

## Chapter 76 Temper

Edrick

The next day after our minor argument, I was happy to see that Moana took me up on my offer and decided to take the day off. I insisted that she let the driver take her wherever she wanted to go. She left in a bit of a huff, holding her belly through her summer dress in the elevator, but as the door closed, I knew that she would come home feeling much better later. In the future, I told myself that I would make sure she had more time off; this much stress was only bad for the baby, so if she needed any time to rest and relax, then I would allow it.

However, Moana was late coming home that night. I began to get a little worried when she wasn't even home in time for dinner, and found myself involuntarily looking out the window every five minutes to see if she was coming.

Finally, just as I was about to call her, I saw the car pull up out front and let out a sigh of relief. I watched as she walked into the building, then waited for her to take the elevator up. When the doors finally slid open and she walked into the foyer, she immediately met my gaze.

“You were out late,” I said. “I was about to call you.”

She shrugged. “It’s my day off. I’m an adult, so you don’t need to worry about me.”

For the second day in a row, Moana was being sarcastic and cold toward me. What did I do to piss her off so much like this? Frowning, I folded my arms across my chest. “I’m allowed to wonder where the mother of my baby is past dark in this big city,” I said.

Moana merely scoffed. “I was only at the orphanage,” she replied. “Besides, why do you care? It’s not your baby, right? Just some other man’s mistake?”

“So that’s what this is about?” I asked, splaying my hands out with my palms up, feeling incredulous. “You eavesdropped on my conversation with my mother?”

Moana rolled her eyes and began to storm off toward her room, but I wasn’t having it. After all of the waiting and worrying about her all night, I had finally had enough. I had been so understanding, and even gave her an extra day off! Before she could storm away, I quickly ran up to her and put myself between her and the doorway.

“Don’t just run away,” I insisted. “Have a real conversation with me.”

She waved her hand dismissively. I noticed that she didn’t seem to even want to look at me, and now she turned around to storm off in the other direction, toward the kitchen. “It’s completely unimportant,” she said. I followed her and watched as she walked to the fridge, opened it, then took out a pitcher of iced tea and poured herself a glass. Her hands seemed to be shaking.

“Did you eat dinner?” I asked.

Moana scoffed again. “Why do you care?”

“Because,” I reiterated, “you are carrying my child in your belly. You’ve hardly eaten for the past two days. The last thing you, I, the baby, or anyone else needs is for you to collapse and wind up in the hospital. I mean...” I let out a wry, disbelieving chuckle. “What has gotten into you?”

“What has gotten into me?” Moana asked through gritted teeth. She slammed the pitcher back down in the fridge, then turned toward me and pressed her palms firmly into the countertop. “First,” she said, counting on her fingers now, “you scrambled to pay off that photographer on the night we went out for dinner. Then, you can’t even be bothered to refer to me in any sort of personal way at the hospital until we were behind closed doors, because it might tarnish your pristine reputation to be in association with a lowly human...”

“Moana, that’s not—” I began, but she cut me off.

“That’s not even all of it!” she snarled. “You’ve done nothing but treat me with a hot and cold attitude since you met me. One day, you’re sweet and kind and caring. Then, the next day, you’re distant and can’t even look me in the eye. The only reason why you even come close to treating me like an equal is because of this baby, and I was willing to accept that! But then you can’t even admit to your own mother that the baby is yours? You have to make me out to be impregnated by another mystery man? Don’t you realize how that sounds?”

As she spoke, Moana absentmindedly stormed out of the kitchen and back into the living room. I followed, partially listening to what she was saying, but also partially because I was worried she might do something rash in her current angry state.

“You know,” she said, her voice still raised, “I thought that you were really starting to see me as an equal. I thought that our relationship was unconventional, but that it would be okay because you would love our child, and that was all that mattered. But now, I think that our baby will only grow up feeling even more alone than I do in this household. No other family members, no friends, having to constantly fear cameras, and not even being accepted by his or her own father. Just money. Money can’t fill the void that parental love is supposed to fill!”

