



12 Chapter 12 I'll Be Your Luna

Elara **1**

I was surprised by how patient Dominic was, bringing two men to help me move from my tiny apartment.

I deliberately put all three suitcases in the guest bedroom.

"Luna Elara, the master bedroom is next door. Did you put your luggage in the wrong room?" Linda asked gently.

Linda had mentioned earlier that she'd been working for the Wolfe family for years, taking care of Dominic's daily needs. She'd explained that he lived in this apartment instead of the main estate because it was closer to his business downtown.

I felt slightly awkward hearing the title. "No mistake. I'm staying right here."

Since Dominic preferred men and this was just a contract marriage, separate bedrooms was my limit.

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The next morning, I woke up early and did yoga in my room before showering.



When I came out, Linda had prepared a huge breakfast spread.

I ran into Dominic returning from his home gym. He wore only a black tank top that clung to his sweat-dampened chest, showing off his perfectly cut abs. Sweat traced his sharp jawline before disappearing under those powerful chest muscles.

His dark eyes glanced at me briefly. "Morning."

My wolf suddenly perked up, more excited than she'd been since Zack's rejection.

Wait. This ... This was my second chance?

Moon Goddess really gave me a second chance? But terror crashed over me immediately.

What if Dominic rejected me too? One rejection nearly killed me. I absolutely couldn't survive a second one.

And he said he liked men. Maybe even the Moon Goddess made mistakes sometimes?

No. I couldn't go through heartbreak again.

I nodded, trying to keep my voice steady.

"Morning."

As we moved past each other, the heat from his skin seemed to reach for me. My body responded without permission—a slow,



throbbing ache that started between my thighs and spread everywhere. My nipples tightened so suddenly it almost hurt, and I wrapped my arms around myself, pretending to be cold.

I practically fled to the dining table, squeezing my legs together against the sudden wetness.

The breakfast looked perfect, but all I could focus on was his lingering scent making me dizzy with dangerous want.

[Stop this. You can't survive going through this hell again.]

"Luna Elara, I made several dishes. I hope you like something?" Linda said.

I smiled, hoping she couldn't hear how breathless I sounded. "Thank you, Linda. Could I have coffee tomorrow morning?"

Linda nodded, making mental notes about my preferences.

Then Dominic appeared in a bathrobe, his damp hair smelling like cedar shampoo. The robe hung loose, showing glimpses of his chest.

My pussy clenched involuntarily, and I had to bite back a whimper. This was torture.

He noticed me sitting quietly with my coffee, and his lips curved slightly.



"Everything okay? If not, just tell Linda. She can make almost anything."

I cleared my throat, trying to sound normal. "Everything's perfect, thanks. Linda's cooking is amazing."

After breakfast, I grabbed a hotel management textbook and settled on the couch.

The quiet sounds of eating and page turning felt comfortable, but the air was thick with tension.

Dominic wiped his mouth, then returned wearing a white dress shirt. He held two ties. "I have a business dinner. Gray or blue?"

I looked up from my book, studying both options carefully. "Gray? It'll match your suit better."

His lips curved upward. "Gray it is."

Instead of leaving, he kept watching me with those intense eyes. "Interested in management?"

"You can't learn management just from books."

I was trying to prepare for taking over my father's hotels. Remembering Dominic's connections, I asked carefully, "Do you know any good courses I could take?"

He thought for a moment. "For management, you need someone to guide you. Interested in hotels? I have a friend in that business. I'll send



you his contact. You can ask him questions."

I nodded.

His voice carried amusement. "As a reward, would Luna Wolfe help me with my tie?"

My voice shook slightly. "Of course."

Dominic lowered his head slightly, leaning in until he was far too close.

For a second, I forgot how to breathe.

He was close enough for me to catch the clean cedar scent lingering from his shower, close enough for the heat of his body to seem to wrap around me before he even touched me.

I forced myself to take the tie from his hand.

It was just a tie.

I was just helping him with a tie.

Nothing more.

But the moment my fingers brushed the warm skin near his collar, my wolf nearly lost control.

[Mate.]

The word rose in my mind like both a warning and a temptation.

My fingertips trembled as I looped the fabric around his neck. I tried to focus on the



movement, on the knot, on anything except the way his dark eyes remained fixed on me.

"Relax," he said softly.

His voice was low, edged with the faintest trace of amusement.

I swallowed hard. "I am relaxed."

The corner of his mouth curved. "Are you?"

Heat rushed to my cheeks.

I hated how easily he could see through me.

I pulled the knot a little tighter than necessary.

His brow lifted, but he didn't step away.

Instead, he leaned in even closer.

The space between us narrowed until I could feel his breath against my forehead.

My wolf surged forward, restless and eager, begging me to close that last tiny distance.

No.

Absolutely not.

Dominic liked men.

This was a contract marriage.

He was only teasing me because he was naturally charming. Maybe this was how he treated everyone. Maybe men like him, powerful men,



simply enjoyed watching other people lose control.

That had to be the answer.

But my body didn't believe it.

Neither did my wolf.

"Your hands are cold," Dominic murmured.

Before I could pull away, his fingers closed lightly around mine.

My whole body went still.

"I'm fine," I said quickly.

"Are you sure?"

His thumb brushed once across my knuckles, so lightly it could almost have been accidental.

Almost.

My heart slammed against my ribs.

I pulled my hand back and focused desperately on finishing the tie.

"There," I said, stepping away the instant the knot was done. "All set."

Dominic glanced down at the tie, then lifted his eyes to mine.

For one brief second, I thought I saw something dark and hungry in his gaze.



But it vanished too quickly for me to be certain.

"Thank you."

The warmth between us disappeared so abruptly that I almost wondered if I had done something wrong. I stood there, awkward and confused, my fingers still tingling from his touch.

Dominic adjusted his cuffs and turned toward the door.

"I'm going to the office. Call me if you need anything."

His voice was polite again. Distant.

"Okay."

Of course.

This was the truth.

Dominic Wolfe did not want me.

He liked men.

He had only married me because the arrangement benefited both of us.

Whatever I had felt just now was nothing but the mate bond playing cruel tricks on me.

I had survived Zack's rejection once.

I would not let myself be destroyed by another man.



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Not even my second-chance mate.

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