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Enzo narrowed his eyes slightly. "Make sure Alpha Michael doesn't find out." "Of course, it'll probably be the end of this alliance if he thinks we're trying to kill his Luna."

Enzo turned to me and said, "I will deal with this. Wait here for me."

I grab his hand. "I will go with you."

My intuition tells me that I'm somehow related to this whole thing. Even if I'm not, since I was going to be his Luna, it's my responsibility to stay by his side and understand him.

For some reason, I always felt that there was an invisible gap between us. Perhaps I could close this gap if I knew more about him.

Enzo thought about it for a while before he nodded. "Okay, I'll take you with me."

The culprit had been locked up in the basement of the hotel.

It was a man with black hair and brown eyes.

I looked at the man and thought he looked familiar, as though I had seen him before. "What's your name?" Enzo asked. The man sneered and didn't answer. Kyle leaned closer to Enzo and whispered, "His name is Peter Barton." Enzo observed the tied-up man on the ground. "Why did you want to kill Ellen?" Peter let out a maniacal laugh but still refused to say anything.

"You want to break the alliance between the two Packs and for Alpha Michael to hate me and declare war on me, right?"

Peter stopped laughing and looked straight into Enzo's eyes.

Enzo frowned. "Why would you betray my Pack?" "Because you're a bloodthirsty maniac, and I hate you! I want your entire Pack to die!" Peter suddenly raised his head and yelled, his brown eyes flashing red.

At that moment, I caught sight of the man's black mole on the left side of his face. was.

I suddenly recalled who he was. Not long ago, when I ran down the mountain seriously injured, I asked him for help.

But this man and his friend had tied me up and claimed that I was a Rogue who had attacked Enzo's Pack. He even dragged me to the hotel's back hills and tried to kill me.

Enzo had executed his friend, but this man was still alive.

He wanted to avenge his friend's death!

I pulled on the corner of Enzo's shirt, signaling for him to get up. Then, I hooked my fingers, gesturing for him to come closer to me.

Enzo didn't move an inch but gave me a confused look instead.

I frowned. Why was he such an idiot? Didn't he understand what I mean by that?

So, I had no choice but to stand on tiptoe and get closer to his ear to tell him that I knew this

man.

But Enzo suddenly leaned back and put some distance between us. I gave him an incredulous look, but he shook his head awkwardly at me.

Why was he shaking his head?

I frowned and shrugged at him.

He looked around, then suddenly took my hand and pulled me out of the room.

I shook his hand off and asked, "What are you doing?"

"It's not appropriate in that situation. Many people were watching, and I was in the middle of business." Enzo said as he blinked at me.

"What isn't appropriate?" "Kissing me," Enzo replied with a straight face. I couldn't resist the urge to roll my eyes at him.

"Enzo, narcissism is a type of disorder."

Enzo pointed at himself and stammered, "Weren't you trying to tiptoe and lean over to kiss me just now?"

Oh my god! What the hell is going on in that head of his?!

"Of course not!"

I then told him about my encounter with Peter before this. Enzo's face turned red after hearing what I said. This was the first time I had seen him blush. He looked embarrassed. "So, that's what you wanted to talk to me about." "What did you expect?" I nudged his arm.

“I thought... I thought...” He stuttered and scratched his head embarrassed.

Then, he cleared his throat and pat his cheeks with both hands before walking back into the room.

He had regained his usual frost-like aura by the time he reached Peter. Enzo knelt and looked at the man tied up on the ground and asked, “Are you trying to avenge your friend?”

As soon as Enzo said that, Peter barred his teeth with a fierce expression. That was obviously a

sore spot.

“He wasn’t my friend! He was my brother, my only family! You killed my only family for a slave! For a worthless slave!”

That worthless slave he was talking about was obviously me. A vein popped in my temple. I just realized that a slave had always been such an insignificant

existence in the eyes of these people. In their eyes, killing a slave was no different than crushing an ant. “You should know that your brother deserved what he got. His fate was sealed when he tried to get the bounty for a Rogue by killing an innocent person.” Enzo said in a grave tone as he watched the man struggle on the ground. “Besides, even the lives of slaves are not inferior to ours. Anyone and anything had lives of equal value.”

“You’re a hypocrite!” Peter spat. “You’re saying that because that slave is your woman! What if she wasn’t? Would you still enjoy a slave’s service while saying such nice things?”

“I never thought it was a good system to call people slaves, but overturning that system is not easy to do. But there’s no need for me to explain these things to you anymore either way.”

