

## Chapter 116 The Alpha Tooth

### Moana

That night, Edrick asked me to sleep with him. I didn't know exactly what changed, and why he didn't seem to want me to leave his side, but I chalked it up to the anxiety caused by the whole ordeal. Besides, I wasn't complaining; I didn't want to be alone, either.

Feeling his warm arms wrapped around me was a sorely needed comfort, and I found myself slipping off into sleep within moments of laying down with him.

Edrick and I didn't wake up again until the next morning. Somehow, we slept through the entire day and night, and still felt tired in the morning.

We laid there for a while after waking up, not speaking as we both stared up at the ceiling. I had so many questions about what happened the day before, and how he found me... But it seemed that he had questions of his own, too.

“Can I ask you something?” he said, turning to look at me.

I nodded as I tried to ignore the feeling of my face turning red under his gaze. I was so used to the Alpha billionaire's stern eyes by now, but I wasn't used to how soft and sincere they'd suddenly become since he found me in that alleyway.

Edrick seemed to be searching for the right words for a few moments before he finally spoke. “Do you know anything about your lineage?” he asked. “I mean... Do you know who your parents were, or anything like that?”

I felt my heart start to race. Surely he had some idea that I was a werewolf if he truly followed my scent to find me, like Mina said. But I wasn’t prepared to tell him right now. What if it turned out that my wolf never wound up being able to emerge? I couldn’t tell him until I was certain. I had planned all along on waiting until I shifted for the first time to tell him the truth, assuming that we would still be living together by then.

I suddenly sat up, shaking my head.

“I don’t know anything about my heritage,” I lied. “All I know is that I was left on Sophia’s doorstep. That’s it.” I threw the covers off then and swung my legs over the side of the bed. “Are you hungry? I can make breakfast. I’ll bring it in here if you still feel sick.”

Edrick’s hand suddenly shot out and grabbed my arm — not hard, but firmly enough to show me that he knew I was lying, and that he wanted me to stay and talk to him.

“Please, Moana,” he said quietly. “I’m the father of your baby. I think it’s only fair for you to be open with me.”

I paused, unsure of what to say. Edrick clearly had some inkling of my true heritage. I couldn’t exactly go on like this forever, keeping the truth from him. Eventually, our baby would be born and it would be fully werewolf, not human. There would be no hiding it then, and the longer it went on, the more Edrick might start to resent me for not telling him the truth.

Finally, with a sigh, I nodded. “Okay,” I said. “But let me get something first. There’s something I need to show you.”

Edrick's eyes widened. He released his grip on my arm and I stood, putting on my robe before I slipped out of his room. It was still early enough for the other servants and Ella to be asleep, so I was able to make my way to my room without being seen and questioned over why I had slept in Edrick's room all day and night. Once there, I opened my top dresser drawer and rifled through it until I found the small wooden box where I kept the wolf tooth that Sophia had given me. I hadn't looked at the tooth in a while. When she first gave it to me, for some reason I couldn't stop carrying it around in my pocket — but when I eventually realized that I could have lost it or broken it, I decided to tuck it away in a box where nothing could happen to it. This tooth was the only link to my parents, and I didn't want anything bad to happen to it. Even if my parents did leave me on Sophia's doorstep because I didn't have a wolf as a baby, I still wanted to hold onto the possibility of meeting them someday when my wolf did emerge.

Then, swallowing the lump in my throat, I carried the box back to Edrick's room.

He was sitting up in bed when I arrived, waiting for me. I didn't speak as I set the box down in front of him.

“What is it?” he asked tentatively, glancing between me and the box with a confused expression on his face.

“Just open it,” I replied. I didn't have the strength to speak; I just wanted him to see the tooth for himself.

Slowly, Edrick opened the oblong wooden box. His eyes widened as he stared down at it. Then, gingerly, he picked the tooth up and held it up to the light. I watched in silence, my heart racing, as he turned it over in the light, inspecting it closely.

“This is yours?” he asked, his disbelieving gaze sliding over to me.