Suddenly, she picked up a pillow off of the couch in her fit of anger and chucked it as hard as she could — not at me, but at the floor with a surprising amount of force for such a petite pregnant woman.

When she was finished, the room fell silent, filled only by the sounds of her breathing harshly through her nostrils. We both stared incredulously at the discarded pillow; I had to stifle a bit of a smirk at the ridiculousness of the situation and the comical choice of throwing a pillow on the floor. Even in a state of fury, Moana was still level-headed enough to only throw something soft, rather than choosing something heavy or breakable like so many angry people might choose.

When I lifted my gaze from the pillow, I looked into her eyes, only to see that they were filled with more than just annoyance and anger... but rather a deep-seated pain and bitterness. I felt both cornered and guilty; how could I explain to her that I was just put on the spot by my mother, and that I was planning on announcing the baby to her in due time? She wouldn't even believe me anyway, and the longer I thought about it, the more I realized that it was a weak excuse anyway. Maybe I was just being cruel by claiming that the baby in Moana's belly belonged to a mystery man. Maybe I should have been a man and admitted that the baby was mine.

At that moment, I knew I was wrong. And for some reason, I wanted to hold her. Without a word, I walked past the discarded pillow and pulled her tightly into my arms.

## Chapter 77 A Compromise

Edrick

In her fit of anger, Moana threw a pillow, of all things, on the floor. She stood there silently after she did it, breathing heavily through flaring nostrils with her fists clenched at her sides. At that moment, she looked adorably small and helpless, like an angry child. But she wasn't a child; she was a woman, and my actions had upset her.

For some reason, seeing Moana act so passionately made me want to hold her. Without a word, I walked past the discarded pillow and pulled her tightly into my arms.

She stiffened at first, shocked by my sudden display of affection, before she finally relaxed into me. Her petite body pressing against me made me feel warm all over, and for a long time, I just held her there in the middle of the living room. I didn't want to get too close, but I couldn't deny the feeling of her slightly protruding belly against me combined with her fluttering heartbeat. For a brief moment, I thought about our fated one night stand that resulted in her unexpected pregnancy. It started to make me a little aroused, admittedly, but I quickly pushed those thoughts back down and just focused instead of making the mother of my baby relax.

As I hugged her, however, I was suddenly alerted to an oddly familiar smell. I couldn't quite place my finger on it at first, but it grew just a little stronger, and I suddenly came to the realization that it was the same scent

that I picked up at the maze all of those weeks ago. Just as quickly as it came, however, it suddenly faded.

I stopped hugging her and pulled away, looking down at her with narrow eyes. That scent was so distinct, and it was sweet. That day at the maze, I thought that it might have even been my mate's scent, but that was impossible; Moana was a human. Was she hiding something from me?

"What's wrong?" Moana asked, looking up at me with innocent confusion written across her face.

She looked genuine. I didn't think that she had anything to hide; maybe it was just some perfume that she used on occasion and it was nothing more than that.

"Nothing," I said, shaking my head and taking a step back.

Neither of us spoke for a few moments until Moana finally said, "I'm sorry I got so worked up." She solemnly walked over to the pillow that she had thrown on the floor and picked it up, setting it back down in its rightful place on the couch with a sheepish expression on her face.

I shrugged. "It's alright."

Moana stared at the floor for a little bit. My own mind felt as though it was whirling around with a million different thoughts. I knew that I was being a jerk for not telling my mother about the baby, and for making Moana feel so badly. But at the same time, I was a werewolf from a highly esteemed family. Even though I did like Moana and enjoyed her company, I could never be so forthcoming publicly with a human nanny.

"Well... Goodnight," Moana said quietly before turning and walking toward her bedroom.

I stared after her for a moment, biting my lip as I watched her go.

"Wait."

She froze when I called out to her, then slowly turned to face me.

“You know I’ll love our baby just as much as I love Ella,” I said, swallowing my pride. “I’m sorry that I made you think that I wouldn’t. My mother only put me on the spot yesterday, but... I know I should have just told her. If it’s important to you, we can tell her together tomorrow. But we can’t tell my father yet.”

