

## I Am His Luna by Fanny Brook Chapter 19

Enzo's POV

I had never been so afraid in my life. As Alpha of the Cold Moon Pack, I never submitted myself to such cowardly feelings.

But at this moment, my heart seemed to be exploding out of my chest. All the hair on my body seemed to be standing on ends. I even tripped over and fell as I ran.

“Enzo!”

I heard Kyle call me from behind, but I didn't have time to respond. I got up from the muddy, sticky ground and sprinted for the back hills again. Faster! I needed to be faster!

I kept urging myself, not even daring to stop to breathe for a moment. “Stop..!” I bellowed at the top of my lungs. As the blade flashed out in front of my eyes, I mustered all my strength to knock down the executioner on his way of swing the axe down.

Turning around, I met those lake-blue eyes that almost closed forever.

“Andrea...!”

I heard my trembling voice. My throat was scratchy, as if I had swallowed a mouthful of blood.

Hearing my voice, Andera closed her eyes limply as though she had reached her limit.

My body went numb at that. I leaned down to touch Andrea, but didn't know what to do.

That waiter had been right. Her fur was covered in mud, but what stood out more was the blood stain on her back, which almost dyed all the mud on her back scarlet red.

“Andrea... Andrea!”

I called her name over and over, afraid that she wouldn't hear me.

Suddenly... “Erizo...” An almost inaudible whisper floated into my ears.

I was shocked beyond words. It was the first time Andrea had said my name.

My numb limbs suddenly regain their strength. I took off my shirt and covered Andrea's body with it. I picked her up in my arms, trying to avoid jostling her wounds. When her body touched my chest, she reverted to her human form. Only then I realize that her

face had taken on an ashen, dead shade. A horrified chill went up my spine, and my teeth couldn't stop chattering at the feeling. "I'll save you...! Don't be scared... "Hold on, please!"

The doctor bandaged Andrea's wounds and gave her some liquid. The rest was up to her wolf to help her recover.

The doctor told me that Andrea's back was severely injured. There was also a crack on her spine and a near-fatal wound on her neck. It was a miracle she was breathing at all this moment.

I couldn't imagine what she had been through, but it must have been hellish torture.

I used to think that she was beautiful and tender, like an obedient, gentle flower. But now, I realized that perhaps I never understood her at all.

She must have a strong will power, to hold on to life even with wounds like this. Just thinking about it made me feel shocked and heartbroken.

"Why don't you change your clothes?" Kyle suggested from my side.

I shook my head and hissed through clenched teeth, "She wanted to live so badly, yet I almost killed her."

"That's not your fault. The guards lied to you for the sake of the bounty."

At one point, Rogues would often attack our Pack. Many male wolves chose not to resist out of fear, which allowed those Rogues to pick on the old, the sick, women, and children.

To address this matter, I rewarded a thousand dollars to anyone who caught a Rogue. Since this rule went into place, the number of Rogue appearances had decreased significantly. But I never imagined that the guards I brought along with me would condemn innocent people just for the reward.

I pinched the middle of my brow and asked, "Have you dealt with it?"

Kyle nodded. "Public execution. We would never allow this sort to live."

I sighed. Even so, I still felt extremely ashamed of myself.

If I hadn't been delirious from drinking, I would have at least got them to bring the so-called Rogue in for a trial. That way, Andrea wouldn't have suffered so much.

Kyle once again suggested I change my clothes. "I've never seen you in such a mess. Look at yourself!" Kyle pushed me into the bathroom.

"I'll watch over Andrea for you. How are you going to take care of Andrea dressed like that? Clean yourself up!"

I stood in the bathroom and saw my reflection in the mirror. My hair was messy, mud all over my pants. My eyes were bloodshot, and I felt exhausted.

I could still feel the fear lingering in my bones, clinging to my soul. It wasn't going to dissipate so easily.

Every breath I took reminded me that I had almost lost my mate...

...And that I was the one who almost became her executioner to give the final blow. I turned on the shower and let the ice-cold water wash over my body to sober me up quickly.

After I had changed my clothes, I exited the bathroom.

Damn it! I saw Andrea clutching the edge of Kyle's shirt.

I coldly pried Andrea's fingers open and shoved my own shirt into her hands. But, no matter how hard I held her hands, they would always fall from my grip. I was pissed, but there was nothing I could do but place Andrea's hand back under the covers. Kyle shot me an amused look. He pursed his lips, obviously trying not to laugh. I frowned slightly. "Are you making fun of me?" I glanced sideways at Kyle. Kyle burst out laughing without mercy. "Enzo, this is the first time I realized that a cold, iron blooded men can be so cute when he reveals his childish half!" I took a step towards him to cover his mouth, gesturing for him to keep his voice down so that he wouldn't disturb Andrea.

He smiled widely and nodded. Only then did I let go of him. After holding it in for a while, I couldn't resist anymore and asked, "Why did she grab your shirt?"

"Perhaps she's having a nightmare and reached out for the nearest thing." Kyle stretched out his fingers to demonstrate.

"Why wouldn't she take mine then?" "How would I know?" Kyle rolled his eyes at me.

I suddenly felt that Kyle was an eyesore. ..

