

## Chapter 136 Deer in Headlights

Edrick

As soon as I saw the look on Moana's face as the paparazzi swarmed us, I knew that I should have prepared her more for an event of this magnitude. It wasn't just any old event; it was a huge networking event for some of the most affluent people in the city. The majority of people in attendance were other CEOs, celebrities, and extremely wealthy werewolf socialites. It really was no place for a girl like Moana, who had very little experience with events of this caliber, and I should have given her more time to get used to all of the media attention before I suddenly sprung this on her. But I had completely forgotten that the event was this weekend, and had mistaken the date as being the following weekend.

I could tell that Moana was trying her best to smile for the cameras and stay close to me, but when the paparazzi noticed her holding her belly and began to swarm her even more, it became too much.

Instinctively, I put my arm around her... But that only sent the paparazzi into even more of a frenzy.

"When is the wedding?" the paparazzi shouted. "Will you wait until after the baby is born? When is the baby due?"

Of course, I wasn't going to answer any of these questions; not only because there would be no wedding, but also because I needed to get Moana inside before she had a full-blown panic attack out here. The

paparazzi, thankfully, were being held behind a barrier and couldn't get too close to us, but it still felt suffocating with all of the flashing lights and shouting. I was used to this by now, and even this was too much. I could only imagine the terror that Moana felt right now.

"Come on," I said, guiding her toward the door with my arm still wrapped firmly around her shoulder as I used my body to block the view that the paparazzi had of her. I didn't want to give them the satisfaction of getting any more photos of Moana in such a vulnerable state. They already had too many. "We're almost there."

Finally, we made it up the steps and to the front door. The bouncer ushered us in, and once the door was shut firmly behind us, the din of the paparazzi outside became muffled and it finally felt as though we could breathe. But that was only the beginning of the night; the paparazzi were abrasive and annoying, but wealthy werewolf socialites and CEOs were just as bad, if not worse... Just in a different way.

I stopped Moana in the entryway before we went inside to give us some time to regroup, and held her by both shoulders as my eyes frantically searched her face. She had gone completely pale as a sheet, and her eyes were wide and blinking slowly. I could tell that she was not only blinded by all of the flashing lights, but she was also out of it mentally from all of the noise and attention.

"Are you okay?" I asked, tucking a strand of hair behind her ear without even thinking about it. "Do you need water?"

Moana only nodded. She still seemed too stunned to speak, so I decided to get her seated at our table and get her something cold to drink. There would be meals provided later, as well as live entertainment, but for now people were socializing before the show and our only option was the open bar.

I led Moana over to our table, which was marked with a placard that read "Mr. Morgan & Guest", which made me a little annoyed; I knew that my

“engagement” with Moana was fake, but it still felt a little insulting that her name wasn’t even on the placard. Instead, she was just a “guest”. But I decided not to let it get to me.

“I’ll get you some water and I’ll be right back,” I said, squeezing her shoulder as she sat down.

Moana nodded and offered me a weak smile, which was a relief. She seemed to be a bit more relaxed now that we were inside where it was cooler and quieter; I just hoped that no one would bother her tonight. I knew that some of these people could be nasty, especially to humans, and none of them knew yet that she was a werewolf.

As I stood at the bar and waited for the bartender to pour Moana’s water and prepare my own drink, I immediately got a taste of the nastiness from some of the other nearby socialites.

“Oh, look at that,” one woman said to another as though I wasn’t even standing right there. “It’s the human plaything.”

Immediately, I felt my blood boil. The event had barely even begun, and already these gossips were beginning to dig in their claws. I cast a glance over my shoulder at Moana, who was still sitting by herself. I was just glad that no one decided to bother her while I was gone.

“Well, I guess she is somewhat pretty,” the second woman replied with a snicker. “Although, I wonder how pretty she’d be without all of that expensive makeup and that fancy dress.”

The first woman giggled. “Maybe she’s not as dumb as they say,” she whispered. “Kudos to her for swindling a billionaire into spoiling her.”

The bartender handed me my drinks. As I gripped the glasses and began to walk away, all I could do was keep willing myself not to spin around and yell at these two women. I recognized them easily, too; the first one was the much younger trophy wife of one of my business partners, and the second was a B-list actress who ended her prime years ago. I could

have said both of those things to those nasty women, but I decided not to for Moana's sake, as I knew it would only make things worse for her — and right now, my priority was to get her some water.

