

His Nanny Mate

Chapter 1 Betrayal

Moana

It was a hot summer evening, and I had just spent the entire day job hunting.

Finding work as a human in a world dominated by werewolves, especially in the midst of the hustle and bustle of the city, wasn't easy. Even though I had a degree in Early Childhood Education, no schools wanted to hire me because I was a human. Werewolf parents were outraged at the thought of a "worthless human" teaching their children, as if my skills, drive, and education meant nothing.

So, I was now limited to service jobs, which were also unfortunately hard to come by because the job market was oversaturated with other humans who were also desperate to pay their bills.

If I didn't find a job soon, though, I would lose my apartment. My landlord had already given me a thirty-day notice. If I didn't pay my rent — and the three months of rent that I already owed — by the end of the thirty days, he was going to evict me.

At least I still had my boyfriend, Sam. He wasn't extraordinarily well-off either despite being a werewolf, but at least he had a job and could pay his rent. We had been together for three years now and had known each other for five, so maybe it was time to talk about moving in together soon.

As I was walking down the packed city street, a thin layer of sweat caked to my forehead from spending the day running from business to business as I tried to find someone who would hire me, I started to realize how

hungry I was. I couldn't afford to eat out, but the delicious smells coming from the restaurants I passed began to make my mouth water.

One particular restaurant across the street caught my eye, but not because of the smell of food.

I stopped in my tracks, my eyes widening.

Inside the restaurant, right in the window, was Sam. He wasn't alone; he was with another woman, and they were...

Kissing.

"You've gotta be f*****g kidding me," I said out loud, causing a few passersby to turn their heads and give me weird looks.

Sam had told me that he was busy recently, that he had a lot of work... Was this what he was really doing? Cheating on me with some other woman?

The fury bubbled up inside of me, and without thinking, I stormed across the street and toward the restaurant window. My stomach turned as I came closer. This woman was gorgeous — basically a supermodel — and that didn't make me feel any better about the situation. Not only was Sam cheating on me, but he was cheating on me with someone who looked like that.

She was thin, blonde, and tan with long legs, wearing a skimpy evening dress and high heels. I do get compliments on my face, body and long red hair, but in that moment, I felt so worthless as I stood there looking at Sam and his mistress.

How could he do this to me?

I stopped in front of the window. Neither of them even saw me standing there, they were so absorbed in their make out session.

So, I banged on the window.

Sam and the mystery woman both jumped, their eyes widening when they saw me. I stormed over to the entrance and ran inside, ignoring the strange looks from the restaurant staff and customers, and ran up to where Sam and the woman sat.

“How f*****g dare you?!” I yelled, my hands curled up into fists at my sides. “We’ve been together for three years and you’re cheating on me?”

The woman looked back and forth between Sam and I with an embarrassed expression on her face as the restaurant fell silent, but Sam’s face showed only anger and resentment. Without saying a word, Sam stood and grabbed me by the arm, dragging me out of the restaurant. He was too strong for me to resist, so I stumbled after him and back out into the busy street with tears streaming down my cheeks.

“You’re making a fool of both of us, Moana,” he growled once we were outside.

“I’m making a fool of us?” I replied, my voice still raised. “You’re making out with another woman in public!”

Sam merely rolled his eyes and pulled me further away from the door. His werewolf eyes burned a bright orange color and his face was wrought with anger.

“Control your temper,” he whispered, pushing me roughly up against the side of the building. “You’re just an ordinary human. You should feel lucky that I even entertained you for three years.”

His words stung, and my vision became clouded with tears.

“Why her?” I croaked as a s*b caught in my throat.

Sam, the man who had told me he loved me for three years, merely chuckled. “You’re useless to me,” he snarled. “She’s a Beta. Her family is incredibly wealthy and powerful, and thanks to her, I’ll be starting a new job at WereCorp next week.”

WereCorp was the biggest corporation in the world. Not only did they control all of the banks, but they also developed the newest and most widely-used cryptocurrency of the 21st Century: WCoin. I never used it — humans weren't allowed to — but it made a lot of werewolves extremely rich when it first came out.

He continued, “What have you done for me aside from mooching off of me because you can't even get a job of your own? You're nothing compared to her. How dare you even question my decision to move on.”

There was nothing else I could say; nothing else that could come to mind aside from getting the hell away from him. I shoved Sam away finally, pushing myself away from the wall. “f**k you,” I growled, my rage taking over as I raised my hand and slapped him hard across the face. Passersby were looking at us now, but I didn't care.

Without another word, I turned on my heel and stormed away without looking back.

As I walked numbly down the street and wiped the tears from my eyes, I thought about what Sam was like when we first met; he had been nothing more than a bullied Omega in high school with no confidence, no prospects, and no friends. I had helped him gain confidence with my love and support, and this was how he repaid me? By leaving me for some blonde, all for a job at WereCorp?

Nothing angered me more than knowing that my boyfriend of three years, and best friend for five years, had left me so easily over money and power.

I was still fuming when I stepped out into the intersection, too numb to look properly before crossing. Just then, I heard the sound of a car honking and looked up to see a luxury car driving straight for me. Cursing to myself, I stumbled backwards and fell into a puddle just before the car hit me.

The car came to a screeching halt next to me, which was surprising since I assumed that they would just drive away after nearly hitting me, but what surprised me even more was the person who sat inside the car when the window rolled down.

Edrick Morgan, CEO of WereCorp.

Edrick was known not only for being the youngest CEO in the history of the company and the heir to the largest fortune in the world, but also for his stunning appearance — and although I was incredibly hurt and angry about everything that had happened today, I couldn't help but notice his strong jawline, his muscular shoulders and arms, and his incredibly handsome face.

I opened my mouth to say something about how he had nearly hit me, but before I could, he looked me up and down and tossed a wad of cash out the window, driving away with a rev of his engine.

Edrick Morgan, the CEO of WereCorp, had nearly hit me with his car... and tossed me money like I was some beggar.

All werewolves really were arrogant as*holes.

I threw the cash on the ground and stood, cursing under my breath as I realized how soaked and dirty my clothes were. I'd have to go home and see if I could scrounge up some change to take them to the laundromat so I could continue job hunting tomorrow, but admittedly for now I just wanted to drown my sorrows.

I walked for a few blocks, finally spotting a bar that seemed nice and quiet. Taking a deep breath and smoothing down my stained shirt, I walked through the doors and approached the bouncer.

The bouncer narrowed his eyes at me and looked me up and down, taking in my dirty appearance sniffing the air in front of me.

“No humans allowed without a member escort,” he growled, folding his arms.

I frowned. “Member?” I asked. “I’m a paying customer. Just let me buy a drink.”

The bouncer shook his head and began to usher me toward the door like I was some sort of nuisance.

“Is this even legal?” I said, raising my voice. “You can’t just discriminate against humans like this! Is my money worthless here just because of—”

“She’s with me,” a stern and clear voice suddenly said from behind.

The bouncer and I both looked up and turned to see a man in a suit standing on the stairs.

Edrick Morgan.