let unexpected sunlight burst into the room. I instinctively raised my arm to block the blinding rays. "You're here for a marriage, not for love, definitely not to get your heart broken either. Our main purpose is to unite the power of two Packs to fight against the Silver Mountain Pack. You shouldn't get your priorities mixed up." Kyle pulled me up from the ground by my collar. "Wake up!" I sneered and swatted his hand away. "I don't need you to worry about me." "I'm your Beta. It's my duty to remind you of your responsibilities as an Alpha. Your life is not your own, but the Pack's." Kyle met my eyes and said, "So what if she's not willing? Does she have a choice? She's already been set as the union's partner. Even if she resists, she'll have to obey and lay on your bed. What are you worried about?"

I was stunned. Indeed, Andrea was a slave. Her life was just something that we could do as we please as those in a higher status. It was impossible that I would be unable to obtain her.

But for some reason, I couldn't help the sadness that surged up within me when I saw her reluctance. To the extent that I'd rather endure this sadness than force her to do anything she didn't like.

Kyle released my collar, then turned around to calm himself. He suddenly faced me again and asked in a grave tone, "You're not in love with her, are you?"

I jerked my head up at his words.

"I can understand that she's your mate, so it's in your instincts to be close to her. But what about beyond that? Do you have deeper feelings mixed inside apart from just fondness for your mate, like… love?"

My mind was buzzing. I never thought about it that way. I liked how pretty she was, and she was cute. I liked her because she was my mate. However, I never considered if I loved her. I never felt that those feelings were important to someone who had already found their mate.

We were mates, and we were supposed to be together. That was what the Moon Goddess had destined for us. It was already the most solid bond one could have.

As for love… It didn't seem like a necessary emotion for werewolves to have.

But… Did love really not matter? If I forget about the mate bond, did I still desperately want her? A vein twitched on my temple, and the chaos in my mind made me even more frustrated.

At that very moment, one of my guards suddenly barged into my room and informed me that a Rogue intended to attack while they were training. My irritation suddenly had a place to be vented, so I gave the order without hesitation, "Kill them"

I rubbed the corner of my sore head. I wasn't thinking very clearly under the effects of alcohol. But no matter what, my subconscious mind told me that anyone who harmed my Pack should be killed, no matter who it was.

I raised my eyes to look at the guard, who was shaken for a moment before he left.

"What's with your rash decision?" Kyle frowned at me. "What do you intend to do about a Rogue? Give them a chance to redeem? I'm not that merciful."

The rumors about me were indeed true. I was ruthless, and I was unfeeling about killing people.

To me, only a strong and intimidating person would be able to deter enemies to the greatest extent and protect the Pack.

"I'm going out to get some air." I walked to my wardrobe and got changed. "Do you want me to go with you?" Kyle asked, leaning against the wall as he watched me.

"Do as you wish."

I was grumpy from the alcohol-induced headache. Going down the stairs, I wanted to ask the waiter for a glass of honeyed water, which would help easy up my mind.

But I hadn't even gotten close to the front desk when I heard two waiters hiding in the corner whispering.

"Ah, that's a pity."

"Yeah! She looks like she just came of a nating ago. I can't believe she's oning to din ins

like that." "Those people say she's a Rogue." "I'm telling you, I actually peeked just now. I don't think she's a Rogue. Those blue eyes are just way too beautiful." "Seriously?"

Who knows? Just do your job."

For some reason, my heart started to beat wildly after hearing those words.

An extremely unsettling feeling came over me, especially when I heard the waiter say the so called Rogue had blue eyes. The feeling only intensified after that. I grabbed that waiter by the arm urgently and asked, "Who is that Rogue you were talking about?!"

"A-alpha?" the waiter's eyes widened with panic as he stuttered.

"I'm asking you a question!"

"It's the girl those guards caught just now. They said she was a Rogue and was going to kill

her."

"A girl?!"

The waiter nodded. "I heard she was a she-wolf, but her fur was covered in mud. I couldn't exactly see what she looked like, only that she had beautiful blue eyes." Fear crawled up my spine. In my mind, there was only one person with blue eyes, and that was Andrea "Where is she?!" I roared.

"The guards… they d-dragged her to the back hills."

I shoved the waiter away and rushed out of the hotel like a maniac.

Dear god! That Rogue could very well be Andrea! And I personally ordered her execution when I wasn't in the right state of mind!!!