

Chapter 8 Erika cooked

*****Erika's POV*****

After the conversation with Jace, we agreed that he would take me to the moon forest pack, but he would wait at the pack's borders for me.

He won't take me to the packhouse.

Currently, I was standing in my bedroom, one I had missed for so long.

It was twice the size of the one I shared with Alex back in the moonforest.

"Why do you keep bringing that lowly someone into everything to compare in the house?!" Cindy suddenly yelled in frustration.

Honestly, whenever I set my eyes on anything in this house, I am instantly reminded of Alex's house.

Though my house was definitely two times larger than his, I still couldn't help myself.

"Please stop thinking about him" She pleaded and I smiled, taking a seat at the balcony and staring into the open sky.

The lights from the street, illuminated the entire surrounding and some patrol guards, were still seen on duty.

"He is still my husband" I said to Cindy in a tired tone. 

"You've left him and you're not his wife anymore!" She whined.

"That is until the mate bond is dissolved and I sign the divorce papers. I'm still his legally married wife and Mate, if all these isn't settled" I added calmly.

"Come on, Erika," Cindy, urged again. "Enough dwelling on the past. Look ahead and embrace the future that awaits you."

I smiled and leaned back in my seat.

"But Cindy," I called out softly, my voice barely audible in the stillness of the night. "How can I simply forget the love I once had? The dreams we shared?"

"What dreams did Alex ever share with you?! Alex is a dickhead?!" She yelled in anger and I chuckled again.

"Cindy, I was joking. Alex is going to be my past once the bond is dissolved, I won't dwell on the past"

"Great! That is Erika speaking!" She whined excitedly.

I stayed still for a few minutes, then took out my phone.

Staring at the screen for a few more minutes, The weight of the decision I was about to make seemed to suddenly pressed heavily on my shoulders. Cindy, sensing my unease, padded over asked, "What's troubling you again?" her voice laced with a hint of worry. "You've been lost in thought for quite some time now."

I let out a heavy sigh, my fingers trembling slightly as I unlocked my phone. "Cindy, I've been thinking," I confessed, my voice barely above a whisper. "I want to reach out to Alex and ask him to prepare the divorce papers."

Cindy snorted, a low growl rumbling from her. "After everything he put you through?" she snarled, her voice dripping with anger. "You deserve better, Erika. You deserve to be free from the pain he caused. Go ahead and tell him!"

I nodded, "I know," I replied. "But I need closure. I need to sever the mate bond and move forward with my life."

"You've got closure! In a few days, you'll become the Alpha of this pack! The strongest pack in the country. You'll become the strongest and most powerful woman in this country!" Cindy added and growled at the end of her statement.

I laughed slowly at her way of trying to cheer me up.

With a newfound resolve, I took a deep breath and composed a text

message to Alex. My fingers moved with a mix of trepidation and determination as I typed out my intentions. I hit send, feeling a strange mix of relief and anxiety wash over me.

Afterwards, I walked back into the room. It was already midnight and I knew I needed to take care of myself first and foremost.

I stepped into the shower, allowing the warm water to wash away the remnants of the past, both physically and emotionally. Dressed in fresh clothes, I settled onto my bed, the soft sheets comforting me as I closed my eyes.

Sleep didn't come easily that night, my mind swirling with a mixture of emotions.

After an hour or two, I finally fell asleep.

Morning arrived with unwavering swiftness, as if time itself was aware of the weight that rested upon my shoulders. The memories of years spent enduring mistreatment and serving as a mere maid in the Moon Forest Packhouse had ingrained within me the habit of rising early. It was a routine I had grown accustomed to. 🗨️

After a refreshing shower that washed away the remnants of the night, I found myself drawn to the familiar warmth of the kitchen. Having cooked in the packhouse for so long, I pretty much enjoyed cooking.

As I busied myself with the task of preparing breakfast, the clatter of dishes and the sizzle of food filled the air. The aroma of freshly brewed coffee mingled with the scent of pancakes and bacon, creating a comforting symphony that enveloped the room. The anticipation of the reactions to come danced in my mind, both exhilarating and nerve-wracking.

My father would never believe I learnt to cook after just leaving for three years.

I could remember how I was punished by Alex's mother because I messed the kitchen up while trying to cook for the first time.

When Father and Jace descended the stairs, their expressions shifted from groggy confusion to utter shock.

Their eyes widened, mouths agape, as they beheld the sight before them . It was a scene they had never witnessed before—a role reversal that defied the established order.

If I should say that. I chuckled at their expressions.

"You cooked?" Jace asked in a sarcastic tone and even snorted.

"Yes, I cooked" I answered.

"I hope it's eatable and not some poison" he asked again in a low tone which I clearly heard.

Cindy chuckled at that.

"I added a few Wolfbanes to yours, it can't get effective in your body" I sat next to Father as he took his place at the head of the table.

The maids, who were used to being the ones to cater to their every need, stood frozen in their tracks. Panic etched itself onto their faces, their eyes darting back and forth, unsure of how to react. It was as if the very foundation of their existence had been shaken, and they were left scrambling to make sense of this unexpected turn of events.

Well, it was a big deal for someone like me to cook.

I watched Father have his first bite and waited expectantly for a compliment.

But it never came.

"You shouldn't wait for a compliment from him, It's a total waste of time" Cindy said nervously.

I refused to listen and kept my eyes on him.

He noticed my gaze and looked up at me.

"How is it?" I asked directly, tilting my head a bit to appear dainty and innocent.

"When have I ever given anyone a compliment?" He asked instead and I rolled my eyes.

"You changed the pack rules because I was going to rule. If you don't give me a compliment, then I might change my mind in becoming Alpha" I stated as a matter of fact.

He looked into my grey orbs, his, matching mine.

"Is that a threat?" He asked calmly, a smirk forming on his face.

If I didn't know better, I'd be scared to death.

"It is" I affirmed and he chuckled, focusing back on his food and staying silent for a while.

Actually, I had been joking when I said I needed a compliment.

If he couldn't give me one, then I would never force him.

That was his true nature.

But the next minute.....

"You've become a great cook"


I froze.



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