I nodded. “Sophia gave it to me. She said that it was in my hand when I was left on her doorstep as a baby. And... She said that it’s usually a sign that a child is a werewolf, and it’s not just that; she also said that it’s usually a sign that werewolf parents have chosen to abandon a wolfless child, pronouncing them as dead instead of embracing them for who they are. I didn’t believe her at first when she said that I might be a werewolf, but I know it’s true now.”

“How do you know?” Edrick asked. I think he already knew the answer.

“I’ve been hearing my wolf’s voice for a few months now. I think that she was the one who protected me, along with the baby, when I was in the Rogue district yesterday.”

Edrick fell silent. He was still holding the tooth in his hand, and looked back down on it with a curious expression on his face. I didn’t realize it before, but my hands were shaking as I stood at the foot of the bed.

Was Edrick my mate? Was that why he was able to follow the scent that Mina released? And was that why he was so warm toward me now?

But as he continued to stare at the tooth, his eyes wide, I could tell that there was something else going through his mind. He seemed to notice something. Something shocking.

“What is it?” I asked. “Do you notice anything about the tooth?”

Edrick paused for a moment, then suddenly put the tooth back and snapped the box shut, shaking his head. “Nothing really,” he said quietly, picking up the box and holding it out for me with a pensive expression on his face. “But I do think that it might just be more than a regular werewolf tooth.”

I furrowed my brow. “What do you mean?” I asked.

Edrick sighed. “I think it might be an Alpha tooth.”

## Chapter 117 Something Special

Edrick

As I held the tooth in my hand, I instantly knew that there was something special about it. It was certainly an Alpha tooth, but it was so much more than that at the same time. I couldn't explain it, nor could I quite put my finger on what was so special about it, but I somehow knew that there was something different about this tooth.

Maybe it was just wishful thinking, but the more I thought about all of Moana's strange abilities, the significant delay in her wolf emerging, and now the tooth, I couldn't help but wonder...

Was Moana the Golden Wolf?

I couldn't be sure. All I knew was that there was something special about Moana — something that she didn't even know yet herself. I was determined to find out, so that day, I decided that I would have to do some research on it. I would have to do it secretly, too, because Moana could be in danger if she was the Golden Wolf.

There was one thing I knew for certain, though: Moana was, without a doubt, my fated mate. I knew that now that I had fully experienced her scent. Even though I was ecstatic about this discovery, I couldn't tell Moana. Not only was her own wolf still too weak to realize that my wolf was her fated mate, but I wasn't planning on marking my fated mate and making her my wife. My parents are fated mates, but my father cheated

again and again, and even brought Ethan home one day. My mother was mentally affected by their mate bond and had to accept everything. How could I trust a bond like this? I was unsure as to whether I could bring myself to potentially break Moana's heart if that infidelity ran in my blood.

I couldn't tell anyone about that yet, either. Being an Alpha mate as a human also could attract too much attention right away, and if Moana was indeed the Golden Wolf, then unwanted attention could be dangerous. A lot of people — people who hated the idea of a new age during which humans and werewolves could live in harmony — believed that the Golden Wolf should have been hunted and executed. Even though I was on the fence about my feelings toward humans up until I met Moana, I never particularly sided with those who believed that humans should be slaves, or worse, victims of g\*\*\*\*\*e. In a way, I was excited at the idea of the Golden Wolf being alive; I wouldn't particularly mind seeing more harmony between the two races.

But either way, I still couldn't be sure about any of this. I would have to do some research of my own before I jumped to any conclusions, which was why I simply told Moana that the tooth belonged to an Alpha. That seemed to satisfy her for the time being, and now I could just let myself be happy that I had found my fated mate.

By the end of that day, however, it seemed that my happiness always needed to have some sort of caveat; and that caveat was that somehow, the paparazzi managed to get pictures of Moana and I entering the hospital the day before, covered in dirt and mud — with no masks on, of course.

