

## I Am His Luna by Fanny Brook Chapter 4

The pain in my wrist increased. I frowned and turned to Melissa to tell her about it, when I saw the glare that she couldn't hide in time directed at me.

Melissa suddenly pushed me behind her, stepping between Enzo and me when he tried to get closer to me.

Enzo furrowed his brows, looking a little displeased.

Michael smiled and introduced, "This is my-"

"My name is Melissa. I'm my father's only daughter. Hello, Alpha Enzo." Melissa interrupted Michael before he could finish speaking.

I stood behind Melissa, a little confused for a moment.

I saw Enzo blink, and he gave her an awkward yet polite smile.

He turned to Michael and asked, "And the lady behind this young lady is...?"

"She's-"

"She's my family's slave," Melissa interrupted once more.

I shot Melissa a shocking look. This person was my best friend?!

She never allowed me to call myself a slave, yet here she was, revealing my identity in full view of everyone present.

I saw the astonished looks and regretful sounds from the people around us. Even several people present were both friends of Melissa and mine. Their eyes are filled with shock and sympathy, even contempt and mockery.

After seeing the way they examined me, I could no longer lift my head.

The crystal crown on my head was heavy, and it made my neck sore. The gorgeous gown on me even became suffocating for a moment...

Enzo's voice came from above me after that, "Slave?"

Blood instantly rushed to my cheeks at that moment. A burning feeling pierced through my skin and right into the depths of my soul.

This was the first time in my life that I felt humiliated.

I wanted so badly to bury myself in a hole and not be standing here in front of so many people. Especially not in front of Alpha Enzo.

“Yes. But she’s also a good friend of mine, so I let her wear my dress to this welcome party. However…”

Melissa turned her head to me and smiled.

“My slave… No, my friend doesn’t seem to fit in either way.”

I shuddered, feeling like the gorgeous gown on me was the greatest irony.

Melissa continued, “I don’t blame you. It’s your first time at a party, after all. It’s difficult to adapt, so perhaps it’s better if you return to the kitchen.”

She seemed to be reassuring me on the surface, but in fact I knew that she was asking me to disappear instantly.

I looked at Melissa, wanting to find a hint of reluctance on her face, but I only saw a smile that was so different from the cheerful, beautiful smile that I remembered. I couldn’t say anything, and I didn’t know how to leave the scene without further embarrassing myself. So, I could only bow to the crowd, apologize, and then awkwardly fled the scene.

As if all misfortune chose to befall me that time, my heels broke suddenly, and I fell to the ground.

My arms were bruised from the fall, and dust stuck to my chin. Even the crown had fallen off my head, making me look like an absolute joke.

I heard shrieks and giggles coming from the crowd, and my mind went blank.

Again, I felt like burying myself in a hole to hide my body, my exposed weakness, and things that I could be bullied for.

My nose and eyes were sore.

I braced myself against the ground as I tried to get up to leave this place as soon as I could.

Suddenly, a shadow fell above me, blocking the hot and blazing sun temporarily.

I raised my head slightly and found Alpha Enzo bending over with a hand held out to me. There was concern in his eyes that he couldn’t hide.

“Are you hurt?”

His deep voice drifted into my ears along with the breeze. The sound rang through my beating heart, and it felt like fireworks had exploded in me.

The cold scent of wine wafted into my nose, becoming mellow and thick. It was sweet and tempting like sin.

I felt my blood boil rapidly, making me want to recklessly pounce on him in the next second to taste him.

In the end, I managed to rein myself in as logic won over. I clenched my fist tightly, suppressing the impulse that screamed at me.

I lowered my eyes, trying to hide my feelings, as I shook my head quickly to indicate I was okay.

His hand came closer to me, and I couldn't stop myself from wanting to touch his broad, firm palm.

However, the image of Melissa's jealous glare entered my mind, and I gave up those thoughts.

My fingernails dug into my palm as I clenched my fist harder before getting to my feet. Then, I lifted my skirt a little and ran towards the villa.

As I ran past Enzo, I felt my curls brush his opened palm.

He seemed to close his fist as though trying to hold something, but in the end, all that was left for him was air.

I didn't dare look behind me, nor did I dare to look at Enzo's face.

Escape was the only thought in my mind.

I returned to my room and changed out of the custom-made gown, putting on a t-shirt and jeans that I wore for my daily work.

I tied my curly hair back up into a ponytail, finally returning to my original appearance.

