

## The Lycan And His Angel Chapter 6 - Chapter 6 : Trust.

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Isabelle

I looked at the bunch of clothes that Cassandra pulled out of bags one by one, I could only watch in astonishment. From the past ten minutes, she was unpacking the clothes, they were now almost piled up on the bed like a small mountain

It was near evening, I had been waiting for Kaden since he'd told me that he would show me around his mansion, although it wasn't evening yet I didn't know why there was strange anticipation bubbling inside of me. As if I was almost getting impatient to see him but I wasn't unpleasant with Cassandra's presence, she was nice and her behavior reminded me of my own sister whose memory was now all a blur but some fragments were still there.

"And this one, I told the designer to make this especially for you." She smiled and pulled out a purple vibrant dress, I could not really identify the fabric but it looked shinier than silk and lighter than tulle.

"It's really pretty," I exclaimed, my eyes looking at the embellishments in awe. It was sparkling.

"It's all yours, in fact, every one of these clothes is yours. You can even try mine if you ever feel like so," She smiled leaning in to lightly pinch my cheek.

"Thank you, Cassandra. But don't you think they are too much?" I hesitantly questioned, I couldn't even count how many dresses were there.

"Too much? No way," A disbelieving grin took over her lips, "This is just a start. I've ordered more dresses for you, I'll receive them next week."

I could feel my head getting dizzy, in the palace before I was only given four dresses whereas most of them were torn and stitched. It was almost unbelievable that these clothes were all for me.

"Are you sure?" I asked.

"I'm more sure than ever," She chuckled, "After all, you are the Luna...you deserve much more than th..." the rest of the words didn't leave her mouth, her mouth closed shut and I could notice the widening of eyes and her teeth biting on her tongue as if she'd something she was forbidden not to.

The most unfamiliar word rang in my head--Luna. What did that mean?

"Luna?" The confusion took over me.

I saw her fiddling with her fingers, she looked nervous and I couldn't comprehend the reason behind it. The curiosity was there but the chaos overpowered it.

"Umm...a Luna, it's a...uh," She began hesitating.

"Hmm?"

"A luna is the...ahm, it's..." Her stuttering was cut off by the loud sound of the door getting opened.

I flinched because of the sudden noise and Cassandra turned her head around to glance at the doorway. As my eyes trailed to look there too, I found the view of Kaden hurriedly entering the room.

His eyes instantly sent a glare towards Cassandra's direction and she averted her gaze as if she was caught for doing something wrong.

"Isabelle, I'm sorry for getting late," Kaden's gaze softened as he walked towards me, "I got caught up in some work, how are you feeling now?"

"Better," A smile automatically formed on my lips watching him.

"So shall we get going?" He asked.

"Yeah," I agreed, his presence had made me forget about the question I'd asked Cassandra.

As I tried to get up, a small winch slipped past my lips because of the soreness in my hands and the pain in my feet I could realize I'd have to endure. Kaden's expression went worried and he quickly held me by my arms.

"Are you okay?" He worriedly asked.

"Yeah, just my feet are feeling a little sore," I responded.

He sighed, "You don't need to walk," before I even knew my feet were not on the ground anymore, He effortlessly picked up and my hand wrapped around his neck in reflex as a squeak tore from my throat.

"I can show you around the mansion, like this. I don't want you to hurt yourself." He spoke gazing at me, I felt my heart skipping a beat.

But why did he care for me this much?

I was just a stranger.

"I don't want to cause you any discomfort," I managed to utter.

"Oh, Isabelle trust me--Carrying you is the last thing that would ever cause him any discomfort." Cassandra chuckled, I noticed Kaden glaring at her but the reason remained known as well.

"Angel, it's fine. I'm okay with carrying you, in fact, I'm even happier that I'm doing something for you." He offered me a smile, "So don't ever think of anything like this again, okay?"

I found myself nodding at his words and the smile on his face widened.

"Shall we get going, then?" He asked.

"Yeah," I smiled back.

He leaned placing a kiss on my forehead and walked out of the room. As we exited, I saw the long corridors leading to somewhere I hadn't known yet. I read the nameplates hanging on each door, Kaden's room was just next to the one I was staying as he had informed me. The few other nameplates also caught my attention.

As Kaden walked us further, I saw us entering a spacious area which I could presume was the hall. I could notice a few men standing there, there was a large couch set in the middle and an additional set up that included shelves full of bottles that had some sort of colorful liquids in them, there was a bucket with ice and I notice the I recognized as Jason filling a glass with some liquid I couldn't identify and add some ice cubes in it.

"Kaden?" I spoke and his legs slowed down, he looked down at me.

"Yes, love?"

"What's that place?" I pointed at where Jason was sitting on a chair.

Jason's gaze trailed over to us and I saw him hurriedly hiding the glass he had behind his back.