Enzo straightened up, looked at Kyle and instructed without mercy, “Kill him.”

“Wait a minute,” I said as I pulled on Enzo’s arm.

“What is it?”

“Let’s spare him,” I said, looking at the desperately struggling man on the ground. “Have you forgotten what he did to you? He doesn’t deserve your forgiveness.” I shook my head. “He just wanted to avenge his brother. If the person I loved was also killed, maybe I’d lose my mind like this too.”

“Andrea, you’re too kind. Sometimes, being kind is a stupid thing to do.” Enzo said seriously as he looked at me.

“No, how can kindness be stupid?”

I knelt and looked at Peter. There was one thing I was confused about, so I asked him for clarification, “Why do you hate slaves so much? “Hate?” He sneered. “My brother and I were both slaves before, and so were our parents. When my mother was pregnant with her third child, the nobleman who was our master was curious whether she was carrying a boy or a girl. So, he took a knife and cut open my mother’s belly. My father rushed up to stop him, only to be killed.” He seemed to be caught up in some painful memories as he spoke. “So, when my brother and I grew up, we set fire to the house and burned that family to death. Then I took my brother and climbed slowly to where we were today, all to get rid of our slave identity. Because we know that as long as we were slaves, our lives were not ours, and we were just objects for others to play as they liked!”

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“Isn’t that what you noblemen taught me? What do slaves account to? They’re the cheapest lives in this world! Otherwise, why did my parents die? Why?!” Peter roared. “My brother and I went through so many difficulties to get rid of our slave identity and became warriors, yet he died because of a weak slave like you! He’s dead! Dead! I want all of you to be buried with him! I want the entire Cold Moon Pack to suffer retribution!” Peter’s eyes were completely bloodshot. He had been completely consumed by hatred.

I stood up. I didn’t know about his childhood experience. I couldn’t comfort him because his experience was ten times more miserable than mine.

Enzo frowned, then hesitated before instructing Kyle, “Untie him. Exile him.” Kyle seemed to disapprove of this decision, but he untied Peter anyway.

Enzo took my hand to leave. However, no one expected the man lying on the ground with a pained expression to suddenly shift into a brown wolf. He bared his fangs and leaped towards Enzo and me.

Enzo pulled me behind him, then shifted only his arm and easily drove his wolf claws through the brown wolf’s chest.

All of this happened in a short span of ten seconds.

The brown wolf’s bright red blood splattered Enzo and me in the face. The warm liquid sprayed to my face, and I stared at the scene with eyes wide in disbelief.

Enzo shook off the brown wolf and threw him to the side. The brown wolf wasn't breathing anymore.

Enzo's face was sullen, and my heart was heavy as well.

He led me towards the woods. Perhaps getting in touch with some fresh air would help us both relax.

"Andrea." Enzo suddenly stopped. He turned to look at me, then raised his arm to wipe the bloodstains from my face.

"Do you trust me?" he asked me.

"What?"

"Trust that one day I'll change this situation. I'll make sure everyone can work in a dignified manner instead of living as slaves who have lost their human rights."

I stared at him. "That'll be hard. You know that you're going to face the protest from countless people. Losing their slaves is the same as exploiting their properties. They'll go against you for sure."

"I know, but I'm not afraid." Enzo's gaze was determined as he held my hand and asked, "Will you help me?"

"Have you forgotten that I'm also a slave? I'm not capable."

I lowered my head and looked at my toes.

"No." Enzo pulled me into his arms. "You'll be my Luna. I'll give you all the rights a Luna has." My blood boiled at the thought. Initially, I always thought that this life of mine would only be for serving Alpha Michael's family and keeping Melissa company.

Then, I met Enzo. I thought my destiny was to be his mate. To be the woman that warms his bed and gives birth to his heir.

None of those things made me happy.

It was only at this moment, when Enzo held me and asked if I would help him change this old and rotten system, that I finally found the meaning of life.

I hugged him back.

"I'll help you."

I could hear my determination in my answer to him.

A few days later, Enzo and I were on our way back to the Cold Moon Pack. It was also the day when I finally left the land I had lived in for nineteen years.

I sat in the back of Enzo's black Bentley, watching the scenery outside flash before my eyes. A disappointing feeling welled up in my heart.

Even though I had suffered a lot in these nineteen years, I only realized that I still had some attachment towards the land I had been born and raised in when I was leaving.

Enzo held my hand. "Don't be sad. The Cold Moon Pack's scenery is also beautiful. I'll bring you to the sea of tulips when the time comes. I'm sure you'll like it."

