

I Am His Luna by Fanny Brook Chapter 66

I instinctively took a step back, but my heels got stuck in the floor's cracks.

I fell to the ground with a cry and a sharp pain shot through my ankle while Mary's jaws loomed closer to my face.

At the last critical moment, Enzo grabbed the back of Mary's neck and yanked her away.

The she-wolf slammed into the wall and coughed up a mouthful of blood.

Cindy crawled over in a panic. "Mom! Mom!"

Her face was full of tears. She used her hands to try to stem the blood flow. But blood continued to rush out without any signs of stopping.

Cindy screamed, "Doctor! Alpha, please help her! Please!"

Enzo picked me up with slightly furrowed brows. He looked at the guards and said, "Take her down and lock her up." He paused, then continued, "Have the doctor over to take a look." Then, Enzo carried me back to the bedroom and laid me on the bed.

He knelt and took off my heels for me, frowning again after seeing my swollen ankle. "Wait here," he said, then opened the door and left.

I watched him leave with mixed emotions.

In my eyes, Enzo had always been more of a clingy person than an Alpha.

But today, I saw why there were rumors about him going around outside and how they were not groundless at all.

Even though Enzo was not a bloodthirsty maniac, he had the ruthlessness and hard heartedness of a rightful king. He did things swiftly, decisively, and without dragging his feet, even in the face of people he once trusted deeply. After a while, Enzo returned with some ice in his hand.

He placed them in a towel and sat on the ground, putting my feet on his lap and pressing the

cold towel to my ankle.

There was a long stretch of silence in the air. "Does it still hurt?" Enzo suddenly asked me. The exhaustion was apparent in his voice.

I shook my head, reaching down to touch his face gently. "Not anymore."

His voice was a little hoarse when he spoke, "Do you think I'm heartless?" My hands that were caressing his face paused, landing between his eyebrows, and I returned the question to him, "Do you think you're a heartless person?"

Enzo's lips parted, but no words came forth.

A few seconds later, just as I thought he wouldn't answer, he spoke flatly, "I used to be soft hearted, but then I was betrayed entirely. I won't make the same foolish mistakes, Andrea."

I was shocked.

Come to think of it... I had never asked about Enzo's past. My shallow understanding of him was only based on rumors and hearsay. What did he mean by betrayed entirely?

Enzo placed the towel on the bedside table and carefully placed my feet on the bed.

After doing so, he sat on the edge of the bed and exhaled heavily. He lowered his head, leaned forward, and rested his chin on intertwined hands as he placed his elbows on his thighs.

I couldn't see his expression very well and could only wait patiently for the story he was about to tell me.

A few moments later, he spoke. "All along, they said I've never lost a battle. But.. That's not true. I did lose once, and it was a terrible loss."

"I even..." his voice grew hoarser, and he clenched his hands tighter. "...Lost my parents' lives.

I stiffened and felt my heart twist in pain at the anguish in his voice. There were no words I could find to comfort him. I moved to his side, wrapping my arms around him and resting my head on his shoulder, hoping to comfort him with my actions.

"When I was thirteen, I once saved a girl two years younger than me. I always treated her like a sister, and my parents adopted her. We lived together for two years." Enzo spoke in a low, muffled voice. "But two years later, she defected to the enemy's side in a war. My parents wanted to execute her, but I refused to believe it. So, I secretly let her go, and then..."

Enzo tensed up, a vein popping out at the corner of his forehead, and said with a slight tremble to his voice, "...She poisoned my parents food and caused their tragic deaths."

I didn't know if it was because of the mate link between us or something else, but I could actually feel Enzo's immense pain and remorse.

There was nothing I could do but gently pat his back in an attempt to soothe him.

However, Enzo turned, took my hand in his, and gave me a faint smile. "I'm fine. It's already in the past." It's in the past? How could such hatred be forgotten so easily?

I could see that he was simply saying those words to cover up the despair inside.

But I couldn't expose him like that. He was a powerful Alpha, so he had his pride and dignity.

"Get some rest, baby."

Enzo dropped a kiss on my forehead and got up to leave.

I grabbed his hand before he could leave. "Where are you going?"

His eyes dimmed at my question. After a few seconds, he sighed. "Get some rest. I'm... going to see Mary."

"So, Enzo," I said, tilting my head to the side and smiling at him. "You're not heartless at all. You're still kind and gracious." Enzo was silent, so I continued. "Let me go with you."

"But your leg..." "It doesn't hurt anymore," I said, shrugging.

