

## Mated To An Enemy - Chapter 7

On the night of the Blood Moon, Galen and two other wolves had spent the entire night chasing after Caleb in his wolf form; they had fought and struggled with him. His prowess was famous, his stamina even more so.

PANDA NOVEL By morning he finally stopped running. Galen, at last, caught up to him. He only said one thing when they shifted back to their human forms.

“She is unsuitable.”

Galen had tried to get more information, but Caleb refused. He only responded once more as they were leaving. As Galen referred to the girl as their Luna, Caleb told him there was no such person.

In the week since they had returned from the Blood Moon Gathering, Caleb had managed to injure several of his strongest warriors in sparring matches, one of which remained in the hospital. His mood had darkened upon return, and no one could understand why.

Though he had always acted indifferent or cold to almost everyone. And was well known for his strict and harsh training. However, he had never been quite so aggressive or unrestrained.

It had gotten so bad that Galen had been approached by several pack members, hoping he could calm the fury of their Alpha.

“She’s unsuitable,” Galen said, mocking Caleb’s voice as he went up the stairs. “If she’s so ‘unsuitable’, why are you making the rest of our lives miserable?”

He sighed heavily when he reached Caleb’s office. Lifting his fist to the door, he hesitated to knock.

‘He’s probably busy. I should come back another time,’ Galen convinced himself.

He lowered his hand when an image of hard-trained warriors on their knees with their tails between their legs begging him for help came to mind.

Sighing, he gathered his willpower and knocked on the door.

“Enter,” Caleb called from within. PANDA-NOVEL.COM

Galen swallowed the lump in his throat and proceeded to open the door. He stepped inside, closing it behind him. Then, turning toward the occupied desk, he touched his fist to his heart with a bow of his head, saluting Caleb.

“My Alpha.”

“What is it, Galen? I’m busy.” His tone was cold and dark.

‘I knew it! I should have waited,’ Galen groaned in his thoughts.

“Alpha,” Galen began, “I came to see if there is anything that you need help with.”

“Are your own tasks not enough that you have so much free time?” Caleb answered absently.

Caleb did not bother to look up as he stared at the computer in front of him, his hands moving swiftly over the keyboard. Galen could almost swear he saw a hazy black aura coming off him.

“No, Alpha. I have plenty to fill my day,” Galen replied with a heavy sigh, remembering that he still had several things to handle that day. His schedule was already behind. “But I thought that there was something that you might need from me.”

“I thought it was clear that what I needed from you is the completion of the tasks you have already been assigned.”

'Don't you think I would rather be doing my work? As it is now, I might miss dinner to make up for the time I am wasting trying to get you to face your romance problems!' Galen growled in his mind.

"Of course, Alpha," Galen replied through gritted teeth.

"Galen, we have known each other since we were pups. However, you have never called me Alpha outside official meetings or training. It's irritating," Caleb uttered with annoyance. "Why are you  
here?"

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"Well, Alph—" Galen began, eliciting a growl from his friend. Then, he quickly corrected, "Caleb, I actually came here today because there have been concerns."

"About what?" Caleb replied, still not interested enough to pull his attention away from the screen before him.

"It has been suggested that you might need..." Galen opened, quickly losing his confidence, "well, that you might want to talk about something... that... may be bothering you."

Caleb stopped typing. His hands stood perfectly still as he lifted his head to lock eyes with his Beta. A move that sent a chill down Galen's spine. His sense of danger warned him to turn around and escape the office while there was still a chance.

"Excuse me?" Caleb's voice swirled with anger.

Galen could feel the dark aura he had imagined earlier closing in to swallow him whole.

'Shit, shit, shit....' Galen thought to himself, 'those bastards don't care if I die!'

Galen took a step backward, swallowing hard as his throat now felt dry as a bone. His palms were clammy, and the beat of his heart was smashing into his ears.

“What exactly would be bothering me, Galen?” Caleb snarled as he stood up from his chair, placing both hands on his desk, never breaking his stare on Galen.