But when I heard what the women said next, I froze.

“I suppose we've all had the occasional interest in humans,” the trophy wife said. “But it never lasts. They're simply lesser than us. Their little brains simply can't comprehend the power of a mate bond, and that's why they're only good for experimenting... Sexually, if you know what I mean.”

The second woman — the actress — giggled, but I was fuming. I spun around then and strode up to the two women, whose eyes widened as I stopped in front of them.

“If you have something to say about my fiancée, then you can say it to me,” I said, my anger rising so quickly that it took all of my strength to not say more.

The women's faces went red. They both began to stammer out excuses, but I didn't care to hear them. Without another word, I turned on my heel and walked back to my table to give Moana her water, and as I did, I made the decision to not leave her side again that night.

I realized something, though, as I sat back down with Moana.

When I referred to her as my fiancée to those two women, I didn't even think about it. In fact, calling Moana my fiancée felt more natural than anything.

## Chapter 137 Keeping Up Appearance

### Moana

Edrick showed so much affection for me when he realized that I was freezing up in front of the paparazzi, and without a moment of hesitation, he shielded me from the cameras with his body to hide my vulnerability and ushered me inside. Once we were safely inside, he led me over to a table and left me there while he got me some water. Even though I was still stunned by all of the shouting and the flashing cameras, I couldn't deny the fact that my heart felt full of love for the man who always cared so deeply about me.

While I waited for him, I began to calm down a bit and take in my surroundings. The inside of the building was a beautiful old concert hall with round tables scattered around, an art deco ceiling, and an ornate wooden stage at the front. There was a microphone and a stool sitting on the stage, and it made me realize that there must be a live show tonight. I hoped it was a comedian; I needed to laugh.

But as I sat, I still couldn't help but notice that people were talking about me. I could hear their whispers and their snickers, and as I looked around, I realized that there were many sets of eyes on me, watching me like hawks circling their prey. It almost seemed as though they were suspicious of me, as if I would steal something or cause some trouble. All I could do was stare down at my lap and wait for Edrick to return.

As soon as he returned, he put his arm around me once again. The people whispering about me immediately stopped as soon as they saw him, which made me feel safe once more.

“Thank you,” I said quietly.

Edrick merely nodded. “Let me know if you need another,” he said. He seemed so nonchalant, but I could tell from the way that his jaw was clenched that he was annoyed about something, and the way that he held me tightly was almost territorial. Maybe he noticed that people were staring, too, and wanted to show them that he would be here to protect me if they tried to say or do anything nasty.

Not long later, waiters dressed in black and white uniforms came around and started taking people’s orders. There was a limited menu, but each meal was extremely luxurious and decadent. I ordered pasta with clams, and when it came out, I was awed by how fragrant and full of flavor the meal was. I had never eaten such exquisite foods in my life; sure, Sophia tried her best to give us a wide variety of foods to try, but we never had the money for food like this. As I glanced around at all of the other women who hardly even touched their meals, I felt culture shocked. I still couldn’t wrap my head around the fact that there were people who were so used to this that they didn’t even want to eat the food, and I decided then and there that no matter how much Edrick spoiled me, I would never let myself forget what it was like to go hungry as a child.

Once the meals came out, the lights dimmed so that the only light in the room aside from the spotlight on the stage were the flickering candles at each table. Then, someone came out on stage to announce the show for the night: a celebrity comedian.

While we ate, the comedian performed his show and made Edrick and I laugh together. It was so funny that I quickly forgot about how scared I was before, and soon I felt as though it was just Edrick and I there, enjoying a show together while we had dinner. In fact, with the way that

Edrick sat right next to me with either his hand or his leg touching me at all times, I really did feel like a real couple on a night out. And at one point, I glanced over at him to see him laughing loudly at one of the comedian's jokes. He was even more handsome when he was happy. I loved the way his eyes squeezed shut and the way that he tilted his head back when he laughed, and it made me smile even more. During those moments, I thought that I could see him laugh like that forever and I'd be happy.

After the show, the lights came back on and people began to stand.

"Is the event over already?" I asked.

Edrick shook his head. "Not for a while yet," he replied, sounding a little disappointed. "Now we'll have to mingle. It's important for appearances."