I saw the photos initially start to pop up on social media with all sorts of speculative captions and comments. People wondered if Moana was my secret wife, whether she was a human surrogate and that I secretly had a different werewolf wife, and why we were covered in mud. By then, it was already too late; the damage was done, and I would just have to live with it. There was no one to pay off for the pictures, and now that it was

the second time that photos were revealed of Moana and I, there was nothing I could do at this point.

And of course, lo and behold, my phone rang that night.

It was Kelly.

“I hope you’re calling to beg for forgiveness,” I said when I answered, feeling my blood already begin to boil just thinking about how Kelly nearly got the mother of my child killed for a “prank”.

“Listen, I really am sorry,” Kelly replied, although she didn’t sound all that sorry at all. “But I saw the pictures from yesterday, and your father is really angry now.”

“Yeah?” I growled. “And?”

Kelly paused. I could practically hear her licking her lips on the other side of the phone.

“And,” she continued, “I really think you should reconsider my offer to come out as your Alpha fiancé and Ella’s biological mother. We could easily play off the Moana situation by saying that she’s a family member that you’ve been caring for. Besides, no one would question you again if you have a fiancée. In fact, I could even be your real fiancée, if you’d want—”

“Oh my god, Kelly!” I shouted, not caring that I was raising my voice as I realized exactly what she had done now. “You just can’t stop, can you? You can’t even give it two days after you nearly got the mother of my child killed before you’re onto the next scheme. What, did you pay the paparazzi to take those photos? I know you did.”

“No, Edrick, I—”

“I don’t want to hear excuses anymore, Kelly,” I growled. “You’re lucky I’m not suing you for what you did to Moana. In fact, you could be in

prison right now. I'm sure you'd get along really well in there with all of the other psychopaths."

Before Kelly could answer, I abruptly hung up the phone. I sank down into my office chair and buried my head in my hands, sulking. I knew I should have sent Kelly to the police... But honestly, she might have just paid them off, anyway. I would have to figure out another way to punish her for the way she acted, but for now, I had bigger fish to fry.

I wasn't sure how long I sat there, fuming with my head in my hands. All I knew was that my phone began to ring sometime later.

I cursed under my breath and looked at my phone, expecting it to be Kelly — but it wasn't. It was my father.

"Of course," I whispered under my breath as I stared at the phone screen. They were certainly working together. My father had been harassing me about marrying Kelly for years, and now they both felt the need to torture me on the same night. In fact, I wouldn't have even been surprised at this point to find out that he conspired with Kelly to have Moana nearly killed by Rogues. It didn't even seem like a prank at this point; it seemed like a failed murder attempt.

"What do you want?" I growled as I picked up the phone.

Of course, my father wasted no time. Of course he didn't care that Moana nearly died. I could have died too if there had been more Rogues in that alleyway, but he probably wouldn't have cared then, either.

"It's time for you to make a decision, Edrick," Michael said, his voice stony and indifferent. "Kelly is a good woman from a wealthy Alpha family. She'll provide far more for you than that human girl ever will."

"Kelly won't provide me with anything except headaches," I responded. "You only care about what she can provide for WereCorp."

My father paused and sucked his teeth. "That is true," he finally replied. "I don't want to see our family business go down the drain because of



your stupid mistakes. Our stocks are already in decline because you can't seem to screw your head on straight."

I didn't know what to say. Of course I couldn't correct my father and tell him yet that Moana was not only a werewolf, but possibly also the Golden Wolf; my father was one of the people who would have wanted the Golden Wolf killed. I bit the inside of my cheek, thinking, before I finally answered.

"I'll handle it, dad," I said, trying my best to control my temper.

"Handle it by the end of the week," he responded coldly. "If you don't..."

"I will," I growled. Without another word, I hung up the phone.

I hated to be ordered to do anything, especially by my father, but I would have to find a solution as soon as I could.