Moana’s demeanor seemed to soften a bit at my words. She nodded slightly to herself, staring at the floor, before lifting her gaze to meet mine. “Thank you,” she said. “I’d like that.”

I managed a weak smile. Moana smiled a little in response, but quickly turned on her heel and retreated to her bedroom just as something indiscernible began to show in her eyes. I sighed as I heard her bedroom door click shut before I finally decided to try to get some sleep myself.

Sleep didn’t come easily, however. Even with my sleeping pills, I laid awake that night thinking about what I would say to my mother, and how she would react — especially when I would tell her not to say a word to my father. My mother was a kind and compassionate woman, but she also had her limits as a wealthy werewolf, and I wasn’t entirely certain that she would be particularly thrilled by the news. At the very least, there was some comfort in knowing that she would still support my decision. Not only that, but it was a comfort to know that it would make Moana happy. I didn’t want to cause her too much stress for the baby’s sake.

That night, as I laid awake, there was one other thing that kept floating through my mind.

What was that scent, and why was it so sweet to me?

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The following afternoon, I kept through with my promise about telling my mother about the baby. We invited my mother out for lunch to tell her the news at a nearby restaurant, but told her specifically to come alone. I knew

that she already had an idea about what we were going to tell her, but if she did, she didn't say anything about it. I always appreciated that about my mother.

When we arrived, my mother was already sitting at a table outside. It was a well-to-do establishment that was heavily frequented by other celebrities, so I felt comfortable taking my mask off when Moana and I sat down.

"Hello, dear," my mother said to Moana, squeezing her hand. Her eyes momentarily flickered down to Moana's belly, but she quickly looked away and smiled. "I hope you don't mind, but I already ordered tea."

"Thank you, Verona," Moana replied with a somewhat stiff smile. I could tell that she felt a bit uncomfortable in a wealthy establishment like this, but I'd made sure to have her get dressed appropriately, so she didn't look terribly out of place. Of course, there were a few strange looks as it was rare for a human to dine here, but no one was going to make a fuss about it with my mother and I here.

The waiter quickly returned with our tea, then took our lunch orders. We made small talk while we waited for our food and ate pleasantly when our food came, but I could feel that the tension in the air was thick. The tension was only growing thicker by the minute as my mother no doubt began to come to her own conclusions in her head about why we were here, and Moana seemed to be getting impatient beside me, so I decided that it was time to get it over with.

"Mom, Moana and I have something to tell you," I said, staring down at my plate as my heart quickened a bit. My mother raised an eyebrow when I looked up at her.

"You were right the other day. Moana is pregnant with my child."



## Chapter 78 Mystery Woman

### Moana

When Edrick finally told his mother at lunch that I was pregnant with his baby and not some other man's baby, there was a long silence. I felt my heart jump into my throat as my hands shook nervously underneath the table. What was his mother going to say? Was she going to accuse me of trying to lock down her son with a baby in order to gain money or social status? Was she going to tell me to leave and stay away from the Morgan family before I sullied their reputation with my status as a human nanny?

All of these things swirled around in my mind for those long few moments when no one spoke, causing a slight wave of nausea to wash over me. Suddenly, I lost what little appetite I had for my lunch, although I was already so nervous before that I couldn't bring myself to eat much anyway.

Finally, and much to my pleasure and surprise, a broad smile spread across Verona's aging face.

"Oh, how wonderful!" she said, clasping her hands together happily. "I'm so happy!"

Beside me, Edrick's eyes widened. "Really?" he said, sounding just as incredulous as I felt.

"Of course!" Verona exclaimed. "Another grandchild!" She quickly lowered her voice then, realizing that someone might overhear if she got

too excited about it. “I must admit that I am a little worried, though,” she said, her smile fading somewhat.

“Worried about what, exactly?” Edrick replied.

Verona sighed and looked down at her plate. “Well, you’re not married yet,” she said. “What’s your plan for raising the baby?”