I swallowed and nodded, feeling nervous as we stood, but Edrick held his arm out for me. As I looped my hand through his arm and followed him around while he chatted with people, however, I could tell that their smiles were fake and that they kept giving me side glances — especially the women. I felt instantly judged and out of place, and as the time went on, I felt more and more uncomfortable despite being right beside Edrick. However, I quickly learned to put on a fake smile like the rest of them, and tuned out all of the boring conversations and instead busied myself with looking at all of the beautiful artwork and reliefs carved into the walls and ceiling. Even if events like this would always contain a lot of boring chatter between businesspeople, I couldn't help but think that I was at least lucky to enjoy so much beautiful and historic artwork. But I also noticed that many of the other wives seemed to be mingling together and talking, and not a single one of them invited me to chat, which honestly hurt quite a bit.

At one point, I needed to use the restroom. I excused myself while Edrick was having a lengthy conversation with one of his business partners about

market fluctuations or some other boring business topic, and made my way over to the restrooms.

The restrooms were located down a small hallway, which offered a bit of reprieve from the noise of the event. I let out a small sigh as I walked up to the door and put my hand out to open it.

But I stopped when I heard laughter and voices inside.

“How ridiculous!” I heard a woman say. “Who wears green eyeshadow to an event like this?”

Another woman laughed loudly. “Maybe she got too busy playing with her mommy’s makeup before the event.”

Then, a third woman: “No, darling. She’s an orphan. Don’t you know?”

The other women gasped in unison. “Edrick Morgan is planning on marrying not only a human, but an orphan, too? I always thought that there was something wrong with him. Surely a man like that being single for this long has some sort of strange fetish or another.”

My eyes widened as I listened to their conversation. I could handle people talking poorly about me, as it was something that I had grown used to as a human in a world dominated by werewolves... But to say something so nasty about Edrick made my blood boil.

Maybe I should have just walked away, but I was too stubborn. I couldn’t stop myself from pushing the door open.



## Chapter 138 Us Against the World

### Moana

I knew that I should have just walked away, but I was too stubborn to just let these women get away with talking so poorly about Edrick like that.

When I pushed the door open, the women suddenly stopped talking. Their eyes were wide as they turned to face me.

“What are you talking about?” I said as I stepped into the bathroom.

The women were silent. I felt like I was being appraised and judged as they looked me up and down, but I didn’t care. If people were going to say such nasty things about Edrick, then they could judge me all they wanted; but I was going to say something about it, and I felt as though I caught them in the act.

However, the women’s shock quickly wore off. Their wide-eyed looks turned to plastic smiles.

“It’s not very polite to eavesdrop,” one of the women, a blonde with an enormous diamond ring on her finger, said. She leaned into the mirror and wiped a bit of her lipstick away from the corner of her mouth with her pinky finger, eyeing me in the reflection as she did so. “I hope you don’t eavesdrop often. It’s not very becoming; especially not for someone of your status to be doing to a group of upper-class werewolves.”

I opened my mouth to answer, but nothing would come out; and the women quickly realized that their rudeness left me speechless, which meant that they had won. All I could do was stand there with narrowed eyes while all three of them brushed past me, one after the other. The last woman bumped me with her shoulder deliberately before she left.

Once I was alone, I stood there feeling a combination of both sadness and anger; sadness that my social status would never let me be worthy of respect, and angry that these seemed to be the types of women I had to look forward to in the future now that I was involved with an Alpha billionaire. If I went on to continue to be in a relationship with Edrick, real or fake, I couldn't help but feel as though I would never be able to make any true friends again. If this was what wealthy women were like, then I didn't want any part of it. And I could only hope that I never turned out like them in the end.

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Finally, the event came to an end. On the way home, I kept trying to remind myself that I did have a nice time with Edrick during the comedy show, and that was the most important thing. None of the other things, such as the paparazzi or the mean women in the restroom, mattered. But that was easier said than done, and I still felt sad.

As we got ready for bed, I was too tired to even hide my sadness anymore. And Edrick seemed to notice.

“Are you alright?” he asked. He was sitting up in bed with a book in his lap while I busied myself with brushing out my hair in the bathroom mirror. I had just taken my makeup off, which always made me sad because of how beautiful Tyrus' work was — and I didn't care one bit if those horrible women thought that my green eyeshadow was ugly. I thought it was perfect, and from now on, I knew that I would always ask Tyrus to give me green and gold eyeshadow just to spite them.