## Chapter 118 A Choice To Make

### Moana

The morning after I finally revealed the truth about my lineage to Edrick, I thought that everything would finally be okay. I thought that maybe, we could finally be together without any issues now that he knew that I was a werewolf; or, at the very least, I thought that his family would hate me a little less.

But as it turned out, things rarely ever happened so easily.

I had spent the past two nights sleeping in Edrick's room again. It seemed that our sleeping arrangement went back to the way it was before — only now, there were fewer barriers between us. When I woke up, the curtains were open to allow sunshine to come in. Edrick was already gone for work, so I laid in bed for a few minutes and looked at my phone while I woke up.

However, my eyes shot wide open when I saw the headline of an article with a picture of Edrick and I going into the hospital from the day that I was attacked by the rogues. Neither of us were wearing masks. As I read the headline, I felt my heart sink.

“WERECORP CEO SEEN WITH MYSTERY WOMAN ONCE MORE,” the headline read. Below it was an entire article of speculation on who I was and why I was going to the hospital with Edrick. Finally, at the end,

the article seemed to hit the nail on the head: that I was the mother of an illegitimate child, and that Edrick was the father.

But that wasn't all. If that had been it, I would have been able to move on. Instead, there was a second article; this time, the article had a photograph of Edrick and Kelly together. It wasn't a paparazzi photo like the first one, but rather a family photo that appeared as though it had been taken at least a year or two prior. The article headline read: "WERECORP CEO, EDRICK MORGAN, ENGAGED?"

My heart sank.

The article seemed speculative, but it claimed that Kelly and Edrick were engaged; not only that, but that Kelly was possibly the mother of a child that Edrick already had.

Ella.

I sat up in bed, feeling my heart race and break at the same time. Was it possible that Edrick was going to allow this? Was he finally going to choose Kelly as his fiancée, real or not, because he couldn't bear the effect that my low status would have on his public image?

Part of me didn't want to believe it. Edrick had been so close with me since the incident. Ever since our kiss in the kitchen, even, he had been close with me. I thought back to the night of the banquet, when we kissed in the fountain after playfully splashing each other. I thought about the childlike smile on his face as we splashed each other, and the way that his hands traveled along my body when I kissed him. I thought about how jealous he got when he found out that Ethan kissed me, and I thought about the scared look on his face when he scooped me up out of the alleyway. The way that he held my hand so tightly when we were in the hospital, and the way that he didn't want to let me out of his sight when we got home...

Even after all of that, was he still so afraid to be true to me?

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That night, I decided that I couldn't stop thinking about this. If Edrick really was going to choose a relationship with Kelly, then I needed to have some dignity. I decided, when he came home, that I needed to talk to him.

But Edrick didn't come home until late that night. I was already in my own bed with the conviction that I would sleep in my room that night when he arrived, but I was still awake when I heard him knocking quietly on my door.

"Come in," I called, sitting up in bed.

Edrick cracked the door open and quietly slipped in, already in his pajamas. "You want to sleep in here tonight?" he asked. "That's fine. Scooch over."

I frowned as he came over to the side of the bed, and although I did make room for him, I still felt uneasy. And Edrick, seeing this, stopped in his tracks and gave me a worried look. "What's wrong?"

I didn't know what to say at first. My throat clammed up so nothing would come out, and I only shook my head and laid back down, having lost the confidence to say anything about the situation upon seeing his handsome face in the moonlight.

Edrick sighed and laid down beside me. We laid there like that for several minutes, neither of us speaking but also neither of us trying to sleep at the same time, until I finally spoke. It came out fast, a jumble of rushed words.

"Are you going to marry Kelly?" I asked.

Edrick paused, then slowly sat up and looked at me with his brow furrowed. "What?" he asked.

"I saw the articles," I said quietly, sitting up now too as my heart raced. "I want to know if you're planning on marrying Kelly."

For a few moments, Edrick was completely silent. He seemed uneasy, as though my question had taken him by surprise. But how could it have been a surprise to him if he was really planning on marrying Kelly while still upholding the sleeping arrangement with me? How could he seriously seem so shocked that I would ask him about it?

