



## Chapter 5

Alessia's POV

After a few days of intensive crying and cuddling the urn holding my mother's ashes, I finally step out of the room. Food has been placed outside the door for me for the past few days and I haven't needed to even step out of the room.

The room that has been assigned to me is painted baby blue with a few touches of an aesthetic vibe. It's not a terrible room to end up in but after crying for hours, those walls are the last things that I want to see.

My wolf has been getting grumpy and whining, sobbing, and whimpering to go talk to my mate. She believes that it'll make us feel better.

Another thing that has kept me locked up in my room is the noise and buzzing from outside the door. I'm staying in a pack house full of werewolves after being the only werewolf that I know of for years.

But my bones need some serious stretching so I ventured out of my room and into the living room. In the hope of finding Caden and telling him that I need a run. I'm not foolish enough to think that I can just walk out of the house and go into the woods. I know that he definitely has guards looking after me. My train of thought stops as I stand in front of the





living room.

People. And they are everywhere. Some of them are watching a game on the TV. Some are just conversing with each other and others are playing a game on the game control center pushed to one side of the room. And not one of them looks like the person that I'm after.

My feet still as I get to the end of the hallway leading from into the living room. I'm contemplating going back and finding another way to talk to Caden when-

"Hey," A tiny voice calls out.

I look down and see myself looking into two gorgeous green orbs. I take in her features -her dark curls, button nose, and red cupid-shaped lips. I feel like I know her from somewhere else.

I smile at her, deciding not to look a gift horse in the mouth. It's better it's just a kid and not someone else.

"Hey there," I squat down to her height and ruffle her wide curls, playfully tugging on one of them. Soon, she's smiling and giggling at me. Little kids are my favorite. Especially when they happen to be as cute as her.

"You're very pretty," she says, looking up at me with sparking eyes.





Ok, it's official. I love this girl.

"You're very pretty too," Her smile becomes wider. "What's your name?" I ask.

"Lucy," she replies, beaming up at me.

"That's a very pretty name for a pretty girl like you."

"What's yours?"

"Alessia," I answer.

She giggles, bouncing on her little feet. "Are you the guest that Caden told us about?"

I'm slightly taken aback at how close she seems to be with Caden for her to call him by his name.

"Yes," I answer, nodding my head. So that's what he told people -that I'm just a guest. I shove away the tiny silver of hurt that makes its way to my chest.

"Lucy," A deep voice calls out from behind me, sending a shiver down my spine.

"Caden!" She squeals, running past me and into Caden's open arms.

With the two of them side by side, the resemblance dawns on





me. The reason why I felt like I knew her was because she was a replica of Caden. Is she his daughter?

Again, another ache settles in my chest. But I feel foolish as soon as I think of it. She wouldn't call him Caden if he was her Dad. Or would she?

"I missed you. Where were you all day?" Lucy asks with a cute pout.

Caden lifts her off the ground and sets her on his hip. "I was in my office," he pinches her cheeks. "I had to take care of some documents."

I try not to let my jaw fall onto the floor. I have no idea on how to react to this new version of Caden.

She wraps her little hands around her neck, resting her head on his shoulders.

My heart starts beating faster for some God damn reason so I look away from the cute picture in front of me.

"I made a new friend. Her name is Alessia."

At the mention of my name, I turn to look at Caden with wide eyes. How would he feel about that? It's very obvious that Lucy is important to him. How would he feel about me talking to her?





"Is that so?" The question is directed at Lucy but his gaze is fixed on me.

"Yes." Lucy wraps her hands tighter around his neck. "She called me pretty."

"She wasn't lying." He finally tears his gaze away from me to smile down at Lucy.

She smiles back at him. "I and the other kids helped Chef to bake cookies. Do you want to have some?"

"Of course." He sets her down on the floor. "Go ahead first. I just need to talk to Alessia for a bit."

"Ok." She skips past me and gives me a tiny wave that I return.

"I was just looking for you when I ran into her," I rush out, not wanting him to think that I was just lurking around the house.

His brows knit together. "Why were you looking for me?"

"I need to go on a run."

He simply stares at me for a moment. "I'll go with you."

My eyes widen just as my heart sinks into my stomach with a sickening feeling.





I can't let him go with me. I can't shift in front of him. What if he discovers my secret?



SEND GIFT



COMMENT

