

I Am His Luna by Fanny Brook Chapter 8

I Am His Luna by Fanny Brook Chapter 8 Enzo's POV

The hand on my thigh froze, as I saw Michael's daughter turn pale.

"Now, remove your hand. I'm sure you won't want everyone present to know that the honorable Miss Gilmore would do something like this under the table, right?"

Michael's daughter stiffened at my comment and turned away, as she withdrew her irritating hand from my thigh.

The nausea feeling finally faded from my chest, and I glanced toward all the waiters and waitresses once more.

Finally, when it was time for dessert, Andrea appeared before me. She had changed into a maid's clothes, a black dress with a white apron.

Even so, I thought she was a beauty that stood out differently among the rest. Andrea placed desserts on the table in order, and I once again caught a whiff of her peach scent, which caused my primitive lust in the first place.

I couldn't take my eyes off her. She was so alluring just standing there. I wished she would look at me like I did, but she kept her head down throughout the entire process, looking as though she would receive a severe scolding if she so much as raised her head.

In fact, I understood her situation. In a Pack, a slave cannot look at someone of a higher status.

I never thought it was a good system. I hoped that one day, slaves could live with human rights and get paid reasonably, instead of being someone's property, like my mate was right now.

"Andrea," Michael's daughter called out suddenly.

I had a bad feeling instantly.

Andrea walked to her side, and her own head was still bent low.

"Want to drink that wine," Michael's daughter said, pointing to the wine on the other side of the table.

Andrea nodded, then walked around the table to bring the bottle of wine over. Then, she bent down to pour a glass for Michael's daughter. Unexpectedly, Michael's daughter brought her hand up to touch the stem of the wine glass, then seemingly swept the glass off the table unintentionally. The glass crashed to the ground and shattered into pieces, as the wine spilled all over the floor. Michael's daughter, whose dress was now red from the wine, jerked up from her seat and shouted, "My dress!" Andrea was at a loss, and she bent over desperately to apologize, "Sorry. I'm sorry..." Michael's Luna reached out and smacked Andrea as she scolded, "You idiot! You can't even pour a drink properly!" I was shocked at the scene that unfolded in front of me. I couldn't believe that Andrea was subjected to this kind of treatment.

I wanted to get up and put Andrea behind me to protect her. The wolf in me also urged me to tear the woman who hurt my mate into pieces.

But before I could stand up, Michael's daughter suddenly pulled Andrea behind her and said, "Mom, she didn't do it on purpose. Don't be like that."

The Luna sat down once more and shot Andrea a glare.

Michael's daughter patted Andrea's arms, then blinked her large eyes at Andrea and asked, "Are you alright?"

Andrea nodded in panic.

"Then, clean up this place." Michael's daughter sat back down.

Andrea knelt on the floor, using her bare hands to pick up the shards of glass. I watched in deep worry; afraid that she would cut her hands on the glass shards.

Who would have thought that at this moment, Michael's daughter would suddenly raise her feet and bring it down harshly on Andrea's hand when the crowd was not looking.

Andrea's hand was smashed right into the glass shards instantly.

Andrea didn't utter a single sound, even in such pain. As for Michael's daughter, she suddenly turned her head and reached out a hand toward Andrea as she said, "Ah! I'm sorry! I didn't see your hand there...!"

How dare she touching my mate like that!

I couldn't stand it anymore. Who gave them the right to bully Andrea like that? Did they think I was invisible?

I pulled Andrea up and picked her up by the waist.

“If you touch her again, I’ll break your fingers,” I growled dangerously. Michael’s daughter froze, not daring to move a muscle. I saw the shocked look that everyone gave me, but I didn’t care at all. I carried Andrea out of that hellhole, then mind-linked my Beta, asking him to clean up the mess for me.

Andrea’s face was pale, and cold sweat was pouring down her forehead.

I asked her where her room was.

She raised her uninjured hand and pointed to the small utility room next to the kitchen. I couldn’t believe she had been living in a place like that, but I was even more shocked when I saw the furnishings inside it.

She didn’t even have a bed to sleep on! It was just an old, foam mattress.

These people! How could they treat her like this?!

I placed her down on the mattress and went about checking her injuries.

Luckily, her wolf seemed to have good capabilities and had already helped her heal the majority of Andrea’s wounds. She was already looking much better now.

“Have you been living like this all the while?” I pressed. Because of worry and heartache, my voice came out harsher than I intended.

She looked as though I frightened her, and she curled up without a word. She only dared to look at me with her sea-blue eyes.

I felt like a thousand needles had pierced my heart at how she looked at me.

“Don’t be scared. I won’t hurt you. You know that I’m your mate.”

I tried to comfort her, but she looked too sad, no matter what I did.

“Could you say something? Anything will do…”

I was now desperate to know what she had been through all these years while I had not been by her side.

I waited for a long time, but she never said a word.

A bad feeling surged up within me. From the time I met her today until now, I have not heard her say a complete sentence except for “yes” and “sorry.”

I suddenly realized that she might not be able to talk at all! However, I didn't dare mention this lest she was further aggravated. She already seemed resistant to me before this, after all.

I just wished for her not to be so sad so that she would calm down.

"It's alright. It's okay not to talk," I said as I tried to comfort her once more,

As she did during the day, she turned away from me, showing me her back as she faced the wall.

A few moments later, I heard her suppressing a whimper. It was obvious she didn't want me to find out that she was crying, as her voice was so faint, it was barely audible. "Andrea?" I whispered.

She ignored me.

I could only sit quietly on the edge of the mattress and wait for her to calm down.

In fact, as her mate, the only thing I wanted to do right now was to take her into my arms and rest her forehead on my chest. Even if she cried, her tears should only stain my skin and nothing else.

But I knew that was probably too reckless if I were to do so. She probably didn't like my touch too much, or she wouldn't have been so resistant at the start, knowing that I was her mate. After about ten minutes, the faint choking finally stopped. She turned around and looked at me with her stunning sea-blue eyes, as though asking why I hadn't left yet.

"I want to stay with you," I said truthfully.