Finally, I took an opportunity to chime in and said proudly, “We’ve decided to co-parent.”

Verona raised an eyebrow and looked back and forth between Edrick and I for a moment. She looked a little confused, and I felt a bit embarrassed then as I realized that a wealthy woman from an older generation might not be so understanding of an arrangement like ours.

“Moana will continue living with Ella and I at the penthouse,” Edrick elaborated. “We’ll raise the baby together so he or she can experience having both parents in the same household... Plus, Ella loves Moana as her nanny, so it wouldn’t be fair otherwise.”

Edrick’s mother was silent for a few moments, seemingly processing this new information. I felt my own anxieties growing as I wondered what she would think of our unconventional arrangement.

“You know, this could be harder than you think it will be,” Verona said finally. “Think about how it could confuse the child. Are you sure you wouldn’t consider just getting married? Besides, with your father—”

“I won’t get married,” Edrick suddenly said, somewhat abrasively at that. Verona seemed a bit taken aback. Although I was used to this sort of behavior from the Alpha billionaire by now, I was a little hurt by his abrupt statement of intent, too.

“Well...” Verona sighed and picked up her tea, taking a long sip. She set the cup back down in the causer with a slight clang, seemingly a little annoyed; I couldn’t tell if that was because of her son’s refusal to get married or if it was because he accidentally impregnated a human nanny.

“Just don’t make any arbitrary decisions,” she said, looking sternly at Edrick. “Make sure you really consider all of the factors involved before you make such broad, sweeping choices.”

Edrick didn’t answer Verona’s comment. Admittedly, although I felt a little awkward, it was also nice to know that maybe the Alpha billionaire’s mother was at least a little bit on my side. While I had come to terms with our co-parenting arrangement, I also wondered what sort of emotional impact it would have on our child.

Finally, Edrick spoke again. “There’s one more thing, mom,” he said, adjusting in his chair uncomfortably. “It’s about dad.”

Verona frowned. “What is it?”

“I’d like it if you wouldn’t tell him until we have absolutely no choice,” he said quietly. He paused and sucked on his lower lip for a minute, thinking. “Moana has only been pregnant for a short while. I’m... Afraid that he might do something to the baby if he found out now.”

Both mine and Verona’s eyes widened. Edrick hadn’t mentioned this concern, and suddenly I felt incredibly anxious and put my hand over my stomach protectively out of instinct. Was my baby in danger?

“Edrick,” Verona said, shaking her head disappointedly, “your father isn’t that bad. But... If it really means so much to you, then I won’t say a word. Your secret is safe with me.”

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After lunch, we hugged and kissed Verona goodbye before heading back to the penthouse. I felt a bit of a relief now that Edrick’s mother knew about the pregnancy, but Edrick’s mention of his father potentially doing something to the baby made me suddenly feel even more anxious than

before. I finally began to understand why Edrick might not have wanted to say anything just yet... He was trying to protect our baby. But was his father really all that bad?

When we arrived back at the penthouse, however, my anxieties raised even further. We hardly even had time to get out of the elevator before Selina came scurrying over to us with her phone in her hand.

“You two will want to see this,” she said quickly, shoving the phone in our faces. Edrick frowned and took the phone, and I leaned over to look at the screen.

On the screen, there was an image from an internet tabloid.

It was a picture of Edrick, Verona and I at the restaurant that day. My eyes widened as I saw that there was a big, red circle around my belly, which was protruding a bit in my dress. I had my hand on my belly in the picture, emphasizing it even more. Meanwhile, mine, Edrick’s and Verona’s faces all appeared grim, and Verona’s mouth was open. It was clear that we were having a very important discussion.

Below the image was big, bold text that read:

**“MYSTERY WOMAN WITH WERECORP CEO! NEW ADDITION TO THE MORGAN FAMILY ON THE WAY?”**

I felt my heart sink as I saw all of this. I glanced up at Edrick, whose face went white as a sheet. Without another word, he quickly took out his phone and walked away, leaving Selina and I standing speechless in the foyer.