He calculated how quickly he could escape the room, but the truth was that Caleb would be at the door before Galen could even turn around.

‘Since it seems like I already dug my own grave, I might as well keep digging.’ Galen sighed to himself.

“Our Luna,” Galen stated bluntly, bracing himself for a thrashing. ροοδ□□□□□□

He heard the guttural roar that escaped Caleb’s throat before the sound of something crashing against the opposite wall. Galen looked over to see the computer smashed to bits, papers falling through the air amongst the splintered planks of wood that once made up the desk.

“I thought I made myself clear on that subject!” Caleb hollered angrily, his chest heaving up and down dramatically.

“Yes, you did,” Galen answered quietly.

“Then let it go!” Caleb demanded.

“I can’t,” Galen replied.

“Why the hell not!” Caleb yelled.

“Because you haven’t!” Galen snapped back.

Caleb paused; Galen could see those words had struck a chord for him. He decided to push his luck.

“Caleb, you have spent the past week with a dark cloud of lightning over your head. You’ve never been a warm hug and sunshine kind of Alpha, but you’ve never been cruel either.”

“It hasn’t been that bad,” Caleb replied, looking away from his friend.

“Brother, you’ve hurt people,” Galen replied honestly.

Caleb looked up, concern and confusion on his face. “Who?”

“Lucas and Henry both have broken bones. Michael is still in the hospital, three broken ribs, and a fractured jaw.”

Caleb looked as if he had been struck. He reached a hand up into his hair and closed his eyes before backing up to brace himself against the wall and sliding down to the floor head in hands.

“I didn’t know…” he whispered.

“Isn’t that a problem?” Galen asked, walking toward Caleb. “Your dad, he taught you to be tough, to keep your distance, I know. But even he had a limit. There was something he used to say, he said he had to be cold so—”

“I know Galen. I know it better than you,” Caleb interrupted.

“Then honor it,” Galen said as he squatted down beside his friend and reached a hand to his shoulder.

Both men remained quiet until Caleb let out a laugh.

“What?” Galen asked, unable to stop a smile forming at hearing his friend let out anything that sounded remotely happy.

“You calmed me down by mentioning my father. His memory, his honor,” Caleb answered softly.

“But that is the exact reason I can’t accept her. Anyone but her.”

“What do you mean?” Galen asked.

Caleb looked over at his friend with a sad smile. “Guess.”

Galen shook his head, he tried to think what Caleb could mean, but nothing came to mind.

“I will give you a hint in the form of a question. Whose daughter do you think she is?”

Galen wasn’t sure what to make of the question. Why would it matter whose daughter she was, he wondered to himself. He couldn’t understand how that could explain why Caleb was convinced that he couldn’t be with this woman.

‘..my father. His memory, his honor. But that is the exact reason I can’t accept her... whose daughter...’

The words echoed in Galen’s mind as realization hit him. The only man in the entire world that Caleb could not tolerate. The only person he held a grudge against was the man he held personally responsible for his father’s death.

Alpha Wyatt of Winter.

“You’ve guessed it, haven’t you?” Caleb laughed bitterly.

Galen reached his arm out and gripped his friend’s shoulder once more. There were no words he could offer him, still...

“Is there no way to move past this? She is your mate....” Galen asked cautiously.

“No,” Caleb answered firmly. “All I can do is avoid her.”

There was a knock at the door; before Galen could react, Caleb got up suddenly. Galen looked at him. Something was strange in his reaction. Caleb hurried to the door; he was given something.

Galen stood and walked over to get a closer look. Caleb held an envelope to his nose as he approached, his eyes shut tightly.

Caleb tore the envelope open and pulled out the paper, his eyes looking over it desperately.

“Damn it,” Caleb whispered, dropping it to the ground.

Galen reached down and picked up the discarded paper. Confused by Caleb’s reaction, he looked at what it said. His eyes widened as he realized what it was, an invitation to the eighteenth birthday celebration of their Luna.