When we went down to the basement, Mary was the only person in the room. She had changed into clean clothes and was sitting on the edge of the bed, staring blankly at a random spot with dull eyes. There were bandages wrapped around her head, and blood was still seeping from underneath it.

Her head jerked up when she heard us, and her eyes went to Enzo first before landing on me.

The next thing I knew, fury filled her dull eyes, and her face twisted into an ugly expression.

She growled hysterically at us, her pale face flushed red.

She stumbled out of bed, standing barefooted across Enzo and me before pointing and shrieking, "You! You're the one who stole my daughter's place as Luna! Give it back to her! Give it back! She's not a Rogue's mate! She's not! She's Luna!!!"

Mary shook her head, more blood seeping through the bandages at her actions. She took a few steps forward and held Enzo's arm before saying, "You've got the wrong mate, don't you see? Cindy... Cindy is your rightful mate! She's your rightful Luna! Give the Moon Goddess' Heart to her! Give it back to her!"

Enzo frowned. He tensed up and shoved Mary away angrily.

"Calm down," he said, the rage evident in his eyes. I took Enzo's hand, trying to keep him calm. It was obvious that Mary had gone crazy. Mary picked herself up from the ground and started cackling like a maniac after giving Enzo a hard look.

She hollered at the top of her lungs, "You're all crazy! You can't even recognize your own mate! All of you crazy people deserve to burn in hell!"

"I curse you all! All of you will have tragic deaths!"

"I will make all of you sinners! Sinners!"

As she finished speaking, she suddenly slammed herself into the wall.

Bang!

Mary slid down the wall, with blood gushing from her forehead. She was still muttering with the last breath, "It was you guys... Who killed...me... Cindy... avenge..." 1

Mary's eyes slid close the next second, her head lifelessly rolling to the side. At the same time, the door to the room opened, and Cindy entered, holding a glass of water in hand with a pale face.

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I Am His Luna by Fanny Brook Chapter 67 "Mom!"

A heart-wrenching cry snapped me out of my shock. The glass fell from Cindy's hand to the ground and shattered as she stumbled towards Mary. She reached out and placed a trembling finger under Mary's nose before jerking back and covering her mouth.

A whimper escaped her lips, and she wailed.

Everything happened so quickly, and no one had expected it to turn out this way.

I swallowed the bitterness in my mouth and walked over to Cindy, wanting to comfort her.

But just as I placed my hand on her shoulder, she suddenly shoved me to the ground. "It's all your fault!" Cindy screamed at me. "It's all your fault! Why do you have to force her to death? She was already unstable... Why?!"

Enzo pulled me behind him and responded, "She ran towards the wall herself. I trust that you haven't lost your judgement. I'll give you some time to think things through. If you insist on finding someone to vent your anger... "I'll be there. But remember, Andrea has nothing to do with all these. If you do anything to her, I won't show you any mercy."

Enzo grabbed my hand and took me away. When we stepped outside the door, he took a deep breath and said to the guard, "Make sure to give her a proper burial."

Because of this incident, I couldn't sleep well that night. Nightmares kept coming at me. In those dreams, Cindy turned into a wolf and attacked me, tearing apart my skin.

At dawn, I jerked up from my sleep and find cold sweat soaking through my clothes.

My breathing was ragged, and I forced myself to calm down. Turning to the side to seek comfort from Enzo's warm embrace, I noticed that he wasn't in bed.

He stayed out all night? What was he doing?

I walked out of the bedroom barefooted to search for

The faint scent of wine in the air guided my way, and I followed the smell, passing through the corridor to the corner of the stairs.

When I reached the bottom of the stairs, I saw Enzo.

He was standing on the balcony, the cold breeze ruffling his hair slightly. His eyes narrowed, and his eyelids were lowered, with a bleak expression on his face.

He was holding a cigarette between his index and middle finger. The white smoke rose up to the air.

I walked over to him and saw cigarette butts all over the place.

Apparently, Enzo was in a bad mood.

I could guess why he was in such a mood. Whether it was about Mary's death or thoughts of his deceased parents... Both were heavy blows to him at this moment.

When he heard my footsteps, Enzo turned around. He leaned against the railing and casually put out the cigarette before saying softly, "Why are you up?" "I couldn't sleep without you," I replied.

His frown smoothed out, and he finally smiled a little as he opened his arms.

Moving closer to him, he wrapped his arms around me as I leaned in. It was a little chilly in the morning, but his body was warm.

