

## The Alpha's Obsession with his Ex-Contract Luna Chapter 29

Chapter 29

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Sheila saw the batons almost colliding with her body, her defenses alerting. She bent quickly, rolling to her back and stabilizing herself behind two of her attackers.

Her action was reflexive and so fast, she pushed the two people who were now behind her in the direction of the other two, and they were hit with each other's batons, growling from the impact.

Their anger burned when they realized they were attacking themselves. Two of them had already been knocked unconscious by Sheila as she pulled their legs, making them fall and hitting their heads. The remaining two were easy for her when she picked up the batons of the unconscious attackers.

Facing the two remaining masked men, who were raging from how she had just defeated those two, she beat them squarely, rendering one of them unconscious.

Her high heel was pressing the head of the fourth on the ground as she bent over and peeled the mask from his face.

Shock sprouted through her when she instantly recalled that he was the same person who attacked her in New

York. That only meant that Charlotte sent them.

"Will you talk now? Who sent you?" Sheila asked, trying to confirm what she had been guessing all along. Her rage was bubbling with a killing intent at that moment, but it wasn't in her to kill when it wasn't a war.

Moreover, the person behind these people was the main culprit, and this time, she didn't plan to take things lightly. The man on the floor, who was so shocked to be defeated by the victim without any help, pleaded,

"Please don't kill me. I will talk."

"Go on," she spoke without lifting her foot. She even added more pressure to it. If she wasn't wearing a dress, she would have done worse to him. Ever since she left the Dark Moon pack, knee-length dresses became her

favorite like before.

"We were only given the job by our boss. We don't know the person who sold you out," the man on the floor groaned, regretting choosing a quiet place to launch the attack. Now, nobody would come to help them.

Sheila didn't believe him, not when he was the same person who attacked her before and she had gotten the information that he was sent by Charlotte. [w@w.N@ve@s@0mè.c@](mailto:w@w.N@ve@s@0mè.c@)

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She had the suspicion but wouldn't be able to act until she confirmed it. "Then so be it." Sheila was ready to kill him this time for fear that if he lived, he might eventually be used to attack her again.

"Wait, please," the man on the floor cried pitifully. He was the leader of the team and had been arrogant a while ago. Now, he lay pitifully on the floor. "The last time we attacked you, I heard my boss speaking on the phone with a woman named Charlotte. That is all I know."

An evil grin stretched Sheila's lips. After all her warning, Charlotte was still unperturbed, going on with this. A smirk replaced her evil grin when an idea formed in her mind.

"I will let you live on one condition."

The man let out a relieved sigh. He wasn't ready to die, and this woman's defense skills was unexpected. The last time, they had ambushed and kidnapped her, so before she woke up, she had been tied to a chair. [w@w.@@ve@s@ome.com](mailto:w@w.@@ve@s@ome.com)

Because someone had seen them kidnap her, they were tracked down, and she was rescued. Luckily, they managed to escape before the police arrived.

He had never seen Sheila in battle like when they attacked her today, and was regretting it. "Anything, ma'am, anything," he said obediently. Sheila sighed.

"You are to call your boss and inform him the job is done and I'm dead. After ending the call, you are not to live among the packs, or I will come and get you."

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When the understanding settled that Sheila didn't want her enemy to know that she was alive, the man knew that she was indeed ready to let them go.

Grateful for her forgiveness, he spoke assuringly. "I already planned to leave for Texas from here."

"Good. No one must hear from you or your friends again. If not, I won't be so merciful next time," Sheila said seriously, not remembering the last time she was in a killing mood like this.

However, her anger was directed at Charlotte instead. How stupid some women could be. They don't know what they have until they lose it.

She had Alpha Nick at her beck and call, but due to her insecurities, she tried this foul means. The man was grateful. [www.NoVEL@s@ome.com](mailto:www.NoVEL@s@ome.com)

"Thank you, thank you." He instantly called his boss and said, "done."

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His other colleagues were merely regaining consciousness when Sheila sat in her car and drove away. Noticing a few blood stains and dirt on her dress, she stopped by the mall to buy a new dress, ignoring Alpha Nick's calls.

His mate did this to her, so he had to wait for all she cared. Reaching the restaurant, she was annoyed to hear that he had booked a private room.

For as much as she knew, places like that were either for business or people in love. She wondered which category their relationship fell.

Sliding the door of the private room open, Sheila's expression hardened as she stood there in a knee-length white dress, looking like an angel. Her face carried no warmth, but her beauty was still captivating.

Alpha Nick did not dare to compliment her beauty, but remembering the time she had given and when she actually arrived, a bitter smile settled in the corner of his lips.

"Is this a payback for keeping you waiting at the court the last time?"

Sheila wasn't moved by his crazy joke and the mountain of dishes he ordered. What was he thinking? Did she look as if she was in a party mood or did she sound hungry when they spoke on the phone?

The thought of hunger made her stomach growl, since she hadn't had anything after waking up so late.

When Alpha Nick noticed her contorted gaze on the dishes, unease swept through his chest as he explained,

"I'm sorry I didn't know what you'd like, so I ordered a bit of everything!"

Sheila smiled, but it didn't reach her eyes. She knew all of his favorites, but he knew absolutely nothing about her. When she sat in front of Alpha Nick, he noticed that her knuckles were red, bruised and swollen. His gaze darkened as worry flung him.

"Did you get into a fight?"

Sheila was greatly annoyed by the question. She needed to pass a message to Charlotte but didn't know if she should expose her.

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