

## 6 CHAPTER 6

Aella 1

Our heads snapped towards the door where the sound came from. My eyes almost bulged at the sight of the scarred man that walked in claiming to be my mate.

His towering frame blocking the moon, I blinked twice to be sure of who I was looking at. "It can't be," I muttered to myself.

He walked towards me, one glare from him and the male omegas scampered away, leaving just us in the centre.

His figure towered above mine, I winced as I struggled to raise my head to get a proper look at him, no way this scary looking figure was the cute, cuddly wolf I had met a few days back and why don't I feel any connection to him?

"Little one" his deep baritone sounded softly as he bent to my level, cupping my face gently. I shrank away from his touch, something flickered past his eyes.

I wrapped my arms round my body, unfazed by my measly attempts to run away from him, he gripped my chin again, softer this time, the coarseness of his hands on my jaw was surprisingly tender.



My eyes met his and I was instantly drawn in by it, the mismatched shade shone under the moon. His left pupil was grey, while the right one was blue, a scar ran from his right cheek across his face.

It added a hint of mystery to his look, my body relaxed at his touch, hesitantly I raised my hand, unsure whether I could touch his face, he nodded slightly, encouraging me to continue.

I ran my hand through his scar, feeling him shudder slightly under my touch, a smile tugging at the corner of his lips, the world seemed to melt away, and there was only him there.

"You whore" a scream drew me back to reality, a frown appeared on my mate's face. "Don't be scared, little one" he said again, the tenderness of his voice drawing me in, no one had ever spoken to me in such a tone.

He rose fully, pulling me up to his level and drawing me against his chest, protecting me. "How dare you keep a man outside," I heard Andrea's voice from behind, instinctively I tried to pry myself away from his grip but he held me tightly, strengthening his grip instead.

"You would not disrespect my mate" he growled at Andrea, she whimpered loudly. I looked up at him in surprise, no one had ever outrightly protected me this way, who is he? I



wondered.

His scent clouded my senses, I couldn't think straight, "release me," I whispered. He ignored me, "please" I added.

He loosened his grip, releasing me from his chest, my knees wobbled, he held me steady "easy" he said. I felt a sense of loss at the lack of his bodily warmth.

"Thank you" I muttered, before turning fully, to face my supposed pack and family members. Andrea stood behind Andrew and Antares who were already in a glaring competition with my mate.

"This is not permitted, Alpha or not my daughter is engaged to be married" Beta Andrew said.

"You've got guts to engage my mate with someone else, or should I say you're just plain stupid." He sneered.

"She can't be mated to you. She's a wolfless disgrace, I'm certain she can't even feel the mate pull."

I sniffed back the tear that tried to fall off my eyes, he was right. But it still hurts to hear such cruel words from my father, not even after I promised myself not to let anything they do get to me.



"Doesn't make her less of a mate and Luna to me. Speak ill of my mate one more time and I'll rip off your tongue and feed it to you." He snarled.

Beta Andrew shifted backwards subconsciously, Antares stood rooted in his spot, his gaze fixed on me. I didn't have the time to find out why as the words "Luna and Alpha" resounded in my ears.

I gasped, "This can't be happening" I muttered. I must have committed some sort of grievous sin in my previous life for the moon goddess to treat me so cruelly.

I've heard the rumors of the scarred Alpha with mismatched pupils, an enemy Alpha infamous for his cruelty and impatience. Rumor has it that his wolf was even worse than he was, the second Alpha ever to be at the threat of going feral. The first Alpha to go feral was ages ago, no one knows why.

"You're Alpha Eros" I whispered, pointing at him as I took a step back, a frown etched at his face as he watched me. Obviously not happy with my choice to step away from him. Marrying Antares seemed to be a better choice, at least he has never treated me badly.

"Little one, don't run from me" he growled, closing the gap between us, his hot breath



fanning me, my heart sank at the proximity.

"You can't be my mate" I murmured slowly, only he heard me, he frowned at my words, visibly displeased. My heart drummed, it was said that he killed his father just to take over his pack, he killed anyone who so much as slightly displeased him.

"Aella dear, come this side" Andrea's sickening voice called out, Eros shot her a glare before turning back to me, with a questioning look in his eyes.

"I...I." I stammered.

"Don't rush," he said.

I exhaled then began, "I can't feel the mate pull," I whispered, lowering my eyes.

Having said that, I awaited his thoughts on the issue. Was he going to reject me? I should probably brace myself for a rejection.

Getting my hopes high would definitely end badly for me, and for all I know, he could be mistaken as to who his mate is.

"That is indeed a problem" he nodded.

Here it comes, I braced myself, at least this rejection won't take me unaware.

'Reject him before he rejects you, a voice



whispered in my head.

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