I nodded at first, but as I looked in the mirror, I could still see the deep frown at the corners of my lips and the sad look in my eyes. Edrick noticed, too, and wouldn't let me get away with lying.

"I can tell something's wrong," he said, shutting his book and setting it on the side table before folding his arms across his chest. "Just tell me. Is it the paparazzi? I promise you'll get used to it, and they'll calm down eventually so it won't be so bad in the future."

I shook my head and set my hairbrush down with a sigh. "It's not that," I replied. "I know it'll get easier. It's just..." My voice faltered. I hung my head, unsure as to how to broach the subject. I didn't know if I should have told Edrick about what those women were saying or not; maybe he would have just told me that it was nothing more than gossip and he would have looked down on me for falling victim to it.

"Go on," he urged.

Another sigh escaped my lips. "After tonight, I'm just worried that I'm ruining your image," I finally admitted. "At the event, I knew that people were staring at me and talking about me. And I'm worried that it's going to reflect on you in a negative way. I don't want to hurt how other people see you. What if it makes you isolated?"

Edrick was silent for a long time. I was still facing the mirror, watching myself as I talked, but I finally worked up the nerve to turn to face him. I didn't realize it at first, but I now noticed that he had gotten out of bed and was now standing in the bathroom doorway.

"Why do you think I would care what any of those people think?" he asked, his voice low and quiet as he fixed his gray eyes on me.

I shrugged. "They're your colleagues. Your peers. I assume some of them are even your friends."

Edrick scoffed. "Friends?" he said with a laugh. "None of those people are my friends. In fact, I can't stand a single one of them."

My eyes widened. I was taken aback by what Edrick said; at the event, he seemed to interact with all of them so naturally and charmingly. I watched him all night as he laughed along with his business partners and colleagues, how he charmed the women and bantered with the men. Their faces had all been stiff and plastic, but I assumed that it was just because of my presence. But Edrick had seemed to be enjoying himself just fine, which made me surprised to hear that he couldn't even stand any of them.

"Really?" I asked. "All night, you seemed to get along with everyone—"

"Sure, I played nice," Edrick replied with a shrug. "That's just what you do at these sorts of things. It doesn't mean I like any of them. The only thing I liked about the entire night was just having dinner and watching the comedy show with you. I could have been perfectly happy if that was all we did, but I had to pretend to like people for appearances."

As Edrick spoke, I felt my face get hot. His words made me blush.

"I enjoyed dinner and the show with you, too," I said quietly, staring down at my feet to hide my red face.

"Good." Edrick turned then and climbed back into bed. "All that matters to me is that you had a nice time, even for just a little while."

Edrick laid down then and shut off his bedside lamp. I stood in the doorway for a few moments, still in shock, before I finally crawled into bed myself.

And as I fell asleep next to him, I couldn't help but smile as I thought about Edrick's sweet words.

## Chapter 139 Sweet Tooth

Edrick

I fell asleep beside Moana that night with a bit of a smile on my face. Even though the event started out on a bad note with the paparazzi, it was a lot of fun to enjoy the comedy show with Moana. Even just that short time of the event made the entire event worth it, despite the fact that I was forced to mingle with people who I utterly hated.

To call myself one of those people always made me sick. I hated how they acted; I hated their views on the world, and I hated their horrible attitudes. I never felt as though those people could ever even come close to being my friends, which was why it was almost laughable when Moana told me that she was worried she would ruin my image.

Those people were already looking for any little thing they could find to ruin anyone's image. If it wasn't Moana, it would have been something else. Even if they knew that Moana was not only a werewolf, but that she was my fated mate and that there was something else that was exceedingly special about her, they still would have found something to nitpick.

Moana always held herself with so much grace, and she was so beautiful — especially in the hair and makeup that Tyrus did for her, although she still would have been stunning in a paper bag — that the other women would have hated her anyway. But I didn't care; I was just happy to have

spent the night with Moana, and ever since I found out that she was my mate, I couldn't get enough of her.

When we went to bed that night, I couldn't deny the fact that I felt as though I had made the right choice in announcing my "relationship" with Moana. And maybe, if she really was my mate, it wouldn't have to be fake forever.

However, that night, I had strange dreams about Moana. I kept dreaming about that Alpha tooth that Moana had shown me. In my dreams, it always seemed to be there, but something was special about it. It wasn't just any ordinary tooth.

