

# Rejecting My Contracted Luna Chapter 6 - CHAPTER 6 The Paxton Pack

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Ethan's POV

To say that I got a little jealous when I saw Daniel and Emma smiling at one another was an understatement. I know that she isn't mine but something about this tiny wolf with her wild hair and her bright green eyes is drawing me in. There is something about her that makes me want to protect her for the rest of her life.

I have yet to meet my mate, and these days a lot of werewolves never find their mates. I turned eighteen long ago and have yet to feel the pull of the mate bond towards any she-wolf. That is until I felt the tingles when I took Emma's hand in the hospital. They only lasted for a second but it had my wolf riled up in my mind.

We pull up to the Pack house and I look behind me to tell Emma that we have arrived but she has her eyes cast down and it looks like she is fighting back tears. I cannot help but wonder what happened. Before I have a chance to get out of the car, Daniel is already at her door, opening it for her like a perfect gentleman. Once again, I grumble under my breath in anger.

Getting out of the front seat of the car I make my way over to Emma and wrap my arm around her. "My father is going to love you," I say to her as I shoot a death glare at Daniel.

Daniel simply leans against the car and crosses his arms over his chest, smirking at me as we walk into the Pack house.

Leading Emma down the long hallway that leads from the front door to my father's office, I sneak a look at her beautiful face as we move along. Her eyes are wide open taking in everything around her. But I cannot help noticing that when we walk past a group of werewolves she keeps her face down and her eyes on the ground. It breaks my heart to see her so broken.

We reach the large wooden door of my father's office and I knock twice before opening the door and entering inside. My father is sitting at his desk with mounds of paperwork surrounding him. This is one part of the Alpha job that I am not excited for; all of the paperwork. Slowly I usher Emma inside and my father's eyes grow wide with shock.

Completely ignoring Emma, my father looks at me. His face has grown pale like he has just seen a ghost. "Did you say her name is Emma?"

I nod my head and roll my eyes at my father's rudeness. He rises from his seat and rushes over to Emma and holds her tightly in his arms. "My dear girl," He says with tears streaming down his cheeks. "We thought you were dead."

Unsure of what to do, Emma pats my father on the back stiffly trying to calm his outburst. I can tell that she wants to be out of his arms as quickly as she can be.

"Dad," I interrupt his moment. "Emma has been through a lot. I am not sure hugs from strangers is the way to go."

My father holds Emma at arm's length and studies her. He brushes her hair from side to side and stares deeply into her eyes. Emma just stands there stiffly, unsure of what to do.

"There is no denying that you are their child," my father mutters to himself. "All that is missing is the silver streak in your hair."

"Did you say silver streak?" Emma says so suddenly that it makes both my father and myself jump.

"Yes," my father replies. "Your mother had a silver streak in her hair."

"I have a silver streak in my hair," Emma says quietly. "My father makes me dye it because he says that it makes me look like an old lady. You knew my mother?" She asks quietly.

"I think that you should sit down," My father gestures to the chairs and he sits back in his own. "We have much to talk about."

Emma takes a seat across from my father and I sit down beside her. We both wait impatiently for my father to begin talking.

My father looks at me first with a very serious look on his face. "Ethan, have you heard of the Paxton Pack?"

I sit quietly and think about all of the Packs that I have been learning about in order to take over as Alpha. But the Paxton Pack is not one that I can remember. "No sir," I say respectfully. "I cannot say that I have."

"That doesn't surprise me," my father says seriously. "The Paxton Pack is a mysterious Pack that resides in wilderness Washington State. They keep to themselves because of the mystical qualities that the Alpha of this Pack always possesses. The former Alpha of the Pack and his mate happened to be close friends of your mother and I's. Unfortunately, he and his mate were killed in a rogue attack. We believe that they were killed for the mystical abilities that his blood carried."

"What kind of abilities do they possess?" I ask.

"Each member of the Paxton bloodline carries a different ability, but many of the abilities have to do with enhancing the abilities of a werewolf that drinks their blood. It is said that simply the smell of their blood is enough to drive another werewolf mad," my father continues.

"I am sorry," Emma interrupts quietly. "But what does this have to do with me?"

"When the Paxton Pack was attacked they had a small child, a girl. Their little girl was the spitting image of her mother. I believe that you are that little girl," my father tells Emma gently.

Emma shakes her head in confusion. "You must be mistaken," she says with a small laugh. "I have a father. Albeit, not a good one, but I have one."

"Emma," my father reaches across his desk and takes her hand in his own. "The little girl disappeared after her mother and father were killed. It is completely possible that you are a Paxton heir."

I remember back to the night that she was attacked and came crawling into my room. I could barely control my wolf when I smelled her blood. "I would say there is more than a possibility," I chime in. "I almost killed you the night you burst into my hotel room. The smell of your blood was intoxicating."

Pulling her hand away from my father's Emma continues to shake her head in confusion. "How can my blood have an ability that I don't know about?" Her legs are shaking in fear.

"I don't know," I respond as I reach over and place my hand on her shaking leg. "But we will protect you here in the Crescent Pack."

"Yes," My father adds. "We will protect you no matter the cost. I have never forgiven myself for not protecting your Pack when your parents were killed. Now is my chance to make that up to your father even though he isn't here to see it."

"Ethan will marry you, I will keep you safe, and no one will hurt the Luna of the Crescent Pack."

"What?" I was shocked.