

Awakening Luna: Darkness Holding the Light by Majie

Chapter 14

ADELIA

His warm and rough palm enveloped my small hand, and my heart skipped a beat. "Let's eat some breakfast?" Lewis asked with an affectionate tone before he gently pulled me towards the table. I obediently followed him. But deep inside, my mind was filled with a single thought that keeps on repeating in my brain. 'He... is holding my hand... 'He is gently holding my hand... we look like a real couple...!

'Goddess...

'No. I need to calm down. Lewis is only casually holding my hand before I stood there like an idiot and won't come to the table,' I thought. 'He's not holding it like a lover. See? This is just a normal gesture. I shouldn't be ahead of myself,' I convinced myself. Although Lewis already marked me, it was clear to me that we only had a contractual relationship. He would protect me and help me achieve my goal while I would be giving him the information about my visions. I was not his real mate... and I should not even start thinking that he would be treating me like it. 'Right. I should stop thinking unnecessary things and focus on my goal,' I took a deep breath and calmed myself. Like the rest of the pack house, the garden was huge, and it took us a couple of seconds before we arrived at the table in the center of the garden. Lewis, however, did not let go of my hand. Instead, he was holding it even more firmly. 'Did he not want me to sit yet?' I turned to look at him in confusion.

Lewis met my stare and in just a few seconds, I felt like I was about to be lost in his deep, dark eyes. Slowly, the tip of Lewis' lips slightly tilted up, bringing my attention away from his eyes to his lips. The curve of his lips was beautiful... and its color... It was very enticing. For some reason, my heart started beating even faster and I was starting to feel flustered. "Ye-yeah?" I stuttered. "Hmmn. I just wanted to see your face in the daylight," Lewis replied. "You are as beautiful and alluring in the day, as you are during the night," he added before lifting my hand on his lips. Then, I felt his soft lips on my knuckles. My eyes widened as I subconsciously tried to take my hand away. However, Lewis firmly held it as he pressed a long kiss on my knuckles.

My face, neck, and arms flushed. "I want to see more of you. Both during the day and of course... during nighttime," Lewis murmured while his lips were still pressed on me. My mind blanked for a few seconds... until his words and action sank in my brain and I felt like I was about to explode. With my other free hand, I covered my face that was as red as a tomato.

'Why does he have to say it like that... 'It sounded so... suggestive...' I thought as I felt I was about to go crazy. Lewis innocently blinked before he kindly helped the blushing me sit on my chair. As I sat, I noticed the other wolves who were standing at the corner

of the garden were gawking at us. Their eyes and mouths were wide open as if they just saw something unbelievable. I closed my eyes and pretended that I had not noticed them. 'Did they hear that?' I thought to myself. 'Of course, they did... they are werewolves, after all!' I sat quietly, feeling that my embarrassment just doubled after finding out that we had an audience. Suddenly, I heard Lewis' deep chuckle, effectively making me open my eyes and look at him. Lewis was intently staring at me. The corners of his lips were tilted up while his eyes were looking at with amusement.

I wanted to say something to bring myself out of the awkward situation. Unfortunately, I did not know what to say. More than that, Lewis seemed to have been enjoying himself just sitting there and giving me intense stares that he most probably knew kept me flustered. Suddenly, Lewis' stare flickered, and his amused eyes got serious. The small smile on his lips turned into a smirk.

The change in his expression was subtle, but it was clear that his amusement turned into slight annoyance. I could not help but feel slightly nervous.

"Good. Let him in," I heard Lewis say in a cold voice. His eyes were still focused on me, but I knew that he was talking to another. I furrowed my brows. 'Let who in?' I was curious as to who Lewis was referring to. My question was answered just a few moments later when a tall man barged into the garden. He had the same ash blonde hair, and the same set of blue eyes that I had. He was someone who I had not seen for a long time.

Suddenly, my eyes felt a little warmer as I looked at the enraged figure that was approaching us before I softly called him, "Big brother."