

I Am His Luna by Fanny Brook Chapter 17 - All World Beauty

The expression on Melissa's face was twisted and ugly,

I once saw Melissa as a sunflower, which had the power to brighten up world instantly. But now the petals of this sunflower were falling off piece by piece, never to be the same again

"Go to hell!" Melissa screamed shrilly,

I felt the suffocation creep up in the next moment, and the will to survive made me change into my wolf.

The moment Andy appeared; Melissa released her hold on my neck,

Andy retreated to the corner in a half-crouch. Her tail hung downwards, looking as though she would leap at her at any moment.

Melissa looked at me before she suddenly burst out in a maniacal laugh,

I wasn't sure what she was doing, so I could only watch her closely just in case she made a move again.

I didn't want to hurt her unless it was necessary. Even though she had always treated me like a toy, none of the care she showed me was fake in my eyes.

"Do you know what I hate you the most?!" Melissa pointed at me as she yelled, "I hate the way you look! I'm the Alpha's daughter, yet you are the wolf that resembles Father the most! Didn't I tell you that you're not allowed to turn into your wolf in front of me?!"

My mother was a white wolf, while my father was gray. So, I had grayish-black fur on my back, ears, and neck, similar to my uncle, Michael's appearance.

Once, Michael took Melissa and me to visit another Pack together, and I was mistaken for Michael's daughter there.

That incident upset Melissa so much that she forbade me from transforming into my wolf unless it's necessary.

I backed up more into the corner. Her frazzled and crazed look terrified me.

"I don't like you! I hate you!"

She suddenly lunged at me, shifting into a brown-black she-wolf at the same time and tried to pierce my neck with her sharp fangs.

I took a big side-step.

She missed, and became even more furious at that. An earsplitting and shrill howl was let out of her throat, piercing through the clouds and blending with the thunder as it crashed through the sky. Melissa's bloodshot eyes landed on me once more, as she extended her sharp claws, the pointed tip coming straight for my eyes. I didn't want to hurt her, but I didn't have any choice at this moment. I hurled myself over her, kicking her head with my hind leg.

I tried to reason with her, and my wolf, Andy, screamed, "Calm down! Andrea isn't with Enzo!"

Melissa hissed, "So what? You'll always be my biggest obstacle as long as you live!"

I could only run for the door, but I froze dead the next second.

Ellen was standing in the doorway, looking down at me so coldly.

She remained silent with her deadly gaze fixed on me, before pressing a black pistol right in the middle of my forehead.

I didn't believe she would shoot. A gunshot would alert a lot of people. There was no way she would be able to explain killing me, and it would destroy the good image she had.

But no one would be fearless when held at gunpoint, and surly I wasn't brave enough to escape this situation like this.

"You shouldn't have gotten in Melissa's way. I might have spared your life for your mother's sake, but now, I can only send you to hell," Ellen said sullenly.

The next second, Melissa suddenly attacked me from behind. Throbbing pain rippled through my back.

At the same time, Ellen casually pulled out an iron bar from the shoe rack and smashed it down against my neck. A killing strike.

I didn't even scream before I passed out.

I didn't think I'd survive. The tearing sensation at my neck told me that I was very close to dying

I was left in the middle of nowhere, and I didn't even know where I was.

I guessed that Ellen was trying to fake my disappearance as the result of a rogue attack, which was the best way to justify my death after all.

I never knew that Melissa could be so cruel. Even though I've given up on Enzo, she still refused to let me go.

Perhaps my existence had hurt her pathetic self-esteem, so she chose to kill me to maintain that so-called pride of hers.

I have never hated anyone in my life, but in this moment, I felt a strong desire for revenge against that vicious mother-daughter pair.

I couldn't continue down that line of thought. Hatred would only further cloud my already weakened consciousness.

My wolf, Andy, was trying her best to save me. But I could feel her strength draining away as she tried. We were both severely injured. Even keeping my eyes open right now was extremely difficult. I had to support myself with sheer willpower to avoid passing out again. The rain hadn't stopped, but the sky was already turning slightly brighter. I propped my head up to look around, and found myself surrounded by tall, gigantic trees.

I had been hit hard on the back, blood bleeding heavily. I tried to walk but found myself tied by ropes on all my limbs.

The rain pounded on the ground, forming muddy puddles one after another. My fur was all covered in mud, making me look like a corpse. I tried to wrench my paws free from the binding ropes, but no avail. The knots were just too difficult to undo.

I wanted to use my teeth to bite my way out of it, but the wound on my neck didn't allow me to make such a movement. It will only further aggravate my injury if I force it. I was tired, in pain, terrified and famished. All these feelings were eating away at me, but all of them seemed to be minor in the face of death.

There was only one thought in my mind: to survive.

I never thought that my life was a good one, nor was it incredibly valuable, but I still cherished it very much.

I only had one life to live, and I would do my best to live as long as possible. I needed to live for my mother's behalf too! I gritted my teeth and used all the remaining strength in my body to move, trying to expand my range of vision. The chances of surviving would get better if I could just understand my surroundings.

The sheeting rain continued to beat down on my body, blurring my vision further. I could feel my strength seeping away as I moved. I laid on my side, wailing silently for a moment. Even so, I didn't want to give up. After resting for half a minute, I continued to crawl forward. I already had a goal in mind. There was a sharp rock under the pine tree in front of me. As long as I could get there, I could use the sharp corners of the rock to cut the ropes binding my limbs. Soon... I would soon be saved. I desperately crawled towards the pine tree, and I sighed in relief when I finally reached it. Aiming the rope at a sharp corner, I started to rub the rope against it. Luckily, the rocks were sharp enough. I finally got rid of the ropes and regained my freedom. The rainstorm had also gradually lightened. So, I dragged my wounded body, running towards the bottom of the mountain.