“Hello?” I heard him say as he went into his office. “Yes. This is Edrick Morgan. I’d like to pay you to take down that article...”

With that, the door shut and I couldn’t hear what he said afterwards. I swallowed the knot in my throat as I looked at Selina, whose face seemed both concerned and apologetic.

Without another word, I held my head high and returned to my bedroom to rest. As I laid down atop my quilt and stared at the ceiling, however, I couldn't help but feel sorry for what happened. It was all my fault for that image being published; if I hadn't demanded that we speak to Verona again, that picture never would have been taken. And now, Edrick had to clean up the mess I made before his father found out.

## Chapter 79 The Anonymous Donor

Edrick

As soon as I saw the picture on the tabloid, I knew that I had to have it taken down as soon as possible. I immediately felt my heart sink and, without another word to Selina or Moana, I called the tabloid straight away. This specific tabloid had been known to cause trouble in the past, so it was needless to say that I already knew the CEO somewhat well.

When I called his office, however, he didn't sound too keen on selling me the image.

"I don't know..." he said into the phone. "Tell you what; let's talk about this in person, and maybe we can make a deal."

I frowned. Why couldn't he just speak over the phone, just like he always did? Either way, I had to get that image taken down; if my father saw that picture, and it was very possible that he already did, it would cause an uproar. So, I did what the CEO asked and immediately drove over to his office.

When I arrived, he was waiting for me in his dinky little corner office. It was honestly laughable to me that I had to meet a weasel like this in person.

“You can take your mask off,” he said, leaning back in his chair as I entered his office. I closed the door behind me and warily slid my mask down once I was certain that I wouldn’t be seen.

“So... You wanna pay me off, huh?” he said with a condescending chuckle. “You know, that’s a very valuable image I’ve got. You’re gonna have to offer more than the first person did.”

I felt my eyes widened. “Someone else paid for it already? Who?”

He shrugged. “That’s confidential, unfortunately,” he said. “They paid me a pretty penny to keep it on the website, if you’d believe that. How much are you willing to pay me to take it down?”

I was flabbergasted by this situation. Who would seriously pay this tabloid to keep that photograph public? I couldn’t imagine anyone who would be willing to pay so much money for something like that.

“Fine,” I said with an exasperated sigh. “How much did they pay you?”

The CEO grinned. “A hundred thousand.”

My jaw practically hit the floor. I stood, shaking my head and folded my arms. “You’re bluffing,” I said angrily. “No one would pay a hundred thousand to keep that photo up.”

However, the CEO merely shrugged. He then pointed to a check that was sitting on his desk; when I leaned over to look at it, I saw that it was made out to the amount of one hundred thousand dollars. The beneficiary seemed to use only their initials: K.M.

I frowned, holding the check up to the light. It looked legitimate.

“Time is ticking,” the CEO said as he tapped his wristwatch. “Do you want the picture to stay up or not?”

A deep, agitated groan escaped my throat, but nonetheless, I pulled out my checkbook and began to scribble furiously. When I was finished, I tore it out and slammed it down on the CEO’s desk.

“Here. And I don’t want you publishing photos of me or anyone else in my personal life on your shady little tabloid again,” I snarled. “Got it?”

The CEO picked up the check, his eyes widening as he saw the amount. “A... Million?” he croaked.

I nodded as I tucked my checkbook back into my suit jacket pocket. “Consider it a gift, and keep it off the books,” I said. “Do anything like this again, and I’ll sue you.” I pressed my fingers into his desk then and leaned forward, coming face to face with him. This close, he was fairly greasy-looking, and one eye was lower than the other. “My lawyers are a whole hell of a lot better than yours,” I growled. “I’ll get not only that money back, but I’ll take everything from you if you cross me again.”

The CEO gulped, nodding vehemently. I watched with disdain as he slowly took the check off of his desk with a shaking hand and folded it, slipping it into his pocket. “Right away, Mr. Morgan,” he said quietly. “It won’t be a problem anymore. I-I’m sorry.”