Only then did I snap out of my wretched state.

I put on my apron and went to the kitchen, which was already filled with several busy cooks.

After I went in, the confined space seemed to get smaller.

One of the cooks pushed me. "Shoo! Get out of the way!"

I fell on the kitchen counter, and the boiling oil that spilled out burned me.

I held back the pain and didn't make a sound, then went to the corner to start preparing today's dessert from the menu.

When I finally calmed down, my brain seemed to start working once more.

I couldn't understand why Melissa, who was supposed to be my best friend, would do that to me. I also couldn't forget Enzo's look when he had bent over me just now.

I recalled the smell from his body and felt a subtle change in my own.

Judging by the way things were going, I probably didn't need to take Melissa's place in this marriage anymore.

I put the mixed cake batter into the mold, then set it inside the oven. Then, I started to whip the light cream.

I was doing everything methodically until someone at the kitchen door called my name.

"Andrea."

I turned to meet Jesse's eyes.

He tilted his head and raised his eyebrows, studying me beneath his chin.

I glanced at him, then turned away and continued whipping the light cream.

"I'm talking to you! Can't you hear me, slave?!"

He was using my status to remind me that I should be showing him respect. After all, he was a civilian, a position several notches above me.

However, I didn't think I needed to. I didn't even bother lifting my head.

Suddenly, someone gripped my wrist. Then, he took the pot from the stove and dumped the entire content over my head.

Gasps came from around the kitchen, but the others soon returned to work.

No one came to help me nor spoke a word to defend me.

Cream smeared into my eyes, and I could only use my apron to wipe the cream off my face and hair.

I frowned at the girl who gave me a hard time. It was a girl with a high ponytail and a black bustier dress.

She was the daughter of one of the Pack's warriors. Her name was Molly, and she was once a good friend of mine and Melissa.

I briefly recalled the time I spent with Molly. As far as I could remember, I have never offended her, so I couldn't understand why she was giving me trouble.

But she immediately explained the reason for her actions by taking Jesse's arms and shooting a smug smile at me.

I initially wondered how Jesse, a commoner, could attend such a party. Now that I saw Molly with him, I understood.

As the boyfriend of a warrior's daughter, it was apparent he could stand proudly here.

But I had no interest in their affairs, and I just wanted to get my cake done.

I headed towards the kitchen exit, planning to change in my room before coming back to work.

However, Jesse blocked the doorway and wouldn't let me leave.

I raised my head to look at Jesse, and his shoulders shook.

Although I was a slave, in truth, I still had an Alpha's aura, which made me intimidating in front of civilians.

After a brief trance, Jesse regained his composure. He grinned mockingly at me and said, "Didn't you say you were marrying Alpha Enzo? Why aren't you with your fiancé at the party, hmm?"

He deliberately emphasized the word "fiancé."

Molly patted Jesse's arm and said sarcastically, "What are you talking about? How can a slave marry an Alpha? She must have been dreaming!"

"I always thought she was Alpha Michael's adopted daughter, but she's just a slave! What a liar!"

Molly shoved at me. "Why don't you speak? Didn't you used to think highly of yourself? Following Melissa around like a kiss-ass, acting like you were someone great!"

Then, Molly laughed. "Oh, I forgot that you're mute and can't speak!"

I calmly looked at them, thinking that they were childish.

Both of them were acting like kids who had gotten candy in kindergarten and showed off to the others.

I tried to pass them once more to leave, but Jesse suddenly grabbed my collar and dragged me out of the kitchen.

I suspected they wanted to drag me to an isolated corner and beat me up because I could feel Jesse's anger.

His grip on my collar was bruising, which revealed that he wanted to teach me a lesson to get his revenge.

I tried to loosen his grip on me and get away, but it was all in vain.

I knocked my knee into the corner of a table and let out a muffled shout.

The pain awakened my wolf. She urged me to fight back in my mind.

But I knew I couldn't do it. This was a party for two Packs, and I didn't want to draw any attention. I didn't want to ruin everything.

"What are you doing?"

A stern voice interrupted this scene.

The next thing I knew, a firm hand passed my chin and landed on the hand that gripped my collar. I heard a sharp crunch, and Jesse's hand was twisted at an incredible angle.

"Argh!" Jesse screamed.

Molly covered her mouth in shock.

"A-Alpha Enzo...!" Molly called out in a trembling voice.