I nodded.

He leaned over to kiss me, but I blocked his lips with my hands. He raised his eyebrows. "Didn't you say you'd stay with me? You won't even let me kiss you?"

"That's not the same. I promised to help you overthrow the slavery system. I didn't promise-" "Didn't promise what?" Enzo cut me off. "You're already in my car and going home with me. You promised me everything." Then, he simply acted like a rascal and quickly pecked me on the lips while I wasn't paying attention.

I rubbed my forehead in an exasperated manner.

The return trip was long, and I got a little carsick. I wanted to lean back against the seat to take a nap, but a heavy head suddenly landed on my shoulder before I could close my eyes.

I looked at Enzo, who was in a deep sleep on my shoulder and was a little confused.

"Because we were leaving, Enzo has been talking to Michael about how we're going to handle the Silver Mountain Pack for the past few days. He's also been accompanying you at night and hasn't had a good night's sleep in a while," Kyle explained from the front seat.

I smiled but said nothing, in case I woke Enzo up.

I fell asleep as the car drove towards Enzo's residence, leaning my head against Enzo's, resting

on my shoulder.

When we arrived at our destination, Enzo got out of the car first before opening the car door for me. I got out of the car to see a luxurious villa greet me and was shocked.

I knew that the Cold Moon Pack was powerful, but I felt I had underestimated just how powerful they were when I saw Enzo's villa.

The villa was comparable to an ancient fortress. It was simply splendid. We arrived at night, so the entire villa was lit up. It was as bright as a full moon. "Come on," Enzo said as he took my hand. It felt like I had walked into a fairytale castle in my dreams when the doors opened. Many servants were standing on both sides of the path. They bowed with lowered heads when they saw Enzo and me and said, "Welcome home, Alpha, Luna." I had to cover my mouth at this incredible scene.

Enzo leaned closer to me and whispered, "Don't misunderstand. They're not slaves."

"Then, what are they?"

"They're all people who lived in poverty. I brought them here to take care of the villa and my daily necessities. They receive salary and also off days." "Do you need so many people to wait on you?" "I don't, but the villa is huge. There are gardens, a swimming pool, a golf course, and many other places. Just hiring one or two people wouldn't be able to handle all of it," Enzo said in a matter-of-fact voice. It seemed that I wasn't thinking too far ahead. "It seems that I need to get reacquainted with you," I whispered back. "Did you just realize what a great husband you've got?" Enzo raised an eyebrow smugly. I had nothing to say in response.

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Enzo didn't show me around the villa because we were all exhausted from the trip. He brought me to a well-furnished bedroom with luxury decorations. There was a king-size European-styles princess bed with many dolls and throw pillows sitting on it. A light, sheer bed net hung above it. The room's wooden floor was also covered with a snow-white cashmere carpet, and there was a wardrobe filled with dresses. Overlooking the floor-to ceiling window is the beautiful scenery of the garden. What surprised me was the independent toilet and bathroom situated in the room. I had never stayed in such a nice room before. It looked even better than Melissa's room! But... this room didn't seem to belong to a man. I raised an eyebrow at Enzo. "Is this your style?" Enzo leaned against the door frame with his arms crossed over his chest and asked me, "Do you like it?"

"I do. But I didn't think you stayed in a room quite like this one." Enzo lowered his head and chuckled. "Why are you laughing?" I asked. "Of course it's not for me. My room is next door. I had this room prepared for you." I blurted out, "Aren't you going to sleep with me?" In the days after the incidents in the Blue River Pack, we slept together almost every night. I thought the arrangement would remain the same when I got here. "Of course not," Enzo replied with raised eyebrows.

"But back at the Blue River Pack-"

“That was because I was afraid Ellen and Melissa would retaliate against you. I was worried. Now that we’re back here, I have nothing to be afraid of.”

I nodded.

Enzo, however, suddenly straightened up and leaned closer to me. “Or do you prefer the other arrangement?”

I leaned away from him. “No.”

He let out a sigh behind me.

“I thought you’d miss me after all the times we’ve slept together, even if we just cuddled and chatted,” he said.

My cheeks burned. I had nothing to say to that.

Enzo got closer to me once more, then he embraced me from behind and whispered into my ear. “You should know that I’m waiting for you, Andrea. I’ll wait until you’re willing to give yourself to me.”

He kissed my ear and said, “Until then, we’ll sleep apart.” My ears got even redder.

“Good night,” he said, then turned and closed the door before leaving.

