

## Chapter 50 Little Wolf

### Moana

I woke up the next morning, after having stashed the box of unused pregnancy tests in my medicine cabinet, and felt even more sick than the day before. I was sure, as I achingly dragged myself out of bed and turned on the shower, that I would have to either end the pregnancy soon or tell someone about it; I couldn't go on feeling like this every day without some sort of support, and it was only going to get worse over time.

The hot shower helped a bit with the nausea, and once I was dressed and took the medicine that the doctor gave me, I walked next door to wake Ella up.

“Rise and shine,” I said, opening the curtains to let the sunlight in.

Ella yawned and stretched, her small hands curled into fists. “I’m still tired...”

“I know, love, but you have training today,” I said. I walked over to the bed and pulled the covers down, causing Ella to shiver and grumble before she finally got up. Soon enough, I had her dressed for training.

As we ate breakfast, I couldn't help but notice that Selina's eyes seemed to be fixed on me. I knew that she was expecting some sort of answer regarding the pregnancy tests, but I never took one.

I took Ella to training that morning without fuss, where I decided to wait and read a book instead of my usual routine of going to the orphanage due to my upset stomach and lightheadedness. When Ella was finished with her training, I was just relieved to be going home where I could rest for a little bit.

When we arrived back at the penthouse, Ella ran off to practice on the piano while I sunk down into the big armchair in the living room with a sigh. My feet felt sore and my head pounded, and it was still only midday.

Without realizing it, my eyes eventually closed as I sat in the sun and I began to nod off.

I was awoken at some point, however, by the feeling of someone shaking my shoulder. I groaned quietly as I cracked my eyes open. Selina was standing over me with a concerned look on her face.

“I’m sorry,” I said, stifling a yawn as I sat up. “I must’ve nodded off there for a little bit. Where’s Ella?”

“She’s playing in her room,” Selina said. Then, she lowered her voice so only the two of us could hear. “Did you take a pregnancy test?”

I froze for a moment, recalling how I had shoved the box of tests out of sight the night before without taking one — because I already knew that I was pregnant. Even though I was moved by Selina’s concern, however, I wasn’t ready to disclose that just yet.

“Um, yes,” I lied, nodding. “I took one. It was negative.”

“Hmph.” Selina narrowed her eyes and pursed her lips. She clearly didn’t believe me, and before I could elaborate on my lie to make it more believable, she pulled the unopened box of pregnancy tests out of her apron pocket and waved it in front of my face. “You didn’t take a test.”

I gulped, snatching the box from her hand, and stood. “You went into my room again? And, you went through my cupboards this time, no less?” Beyond the issue of the pregnancy, this felt like a privacy violation, and it made me more than a bit uncomfortable.

Selina, however, was unfazed. She folded her thin arms across her chest and frowned at me. “Why did you lie to me?” she asked. Her voice was cold and annoyed. “What purpose would you have to avoid simply taking the test, just to be safe?”

A knot started to form in my stomach as Selina spoke. I realized then that I couldn’t get away with not telling her anymore; if I didn’t tell her now, she would certainly figure it out eventually, assuming she already hadn’t figured it out.

“Fine,” I said, throwing my hands up in defeat and lowering my voice. “I already know I’m pregnant.”

Selina’s eyes widened. “Do you know who the father is?” she asked.

I paused, wondering if I should reveal that the father was Edrick. But even though Selina had given me several reasons over my time working here to trust her, I still couldn’t be sure that she wouldn’t tell Edrick that I was pregnant with his child immediately, so I chose to lie... Or, at least, withhold some of the truth.

“Yes,” I replied, then, thinking for a moment, said: “The baby is a werewolf. That’s all I’ll say.”

Selina paused, then nodded. I could tell just from looking at the expression on her face that she had an idea as to who the father was, but she seemed to decide not to pry any further. I appreciated that. “Well then,” she said with a sigh. “What are you going to do about it?”

As I shook my head and thought of the decision I had to make, I suddenly felt tears come to my eyes. “I don’t know,” I replied tearfully, sinking back

down defeatedly into the big, plush armchair. “I don’t know whether I should keep it or not. I’m afraid... I’m afraid that the father won’t accept the child as his own.”

Selina was silent for several moments. She stood as still as a statue, but then, much to my surprise, she reached down and hesitantly pulled me toward her. My eyes widened as she did this, but then I felt myself relax, leaning my forehead against her apron as the tears continued to flow. I felt her hand stroking comfortingly over my hair, which was a stark change from the usual curt nature of the older woman.

But then, just as quickly as it began, she stopped and pulled away.

“I’ll help you hide it for now. But only until next week. Do you understand?”

I looked up at Selina, my brow furrowed. She was staring down at me; her expression had shifted from comforting to serious. I nodded. “Yes. I’ll make a decision by then,” I responded.

Selina nodded. She was silent again for a moment, then opened her mouth to speak, but closed it again and turned on her heel. Without another word, she scurried off.

That evening, I began to notice subtle shifts in the housekeeper’s actions and demeanor. She stopped what she was doing to come in and help me get Ella ready for dinner, then stayed with us while we ate, her eyes searching my face for any signs of nausea over the smell of the food. The food she prepared was hearty and gave me some strength for the first time since my dinner with Ethan, which was a welcome comfort and something that I was incredibly grateful for.

After dinner, Selina even helped me with getting Ella ready for bed. I thanked her profusely before retiring to my room, but not long after, I heard a soft knock on the door. I opened it to find no one there, but when

I looked down, there was a tray of warm milk and a few small biscuits on the floor.

I couldn't help but smile to myself at the housekeeper's sudden acts of kindness. It felt nice, after having been hiding the pregnancy, to have someone who was on my side and who could help me. It was something that I would always be grateful for, even if I decided not to go through with the pregnancy.