



Chapter 228

Leila's heart pounds slowly with nervous jitters with Antonio's hands around her waist as he leads her into the private room of a high end restaurant within the Blood moon pack.

She had no reason to say no to his request to take her on a date, he is her second chance mate.

Another chance that the goddess has given her to enjoy what was denied her.

Tatum has clearly moved on, she should as well and Antonio, though not having that rugged handsomeness of Tatum that she admires very much, is a looker, the waitresses at the restaurant are practically eating him up with their looks.

Antonio pulls back a chair for her to sit before taking a seat opposite her.

"I have seen pretty women in my day Leila, quite a lot of them too but it would be heresy to compare any of them to you, blasphemy I should say, because you, love, are a goddess and all I want to do is worship you," Antonio says in a coquettish voice, his grin splitting from ear to ear.

Leila's cheeks turn red and she smiles shyly. From the time Antonio picked her up till this very moment, all he has done is shower her with praise and she likes it, she really does.

He doesn't seem as harmful and dangerous as the rumours paint him to be or someone that could have left the late pack witch in the



horrible state that she found the witch in.

Though powerful, the aura around him is calm and comforting, she feels safe with him, very safe but her wolf on the other hand, though happy to have found another mate with a bond as strong as what they felt for Tatum's wolf, does not feel as safe as she does.

She can feel fear mixing with the happiness in her wolf's feeling and it also makes Leila uncomfortable.

"I did some research on you," Antonio says, pouring out two glasses of crystal champagne for them. "While you were Luna of this pack, there were many reforms, especially with the widows and the less privileged, that is something I would like to emulate across the kingdom. Surely, when you become queen, it is something you can handle?"

He pauses, watching Leila's eyes carefully for an answer.

"I suppose," Leila replies nervously.

She has not even made up her mind if she is going to accept his mark or reject him and he is already speaking of her duties as his queen?

She's not sure that's what she wants.

Aside from the matebond and his obvious attractive looks, she doesn't feel any other kind of attraction towards him.

The matebond is present, strong but it is not as irresistible as it was with Tatum, so much so that even if she was mad at him, she could hardly resist him.



She doesn't feel that way with Antonio.

"I'm glad," Antonio replies. "Ever since my first mate died, I have pretty much been recluse and the Alphas pretty much rule their packs autonomously but I'm certain with a partner like you, all of that will change and my people will enjoy our direct rule."

"Spoken like a true king," Leila replies with a small smile.

He holds up his glass to Leila. "To a better kingdom with us as king and queen."

Leila hesitates.

"I know you're not where I am right now but I have waited years for you and I am willing to wait longer," Antonio smiles. "How about we just toast to a better kingdom?"

"To a better kingdom," Leila finally takes her glasses and chinks it with his.

"You do everything with grace," Antonio teases her, "even something as simple as a toast is done with such elegance."

"At this rate, your tongue will go from silver to gold," Leila replies with a chuckle.

"As long as it continues to give you the adulation you deserve, it could turn to ash and I wouldn't care, you are something special and that is for lack of a better word," Antonio stares into her eyes passionately.

The rest of their dinner goes by pretty smoothly with Antonio



continuing to praise and flatter her at every given opportunity, making her laugh with his witty jokes and remarks, telling her much about himself, his family and how he came about his magic despite being a shifter.

Leila refrained from telling him that she has a child just like him, the warnings of her grandmother still strong in her mind.

After dinner, Antonio takes her home and walks her to the door.

"Thank you for tonight," Leila says, her hand squeezed together in front of her thighs, a small smile of sincere appreciation on her lips. 1

The dinner was really needed for her.

"You're welcome my kitten, but you can thank me better by letting me come in for a cup of tea. Perfect to unwind our long evening," Antonio replies with a patronising smile.



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