“Just tell me,” I said. “In the same way that you had the right as the father of my baby to know about my werewolf lineage, I deserve the right as the mother of your child to know if you’re planning on marrying Kelly.”

Edrick sucked his teeth, then answered. “I’m not planning on marrying Kelly,” he responded. His voice was low and even-toned, but I was immediately aware of his choice of words. He only specified that he wouldn’t marry Kelly in particular; he didn’t specify, however, that he wouldn’t marry someone, and I was smart enough to know that he had no choice now but to have some sort of public relationship to save his family’s and his company’s pristine image.

“Well then,” I said, laying back down and turning on my side to face away from him, more so to hide the tears that were beginning to well up in my eyes more than anything, “if you are going to have a relationship with anyone, whether it’s real or fake, then I’ll terminate our sleeping arrangement. I’m not interested in going to bed at night with a man who’s supposed to be married to someone else, even if it’s just fake for positive press.” I paused then, taking in the silence, then spoke once more. “Furthermore, I won’t be a nanny here any longer. I’ll take my child and leave so you can have your real wife here instead.”

The Alpha billionaire was silent. He sat up for a long time. I could feel his eyes on me, but I didn’t once turn back to face him, and instead closed my eyes and tried to sleep. At least if my eyes were closed, maybe I wouldn’t cry so much.

But when Edrick eventually laid down and fell fast asleep beside me without another word, I couldn’t help but quietly cry myself to sleep.

## Chapter 119 Secret Fiancé

Edrick

The sad look on Moana's face that night broke my heart. I wasn't planning in the slightest to make Kelly my wife, even if I only made her my fake wife. But even as I reassured Moana that she wouldn't have anything to worry about, she still didn't seem to believe me. How could I tell her that I wasn't planning on making anyone my wife, real or fake? Even though I knew that Moana was my fated mate, I had still grown up seeing how horrible my father was to my mother. I could only see how marriage and mate bond made my mother miserable.

But the way that she looked that night made me wonder otherwise.

I didn't know if I could make Moana my real wife... But I still couldn't help but wonder if I could find a way to make her realize that she didn't have to worry.

I wasn't going to marry anyone else if it wasn't going to be Moana.

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The next morning, I woke up before Moana. We slept in her bedroom that night, so I quietly slipped out and made my way over to my own room to

get ready for work. I had stopped caring whether the maids or the housekeeper found out that Moana and I were sleeping together at this point; after the fact that we slept together all day and all night after the incident with the Rogues, I was almost entirely certain that they all knew anyway. In fact, I was fairly certain that they all knew before then, when we used to sleep together, but they were just too polite to mention it. Now, however, I didn't care whether they knew or not. In a way, Moana was becoming the lady of the house. She was the mother of my child, after all. Even if we didn't have any sort of relationship behind closed doors, I expected the servants to treat her like the lady of the house, especially now that I knew that she was a werewolf.

As I got dressed, I couldn't help but feel refreshed. My fever had passed already after our first night of sleeping together, and every subsequent night after that only made me feel even more rested. I really did need Moana by my side to sleep, which was only even more proof that there was something incredibly special about her. She had some sort of special ability to calm people; not only had I seen it first hand with myself, but I had seen how well she pacified children. Even Selina had mentioned how easily Moana had seemed to calm down Ella on the day of her interview after Ella had successfully scared away every other potential nanny.

In fact, Ella's entire demeanor had softened since Moana arrived. Ella was always a sweet girl, but before Moana came into our lives, she always had a harsh side to her. She was a lot like me, and always had a bit of a temper when things didn't go her way — and, admittedly, I spoiled her quite a lot, which led to a lot of tantrums. However, as soon as Moana began living with us, Ella was nothing short of sweet and mild-mannered. At first I thought she was just happy to finally have a motherly figure living in the apartment, but over time I began to realize that it wasn't just that. Moana was special, and there was no doubt about it now. As I got dressed, I knew that I would have to do my own research soon to find out whether she was the Golden Wolf or not.