At one point, the dreams started to get a little intense. I dreamed that Moana had some special powers that I couldn't quite explain, but there was something else...

She was in danger. Someone was hunting her, but I didn't know why. All I knew was that I felt a sense of panic, and I needed to protect her.

I awoke suddenly with a start, breathing heavily with my forehead coated in sweat from the intense dreams. When I looked over at Moana in the darkness, I was relieved to find that she was still sleeping soundly and peacefully. Her chest was rising and falling gently, and her red hair was splayed out around her on her pillow like an orange halo. Of course she was safe... It was just a dream, after all. But I still couldn't quite shake that feeling of dread in my stomach, and I knew that even with Moana by my side, I wouldn't be able to sleep now.

My eyes wandered then over to my top dresser drawer. Since Moana had been staying in my room most nights, I had given her that drawer to put some of her things in; and one of those things was the box that contained the tooth. I wasn't exactly sure why she kept it in here instead of keeping it in her own room, but I got the sense that she felt uncomfortable being away from it for some reason. It was as if she needed to keep it close to feel at ease.

Those strange dreams made me too curious; I needed to take a look at the tooth. I took one last glance over at Moana, who had now rolled onto her side, before I quietly got up and tiptoed across the room.

When I silently opened the top drawer, there it was: the wooden box that held the tooth. I picked it up gingerly and opened it. As I gently picked the tooth up and held it up to the moonlight, my eyes widened at what I saw.

I knew before that there was something odd about the tooth when Moana first showed it to me, but I hadn't looked at it in the moonlight that time. And, tonight was a full moon. As I held it up to the light, it began to glow ever so slightly. It glowed a soft golden color.

A slight gasp escaped my throat. I quickly put the tooth back in the box and stuck it back in the drawer, my eyes still wide in disbelief.

I had only heard stories about a tooth like this; a golden tooth that could only be seen in the moonlight. But those were just fairy tales for little kids... Or were they?

If I thought I wouldn't get any sleep before, I certainly wasn't going to get any sleep now. I needed to do some research of my own, because if Moana was truly in possession of a tooth like this, then that could only mean one thing.

She was the Golden Wolf.

All of the signs pointed to it: her strange abilities, her overpowering scent, her wolf not emerging until she was much older. And now, the tooth.

But I was still skeptical. I never even thought that the Golden Wolf was real; everyone always thought that it was nothing but a legend. Maybe I was just seeing things, I thought to myself. Either way, I needed to do some research, and so I quickly put my robe on and quietly left the room to head to my office.

Once I was in my office, the first thing I did was turn on my computer and begin to search for information on the Golden Wolf. Of course, there wasn't much available other than the legend of the Golden Wolf that every mother told her children. But there were some sources pointing to the existence of a very old book that contained information on the Golden Wolf.

I found mention of the book on some obscure online mythology forums; people seemed to talk about it like it was some sort of Holy Grail of information. The legend was that it was written by the very man who claimed to have seen the Golden Wolf, right before he was executed.

Some said that it was nothing but the ramblings of a mad man, but many other people insisted that this book held a lot of useful information. It was so rare that there were no copies available online. In fact, there weren't even any pictures available of it.

Maybe it was a stretch. It was very possible that the book was also a myth in and of itself, and that it didn't actually exist. But it was my only link to learning more about the Golden Wolf, and I knew I had to try — because if Moana really was the Golden Wolf, then my dreams were right.

If Moana really was the Golden Wolf, then she was in grave danger. And it was my job as her fated mate to protect her.



## Chapter 140 A Day In The Life

### Moana

A few days passed by after the networking event. Things felt peaceful in the penthouse, and although I really only stayed in with Ella to stay away from the paparazzi, I didn't mind. It was relaxing to stay inside and away from the public, and I spent a lot of time drawing and reading with Ella, which was nice after being so busy lately. I just hoped that events such as the networking event were few and far between. Although I enjoyed spending the evening with Edrick and watching the comedy show together that night, I didn't like the other people that were there and I feared that I would see many of the same people at future events like that.

However, it seemed that my reprieve was brief, because Edrick came to me a few days later and told me about another upcoming event that I would have to attend with him.

"I need you to come to a work event with me tomorrow morning," Edrick said casually as he stirred his tea on Thursday morning before work.

I felt my shoulders sag as he told me this. I was still tired from the last event, and I didn't feel up to mingling with more celebrities and businessmen who looked down on me because of my social status.

