

I Am His Luna by Fanny Brook Chapter 10

Andrea's POV

My biological clock always woke me up at half-past five every morning, since I had to get up to clean the house and prepare breakfast for Alpha Michael's family,

Today, when I got up from the mattress, my leg brushed against something soft and furry.

I rubbed my eyes and saw a solid black wolf tail.

"You're awake?"

A low, hoarse voice floated into my ear, and I jerked around to meet those golden-brown, cloudy eyes.

The giant wolf had also woken up, seemingly tired.

He got up from the ground and walked over to me. He circled my back, then reached out to rub my neck like it was the most natural thing. Then, he wrapped his body around my waist and placed his head on my thigh.

"Go back to sleep..." he said blearily.

I was stunned speechless.

I wanted to push him away, but he simply licked the back of my hand with his rough tongue and said, "Stop it."

Why did this wolf feel so familiar?
I felt a little dizzy. He smelled so good!

If I could, I wanted to stick to him all the time.

However...

I didn't think Enzo and I were close enough to be waking up in the same bed. He's about to marry Melissa, after all.

I didn't want to provoke him.

I should go and wash up and then prepare breakfast.

I patted his head, trying to wake him up.

He didn't even twitch.

I tried increasing the force in my hand.

He still didn't move.

I... picked him up by both his ears. His head was heavy. As I held him up by his ears, his usually deep and solemn eyes had almost narrowed into slits.

However, he wasn't angry at my rude behavior. In fact, I almost thought I saw an aggrieved

expression in his eyes.

That look in his eyes would have deceived me if Enzo hadn't suddenly turned into a naked man.

He was so close to me! I swear he wasn't even more than ten centimeters!

He had his arms by my side, and his large body covered mine from above.

It wasn't until this moment that I realized he had a wolf teeth necklace hanging on his neck. That ice-cold necklace that weighed less than five grams landed on my chest, yet it gave me the feeling of being burned by lava. He studied me as though I was breakfast on his plate and he was about to devour. I saw his gaze travel downwards from my eyes and... landed on my lips.

Oh my god! Perhaps I was overthinking it, but he looked like he wanted to kiss me. I let go of my grip on his ears to covered my mouth. His eyes widened a fraction, and suddenly smirked. To my shock, he unexpectedly lowered his head and landed a kiss on the back of my hand.

A kiss on the hand was an extremely normal etiquette, and even a kiss on the cheek was typical. But on this sunny morning, I was completely taken away by this gentle kiss.

Enzo pulled away from my hand from my mouth and laughed. "Careful. Don't forget to breathe there."

He was right. I felt as though the air was thin, and I almost forgot to breathe for a moment. My head felt like it had been stuffed with cotton, light and limp. The only thing that reminded me that all of this was real was the heat from Enzo's body and the hardness pressing against my thigh. I looked down at his well-defined chest muscles. Even knowing that this was a normal response to every man waking up in the morning, I still felt my face burning up.

Enzo wasn't shy at all. His smile only grew wider as he saw my reaction

I forced myself to look away from him, then pushed the man lying on top of me aside with all the strength I could muster.

Then, I threw the thin blanket over his body and stood up with my back facing him.

"You're so heartless," I heard Enzo mutter in a low voice.

I turned to frown at him. The hand holding the thin blanket jerked, and his eyes were elsewhere as he said, "I... I didn't way that."

I sighed, then pointed at the door.

I still needed to work, so I needed some time to myself.

As for Enzo, he should go and accompany Melissa. She was his fiancée, after all.

"You're kicking me out?"

Enzo raised an eyebrow, and his voice pitched a few notches higher.

I sighed.

"I don't want to go." He sprawled on my mattress and lay still. "I'll go wherever you go."

I thank God that he could understand my gestures, but it was unfortunate that he wasn't willing to follow what I wanted him to do.

After several minutes of persuading him, Enzo still refused to leave. He seemed determined to stay here.

I had no choice but to give up on getting him to leave.

I opened the door, then went around to the back of the villa, where there was a washbasin out in the open that I could wash up. After my morning routine, I turned off the tap and shook off the water on my hands. I turned around and found Enzo leaning against the wall and watching me, dressed in the white shirt he had on last night.