Kaden cleared his throat, "That's a bar,"

"What's a bar?" My curiosity took over.

"Well...it's a place where you can have drinks, we have our drinks here."

"What drinks?"

I saw him opening and closing his mouth two times before he sighed, "Alcoholic drinks."

"What's alcohol?" I questioned.

"You don't know what's Alcohol?" The disbelief showed on his features.

I shook my head at his question and he looked truly surprised by my confession.

"It's made out of fruits, and having it can get you a little dizzy and tipsy." He spoke getting over his surprised daze.

"It's bad for health?" I asked and he hummed in response.

"Then why is he drinking it?" I pointed at Jason who was now sneakily raising the glass to his mouth, I saw his eyes getting wide upon my sentence before he put the glass down and stood up.

"I'll not drink it anymore," He raised his hands in surrender and A low sigh slipped past Kaden's lips.

"You heard him? He'll not drink it anymore." He smiled at me and began walking again, I could see the terrified expression of Jason getting normal.

"Do you also drink Al-Alcohol--" I struggled a bit to spell out the name, "Alcohol too?"

Kaden's body stiffened ever so slightly upon my question, I could see the hesitation in his eyes as he looked at me.

"Yeah, sometimes," The reluctance was there as he admitted.

"Why?" A frown automatically settled between my eyebrows.

"It helps in releasing stress,"

"You don't drink too much, do you?" I didn't know why was the concern coating my insides.

I could see the flicker in his eyes as he noticed the change in my voice, a small smile tugged at his lips, "Not at all, it's just very occasional other than that I'm not very fond of it." He spoke as he kept walking, I was so engrossed watching him that I couldn't realize that we were out of the building heading towards the green field.

"And in events and festivals, sometimes." The mention of the festival caught my attention, I had often heard about different types of occasions from the maid's mouth but never got a chance to attend it except for my childhood that was crushed by those monsters at a very early stage.

"Do you celebrate festivals here?"

"Yeah, in fact many." He must've noticed the excitement in my eyes, "I could even arrange one after you fully recover."

"Really? You'd do that?" A smile broke on my face without even letting me know.

"Why not? It's just a simple thing plus I could do anything to see this smile on your face." He smile and leaned in to kiss the tip of my nose.

A giggle tore from my throat at his action but then as his words replayed in my mind, something deep swirled inside of me. It was indescribable, the words coming from his mouth felt soothing and thawed the ice that I didn't know had coated my insides.

For the first time in all these years, I felt my wings trying to spread out. The tingling sensations beside my spine and the spot below my shoulder. The wings wanted to get out but I had to suppress them.

I trusted Kaden but I also remembered the words my mom and dad had said--Don't expose your identity and specialties you have got to anyone unless you can't fully trust them. I trusted Kaden, but I'd just met him. I needed more time to show him and open up to him fully.

The thought of ending up in that hell again terrified me. The darkness, the heavy footsteps, those menacing eyes the remembrance of everything made me want to hide myself.

"This is the Garden." His voice pulled me from my thoughts.

My eyes moved to look at the beautiful garden in the front, there was a fountain in the middle and a beautiful sculpture. Countless flowers were covering the entire place. Beautiful roses, peony, lavender, begonia, and the rest unknown. It was beautiful.

The soft breezes were prowling around.

Kaden seat on the bench, never letting me go from his arms. I ended up on his lap and my head resting against his chest. The rhythmic beating of his heart calmed my own heartbeats down.

I didn't know if getting close to him was appropriate, I was taught that closeness should be avoided if I didn't trust me but I felt safe in his arms so I snuggled closer to his chest, breathing in his scent.

His arms moved to wrap around my frame, a sigh of contentment left his mouth.

"Are you cold?" He questioned as the breezes got slightly heftier.

"No," I looked up at him answered.

"Don't hesitate to tell me if you feel cold, I'll get you a jacket." He smiled tucked a few pieces of my hair strand behind my ear.

I had never seen the affection and warmth in anyone's eyes for me except for Kaden. My whole life all I had seen was torment but he was the complete opposite of what I had faced. He held me in his arms as if he cared, he looked at me and smiled, he caressed me whereas I was only used to getting wounds.

"Why do you care for me, Kaden?" The question automatically left my mouth.

Something flickered in his eyes, very different and foreign.

"There are some things I can't tell you right now, Angel," He stroked my cheek, "But I promise once the right time will come, I'll tell you everything you deserve to know but right now I really can't answer this question."

The softness in his gaze and the truthfulness in his voice made me let go of the topic and leaned into his arms, this time my own arms wrapped around his torso, and I sighed into his embrace.

"Thank you, Kaden." That was all I remembered myself saying before I slowly drifted off to sleep with Kaden's fingers lightly drawing small circles on my back soothing my fears and turning them into nothingness.