Chapter 18 Enzo's POV

I poured the vodka down my throat, trying to ease the irritation in my gut.

My headache was terrible. I didn't understand why Andrea was not willing to be with me. I've tried my best to be good to her!

How could she say she didn't like me so easily?

Instead of heading back to Alpha Michael's residence, I booked a room at the hotel where my other Pack members were staying.

I didn't want to see Andrea.

I was afraid that once I saw her, I would grab her by the neck and drag her into my territory regardless of her will and force her to submit the way male wolf conquered his she-wolf. In that case, she wouldn't dare to hold her head up and tell me that she doesn't like me anymore.

But I couldn't do that. I didn't want to hurt her, let alone force her to do something she didn't want.

Kyle kicked my door open, then snatched the clear bottle of alcohol out of my hand. "Stop drinking and calm down." I sat on the floor, not really wanting to talk to him. Kyle pulled open the curtains, and let unexpected sunlight burst into the room. I instinctively raised my arm to block the blinding rays. "You're here for a marriage, not for love, definitely not to get your heart broken either. Our main purpose is to unite the power of two Packs to fight against the Silver Mountain Pack. You shouldn't get your priorities mixed up." Kyle pulled me up from the ground by my collar. "Wake up!" I sneered and swatted his hand away. "I don't need you to worry about me." "I'm your Beta. It's my duty to remind you of your responsibilities as an Alpha. Your life is not your own, but the Pack's." Kyle met my eyes and said, "So what if she's not willing? Does she have a choice? She's already been set as the union's partner. Even if she resists, she'll have to obey and lay on your bed. What are you worried about?"

I was stunned. Indeed, Andrea was a slave. Her life was just something that we could do as we please as those in a higher status. It was impossible that I would be unable to obtain her.

But for some reason, I couldn't help the sadness that surged up within me when I saw her reluctance. To the extent that I'd rather endure this sadness than force her to do anything she didn't like.

Kyle released my collar, then turned around to calm himself. He suddenly faced me again and asked in a grave tone, "You're not in love with her, are you?"

I jerked my head up at his words.

"I can understand that she's your mate, so it's in your instincts to be close to her. But what about beyond that? Do you have deeper feelings mixed inside apart from just fondness for your mate, like... love?"

My mind was buzzing. I never thought about it that way. I liked how pretty she was, and she was cute. I liked her because she was my mate. However, I never considered if I loved her. I never felt that those feelings were important to someone who had already found their mate.

We were mates, and we were supposed to be together. That was what the Moon Goddess had destined for us. It was already the most solid bond one could have.

As for love... It didn't seem like a necessary emotion for werewolves to have.

But... Did love really not matter? If I forget about the mate bond, did I still desperately want her? A vein twitched on my temple, and the chaos in my mind made me even more frustrated.

At that very moment, one of my guards suddenly barged into my room and informed me that a Rogue intended to attack while they were training. My irritation suddenly had a place to be vented, so I gave the order without hesitation, "Kill them"

I rubbed the corner of my sore head. I wasn't thinking very clearly under the effects of alcohol. But no matter what, my subconscious mind told me that anyone who harmed my Pack should be killed, no matter who it was.

I raised my eyes to look at the guard, who was shaken for a moment before he left.

"What's with your rash decision?" Kyle frowned at me. "What do you intend to do about a Rogue? Give them a chance to redeem? I'm not that merciful."

The rumors about me were indeed true. I was ruthless, and I was unfeeling about killing people.

To me, only a strong and intimidating person would be able to deter enemies to the greatest extent and protect the Pack.

"I'm going out to get some air." I walked to my wardrobe and got changed. "Do you want me to go with you?" Kyle asked, leaning against the wall as he watched me.

"Do as you wish."

I was grumpy from the alcohol-induced headache. Going down the stairs, I wanted to ask the waiter for a glass of honeyed water, which would help ease my mind.

But I hadn't even gotten close to the front desk when I heard two waiters hiding in the corner whispering.

"Ah, that's a pity."

"Yeah! She looks like she just came of a mating ago. I can't believe she's coming to dine

like that." "Those people say she's a Rogue." "I'm telling you, I actually peeked just now. I don't think she's a Rogue. Those blue eyes are just way too beautiful." "Seriously?"

Who knows? Just do your job."

For some reason, my heart started to beat wildly after hearing those words.

An extremely unsettling feeling came over me, especially when I heard the waiter say the so-called Rogue had blue eyes. The feeling only intensified after that. I grabbed that waiter by the arm urgently and asked, "Who is that Rogue you were talking about?!"

"A-alpha?" the waiter's eyes widened with panic as he stuttered.

"I'm asking you a question!"

"It's the girl those guards caught just now. They said she was a Rogue and was going to kill

her."

"A girl?!"

The waiter nodded. "I heard she was a she-wolf, but her fur was covered in mud. I couldn't exactly see what she looked like, only that she had beautiful blue eyes." Fear crawled up my spine. In my mind, there was only one person with blue eyes, and that was Andrea "Where is she?!" I roared.

“The guards... they d-dragged her to the back hills.”

I shoved the waiter away and rushed out of the hotel like a maniac.

Dear god! That Rogue could very well be Andrea! And I personally ordered her execution when I wasn't in the right state of mind!!!