Satisfied, I stood and put my mask back on, straightened my jacket, and stormed out.

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After visiting the CEO, I sorely needed to relax. I had the driver take me to the Morgan-owned bar, where I had a few drinks and sat by myself for a while. As I drank, I couldn’t stop thinking about the mystery donor who tried to pay the CEO into keeping the image up. K.M.... Who could that be? I didn’t know anyone with those initials.

A few drinks later, however, and I was finally feeling a little more relaxed now that the business was over. It was getting late, so I decided to return home.



When I arrived back at the penthouse, everything was dark except for a single lamp in the living room. I sighed, loosening my tie as I walked over to shut it off, but stopped when I saw the reason behind why the lamp was left on.

Moana had fallen asleep in the armchair. There was a book sitting on her lap; she must have fallen asleep while reading.

I went to shake her shoulder and wake her up, but then paused. She looked so peaceful. Her chest was rising and falling gently with her head leaning to one side on the back of the chair, causing a loose curl from her hair to fall into her eyes.

For several moments, I just stood there, admiring her. Maybe it was the alcohol... But I thought that she was beautiful. I couldn't bring myself to wake her up when she was sleeping so soundly, especially after all the stress she'd been under lately — so, slowly and quietly, I gently took the book out of her hand, then slid my arms underneath her and picked her up.

Surprisingly, she didn't even stir when I lifted her up. She let out a small, content sound that made a slight smile twitch at the corners of my lips, then nuzzled her head against my chest.

I gently carried her to her room, where I laid her down on her bed and pulled her quilt up to her waist.

In the moonlight, she looked even more beautiful. She was like a sleeping angel, and all I could think about was the baby inside her belly. For the longest time, as I watched her sleeping, I didn't think about the tabloid or the mystery donor. I didn't think about my father or the differences between her status and mine. I only thought of how lovely and peaceful she looked, and for a brief second, I couldn't help but hope that our baby had her curly red hair.

As I watched her sleep, something strange happened. Maybe it was the alcohol after all — but, without thinking, as though I was in a trance, I slowly walked around to the other side of the bed and laid down.

And within just a few moments, I was fast asleep beside Moana.

## Chapter 80 A Little Kindness

### Moana

After I put Ella to bed, I decided to read in the living room for a little while to relax. The summer evening air was pleasant, but it was also warm, which made me sleepy. Before I knew it, I had dozed off entirely.

However, I woke up the next morning in my bed instead of in the chair.

That was strange... I didn't remember getting up and going to bed, but I supposed that it wasn't entirely unheard of. I yawned and rolled over onto my back, feeling the morning sun stream in through my window and hit my cheek...

But then, I saw something next to me: a person.

I immediately yelped and jumped out of bed instinctually. I relaxed a little when I saw that it was Edrick and not some stranger, but what was he doing in my bed? He was still wearing his clothes and even had his shoes on.

As I stood there, my brow furrowed, Edrick's eyes suddenly snapped open and shocked me even further.

He looked around confusedly for a few moments, just as I had, before he came to the same realization that I did and abruptly jumped out of my bed. For several long, uncomfortable moments, we just stared at each other in disbelief from the opposite sides of my bed.

“Erm... I’m sorry,” he said finally, running a hand through his hair with an embarrassed expression on his face. “I saw you were sleeping on the armchair last night when I got home, and I didn’t want to wake you, so I carried you to bed. I... I guess I was so exhausted I fell asleep without even realizing it. I had a bit to drink last night.”

Well, I supposed that that explained it. While it was strange, hearing that he cared enough to carry me to bed without waking me made my heart flutter a little. It was sweet, knowing that he would do something like that for me.

“T-Thanks,” I stammered in response, feeling my face get hot.

Edrick only nodded, then abruptly turned on his heel and briskly walked out of the room.

I watched after him for a moment, watching as the door clicked shut behind him. Did the cold Alpha CEO really go out of his way to carry me to bed last night? The thought of it admittedly made my heart flutter, although the fact that he fell asleep in my bed was a little odd. Still, I figured that he really was just exhausted after running around all day, so I decided not to let it bother me and instead got ready for the day.