“Do I have to go?” I asked, a bit sheepishly. “I’m still tired after that first event.”

Edrick sighed. “I know you are. But this event will be different, I promise.”

I raised an eyebrow. “How so?”

The Alpha billionaire shrugged and took a sip of his tea. When he set the teacup down, he picked up his newspaper and opened it with a flick of his wrists while he crossed his legs. I thought that I would never get used to how handsome he looked during mundane moments like this. Even when he was just casually drinking his breakfast tea and reading the paper, he looked incredibly attractive.

“It’s a picnic,” he replied. “Just a little employee appreciation event. It’ll be outside with games and food, and Ella can come, too.”

The way that Edrick described the event was tempting. It did sound nice to spend the day outside, and if Ella could have a chance to play in the park after being cooped up in the penthouse all week, then I would do it for her.

“Will I need to have my hair and makeup professionally done again?”

Edrick chuckled and shook his head. “No. It’s just casual. Wear something nice, of course, but remember that you’ll be outside. Dress comfortably.”

I couldn’t help but let out a small sigh of relief. Now that the pregnancy was progressing, high heels were becoming more and more uncomfortable. My feet were beginning to swell a bit and I found myself feeling more tired in my knees, hips, and back than usual, so comfortable shoes were a necessity at this point.

“Okay,” I finally agreed. “I’ll go.”

Edrick seemed pleased and took another sip of his tea. However, I did secretly wonder if this would be my life from now on as the “wife” of a famous Alpha CEO: event after event with little rest in between.

And somehow, Edrick must have seen the uncomfortable look on my face and glanced up at me over his newspaper with a furrowed brow. “Everything okay?”

I nodded at first, but Edrick kept staring at me, and finally I decided to tell him the truth about how I felt.

“I just don’t know how well I’ll handle so many events from now on,” I replied. “I’m still tired from the first one. Is this what it’s like? One event after the other with hardly any rest in between?”

Edrick was silent for a few moments before he neatly folded his newspaper back up and set it down on the table. He leaned on his elbows then and looked at me with a sigh.

“I promise this is the last one for a while,” he replied. “The end of summer and the holidays are busy, but other than that, it’s not typically like this. Besides, you get used to it quickly, and it doesn’t feel so draining after your first few events; especially once the paparazzi gets bored of our relationship and moves on.”

Edrick’s words were comforting, but a bit depressing at the same time. I didn’t want to admit it, but I really didn’t enjoy these sorts of events. The thought that I would have to learn to simply “get used” to them was a little depressing, as it meant that there was no getting away from them — despite the fact that our public relationship was fake. Not only that, but to have our “relationship”, real or not, be treated as a fad that people would quickly get bored of made me feel sad. I wasn’t a commodity to be sold to the public; I was a person.

But, despite all of this, Edrick reached across the table then and squeezed my hand. I felt my heart skip as his hand touched mine, and when I met

his gaze, his eyes were soft and understanding. Maybe things like this wouldn't be so bad after all when I had him here for support.

Edrick then pulled his hand away just as quickly as he extended it and stood, ending our brief moment of comfort together. I felt my face go red as he stood, and I quickly looked away and hid my hands beneath the table.

“Remember,” he said as he looked at his watch and picked up his suit jacket off of the back of the couch, slinging it over his forearm. “It’s just a Labor Day picnic. It’ll be fun.”

I nodded and watched as Edrick walked out of the dining room. I heard the elevator doors open and close before I let out a small sigh and returned to eating my own breakfast. Maybe it would be fun. It would be fun for Ella, too, especially if there were other children there.

But, even with all of this in mind, I still couldn't deny the fact that the first event left a bad taste in my mouth. It wasn't the event itself that was the problem — I actually had a nice time with Edrick and would have gladly done it again — but rather the people. Because of my lower social status, people hated me. And I knew that some of those very same people would likely be at the picnic, where they would also likely ridicule me once again. I didn't want to put Ella through ridicule, too, since they thought that she was my biological daughter; I could only imagine the sorts of nasty things that people like that would say about a half-blooded little girl. Besides, even if they did know that I was a werewolf, I would still be nothing but a freak for not having my wolf emerge until much later in life, not to mention my low status of growing up in an orphanage. No matter which way I turned, I knew that I would always face the ridicule of wealthy people like that.