

I Am His Luna by Fanny Brook Chapter 11

Instead of wearing a tie and suit like he did yesterday, Enzo wore a white shirt and had casually rolled up his sleeves to his elbow. The top two buttons of his shirt were also unfastened, and even his hair was brought back behind his head casually.

His appearance was obviously messy, but I thought he looked handsome.

I forced myself to look away again, trying to ignore his presence as much as possible, I needed to have the entire villa cleaned spotless by seven in the morning, and then breakfast ready by eight.

I had to prepare two extra portions for breakfast today. One was for Beta Kyle from the Cold Moon Pack, and one was for the man beside me.

Others from the Cold Moon Pack were visiting, but only Alpha Enzo and his Beta lived here

I started cleaning the stair's railing while Enzo leaned against it to watch me.

I tried to ignore his eyes on me, but it was tough.

Why did he have to stand there and stare at me? Didn't he have things to do? Was it fun or pleasing to watch me work?

I sighed, then straightened up, trying my best to avoid his gaze. I didn't want him to keep staring at me. However, Enzo's eyes followed me instantly, as though he could see through my thought.

"What's wrong with looking at my mate? You'll have to get used to it. After all, I will look at you every day for the rest of our lives after getting married," Enzo said cheerfully with raised brows.

I was taken aback by his words, and I could only blush and shake my head.

I was just a slave. As an Alpha, he was promised to someone else, and that person was not me.

He watched my movements, froze, then pursed his lips and remained silent for a long time.

I knew he would understand what I meant and that he was also seriously considering the matter.

He would know that it was unwise to keep bugging me. As the Cold Moon Pack's Alpha, he should have gone to accompany the woman who was worthy of him.

I was just an insignificant little slave, after all.

I bent down again to clean the railing. I thought that I would hear Enzo's footsteps leaving. He would go back to his room and distant a slave like me.

My life wouldn't change a bit because I met my mate. I would still be a maid.

I was waiting for him to leave.

As expected, I heard his footsteps. My eyes burned, but it was hard to tell if I felt disappointed

or something else. However, just as my heart was about to hit rock bottom, a hand grabbed my wrist, forcing me to turn around,

I glared at Enzo, who had an overly serious look on his face.

"I said I'd marry you, so I will. I wouldn't lie to you."

"If it's not you..." Enzo said as he wrapped his arm around my waist. "I don't want anyone else.

"Only you. It has to be you. No one else will do."

"Remember, you're my mate. Whether by law, nature, or any other principle, you're mine either way.

"Do you understand me, now that I've said it like that?" Enzo asked as he looked me in the eyes.

My mind had turned into complete mush, and I was so nervous. It felt like my heart was about to jump out of my throat. I couldn't even think of a response to his words. My nerves were on the verge of exploding, and it felt like my brain was running low on blood. Every time Enzo came near me, it felt like I was in a drunken haze that left me with no way to respond to his words. Without much thought, my body decided for me before my mind did. I raised the rag I used to wipe the railing, bringing it up between us. Enzo froze. "... What does that mean?"

I tilted my head to the side and answered him in a small, shaky voice, "W-wipe the railing..." I wanted to say something to him, but I didn't know what to say. It's been so long since I've said anything else but "yes" and "sorry", and these three words had taken all my strength and courage.

I don't know if I was wrong, but I felt as though I saw a "breaking" expression on Enzo's face.

My instinct told me that he didn't like what I had said,

I panicked and pushed him away, then knelt to the ground and quickly began to rub the railings once more.

"You... Other than "yes" and "sorry", the first thing you actually said to me was "wipe the railing"?!" Enzo's face was filled with disbelief.

I glanced at him from the corner of my eyes and felt that he was happy but also unhappy at the same time.

"Do you really like wiping the railings so much?" Enzo frowned and asked seriously.

Afraid that Alpha Enzo would get angry, I hurriedly shook my head and replied, "Sorry."

Then, I continued to wipe the railings.

Enzo rubbed the middle of his brow with his fingers.

"If you don't like to do it, you don't have to. Just say that I demanded you to stop."

I looked at him with a helpless expression. It might be more accurate to say I was dumbfounded.

Enzo couldn't protect me for the rest of my life. I needed to protect myself in the future.

If I didn't work today because of Enzo's favoritism, Ellen would punish me twice the amount once Enzo left.

It was 6:15 AM based on the clock in the living room. I still had a lot of work to do.

I stopped looking at him and concentrated on cleaning up the house.

About ten minutes later when I entered the villa once more with a bucket of water, Enzo was no longer in the living room.

He had probably gone back to his room, as everyone would be getting up in less than an hour. As the Cold Moon Pack's Alpha, Enzo still needed to head back to shower and change his clothes to look presentable.

I finished up my last work in the living room and made it to the kitchen in time to prepare today's breakfast by 7:20 AM.

“What are you cooking?” Melissa asked as she stood behind me.

Since we had guests today, Melissa wasn't wearing her lace nightgown as usual but had changed into gray sports attire.

I looked down at myself subconsciously, then lowered my gaze to look at the blueberry pancakes on the plate in front of me.

Melissa had decided on what she wanted for breakfast initially, so I had a list of recipes for each day. Today was Wednesday, and I followed the list and prepared blueberry pancakes.

“I don't feel like eating blueberry pancakes today. I want to eat...” Melissa rolled her eyes and said with a smile, “I want to eat apple pie, hashbrowns, and steak.”

I gripped my apron tightly. None of Melissa's requests overlapped with the meal list I had prepared today. My best friend was purposely making things difficult for me. I looked at the time. There was no way I could finish making breakfast by 8:00 AM if I started over again.

I tried to explain this to Melissa, but she simply leaned against the doorframe, looked straight at me, and said, “What are you still standing there for? Did you have such a good sleep last night that you've forgotten how to cook?”

I curled my hands into fists, then shook my head.

My best and only friend had become hostile towards me. She deliberately did all of this to me just because the person she liked was getting closer to me.

“You're not making any more blueberry pancakes?”

Suddenly, a man with gold, curly hair that reached his shoulders asked as he stuck his head into the kitchen and looked around. He was gorgeous, had very attractive features, and his figure was tall and lean. It was hard to distinguish his gender at first glance, and it was worth mentioning that he looked a little mixed blood. His skin was also pale.

He wore a dark blue, floral-printed shirt. His top buttons were unfastened, revealing a large part of his chest and collarbone. His appearance made him look like a living image of a playboy.