After showering and putting on my clothes, I woke Ella up and got her ready. Unfortunately, we couldn’t go for our morning walk just in case we drew too much attention due to the tabloid, but Ella didn’t seem to mind as we spent the afternoon playing inside and doing arts and crafts instead. By mid-afternoon, however, she had completely tired herself out and was starting to get cranky, so I took it as an opportunity to give her a nap and take some time to rest for myself as well.

Once she was fast asleep for her nap, I made my way over to the kitchen to make myself something to eat.

Much to my surprise, Edrick was standing in the kitchen when I arrived.

“I thought you were at work,” I said, glancing at my watch.

Edrick, who was sitting at the kitchen counter with a sandwich on a plate and a newspaper in front of him, merely shrugged. “Meetings were short today,” he said. I nodded, feeling my face get red as I remembered waking up next to him, and quickly turned my back to hide my face as I made my own sandwich.

Neither of us said anything. I methodically spread some peanut butter and jam on two slices of bread, then cut the sandwich diagonally and poured myself a glass of milk. When I turned back around, I felt my face go red again when I saw that Edrick was looking right at me over the top of his newspaper. When he saw that I noticed him, he quickly hid his face behind his newspaper again and cleared his throat.

“My family throws an end of summer banquet every year,” he said, somewhat abruptly. “It’s not for a few weeks, but Ella will of course be expected to be there, and by extension, so will you.”

“Oh. Um...” I glanced down at my growing belly as I held my plate in one hand and my glass of milk in the other. Many of my dresses were getting to the point where my belly showed, aside from the couple of loose dresses that I had, but neither of those were anything but strictly casual.

“What’s wrong?” Edrick said. “Do you not want to go or something?”

I looked up to see that he had set his newspaper down and was now looking at me intently. “No, no, it’s not that,” I reassured him, setting my lunch down on the counter. “It’s just... Well...” I then gestured to my belly.

“Don’t you have anything loose to wear?” he asked. “It’s only a few weeks from now. You probably won’t be much bigger by then.”

I started to get worried that I was coming across as being ungrateful or too nervous, but I really didn’t have anything appropriate for a Morgan family

banquet. Even at the last party, when I wore Selina's nice dress, I still felt underdressed compared to the other wealthy partygoers.

"I'm sure I can find something," I said. "I just don't think any of my loose dresses would be appropriate."

Edrick frowned slightly and c\*\*\*\*d his head. Then, he abruptly stood. "Can you show me?" he asked.

Once again, my face got hot. By now, I was probably beet red.

"You don't have to try them on," he said. "Just show me."

I was a bit confused as to why the Alpha CEO was suddenly so interested in my clothes, but I nodded and gestured for him to follow as I made my way over to my room. I opened my closet, which was already fairly sparse as I hadn't gone shopping for quite some time, and pulled out the two hangers that held my only loose dresses. One was just a plain linen dress for the summer heat, and the other would be too warm.

"Hmm..." Edrick scratched his chin, thinking deeply. "You're right. Neither of those will do. You might need to do some shopping; not just for the party, but in general. You're going to need maternity clothes soon."

"Um... I'll ask Selina to go with me someday, then," I said, turning and hanging the dresses back up. "If you don't mind me taking an afternoon off."

Edrick waved his hand dismissively and turned on his heel, heading for my door. "I'll take you tomorrow. You can get some high quality maternity clothes, as well as a nice dress for the banquet. It's important to have some nice clothes if you're going to be around the Morgan family from now on."

My eyes widened. Before I could answer, Edrick abruptly left after that. I stood still in the middle of my room, completely astonished that the cold

Alpha billionaire just offered to take me shopping on a whim right after our relationship was nearly exposed thanks to the tabloid. Was he not afraid that we would be seen?

In fact, these past couple of days, he had been so kind to me despite everything and was even intending on going out into public with me despite the tabloid scare. Was he only trying to make up for the argument we had?