I immersed myself in the familiar scent of wine, letting it chase away the lingering fear from the nightmares I had woken up from. I couldn't help but tighten my arms around his waist.

His waist was tight but sturdy, and I felt the ultimate sense of security just being in his arms. I caressed his strained back as I hugged him, hoping that I could comfort him the way he comforted me.

Feeling his tense muscles gradually relax, I gently rubbed my head against his cheek, looking for closer contact.

Enzo bent down slightly to hold me when I pressed my hands on his shoulder and tiptoed to kiss his lips.

He relaxed completely, burying his face in the hollow of my neck. He circled his arms around me once more, tightening his hold on me. "You smell really good, Andrea." His chin rubbing against my neck itched, and I said, "You should shave."

Enzo laughed, then purposely rubbed my face with his stubble.

"Okay, enough! Stop it, Enzo!" I turned away, bringing my hands up against his chin to stop him from doing that again. Enzo stared into my eyes without blinking. Under the moonlight, he slowly lowered his head and kissed me.

The taste of tobacco entered my mouth, but it still couldn't overtake the overwhelming scent of wine from Enzo. He intoxicated me.

I was drowning in that feeling. My limbs were growing weak. He could always get me drunk this easily. As we indulged in this moment of peace, I was unaware that in the darkness, a pair of hatred filled-eyes were glaring at us from the corner. If I had noticed it at that time, perhaps many of the tragic could have been avoided.

Of course, that would come later.

After dawn, Enzo left the villa. I pondered for a while and decided that I should talk to Cindy. I wasn't sure what exactly was going through her mind. After all, Mary was her mother. Judging from how she treated me last night, it seems that our relationship had returned to how it was when we first met.

However, I didn't blame her due to the circumstances.

So, I was willing to clear things up as much as possible.

I didn't want our relationship to hit another bump again since she was not only my friend but also Enzo's trusted soldier.

We needed to be at peace with each other and not at odds, as that would only make things

difficult for everyone. After washing up, I changed my clothes, headed to Cindy's room, and knocked on the door.

The door remained closed.

I tried calling her name, but there was still no response.

I sighed when suddenly, a haggard voice came from behind me. "Are you looking for me?"

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I turned around to find Cindy dressed all in black.

"A-Are you okay?" I asked hesitantly.

"What do you think?"

Cindy opened her room door, then turned to look at me.

"Do you want to come in?"

I nodded, then followed her into her bedroom.

Her room very much reflected her personality. Except for some fitness equipment, everything else was black, white, or gray and looked cold.

It didn't look like a girl's room at all. "What are you looking at?" Cindy asked.

"...Nothing."

Cindy smiled lightly. "I know what you're thinking. You think my place looks cold, don't you?"

"I grew up in such an environment. From the time I could barely remember things, my mother forced me to learn all kinds of fighting skills. She demanded that I become the best female fighter in the Pack. Only by doing so will Alpha treat me differently."

Cindy opened the window, letting the early morning breeze and humidity settle into the room.

She didn't look at me as she continued speaking, "When she was young, she always wanted to marry Enzo's father. Unfortunately, the old Alpha didn't like her. So, she placed all her hopes on me instead.

"In fact, she didn't even like the old Alpha. She simply thought she could become the noblest woman in the Pack by becoming Luna. She seemed obsessed with the idea of being the noblest woman, so she wanted the same for me."

Cindy sighed and continued wearily, "That's how she gradually lost her mind over time.

"I still remember when I was young... If I didn't finish the tasks she assigned me, she would hang me upside down on that tree and whipped me with a leather whip," Cindy said, pointing to a tree in the distance.

"The feeling of my skin splitting open and being suffocated was something I still remember to this day."

"What about you?" I asked. "Did you want to be the person your mother wanted you to be?"

Cindy turned to me, meeting my eyes before saying, "At one point, yes. I lived my entire childhood trying to fulfill her expectations. Till one day I finally realized, title and status weren't important at all. The most important thing is to find someone who is willing to treat

you like the moon. And I met this person later on." "It's Cutter, isn't it?"

"Yes. If it weren't for him, I'm afraid I would still be fighting you for Luna. I might even have ended up losing myself in the process." She smiled, the breeze ruffling her hair, making her look softer than usual. "So, Andrea..." Cindy said before pausing. "I don't blame you or Alpha for my mother's death. Her ambitious killed her. She probably deserved that."

"Cindy..." I started.

"Actually, I heard your conversation inside the room. I knew it was her madness that drove her to her death. It had nothing to do with the both of you."