Tired from the long journey, I changed into a pair of silk pajamas and lay down on the soft, comfortable bed. I closed my eyes and soon fell asleep.

However, just as I was about to fall into slumbery sleep, my heart skipped a beat, completely disrupting me. Perhaps it was because Enzo had held me to sleep every night in his arms for the past few days, so I missed the feeling of being in his arms and the scent of wine from him.

I tossed and turned in bed, trying to sleep but to no avail.

I sat up with the pillow in my arms and scratched my head. After struggling with myself for a few minutes, I resigned myself and slipped on my slippers. I flicked open the door softly, then tip-toed to Enzo’s room.

My rationality was at war with my desires.

The logic told me not to throw myself around like a she-wolf in heat with no shame.

But the desire was urging me to give in and to follow my innermost desire to bury myself in Enzo’s arms.

Perhaps I was not a person with a particular sense of reason, or I allowed desire to take over, but I eventually raised my right hand. I took a deep breath and was about to knock on the door “What are you doing, Miss Gilmore?” Right before my hand landed on the door, a thin, bony hand with aged spots suddenly grabbed my wrist.

I blinked and looked stunned at the woman with silver hair and dark brown eyes.

Instead of calling me Luna, she addressed me as “Miss Gilmore.”

“You should return to your room to rest,” the old woman said, face sunken with a stony expression.

“I...”

The pressure I felt from her was intense. She reminded me of Ellen, and my stuttering issue came back to me again when I faced her.

“Alpha has to get up early tomorrow to take care of things in the Pack. You shouldn’t bother him at this time.”

She stared into my eyes, her tone morosely cold. “I want to sleep with him,” I kept my head down whispering. My hands on the pillow tightened.

“Alpha has his reasons for the separate room arrangement. So, you should play your part nicely as an obedient marriage alliance.” The old woman raised her eyebrows, but that did

nothing to lessen the creases in the corner of her eyes.

It looks like she didn’t know that I was Enzo’s mate. From her point of view, I was just his marriage partner that the Blue River Pack had chosen for him and that there was only beneficial interest in our relationship, and she wanted me to understand that.

I clenched my fist, trying to hide my uneasiness.

“Go back,” she said. I nodded, giving Enzo’s room one more glance before slowly making my way back to my bedroom

The next morning, when I opened the door with dark circles under my eyes, Enzo was standing right in my doorway. He took one look at me, and his jaw dropped. “Didn’t sleep well?” I nodded. My head felt heavy. “Is it because you don’t like the room?” he asked. “No. I’m just not used to the change of place,” I said evasively. Enzo raised his hand to rub at my sore temples. “You’ll get used to it,” he said. I enjoyed the warmth from his fingertips. I wanted to tell him that it wasn’t the room I wasn’t used to, but the lack of his presence instead.

Enzo left after breakfast. He hadn't been back to the Pack for a while and had a lot of things to deal with.

I stayed in the villa by myself.

In the afternoon, I got bored and started exploring the compound.

I started out from the backdoor and walked about a hundred meters before I reached a fountain.

WOMAN

A stone wolf was howling towards the sky in the middle of the fountain. Four surrounded springs spouting water were facing the four directions, north, south, east, and west. I was about to reach out to scoop up a handful of water when I heard someone speak from behind me. "Are you the woman that Alpha brought back?" I turned around and saw a girl with a high ponytail, a pair of big eyes, wearing a leather jacket. She was tall, had smooth muscular arms, and tanned skin. She seemed like a female warrior.

"May I know who you are...?" I asked after nodding. She stepped toward me and tilted her head. "I'm Alpha's battlefield partner, Cindy. I fight alongside him in every single war. And I live here, of course, so I'm kind of the mistress of this villa, I suppose."

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"Mom said you tried to sneak into Alpha's room last night?" Cindy asked, studying me.

"Your mother is...?"

The face of that indifferent old woman from last night flashed through my mind. "You've met her," Cindy said as she tidied her hair. "Her name is Mary. She's always taken care of Alpha's daily chores. Even though she's only an Omega, Alpha has always respected her greatly."

"Oh, I see." I nodded, wanting to end this conversation quickly. I could feel that this girl holds strong hostility towards me.

Cindy suddenly smiled. "Don't blame her for sticking her nose into this. She did it for your sake. Alpha doesn't like to be disturbed when he's resting. If Mom hadn't stopped you, Enzo would have been mad at you."

"No, I didn't blame her."

