

I Am His Luna by Fanny Brook Chapter 5

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Enzo raised his brow as he shook off Jesse's already crippled hand and snorted, "What, are you guys slaves in this house too?"

"What?!" Molly exclaimed.

I could sense that she hadn't said that out of anger, just shocked and confused, as though she didn't understand Enzo's words.

After all, Enzo was a murderous, bloodthirsty devil in the rumor.

Enzo pulled a napkin from the side table and carefully wiped his hand that had touched Jesse's hand. Then, he sneered, "If you're not slaves, what are you doing here?"

Jesse raised his chin and said, "This slave provoked us first. We were just-"

"I'm sorry, Alpha Enzo. This was our fault," Molly said and covered Jesse's mouth just in time.

She was shaking so badly, as though she was terrified of Enzo.

"Since it's your fault, apologize." Enzo's voice was soft, but it was intimidating.

Molly stiffened.

After a few seconds, she gave me a forced smile, blinked her reddened eyes, and said, "I'm sorry, Andrea. Forgive my rudeness."

Then, she tugged on the hem of Jesse's shirt, signaling him to hurry up and apologize.

Jesse was still glaring at me, and there was evident reluctance in his eyes.

But after he looked at Enzo's cold gaze, he gave in.

"Sorry."

I was a little confused at this point.

I never imagined that these people who were just humiliating me a few moments ago would now be bowing their heads to me. It was such a surreal feeling, and I thought I was dreaming.

Enzo lowered his head slightly, looked into my eyes as though he asked for my opinion, and said, "Do you forgive them?"

He still had a smile on his face. But compared to the fake smiles on Molly and Jesse's face, I could feel that Enzo's smile reached his eyes.

My mind went blank at his smile, and I could only nod along quickly.

He straightened up and gave the two a icy look. "Get lost, then."

After Molly and Jessy fled the living room, Enzo turned to me once more.

He flashed me the gentle smile I had seen earlier. His mood changed so fast that I could hardly keep up.

The rumored bloodthirsty maniac approached me and said with a lowered voice, "Why did you run away so quickly just now? Were you afraid I'd bite you?"

He was leaning too close.

I felt a rush of heat running up my neck and cheeks, and it felt like my heart had jumped right up into my throat.

Enzo raised his eyebrows at me and smiled again. "Don't worry. I won't bite... Even if you do look like a sweet piece of cake right now."

I suddenly recalled that I was covered in sweet cream right now and that I must look hideous.

I jumped back in surprise, covering my head with both hands.

Enzo was stunned for a moment. Then, a smile spread on his lips, and he said playfully, "Are you hiding your wolf ears, Miss Cake?"

I was sure he was flirting and not taunting me, but I was still nervous as hell and instinctively tried to run for my room.

"Why are you running? Again?" Enzo grabbed me by the collar and brought me in front of him.

I could clearly smell the seductive scent of alcohol coming from him once more at a close distance.

My legs went weak and limp, as though I had been thrown into a wine jar to ferment.

This time, I was sure of his identity. He was my mate!

Andy was excited. Finding one's mate was an incredibly joyous occasion, after all.

But I was aware that I was just a slave, and I wouldn't be good enough for Enzo. Plus, I couldn't steal him from Melissa.

Enzo tilted his head sideways a little, his breath spraying over the skin at the side of my neck. Goosebumps crawled over the area he had breathed on.

"You're not allowed to run away anymore, you hear me?" He whispered in my ear.

He didn't sound angry or aggressive, even gentle to be accurate.

I could only stand still and nod.

Oh my gosh, I must look silly right now.

He let go of my collar and chuckled.

I turned slightly, giving him a frown. As expected, he stopped laughing.

Enzo cleared his throat, then said, "So, your name is Andrea?"

"Yes," I replied.

"You're really a... slave here?"

"Yes."

He looked at me somewhat in disbelief. "But I can clearly feel the Alpha aura from you."

"Yes."

"You... Can you not just say "yes"?"

"...Sorry."

Apart from saying "yes", the only other thing I knew how to say was "sorry". Since he didn't let me say the former, I could only say the latter.

"Why are you apologizing?"

"..."

He didn't push me further when I didn't answer him. Instead, he suddenly leaned in closer to my ear and sniffed.

I saw his throat swallowed a little, and my heart skipped a beat along with him.

"You..."

His voice was low and husky, like music to my ears.

"You smell wonderful," Enzo said.