After eating a quick breakfast, I headed downstairs and made my way to work. There was even a bit of a smile on my face as I drove after sleeping so well, despite the fact that Moana was upset with me. But I knew that she wouldn't be mad at me anymore after today; I didn't know how exactly I would soften her attitude toward me just yet, but I knew that things would be better after today.

When I arrived at the WereCorp headquarters, there were reporters outside. There were always reporters outside, trying to interview myself or other employees on the business's secrets, but today there were far more than usual. I felt a lump rise in my throat as I parked, knowing what was going to happen next. I could only sit there in my car for a few minutes, breathing deeply in preparation for the onslaught of questions I was about to receive.

Finally, once I had worked up my nerve, I grabbed my briefcase and stepped out of my car.

Almost as soon as I did, reporters began to swarm me and barrage me with questions and flashing camera lights.

"Mr. Morgan!" one reporter yelled. "Do you have any explanation for your appearance in the hospital the other day? Why were you covered in mud? Who was the mystery woman with you, and was it the same woman you were spotted with at lunch!"

"Mr. Morgan!" another reporter shouted as I put my head down and tried to get to the front doors. "What about your close family friend, Kelly? Is she really just a friend, or something more? Is it true that you have a daughter with her? If so, why have you hidden your daughter from the public?"

I sighed and kept walking, just trying to keep my head down and not be blinded by the flashing lights. I was used to this sort of onslaught right now, and normally had no problems ignoring the press and just getting to where I needed to go, but when I saw the news station crew running



toward me with a camera and their reporter at the front, blocking the door to the headquarters so I couldn't get past, I knew there would be no escape now.

"Mr. Morgan!" the news reporter said with a plastic grin as she blocked my way, no matter how hard I tried to get around her. "Do you have any comments on the recent speculation? Who is this mystery woman, and what is your connection to her?"

Finally, I couldn't take it anymore. I felt myself becoming overwhelmed by all of the noise and the lights, and it eventually slipped out; the very thing that I had been hoping to wait on until Moana's wolf emerged fully.

"The red-haired woman is my fiancée," I blurted out into the reporter's microphone, my brain in such a state of anxiety that I hardly even realized what I was saying. "She is the mother of my eight-year-old daughter, and we have another baby on the way."

The reporters gasped. More lights flashed, but I used it as an opportunity to push my way through the crowd. Finally, the WereCorp security guards came to my rescue and flung open the doors, ushering me inside before the reporters caught up.

I didn't realize until a few minutes later that I had announced Moana as not only my fiancée, but also the mother of two of my children.

And yet, I somehow didn't mind at all.

## Chapter 120 An Unexpected Turn of Events

### Moana

I woke up the next morning after a night full of too many dreams about Edrick. If I wasn't sure of it before, I was sure of it now after our conversation the night earlier; Edrick would never accept me as his wife. Even if he decided to have a fake relationship with someone, he would never choose me because of the glaring differences in our social status.

Even though my heart was broken, I knew that it would be for the best if I just left at that point. I couldn't raise a baby in a home where its own father didn't think that I was worth even having a fake public relationship with, and I certainly wouldn't raise my baby in a home where Edrick was also living with a different woman. As I woke up that morning, I knew that it would soon come time for me to leave. I was just glad that I had been carefully saving my money for that inevitability; but I only wished that it had happened before my harrowing experience with Edrick. The way he saved me from those Rogues only made me more attached to him, and now it would be even harder for me to cut myself loose.

When I woke up, Edrick was already gone for work. In a strange way, I had hoped to wake up in his arms one last time — but I knew that it would only make things even worse, so maybe it would be better this way. At the very least, when he came home later and I informed him of my plans to

leave, I wouldn't do so with the feeling of his arms around me still fresh on my skin.

