

I Am His Luna by Fanny Brook Chapter 12

I could feel the Beta aura from him. He must be Enzo's Beta, Kyle Larsen.

"That's a pity," Kyle said as he sighed. "Enzo was just talking about how much he was looking forward to eating it. Me too."

I was stunned, and I looked over at Melissa.

Melissa's pretty eyebrows knitted together, but she smiled at me after a few seconds. "Better make those blueberry pancakes then. Since Alpha Enzo wants them, of course, we'll make sure he gets them." Then, she turned around, nodded at Kyle, then left the kitchen. Kyle inclined his head and greeted her. After Melissa left, he winked at me before mouthing, "No need to thank me."

I gave him a grateful smile, then let out a relieved sigh before going back to my work. During breakfast, Enzo had changed into a casual outfit that was surprisingly similar to what Melissa was wearing. One could mistake them for being a couple's outfit, even. I've never been a sensitive person, but right now, the air was getting thin as I looked at them. I set up breakfast and waited for them to take seat.

Usually, I would wait until Alpha and the rest were seated before sitting down, but I knew today I could only stand and stay at the side, as Melissa would definitely not allow me to join the table.

Enzo glanced at me, then suddenly tapped Kyle on the shoulder and raised an eyebrow.

Kyle tightened his hand on his utensils, then flashed out a forced smile. Then he got up and walked over to me, pointing at the seat next to Alpha Enzo and said, "you can sit over there."

I waved my hand in shock and surprise.

"Go ahead. Otherwise, Enzo will cut all my precious hair off."

What did he mean by that? I had a confused look as Kyle pushed me towards Enzo, who took my hand and sat me directly on the chair. I was about to get up, because I saw Melissa's sharp, deadly gaze on me. Enzo pressed down on my shoulder and leaned close to me, as he whispered, "If you don't sit here, I wouldn't mind you sitting on my lap instead." I was speechless.

I dutifully sat in the seat that Kyle had pulled out for me.

“Eat up. I’ll try your food too,” Enzo smiled. Ellen finally couldn’t endure it anymore. She put down her silvers and said to Enzo, “Alpha Enzo, you’ve mistaken your union partner. My daughter, Melissa, is your fiancée.”

“I never

:

Enzo was helping me cut the blueberry pancakes. Without looking up, he said, “I never acknowledged her as my fiancée.”

“What does that mean? Are you backing out from this union?!”

Enzo put down the utensils after he was done with the pancakes. Then, he turned to Ellen and gave her a calm smile. To Alpha Michael, he said solemnly, “Of course we’re going through with this union. But the one I want to go through with is... Andrea.”

“She’s just a slave! Melissa is our daughter!” Ellen screamed and stood up.

Enzo didn’t spare a glance at Ellen. His eyes were on Michael, waiting for his response.

My palms glistened with sweat. I never imagined there would be someone so determined to choose me.

Melissa cried. Big, fat tears rolled down her face. Alpha Michael met Enzo’s eyes with a cold face.

After a long silence, Michael finally said, “Andrea is not my daughter. She’s not qualified to marry you in Melissa’s stead.”

That’s right. I was just a slave. I knew since the beginning that this was impossible.

“You can’t say she’s not qualified. I can feel the Alpha aura in Andrea. She must have Alpha bloodline, despite not being your daughter.” Michael stiffened, “Indeed. She’s my sister’s daughter, but-“. “But you actually let your niece become your slave. What you did really surprised the hell out of me.”

“Because she was born cursed! She killed her mother!” Ellen screamed.

Every time Ellen said those words, it felt like a million knives drove into my heart.

I’d never seen my mother’s face before. I didn’t even know what she looked like, and the life she fought to give me seemed like an unforgivable sin to the eyes of others.

Enzo finally turned his head to look at Ellen.

'Don't you think you're being ridiculous? You speak of hard labor as curse... You make me feel like I've gone back hundreds of years. Perhaps those primitive people back then can agree with

lou."

Enzo put down his cutlery and said in an indifferent tone, "But, I beg to differ."

He saw how Ellen was speechless at Enzo's words, and her face was burning red.

But—" Ellen was silent for a few moments, but then she argued again.

However, Enzo suddenly leaned back, pinched his brow's middle, and said, "There's no "but".

He straightened up again, "Unfortunately, you're weaker than me. What I mean to say is that I'm here to inform you of my decision, not to discuss it." Enzo knew that Enzo was threatening them. Our pack simply could not defeat the Cold Moon Pack when it came down to it, and that's exactly why Alpha Michael was in a hurry to agree when

the Cold Moon Pack suggested a union between them.

There was no need for our pack to fear an attack from the Silver Mountain Pack as long as we had the Cold Moon Pack's protection and the joint forces of both packs.

"Alpha Michael, your Luna may not have thought this through, but what do you think?"

Enzo gave Michael a bland smile, as if he was giving Michael a choice. But in fact, things have already got to this point, and everyone knows the answer.

"Of course, the union will continue. Andrea will be your new Luna," Michael said hoarsely. The smile on his face was shaky, and he looked close to breaking down.

"Michael!" Ellen's piercing scream rang out. "Shut up. Sit down and eat," Michael warned Ellen. Enzo turned to me and said, "How about it? I did what I said, and instantly too. Isn't your husband great?"

I watched him gloating and even a little smugly, but I couldn't feel the same as he did.

Because underneath the table where no one could see, Melissa stepped on my feet, crushing it down hard.

At the same time, she also mind-linked me. 'Andrea, give up on him. Don't betray me. Otherwise... I'll kill you myself!'