"Don't you have something to do?" I asked him. "Not really." My eyes swept towards the door. "Fine! You're the kind to abandon one's benefactor upon achieving your goal, huh? Seriously!" Kyle glared at me. Then, he shrugged and left, banging the door dramatically. I saw that Andrea wasn't sleeping tightly, just as Kyle had said. She was dreaming, and it wasn't a good one for sure.

Cold sweat trickled down her cheeks, and she parted her lips to scream something. However, nothing came out of her mouth eventually. I thought about it for a while. In the end, I decided not to restrain myself and climbed into the bed.

I pulled the sleeping woman into my arms, hoping that my presence would give her a good dream instead.

## **I Am His Luna by Fanny Brook Chapter 20**

My body was warm, like the sun was embracing me. Even the pain in my back was no longer so prominent.

I opened my eyes to see that the sky had already turned dark.

I tried to sit up, but an arm around my waist prevented me from doing so.

I was stunned before I figured out what was going on. A man was holding me in his arms, my back pressed against his chest. The warmth of his body wrapped me around like I was in a hot spring

The familiar scent of wine surrounded me, so I knew instantly that the man behind me was Enzo.

Once again, he saved me. Right on the verge of my death, he reached out his hand and pulled me back to life from hell

I tried to turn around, but the man woke up instantly from my slight movements. "Don't move. You're still injured," Enzo whispered from behind me.

Actually, Andy had already healed most of my wounds, so turning around wasn't difficult.

"I'm. F-fine..." I told Enzo.

"Yeah. You're the best." Enzo leaned in closer to my neck, his hot breath caressing my shoulder and neck

My heart was beating wildly, as I wished so badly that he could kiss my neck. "Can you tell me how you got hurt?" Enzo's voice was hoarser now, the arm around my waist tightened as he spoke. I stayed silent. I didn't know how to go about telling Enzo what led up to this because I didn't want his pity. "Why won't you say anything?" Enzo said as he lifted his head slightly to look at the side of my face.

I gripped the corner of the blanket and bit my lip, He sighed softly, then lay back down on the pillows. "Actually, I can guess without you saying anything. It was Melissa, wasn't it?"

I stiffened. I didn't think it's that obvious to him,

"It's not that hard, isn't it?" Enzo said as he rubbed my stomach as though trying to soothe my tension.

"You're too kind to have any enemies. Plus, you're my marriage partner. Who would dare hurt you? I can't think of anyone else, who wants to destroy this marriage and would benefit from it, apart from her. I just didn't think she would kill you, since..."

Enzo paused for a moment before continuing, "She's your cousin, after all."

I clenched my teeth and felt my eyes turning sour.

Melissa's words still rang in my ears, and I couldn't put that behind me.

Her so-called sisterly love was just her obsession with raising a doll. Once the doll refused to obey, she would destroy it.

And I was that doll to be destroyed because I tried to steal her precious things.

I blamed the man behind me when I thought about it.

His presence was the trigger of this shattered illusion, after all.

I knew I was being irrational, but I couldn't help it.

I could never control myself when I was in front of Enzo.

I was a little angry, so I pushed away the hand on my stomach. "What's wrong?" Enzo asked with great care.

"Nothing," I replied in a sullen tone.

\*?"I see."

Then, he placed his hand back on my stomach. I turned and glared at him, but he simply gave me an innocent look and even purposely squeezed my stomach. I moved forward and tried to distance ourselves, but he easily pulled me back into his arms. "Where are you going? Why do you always like to run away? I'll tie you up if that happens

again."

I didn't dare to move at his words.

Half a minute later, a low chuckle came from behind me, and I finally realized that he was teasing me.

I tried to struggle out of his arms once more. "Okay, stop moving. Don't test my patience. You'll make me suffer more by moving around like that." "Then, you... Stop holding me." I protested. "I can't do that. What if you don't take responsibility and run away again?" "I won't."

I was still injured, and I couldn't return to my so-called "home." There was nowhere I could go except for Enzo's side.

Naturally, Enzo knew that, and he was doing this on purpose. "I still don't want to let you go." Enzo was simply being a rascal now. "You're already in my bed. If I let you go now, doesn't that mean I'm not good enough in bed?" I frowned and let out an exasperated huff. I didn't want to hear his dirty talk anymore.

But Enzo kept rubbing my stomach like some kind of addiction. As he did that, his hand started to wander upwards.

I pressed his hand down and gave him a warning glare. "Do you blame me?" Enzo suddenly asked.

"What?"

"Do you blame me for being the cause of everything between you and Melissa? Do you blame me for not protecting you in the time you were hurt? Do you blame me for almost letting my guards kill you?"

The more he spoke, the more aggrieved he became. He pressed his forehead against the back of my head like a big, clingy lap dog.

To be honest, before he said all those things, I did indeed blame him for those things. Especially the fact that I had almost died because of him.

But when he leaned over and whispered all of that, the anger in me suddenly vanished.

He had saved me and taken care of me several times. I should appreciate his efforts instead.

If it wasn't for him, perhaps I would still live in Melissa's deception as her doll. Thanks to Enzo, I finally unveiled that woman's wicked mask. I should never have directed my hatred and complaints at Enzo, but at Melissa and her crazy mother.

"I'm sorry... Sorry that you went through all of this because of me," Enzo apologized softly. "Can you forgive me?" he asked.