I took my time showering and getting dressed, as it was still early. Lately, the pregnancy had made me a little slower, too. My belly was beginning to protrude even more with the rapidly-growing little werewolf inside of me, which made me wonder just how long it would be before I would be the side of a small planet; maybe, I thought to myself as I got dressed, it was time for me to start doing research on werewolf pregnancies. If I was going to be going through the remainder of this pregnancy on my own without Selina or Edrick by my side to guide me, I would need to have at least some basic knowledge on how the process would work.

When I eventually emerged from my bedroom with all of these things still on my mind, however, it seemed that the universe simply felt the need to get in the way of my own train of thought.

“Miss Moana!” Amy said, scurrying up to me with a somewhat frantic look on her face. “You have to see this.” She quickly grabbed me by the wrist before I even had a chance to react, then practically dragged me out into the living room.

“What’s going on?” I asked as I noticed that Selina and Lily were standing in front of the television with wide eyes. “What? Did someone die or something?”

Lily slowly shook her head as she stared unblinkingly at the television. Even Selina, the stoic and unperturbed housekeeper, was so fixated on the television that she didn't even seem to acknowledge my presence. I had never seen her like that before, aside from the other day when Edrick brought me home after the incident with the Rogues, and seeing how pale her face had become frightened me and made me wonder if something seriously awful had happened.

“Look,” Amy whispered, pointing at the screen and tearing my attention away from the housekeeper.

With shaky eyes, I followed Amy's finger to the screen. There was a news channel that seemed to be playing a recap of the morning's events; in particular, events involving Edrick.

On the screen, there was a clip of Edrick getting out of his car. The camera footage was shaky as the reporter ran up to him. He was surrounded by frantic paparazzi and seemed to be trying to keep his head down and push his way through the crowd, but the news reporter stood in his way and spoke loudly.

"Mr. Morgan!" the news reporter said with a plastic grin as she blocked his way, which seemed to distress him a bit as he tried to sidestep around her. "Do you have any comments on the recent speculation? Who is this mystery woman, and what is your connection to her?"

For some reason, Edrick froze at that point. He stood there for a moment, staring at the ground with a pale face as though he was losing focus; then, all of a sudden, he looked up and responded to the reporter after refusing to speak to the paparazzi for the entire clip.

"The red-haired woman is my fiancée," Edrick blurted out into the reporter's microphone, almost as though he didn't even seem to consider it beforehand. "She is the mother of my eight-year-old daughter, and we have another baby on the way."

My eyes went wide. The reporters gasped, as did I and the other servants. I clapped my hand over my mouth in shock as Edrick was quickly ushered away by WereCorp security guards and disappeared inside the headquarters. I swore for a brief moment before Edrick disappeared that I even saw a hint of a relieved smile on his face, as though he seemed glad to have made this announcement. But why? Wouldn't he feel embarrassed to announce a relationship with someone who not only had a much lower social status than he did, but was also, for all intents and purposes, still a human in the public's eyes? Wouldn't his father be furious?

The news clip then faded away and went instead to a news anchor sitting behind a desk while paparazzi photos of Edrick and I appeared on the screen next to her. But by that point, I had no idea what she was even saying because I was in such a state of complete and utter shock.

Had Edrick just announced that I was his fiancée? Not only that, but did he come out and say that I was not only pregnant with his child, but was also Ella's biological mother?

I couldn't believe it.

"Miss Moana," Lily said, turning to face me with wide eyes. "Is it true? Are you and Mr. Morgan engaged now?"

I swallowed and shook my head, still in a state of disbelief. "No," I replied. "We're not. It's... It's just fake to keep the paparazzi at bay."

Both Amy and Lily looked at me with a combination of disbelief and disappointment, but Selina only stared at me from behind them. As I locked eyes with her, I could sense that she knew that this was something else... Something more than just a fake relationship for positive press. And there was even what looked like a ghost of a smile on her lips, as though she was happy that Edrick had announced our relationship.

I didn't realize it, but I was smiling a little, too.

Did this mean that he really wouldn't marry anyone else? When he said the night before that he wouldn't choose Kelly... Was that because he had already chosen me instead?