

I Am His Luna by Fanny Brook Chapter 13

The crushing pressure on the back of my foot was so painful that it traveled through my body. Cold sweat crept out on the back of my neck. However, the pain I felt did not all come from that. Part of the pain came from my heart. The more Melissa hurt me, the more my heart hurt.

For 19 years, I've treated her as my salvation. She was reason I still held hope to this world, and now that reason was gone.

Our 20 years of friendship was nothing compared to a man.

I felt betrayed

I glanced at Melissa. She hadn't bothered to disguise the malice or hatred in her eyes. For a moment, I felt that she had deliberately created a false sense of friendship between us. In fact, she had never once regarded me as a friend.

I suddenly remembered that a few days ago, when I was scrubbing the floor, Melissa had told Ellen to let me take her place in this marriage and that she didn't want to marry that devil. That Enzo wasn't good enough for her anyway and that I was just their slave and it would be more suitable for me to marry him instead, but she only wasn't sure if Enzo would like me because I wasn't as pretty as her.

I hadn't given it much thought back then because I thought Melissa had said those things out of fear of the upcoming marriage. But now, I suddenly felt that she meant every word of it.

To her, I've always been a slave who couldn't compare to her.

I just didn't understand. If she hated me so much and couldn't stand me, why would she be nice to me on purpose? Didn't she find it exhausting to keep up the act?

'Give up on him, Andrea. Don't force me to kill you.'

Melissa repeated once more, and I could feel how serious she was. My shoulders shook, and I dropped the fork in my hand. "What's wrong?" Enzo asked, looking at me. I shook my head and forced myself to smile at him, indicating that I was okay. Enzo raised an eyebrow. "How come you can't even hold your fork properly? Do you want me to feed you?"

I was done for. Melissa's hatred and jealousy towards me must have deepened, and she must be tempted to skin me alive right now. The fear I felt towards Melissa manifested in my attitude towards Enzo, as I subconsciously moved away from him,

even pushed my plate further from him. Enzo's smile froze on his face. He looked at me for a second and even tugged on my clothes underneath the table, trying to get me to come around. I had to admit that I longed for him. He was my mate, and I had the natural desire to live with him and stay by his side.

However, I valued my life too much. I didn't want to die, much less by Melissa's hands.

My life was not only my own. It also belonged to my mother, who fought to ensure that I survived.

After breakfast, I wiped the dishes in the kitchen with my apron.

Suddenly, strong, powerful arms came around my waist.

Enzo pressed his face against mine and gently rubbed against it. I could even feel his stubble on my cheeks. "Stop wiping the dishes. I want to take you out," he whispered into my ear.

The sweet scent of wine surrounded me again, and I felt a little drunk.

I shivered at the feel of his chest pressed against my back. I could feel the outline of his muscles and the firm, toned flesh and the beating heart that was hidden beneath.

I swallowed, trying hard to suppress my desire for him. My hands were still wet from the dishes, and I was afraid I would ruin his shirt. So, I didn't push him away the moment I could but went to wash my hands instead. I don't know what kind of hint my actions gave him, but he suddenly became elated. He kept trailing gentle kisses on my ears and the side of my neck. Oh my god, what was he doing?! I didn't bother drying my hands and reached down to break the hold of his arms around me.

I turned around and pushed him away, then stood about two meters away from him. His golden-brown eyes suddenly widened as though he didn't understand my behavior. I covered the back of my neck. I couldn't stop shivering from his kisses and stared at him angrily. "No... No kisses?" Enzo asked me. He looked so innocent that it made me feel like I was guilty by pushing him away. However, I wasn't that far gone. I gritted my teeth and shot back, "W-what do you think?"

It was difficult to pronounce the words, and I couldn't stop my stuttering either. I wasn't used to speaking, but for some reason, I had the desire to express myself with words when I faced Enzo.

"I say it's okay!" Enzo pursed his lips and looked at me, looking like a stubborn child who insisted on eating candy.

"Not. Okay!" I retorted.

“Why not? You’re my fiancée. You didn’t push me away when I hugged you just now. I said I’d take you out to play, and you went to wash your hands right away. Didn’t that mean you accepted me?”

“Y-you...” I wanted to tell him that he had read too much into it and it was wrong, but I held my tongue for a long time and didn’t finish my sentence. He frowned and put his hands on his hips. After a few seconds, he suddenly stepped forward to grab my arm and pull me out of the kitchen. “You? You what? You’re just doing this because you know I can’t get mad.” Enzo muttered. I patted his hand away, pointed at the kitchen sink, and yelled, “Dishes! Dishes!” I grabbed the door frame and he couldn’t pull me anymore. Enzo turned to glare at me and asked, “Are the dishes more important than me?” I didn’t answer him.

“Tell me! Which is more important? Me or the dishes?!” Enzo pulled on my arm, insistent on getting an answer from me.

He looked so fierce, his tone the same, but the question he asked only made me feel exasperated, and I even felt he was cute.

“Come on, Enzo. You’re our Alpha, yet you’re fighting with some dishes for favor? Seriously?” Kyle said as he leaned over the railing upstairs and watched us from above.

Enzo raised his head to look at Kyle calmly before turning around and saying to me, “How about I help you deal with your kitchen chores, and you come out with me?”

I gave him a sideways glance, not understanding what he meant. An evil grin spread across Enzo’s face as he pulled me on the arm and headed outside. He shouted at Kyle, who was still watching the show from upstairs, “I leave it to you!” A growl rang out from behind me. “Enzo!” Enzo ignored Kyle and pulled me into his black Bentley.