

I Am His Luna by Fanny Brook Chapter 14

It wasn't until I got into the car that I suddenly realize what's going on and struggled to get out.

I hadn't forgotten Melissa's warning. She would definitely kill me! I sat up from the passenger seat and was about to open the door.

"Okay, stop it," Enzo stroked my hair.

I turned to glare at him, then tried to open the door once more. "Andrea." Enzo suddenly leaned over and pressed his body over mine. I held my breath instantly. I didn't even dare to exhale.

He looked at me, his eyes tracing over my eyebrows, skimming over my nose and mouth, and continued downward...

It felt like he was undressing me with his eyes!

"Don't try to run away from them again," Enzo said in a low, hoarse voice. "Otherwise, I'll make sure you turn into mine completely."

I didn't dare to move anymore. He smiled lightly and buckled my seat belt for me, then got up to drive the car.

He was gentle and sometimes even childish, but those things didn't change the fact that he's still an Alpha. More often than not, he was domineering and straightforward.

As long as it was something he wanted, it's hard for me to resist.

Shortly after the car started, I opened the car window. Enzo glanced at me, "Is it too hot?"

No, that wasn't what I thought.

In fact, the car was much cooler than outside, with the AC on,

The space in the car was just too confined, which somehow amplified the sharp smell of wine that Enzo emanated.

I was afraid that I would go into heat if I immersed myself too long in his scent because the proposition in his scent was unmistakable and obvious. I felt that he was doing it on purpose, but I had no proof. "Where... go?" I asked him whispering. He laughed.

I looked at him, not understanding why.

"I'm happy," Enzo suddenly said.

I frowned.

"That's the fifth time you talked to me, so I'm happy that you're willing to say something other than "yes" or "sorry" to me."

He reached out with his hand to grasp my palm and continued, "At least this means that I'm different than others to you."

Sometimes, I really doubt those rumors about how bloodthirsty Alpha Enzo was. He was so gentle and considerate to me, and he was just so... likable.

But I know that no matter how much I liked him, some things simply didn't belong to me, and no amount of insisting would change the outcome. I pulled my hand out from his grasp and looked out the window again. There was a short silence in the car after that. Just when I thought Enzo would ignore me, he suddenly answered my question, "We're going to the place we first met."

I was stunned. Wasn't the place we first met at Alpha Michael's courtyard?

Maybe because I didn't ride in cars often, I got carsick and fell asleep without realizing it.

I didn't wake up until Enzo called me.

"Andrea, we're here."

I opened my sleepy eyes and looked around. There was a vast expanse of green as far as my eye could reach. The scenery here was breathtaking, and the air was crisp and fresh. For some reason, the place somehow felt familiar to me. The feeling only intensified after Enzo led me to a crooked willow tree.

I remember this place now!

This was the place where I first smelled the insatiable scent!

Now that I thought about it, I realized that the scent was the same one I could smell from Enzo.

I looked at Enzo in shock, and a subtle feeling of how this was all fated surged up in my heart. The fact he was my mate was enough to explain the destiny between us, but I still couldn't help but rejoice at the unexpected encounter between us. "You see, it was fate

that brought you to me. This was the place where I first smelled your scent," Enzo said as he stepped over the exposed roots as he pulled off a bunch of willow branches.

"I went crazy that night, trying to find you. Even though I failed in the end, but God was still watching over me, and sent you back to my side." I watched as he bent down to arrange the willow branches into a circle, then plucked a few wildflowers to stick them into the branches to make a little wreath.

He placed the wreath on my head, then looked me in the eye and complimented.
"Beautiful"

Indeed. I thought that the wreath he made was a thousand times more beautiful than the crystal crown that Melissa made me wear the other day. The sunlight reflected in his eyes, like a stone thrown into a calm lake, creating ripple after ripple. It looked like a glittering halo. I simply couldn't take my eyes off his face. We gazed at each other for a long time, so long to the point that my eyes became sore. "You..." We both spoke at the same time. The atmosphere turned awkward. Enzo cleared his throat and said with a smile, "Why don't you go first?" I sat on one of the exposed roots of the crooked willow tree. Looking out in the distance, "Thank you."

He inclined his head slightly and then walked over to lean against the tree. The breeze blew by, and the scattered hair on his forehead fluttered in the wind. The scene seemed to soften his entire appearance

"Why are you thanking me?" Enzo asked. I pointed at the wreath on my head, "This. I like."

He crossed his arm across his chest and met my eyes before asking, "So, how are you going to thank me?" "I. Very poor," I replied as I lowered my head, not daring to look him in the eyes. I heard a soft chuckle above me, and then a shadow fell over me. Enzo had come to stand in

front of me.

He bent down slightly to meet my eye level, "You're not poor." My eyes widened at his words. "You have a treasure that I don't have." "What?"