In fact, I didn't think that Enzo would be mad at me for that. He always seemed patient and not as easily angered as Cindy had described.

"That's good. Oh, by the way, I was heading to the training grounds. Do you want to come along?" "Training?"

"Yes. You should be familiar with training grounds since you're an Alpha's daughter. You should give my trainees a round of demonstration as the future Luna."

She was smiling, but I could feel that the smile didn't meet her eyes.

Ellen had never allowed me to participate in any training. She always told me that all I needed to do was be a good servant.

So, even though I had an Alpha's aura and was a fast runner, I had no idea what real training was like.

There was a good chance I would make a fool of myself if I went. I didn't want to embarrass Enzo, or rather, I was afraid that people would look down on me. I also didn't want to appear weak in front of Enzo.

"I... I'm not too familiar with this place yet, so I want to explore first."

I tried to sound as calm as possible.

"That's a lame excuse," Cindy said.

In the end, she still brought me to the training grounds.

The Cold Moon Pack's training grounds were so extensive that I couldn't see its edge from where I stood.

There were all kinds of equipment, most of them I wasn't not familiar with. The only one I could name was the target a few hundred meters away from me.

Cindy led me to stand in a field filled with rows of obstacles, then suddenly blew the whistle on her chest.

Scattered members converged on us and stood in a square formation upon hearing her whistle.

Cindy stepped forward, put her hands behind her back, and shouted, "This is our Luna. Everyone, welcome her." The expected applause didn't come, but a burst of contempt floated into my ears instead.

"Luna? She's the one the Blue River Pack sent over as our Alpha's marriage partner?"

“She is a skinny chick.” “Luna my ass. With that scrawny body?” “She’s bound to hold Alpha back.” “I thought Cindy would be Luna. She and Alpha grew up together, after all.” “Yeah, didn’t Alpha always like Cindy?”

My face was redder as if the sun had shown directly on it. Beads of sweat dripped from my forehead and onto my cheeks. The last two sentences I heard made me feel like fish bones were stuck in my throat, making it impossible to breathe. I hated myself at that moment because I could feel jealousy bubbling up in me that was caused by my extreme inferiority complex.

Cindy’s talent and excellence were evident to everyone. Every muscle on her body was alluring. To be an instructor of this entire training ground was also proof of her abilities.

Goosebumps crawled all over my back in the sweltering summer heat, and I could feel panic welling up inside me.

Cindy clapped her hands. “Everyone, quiet!”

She turned around and looked at me, then lowered her voice. “Sorry. At their age, they only say what they see. Here we’ve never valued family status but only abilities. The more capable people are more respected. They will acknowledge you as long as you show absolute strength.”

I clenched my fist that was hidden under my sleeves. I didn’t know how to answer that.

My physical strength and endurance were excellent. Ellen often tortured me, so I wasn’t some delicate young lady. Otherwise, I wouldn’t have been able to survive those torments.

But I wasn’t familiar with anything here. I didn’t even know what these equipment were for. There’s nothing I could do to prove myself.

“So, can you show everyone what you can do?” Cindy said with a smile. I looked around, then gritted my teeth and asked, “What do you want me to demonstrate?” If it were running, that would be fine. I knew how to move my two legs, after all.

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But Cindy pointed at the row of obstacles and said, “400 meters weighted obstacle course. You up for it?”

I could barely control the expression on my face. I must look like an idiotic loser.

Cindy smirked. “Do you not know how to?”

I shivered and almost nodded.

“You could-”

“What are you guys doing?” I was about to ask Cindy to give me a demonstration so that I could have a reference and at least know how the obstacles worked...

But someone cut me off.

It was Enzo and Kyle. They walked over. “Alpha! You’re here!” Cindy sounded elated.

She took Enzo’s arm like it was natural and said, “We wanted Luna to give us a demonstration.

Enzo frowned as he withdrew his arm from Cindy then walked towards me with a smile.” What demonstration?” “400 meters weighted obstacle course,” I replied. Enzo’s lips curled up more. He leaned in closer to me and whispered into my ear, “Do you know how to?”

I shook my head disappointed. He straightened up and rubbed my head. “Don’t worry. Just leave it to me.”

He looked at those dumbfounded trainees and said, “I have some time. So I’ll fill in the place of Luna.”

He casually took off his black jacket, revealing the tight black t-shirt he wore underneath. Every muscle of his was pressed up tightly against the material and outlined it clearly.

“But Luna-”

Enzo interrupted her as Cindy was about to say something else, “Are you saying I can’t do it as good as your Luna?”