

Chapter 59 The Truth Comes Out

Edrick

I put Ella to bed myself that night. It was calming to see how peacefully she slept; if only I could have slept like that. As I returned to my room, still fuming over whether Moana was lying to me or not, I felt as though my daughter's nanny was being suspicious.

I couldn't shake the feeling that Moana was pregnant with my brother's baby. I knew that she went out for dinner with him the other night, and had seen him multiple times before that. For all I knew, she only ever accepted the job with me to try to climb the social classes, and now she had gotten herself knocked up by my brother. I wanted to believe that I was wrong, that she really was just sick and gaining a little weight, but I couldn't shake the feeling that something more was going on behind the scenes.

For quite a while, I tossed and turned in bed. Finally, I gave up on sleep altogether and decided to get myself a drink from the minibar. I grumbled to myself, feeling rather a lot like a grumpy old man with insomnia, as I climbed out of bed and headed out of my room.

The living room was peaceful and quiet when I walked in. Surely everyone else was already asleep. The only sounds I could hear were the sounds of the city outside, and the only light that illuminated the room was the soft glow of the city lights coming in through the big open

window. I sighed as I poured myself a glass of whiskey, then walked over to the double doors leading out onto the balcony and swung them open. I stood out there for a few minutes, drinking my whiskey as I leaned on the railing and looked down at the city below.

As I stood on the balcony and looked down at the city, all I could think about was how suspicious Moana's behavior had been recently.

She'd been sick with "food poisoning" now for far longer than the three to five days that food poisoning would typically last. The smell of eggs and sausage made her gag, she was constantly touching her stomach, and I couldn't forget that night that she fell asleep on the living room floor. I would never admit it, but that night was the first night since we terminated our sleeping agreement that I actually got a little sleep without having to take sleeping pills or drink too much alcohol.

Speaking of alcohol: my glass of whiskey was already empty.

I sighed and turned around to go and pour myself another glass.

But just as I did, I caught a glimpse of Selina sneaking out of Moana's room — and she was holding something in her hand.

"Selina?" I called from where I stood in the balcony doorway. She froze. I could see her slip whatever she was holding into her apron pocket, and I frowned. "What are you doing?"

"I was just checking on Moana," Selina said. "She's been sick."

My frown deepened. I approached Selina, and as I did, I could tell that she was hiding something from me. Were my own loyal servants, who had worked for me for years, hiding something so important from me?

"Did you give her medicine?" I asked.

Selina nodded. She still had her hand in her apron pocket, as though that would stop me from noticing, but she saw me looking and took her hand out.

“Show me what you gave her, please,” I said quietly.

Selina hesitated for a moment. I had never seen the housekeeper so nervous before. Normally, she was as cool as a cucumber. “Selina,” I insisted, “come on.”

Finally, she let out a deep sigh and pulled the object out of her pocket: it was a bottle of pills. I took the pills from her hand and turned it over in my palm, taking in a sharp breath when I read the label. They were pregnancy vitamins.

“I knew it,” I said, holding the bottle up. “Why does it seem that everyone in my house wants to keep things from me?”

Seeing the bottle made me begin to fume even more than I already was. I had asked Moana if she had anything important to tell me, and she had said that there was nothing. I wanted to trust her — I really did. I was going to give her the benefit of the doubt, and I was even going to offer to pay for a doctor’s visit in the morning to sort out what was happening with her stomach, since she’d seemed so haggard lately. And yet, all along, both my nanny and my loyal housekeeper had been keeping something much more important from me.

“Don’t be mad at her,” Selina said, reaching out and touching the arm that was holding the bottle of pills. I didn’t realize it at the time, but I had already become so angry that my hand was shaking. “She’s going through a lot right now. Give her time.”

“This is important, Selina,” I said, speaking through my teeth. “How long have you known?”

Selina shook her head. Her hand was still gripping my arm. “Only less than a week,” she said. “She just found out, herself. She told me she was going to make a decision about what to do by the end of this week.”

“So you’ve known for several days now and you couldn’t be bothered to mention it to me?” I snarled. “I’m her employer. Her performance with

my daughter has been slipping and I think that I deserved to know why earlier.”

Selina sighed, shutting her eyes for a moment, then opened them again and looked at me with a serious expression on her face. “I promised I wouldn’t say anything until the end of the week,” she said, her voice low. “Telling on her would have only caused more upset for her—”

“Do either of you know who the father is?” I asked. My mind went back once again to all of the times that Moana spent private time with Ethan. How was I to know that, on the night of the family banquet, they might have had s*x when no one else was around? Is it some sort of plan of hers to ensure her future in the Morgan family? Is she really was just like Ella’s mother: a scheming woman with no regard for anyone except herself? By doing this, she was hurting my daughter.

“I don’t know,” she said. “She didn’t say. She only mentioned that the baby will be a werewolf.”

I froze. So, my suspicions were solidified; Moana had, most definitely, intentionally gotten herself knocked up by my brother so she could use the baby to enjoy the finer things in life for herself. That must have been why she secretly went out for dinner with him the other night. Did he really think that he could rent out an entire restaurant for his date with my daughter’s nanny and I wouldn’t notice? Did he even know about the pregnancy yet?

I had to confront her right now. I brushed past Selina and began to storm toward Moana’s door.

“Wait!” Selina called, running after me. “She’s sleeping now. It can wait until morning.”

Selina grabbed my arm again, but I tore away from her and closed the distance between myself and Moana’s room. The bottle of pills was still in my hand as I grabbed the doorknob and flung the door open.