

I Am His Luna by Fanny Brook Chapter 16

Kissing was perhaps very addictive. All my troubles and fears were behind me when I could feel nothing but the warmth of his lips pressed against mine.

I enjoyed the feeling of drowning in his gentle arms. It felt like a dream to me. There were no worries, no confusion, no one or matter that would hurt me. There was only me and my mate, our ordinary yet extraordinary lives.

But I forgot that there would always be a time to wake up in dreams. Enzo released me. He looked at me through lowered lashes, a deep look in his gaze.

“Come with me,” he said as he cupped my face.

Like when Adam was caught stealing the forbidden fruit, my sanity finally broke through the heavy barriers and returned to me under those enticing words.

I couldn't go with him. Melissa and her family would kill me before I could even leave Blue River Pack

I looked at him silently.

“You're not willing?” Enzo furrowed his brows as his gaze wandered to my face.

I shook my head.

He paused for a moment with a sad expression on his face.

A moment later, Enzo seemed to have thought of something. He pressed his hands on my shoulder and asked, “Are you shaking your head to say ‘no’, or ‘you're not willing’?”

“No” and “not willing” had completely different meanings. If it was a “no”, I was willing.

But I completely shattered his hope.

I gritted my teeth and dropped my head. Then, I forced myself to speak in a low, hoarse voice, “I'm... not w-willing.”

I desperately tried to hold back a choking sob. I didn't want him to find out that I was extremely upset about this.

“Why? Why aren't you willing? No one is going to stop us from being together. Michael has already promised to let you be with me.”

I pushed him away and stood up from the crooked tree. Looking down at Enzo, who was still half on his knees, I took a deep breath and said, "Because... I... d-don't like you."

"I'm your mate!" Enzo snapped as he stood up and squeezed my shoulders again. "Not I-important."

I lied. Whenever I lied, my face would turn red, but Enzo didn't know that. I pushed him away once more, then backed away with my head down. "I'm I-leaving."

I clenched my fist tightly, not daring to look at him. Then I turned around and ran away.

I knew the path back to the villa from here, so I didn't need to take Enzo's car nor bear the embarrassment and awkwardness of looking at each other silently the whole way back.

Naturally, I also didn't have to... Waste energy acting out my dislike for him.

I returned to the house and continued my work for the day. On this day, Enzo didn't return.

Late in the night, I lay on the mattress and forced myself to sleep. But for some reason, as soon as I closed my eyes, Enzo's face would always float into my mind. I started to miss the tone of his voice, the way he walked, and the warmth of his embrace. I also missed the scent of wine he had that always enticed me.

When I opened my eyes, I even imagined his face in front of me for an instant. I called out his name in my hoarse voice.

He smiled.

I rubbed my temples, trying to get Enzo out of my head. He didn't belong to me anymore, after all.

I had rejected him, but the union between the two Packs was still there. Enzo would soon agree to marry Melissa, and they would walk into their marriage chambers and spend the rest of their lives together.

After several more attempts, I still couldn't fall asleep.

Damn it. I had insomnia.

To make matters worse, there was a thunderstorm outside. The blinding lightning and explosive sound of thunder annoyed me. I got up and put on my clothes, wanting to pour myself a glass of water. But I never imagined that I would bump into Melissa after opening the door. The glare from the lightning pierced through the dim living room,

illuminating that gorgeous face with a shockingly gloomy lining. I staggered back in fear, as my trembling revealed my panic.

“You’re that afraid, huh?” Melissa took a step forward toward me and leaned on the doorframe. “I remember you used to treat me differently. You always liked to hold onto my arm. Why are you so frightened when you see me now?”

She straightened up and took another few steps toward me. She stretched her neck closer to my face, and her face became bigger as she approached me. Her beautiful-as-pearls eyes now seemed as if they would fall out from her sockets.

“Are you afraid I’ll kill you?” Melissa smiled as the moonlight shone through the window and onto the ground. The halo reflected from the ground below, lit up her white dress and the lower half of her face.

At that moment, I felt as though the girl who had accompanied me for 18 years, was a ghost crawling out of hell for my life.

“I...”

Terror surged up in me, and I could only utter a trembling word. Melissa looked me in the eye and gave me a soft smile. “So, you can talk after all. I thought all you could say were ‘yes’ and ‘sorry’”. She moved away from me and sat down barefoot on the mattress she had given me. She stared at her raised feet and tilted her head before saying, “Do you know why Mom won’t let you say anything other than ‘yes’ or ‘sorry’?” Melissa was still looking at me with her head tilted to the side, and the glare from the lightning outside gave her face an eerily blue tint when it flashed. “That’s because my favorite Barbie doll broke when I was younger. I cried for a long time, and Mom bought me another one. But not long after, it broke again. From then on, I knew that plastic products are all fragile. Or rather, all those toys were fragile and wouldn’t stay long with me. So...”

Melissa looked at me as her lips curled into a smile with her teeth flashing. “I wanted to raise a Barbie doll of my own. And you were my new Barbie doll.” She sighed and lamented, “But dolls can’t talk or move. You’re completely unlike any of my Barbie dolls.”

Then she pouted. “It’s definitely impossible for you not to move. So, to make you more like my dolls, I told Mom to keep you from talking.” Melissa covered her mouth and giggled. “Do you know why I keep buying you pretty dresses?” she asked me. She looked at me with turquoise eyes and continued, “Because it’s so much fun to give dolls new clothes. It’s a tremendous sense of accomplishment to see a Barbie doll i dressed up so prettily myself.” Goosebumps crawled up my spine. I trembled as I looked at this girl in front of me who had the face of an angel, but the heart of a demon. “But toys will be toys. She can never be the master, nor snatch something that belonged to her master. That is the least sense a toy should have!” Melissa stood up and slowly

approached me. Then, she pressed her palm against my neck and narrowed her eyes. "Where did you go with Enzo today? What did he do with you? You're such a naughty toy," Melissa said as she shook her head. At the same time, she slowly increased the force of her hands on my neck. "There's only one way to deal with naughty toys... which is to destroy them!" Thunderclap roared through the sky, and Melissa suddenly squeezed my neck violently!