"Even so... I'm very sorry." "It's fine. I've given her a proper burial. Alpha was right. I haven't lost my judgement. I know what is right and what is wrong, and what deserves to be punished." She wiped the tears in her eyes while talking. "So, I will remain loyal to Alpha and you." I hugged Cindy and patted her on the shoulder. After having that heart-

to-heart talk with Cindy, I felt much better. After a while, I left the room. Cindy needed more alone time, so I gave her some room.

No matter what, she had just lost her mother. It would take time for her to heal the wounds in her heart.

A week passed in the blink of an eye, and everything seemed to be back on track. Cindy had returned to training camp while I learned all kinds of fighting skills and exercises to improve my physical fitness with Lilla. Kyle's mate, Sheri, had also joined us.

However, Sheri seemed sullen these days.

Lilla wiped the sweat off her face with a towel and sat beside Sheri. "What's on your mind?"

Sheri propped her chin on her hand, looking hesitant to share her thoughts. She licked her lips and then asked Lilla, "Have you ever been in love?" Lilla froze, her face turning red suddenly as she replied in a panicked tone, "N-no! I-I haven't! "Y-you should... You should ask her! She's always tougher with Alpha all day!" Lilla said, dragging me to Sheri. I blinked, confused. "What are you panicking about?"

"Panic? What panic...! I-I'm not! It's all your imagination!" Lilla said.

I shrugged and didn't expose her lies. Instead, I turned to Sheri and asked, "Are you having problems with Kyle?"

Sheri pouted and shook her head.

"That's not it either... He agrees to everything I ask him, but...!" She trailed off angrily. "...He doesn't want to sleep with me!"

Lilla and I were utterly speechless. "And that's not all. He won't even kiss me! Every time I hint at it, he'd find all kinds of excuses to get away!"

The more Sheri talked, the angrier she got. "One time, he even said he was allergic to lipstick! That's ridiculous!"

Sheri gritted her teeth, and her eyes were red with anger. She turned to me and asked, "Are you and Alpha the same?!" Enzo clung to me every day. I couldn't even shake him off even if I wanted to. I glanced at Sheri without saying anything. Sheri looked as though she had already expected my response. Then, she suddenly stood up from her chair, a look of realization on her face. "Hell no...but maybe he can't get turned on!" 1

Her voice was awfully loud. Half the people on the training grounds turned to look at her at that moment. Including Enzo and... Kyle, who was walking toward us right now.

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Kyle's POV "Maybe Kyle can't get turned on?!"

Kyle can't get turned on?!

'Me? I can't be turned on?!?!'

I couldn't believe my ears. What the hell was Sheri talking about?

Enzo raised his eyebrows at me with a look of disbelief. He frowned after a moment and asked, "You... can't?"

"You believe that?!" I shot back, completely embarrassed.

As if that wasn't the worst, half of the pack in the training grounds gave me weird and sympathetic looks!

I quickly walked up to Sheri and rubbed my temples exasperatedly.

"What the hell are you saying? Oh my gosh..."

Sheri blinked at me, then stuck out her tongue and said, "Was I wrong?"

"Of course!" I retorted without much thought.

Sheri raised her brows. "Really?"

"Yes!" I denied once more. "Fine!" Sheri said, walking closer to me. "I'll cut you a slack then! Kiss me. Now."

The light scent of gardenia wafted into my nose. The unique scent that Sheri exuded called to me.

I didn't like her, but that didn't mean her scent didn't have any effect on me. She was my mate, and everything she did still arose my desires.

And everyone was staring right now. If I did not kiss her, it would further prove that I couldn't get turned on!

The whole thing was ridiculous. I was still the Pack's Beta. I couldn't let people think I was sexually incompetent.

As if attracted by a magnet, my brain and body made the decision for me. I brought my hand up, pressing the back of her head towards me, running my fingers through her hair and pressed my lips to hers.

The crowd erupted with loud, excited roars.

Sheri's eyes widened as she looked straight at me. Then, she tried to open my mouth to push her soft tongue in.

I snapped out of it and shoved her away.

No... This was wrong! I didn't love her. I couldn't ruin her! My mind came back to its senses. I took a few steps back before escaping the scene like a loser

under Sheri's disappointed gaze.

I sprinted off until the last of my strength drained away, sweating all over as I leaned against the railing of the equipment room door.

I was frustrated about my earlier hotheaded behavior. I wanted to save my reputation, so I kissed Sheri, which now strained our already complicated relationship even more.

