

## I Am His Luna by Fanny Brook Chapter 7

Enzo's POV

She was my mate!

Just when I was about to stabilize my pack at the expense of my marriage, I had accidentally found my mate.

And coincidentally, she was a she-wolf in the Pack I was about to have a union with.

I knew she already had her own wolf, and I was sure she knew I was her mate.

But, I didn't understand why she was acting so resistant toward me. I poked her neck with my finger again to get her to turn around and face me, but she just shook her head and pressed it firmly against the wall. Didn't she know how dangerously cute she was acting right now? Her slender neck was right under my nose, as I could smell the sweet scent of peach on her skin, which made my blood stir.

If I wanted to, I could lower my head right this moment and pierce the skin of her neck with my fangs and mark her easily.

My throat felt dry and hoarse as though it was about to catch fire. My wolf, Ethan, was making greedy purring noises in my head.

It took all of my willpower to stop myself from taking my woman, my mate, here and now. From dragging her into my den to claiming her viciously. I almost laughed at the way she thought she could escape me, and indeed, I laughed out loud. I saw how her shoulders shrank in under the thin layer of clothes on her. Two beautiful sharp corners protruded outwards, which made the heat in my belly burn a little more. So, I could only warn her, "If you don't turn around, I'll kiss you!"

She turned around as I wanted her to, but I was a little disappointed at her obedience.

Did that mean she didn't want me to kiss her?

I lowered my head to look into her overly beautiful eyes. Her eyelashes were curly and thick, and a pair of eyes as blue as the sea was hidden beneath them.

But to my surprise, she wasn't looking at me but rather at something behind me. I felt a little annoyed at that moment, as I hated the thought that someone else could steal her attention from me.

I turned around to see what had caught her attention, only to find Alpha Michael's daughter behind me.

She was glaring at my mate in a highly hostile manner, and I immediately realized her hostility was because of me.

I blocked Andrea from Michael's daughter's view, frowned at the latter, and asked, "IS something wrong?"

Michael's daughter took her eyes off Andrea, then took a few steps towards us, "My father is looking for you.

After confirming that my mate was in this Pack, I had told Beta Kyle Larson to find out my mate's relationship with this family.

Now that I had the gist of the situation, I could return to the party without worry and carry out my duties as the Cold Moon Pack's Alpha.

I nodded. "Alright. I'll be right there."

Michael's daughter flashed me a familiar smile, of one on the face of every woman who wanted to climb into my bed.

However, I didn't like those kinds of smiles. Hated it, even.

It's just a shame that Andrea hadn't even graced me with a smile until now. "I'll go ahead, then," I turned to Andrea and said, hoping she would be upset that I was leaving. But she merely nodded with a slight furrow of her brows. Her gaze remained lax and unfocused.

She seemed to be in deep thought, and it most likely concerned Michael's daughter.

I followed Michael's daughter and left the living room.

My Beta was still talking to Alpha Michael, and I mind-linked him before reaching their side.

'I've met her.'

I had to admit that my tone was happy and upbeat. After all, there was no way I could suppress how proud I was since I found my mate.

'Alright, I got it. But my Alpha, I have to tell you now that your marriage partner is not that girl who ran away, but...'

Kyle raised his glass of champagne, his gaze falling to the woman standing beside me Michael's daughter, and raised a brow.

I felt a vein twitch on my temple, instantly putting some distance between Michael's daughter and me without much thought.

She seemed to be trying to press up against me, and I could only shoot her a warning look. She fumed on the spot, as I quickly stepped forward to Alpha Michael's side. Taking a glass of wine from the waiter, I clinked my glass against Alpha Michael's. Alpha Michael looked at me, then at his daughter, and gave me a darkly significant smile." Well, is this arrangement satisfactory?"

I returned a smile at him, but my answer was obviously no. I wasn't happy that my union would be with Michael's daughter. But if they replace her with the little girl who had been in the gown previously, I would be thrilled. Who was she, really? If she was just a slave and not the Alpha's daughter, why did she appear at the entrance of the ballroom dressed like that? Plus, where did her aura come from?

Michael and I chatted about the Silver Mountain Pack up north. When dinner officially started, it was already past six in the evening.

I could feel Michael's sincerity based on the reception he had prepared for us.

But my attention was not on the extravagant meal on the table, but on the waiters and waitresses who came in one after another to serve the meal.

I was hoping to see my mate. However, before I could catch a glimpse of Andrea, I felt someone's hand land on my thigh. My gaze traveled up the hand with a gold bracelet to see its owner. "Alpha, you're unlike what I imagine you would be," Michael's daughter said as she fluttered her eyes at me. "Imagine? What did you think I was like? An ugly face with only lust to kill others?" I clenched the stem of the tall glass in my hand harder, doing my best to push down the urge to crush the hand that was still on my thigh. Michael's daughter propped her chin up on her other hand and smiled. "That's not important. What matters is what you're really like." She started stroking my thigh, and that made me feel disgusted. I raised my head to look at her. "What I'm really like? The truth is that I do enjoy killing others very much. Especially..." My eyes fell on her hands, mind-linking her, 'Especially the kind of people who touch me without permission.'