Chapter 7 It Doesn't Matter Who I Accept As My Luna

Kingsley's POV

Staring at the dangling phone in my grip, a frown involuntarily formed on my face. Tracy called out to me once more from the side, her voice echoing, "Kingsley?"

I lifted my gaze, casting a casual glance her way as I stowed away the phone, and replied in

a chilly tone, "What's the matter?" Tracy's heart tightened, and she whispered, "I wanted to inquire about work."

Nonchalantly, I responded, "In a few days, someone from Sky Games will approach you to discuss a contract signing. Cooperate with the publicity then."

Tracy smiled brightly and I could see the joy in her eyes.

I knew that she had been criticized numerous times during the airing of the film Mystery Lover for her action scenes, which led to rumors circulating that she relied heavily on stunt

doubles for her fight scenes, so she yearned for this chance to prove herself very much. Though elated, her hesitant face betrayed her question. "Mark agreed? He doesn't seem to like me very much. I had persistently proposed myself for the role of Luna in the

promotional video of The Legend to Mark, but he had dismissed me with a few curt words. You know, I really don't want to cause unhappiness between you two because of me." Casting her a cold glance, I merely issued a reminder, "Your agent is here." Tracy turned her gaze towards the car window, where her agent was beckoning.

Furrowing her brows, she seemed inclined to request a ride back from me, but my assistant Jeremy had already opened the door, inviting her to leave.

Bidding me farewell, she stepped out, but not before shooting Jeremy a resentful look. "Alpha, where shall we go now?" Jeremy inquired.

Rubbing my temples, I wearily responded, "Let's head home."

Sleep had evaded me lately, especially since Freya had moved out of the house. Just the mere thought of that woman caused restlessness to stir within my wolf.

I reached for a glass of water and unscrewed the cap, taking a sip in an attempt to quell my agitation.

However, at that very moment, I realized that the plain water in my hand had suddenly become difficult to swallow. I guessed I still hadn't gotten used to the life without her, my Luna Freya.

As I stepped out of the car, Jeremy gracefully extracted a beautifully wrapped gift box from

within and presented it to me. "Alpha, the necklace you ordered two months ago has finally arrived," he declared.

My eyebrows relaxed ever so slightly, but my tone remained icy as I retorted, "Of course she likes it. She specifically asked for it herself."

"Luna Freya will adore it once she lays eyes on it," he added with a confident smile.

In truth, it was merely a passing comment made by Freya during a car ride when she

casually flipped through a magazine and expressed admiration for the necklace.

I couldn't fathom why her remark remained so vividly etched in my memory. Nevertheless, that very night, I instructed Jeremy to procure it for her.

This necklace, valued at over three million, proved elusive within the country and required

leveraging connections abroad for its acquisition, hence the lengthy two-month wait.

"Keep it in the car for now," I commanded, unfastening the safety belt, "pick me up tomorrow morning at nine."

The next day.

As she hesitated mid-stride, preparing to walk around to the passenger side, Jeremy swiftly

another for her."

"It's no trouble."

inexplicable allure.

With a prompt start, the car embarked on its journey, enveloped in an unsettling silence. Coughing gently, Jeremy attempted to alleviate the somber atmosphere by initiating

Seated inside the car, I spotted Freya approaching from a distance.

exited the vehicle and opened the rear door for her.

conversation. "Luna, do you recall the perfume you gifted me before?" he asked. "I presented it to my

mother. She adored it and placed it beneath her pillow every night, claiming it improved her

sleep. Just a few days ago, she approached me, requesting a new one, mentioning that the fragrance had faded over time. Where did you purchase that perfume? I wish to acquire

Freya responded with a warm smile, her voice emanating a soothing tone. "I personally crafted that perfume, so it's unlikely to be available for sale." Jeremy appeared taken aback. "You made it yourself? You possess the knowledge of blending fragrances?"

I cast an inquisitive gaze at Freya, suddenly realizing that after three years of being mated, I

Freya shook her head, "Just a little bit. It's just a hobby. The spices of the perfume your

the spice store to match them yourself." "That's very kind of you, Luna."

mother likes are quite common. I'll send you the formula on Twitter later, and you can go to

Sunlight poured onto her body through the window, illuminating her fair skin as she spoke. Her fingers were long and slender, and her previously plain nails were now painted in a delicate lotus pink. Her makeup seemed slightly different than before, giving her an

Her beauty was captivating. My eyes fell upon her chest. The dress she wore today was slim and had a wide neckline,

I grunted coldly and fell silent.

revealing her curves with a single glance.

My wolf growled, urging me to get closer to her.

still knew very little about my Luna.

I furrowed my brow, averting my gaze, and spoke in a deep voice, "Don't you have something else to wear? This attire is quite revealing." She responded nonchalantly, "This is a new outfit. Don't you think it looks good?"

As Freya prepared to exit the car, I grabbed her wrist, causing her to instinctively pull back.

"Hold on!" I retrieved a diamond ring from my pocket and slipped it onto her finger.

With that, she opened the car door and was the first to step out.

Guided by the waiter, we swiftly arrived at our reserved private room.

She stood there, stunned, staring at me blankly.

I frowned and followed with a sullen expression.

mother Grace.

did you take so long?"

door and ask them to bring the food."

the waiter to bring a bottle of wine."

After another twenty minutes, we arrived at the restaurant we had chosen.

hand, turning my face away as I spoke. She pursed her lips, withdrew her hand, and said lightly, "You're overly concerned."

As I pushed the door open, I noticed my sister Joyce engaged in conversation with my

"I just didn't want my mom to ask questions. Don't read too much into it." I released her

They looked quite like each other, but my mother carried an air of maturity, while Joyce appeared more youthful. Joyce cast a quick glance at Freya, momentarily paused before offering me a sweet smile and

pouting. "Kingsley! I'm famished! Mom had to wait for you before serving the food. Why

I shot her a look and playfully teased, "You might want to clean the oil off your mouth. It would make your complaints more convincing."

"You're so annoying! Look, I thought of you while I was out and brought you a present!"

My mother turned her gaze towards Freya and instructed, "Freya, talk to the waiter by the

Suddenly, a memory resurfaced from our days at the old house. Freya seemed to always sat

at the edge of the table, making it convenient for her to fetch things for everyone when we

had a meal. Hearing my mother's words, Freya, accustomed to this routine, turned her head to go out to call the waiter, but I impulsively pulled her back.

Ignoring Freya's bewildered expression, I turned to Joyce and said, "Joyce, go ahead and ask

I responded casually, "She doesn't know what type of wine Mom prefers." However, Freya slipped from my grasp and interjected, "I know! Sweet-White Wine, right?"

At that moment, my mother glanced at me but remained silent. I fell into silence for a moment before speaking calmly, "For me, it doesn't matter who I

Joyce immediately frowned, clearly displeased. "Why don't you let her do that?" Grace nodded in agreement.

know Mom's preferences, but she's also familiar with Grandma's tastes. She strives to be part of the upper class. I still don't understand why you accepted her as your mate. Even Tracy is better than her."

Joyce turned to me and remarked, "Kingsley, don't underestimate her. Not only does she

Freya headed towards the exit, and I suddenly felt a pang of irritation.

"Oh well, if she enjoys playing the role of a servant, let her be." I told myself.

accept as my Luna."