But I didn't know how to refuse her. I couldn't bear to see her so upset and in pain. She was my mate, after all.

I pinched my brow in annoyance and cursed under my breath. Suddenly, someone grabbed my wrist. The person was so strong that I could barely react before I was dragged into the equipment room. The iron door slammed shut behind me, and the lock turned with a click

I turned around in shock and came face-to-face with an extremely young and handsome man

"Seth?" I exclaimed.

Before I could say anything else, Seth suddenly grabbed my collar and pushed me against the door.

"Are you crazy? What are you- Mmph!"

The words were muffled as Seth pressed his lips against mine, biting it roughly almost like he was venting his anger. I could hardly breathe with how aggressive he was! Pushing against his chest, I panted and tried to speak in between harsh kisses, "G-get Get off

me!!"

But he only returned me with harder kisses

He squeezed my chin, forcing my mouth open and explored every inch of my mouth. He didn't let me go until almost passed out from the lack of oxygen.

I was furious! I kicked him in the stomach the moment I broke free.

He grunted in pain and took a step back away from me.

I placed my hand on the doorknob and ready to leave.

However, he quickly grabbed my wrist again. His voice was dangerously soft as he spoke from behind me, "Where are you going?" "Why should I tell you? Who do you think you are?!" "Who am I? You seriously forgot? Do you want me to help you with that?" His hand slipped inside my pants. "Get the fuck off me!" I yelled and struggled, but Seth was really strong, and I couldn't break away.

"I'm warning you! I'm your Beta! You better show some respect!" "Respect?" Seth shot back, his hands moving around sexually in my pants. "You want respect?"

He sneered. "When you were crying under me, begging me to fuck you harder, why didn't you want my respect then, huh? And now you want to talk about respect now?!"

I trembled with shame and anger at his verbal abuse. It was the first time someone had dared speak to me this way.

I was pissed, but I couldn't do anything.

Like some bloodthirsty monster, Seth bit my earlobe harshly and didn't let go until blood oozed out.

"You are out of your mind... How dare you kiss that Rogue in public!"

In fact, I knew what I did was wrong. But I still wanted to shout back at him when he questioned me that.

I didn't want to admit that I was still obsessed with his body. He satisfied me in a way that no one else could.

However, I couldn't build an intimate relationship with Seth.

His passion and aggressiveness were frightening. I could imagine him quickly invading my social life and telling every one of my friends that he was my partner for life.

Even so, I was certain all of my partners would turn out the same as Raymond at the end. The last thing I wanted in return for the time and affection I gave them was to have

my heart ripped apart and stomped on the ground like I didn't matter when they found their true mates.

So, I tried to disgust him and said, "She's my mate! We're perfectly legitimate!" I regretted it as soon as those words left my mouth. I hated that two people were bound together because of a mate bond. And now I was using the fact I hated the most against him.

I bit my tongue, trying to think of something else to say, but Seth ripped my shirt apart before I could.

"You're unbelievable. You know that? You always know how to piss me off!"

"I"

Seth's kiss once again swallowed up my words. He bit my tongue, and the familiar taste of rust flooded my mouth.

Immediately after, he looked at me with fire burning in his eyes, but his next words made me feel like he had plunged me into a pool of ice. "I just haven't given you enough lessons, right?" Seth said, squeezing my chin roughly. "I blamed myself for that. But you'll soon learn that you have nowhere else to except my side!"

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Sheri stood rooted to the spot. She kept staring at Kyle's back as though she couldn't believe that he had left her like that.

Kyle had always been gentle and polite to her. Sheri thought their feelings were real. Though they just needed some time to accept the mate bond.

But just now... Her mate had pushed her away in front of everyone on the training ground and ran away.

The entire training ground was buzzing, chatting about what had just happened. Sheri's eyes were already redrimmed. I looked at Enzo with questions in my eyes.

Enzo shrugged, indicating he didn't know either.

I walked over to Sheri's side and asked tentatively, "Are. Are you okay?"

Sheri grabbed a lock of her hair, trying to blink back her tears as she shrugged, flashing me a smile.

"I'm fine. Really."

Lilla had an awkward look on her face. "Kyle isn't usually like this. Maybe he has something urgent to take care of."

It was obviously an excuse. Sheri scoffed. "I think he just can't get turned on by anyone!" She brushed the corner of her eye lightly with her pinky, pretending not to care as she said, "Let's continue training."

She ran off after that. Lilla and I glanced at each other and moved to follow her.

When I walked past Enzo, he suddenly grabbed my wrist.

I gave him a puzzled look. "What's the matter?"

Enzo chuckled. "I'm standing right here, and you just completely ignored me. What's wrong?"

I pursed my lips, looking at Lilla and Sheri, who were already a distance away, then turned and asked, "What do you want me to say?" Enzo blinked. "Gosh, you're a little cold."

"Your Beta hurt Sheri. I just want to make sure she's ok." "Lilla is with her."

"But..."

"No buts. If you continue being like this, I'll get jealous. I gave him a helpless laugh. "Sheri is a girl!" "I don't care," Enzo said stubbornly, reaching forward and pulling me into his arms. "If someone takes your attention away from me, I'll get jealous regardless of who they are."

"Okay," I said, raising my eyebrows. I stood on tiptoe and kissed him on his forehead. "Are we good now?"

"I think-

"Okay, we'll talk about it when we're home later."

I pulled away from him, turned, and ran toward Sheri and Lilla.

Enzo let out a loud sigh behind me. Immediately after, his low, husky voice echoed in my mind. 'You'll be making it up to me later tonight.' I blushed, and I shook my head to snap out of Enzo's alluring voice.

Unfortunately, I didn't return home later that night. Instead, I was at a private party.

It was Sydnee's birthday, and she had invited us.

As soon as I pushed open the door, loud music and dazzling lights came at me. The smell of tobacco and alcohol lingered in the air, and the music was blasting at maximum volume to the point it was almost deafening.

Men and women were dancing intimately on the floor, rubbing their bodies closely against each other.

Sydnee led us through the crowd and further into the room. Once we found chairs to sit down, she asked, "Would you like something to drink?"

"Do you have any wine?" Sheri asked.

Even though she was smiling, I could sense her sadness.

Sydnee pointed to the bartender not far from us and said, "Go nuts."

Then she turned to Lilla and me. "What about you guys?" "Water is fine," I said. Sydnee turned to Lilla but she didn't respond. I gently nudged her to snap her back from the daze.

"What are you looking at?" I asked.

"N-nothing!" Sydnee patiently asked again, "Babe, what do you want to drink?" "L..." Lilla trailed off, then abruptly stood up and said, "I'll go get it. What do you guys want to drink? I'll bring it over." "Okay." Lilla quickly made her way to the bar and spoke to the bartender. Sheri had her face propped up in one hand while the other was on the table. Her sadness was obvious.

I figured she wouldn't want me to see how disappointed she was, so I looked away and turned to the bartender.

I took notice of him because Lilla was staring at him without blinking. Despite the dim lighting, I could see something different in her eyes when she looked at him. The man was tall, decent looking, and his hair was brown.

He wore a white shirt with sleeves rolled up to his elbows and had a pair of deft hands that handled the various wine bottles skillfully.

I narrowed my eyes at their interaction, feeling something fishy between them.

Lilla wanted to grab the cocktail in his hand, but he nimbly avoided her. It looked like she wanted to have a taste at that, but he didn't let her.

After a long time of going back and forth, Lilla finally returned.

She handed Sheri the cocktail and a glass of water to me.

I bumped my shoulder against hers and asked with raised eyebrows, "Do you know each other?"

Lilla blinked rapidly and shook her head. "No? Why would I?" Her eagerness to hide her panicked look contradicted her words, but I didn't call her out on it.

I was simply a little curious as to why she was so eager to deny it.

I remember not long ago when I ran away from Cutter and bumped into Lilla. She was also panic at that time, trying desperately to hide something, But I didn't ponder the matter too long as my attention soon drew to Sheri.

Sheri drank very quickly. In two or threedrinks, her glass was empty.

After that, she simply took a bottle of vodka and started downing that too.

Soon, Sheri's face was red, and she looked muddle-headed as she muttered under her breath.

I leaned in closer to hear what she was saying, and it seemed she was calling Kyle's name. "Do you want to see Kyle?" I asked her. Sheri raised her head, looking at me in confusion before shaking her head. "N-no... I don't want to see him. He sucks... It's just awful..."

She suddenly whimpered after trailing off. "I don't want to see him at all.!" All my attention was on Sheri the whole time. When I finally turned around to ask for Lilla's help, she had gone missing. Sheri's face turned sick, and she looked like she would throw up any minute. I hurriedly asked Sydnee where the restroom was, and as I was helping Sheri past the corner, I froze at the scene before me. There, in the corner of the room, a man and a woman were kissing passionately.