

14: Selene

"What the hell?" I grumbled when I almost hit something in front of me. I'm used to the café and everything around, which means this thing hasn't been there before.

Raising my head from the hot croissants Cook gave me from the kitchen, my eyes beheld a gorgeous woman a few years older than me but stunning nonetheless. Her beauty is almost otherworldly, and having been around other creatures, I have seen enough of them. She is gorgeous.

Her black onyx hair cascaded down her back, tied in a meticulously crafted ponytail that failed to conceal its shimmer. Each strand radiated a captivating glow, showcasing the richness and thickness of her luscious locks. The ponytail served as a mere accent, emphasizing the natural beauty and vitality that her hair possessed—a striking complement to her overall allure.

I would have asked what brand of hair products she uses if I ever cared about my appearance. I wasn't allowed to even stare at myself in the mirror, given the numerous responsibilities at the pack. If I wasn't working, I was trying to rest my aching muscles.

Now that I have left the pack and live in a small room with a mini mirror placed on the wall, I still barely look at myself. I don't want to know what I'd see in the mirror. I know the color of my eyes when my Lycan is trying to come forth; that is all there is to know about me. I don't need to understand anything else.

This woman before me clearly knows what she wants and how she wants it. She is from a rich family without an ounce of doubt.

This stunning woman possesses an ethereal beauty, her radiant blue eyes sparkling like sapphires, capturing attention with their depth and vibrancy. Her tanned skin, kissed by the sun, adds a warm and inviting allure to her appearance.

Standing at a graceful ve feet six inches, taller than me, of course, she exudes condence and grace, her presence commanding admiration as she moves with a captivating blend of elegance and charm. Huh, she must be from the upper-class family Imogen talks about.

But what the hell is she doing in the kitchen? No customer is allowed into the kitchen except if there was an emergency, and I can see none. From the way she is also staring at me with calculating eyes, I'd say she wasn't in a hurry to go anywhere. More questions in my head.

"Hi, how may I help you?" I tilt my head to the side, holding the tray lled with croissants closely to my body so it won't fall.

She placed a smile on her face as if her beauty hasn't been enough to melt the butter; her smile could melt ice. I stared as the sides of her eyes crinkled in soft lines; she is a smiler. Then the sides of her mouth, the scrunch of her nose, along with the glimmer of light in her sapphire blue eyes.

She's also dressed in a cute tank top that showed her ample breasts, was that her n****e? I quickly look away to her lower body, a nice Bermuda shorts and white sneakers. How pretty.

"I'm the new waitress, just got hired by Miranda." She explained then stuck her right hand out for me to shake. "Luna."

I shouldn't be surprised; that was her name. But usually, Lunas are the equals for Alphas, and the name instantly reminded me of Alpha Archer and his new Luna, Hannah. I swallowed something uncomfortable in my throat then cleared it to look at her. She was still smiling, her hands outstretched.

Balancing the tray in one hand, I gave her my right hand too. "Nice to meet you, Luna. I'm Selene. Welcome to Miranda's café."

I wonder why Miranda hired another waitress when she has me and Imogen helping out the best we could. She cannot really afford to pay more than three staff, and we are already full. Why didn't she tell us she needed another waitress? And why this one that looks like she is from a rich family?

I will have to talk to her later.

"Nice to meet you too. I hope we make a great team here." Luna said, slowly removing her hands from mine with a look I cannot decipher but it was there.

Her eyes fell to my stomach then widened a bit, making me blush from my neck to the roots of my hair. I don't know, but the way her eyes raked over my baby bump made me uncomfortable and at the same time defensive. It is why I never liked stepping out of the café if it isn't absolutely necessary.

I mean, hey, I'm not the only twenty-two-year-old pregnant, right? She gave me another small smile then disappeared into the kitchen before I could say anything. Shrugging off her weirdness, I took the croissants to the front desk and arranged them inside the glass cabinet by the counter.

Imogen walked in through the front door and changed the closed sign to open. She grinned at me, threw her back on her chair behind the counter, then gave me a hug as usual. I am quickly warming up to her.

"You look happy this morning, Gen? What's happening? Has to do with your bad boy?" I playfully bumped her shoulder, making her blush.

"Nope. Though he talked to me yesterday after the football game." Imogen shrugged, trying to brush past me to go get her apron. I wasn't having it.

"I won't let you slide away from this again. What happened after he spoke to you? Was that it?" I wiggle my brows when she blushed heatedly.

Imogen sighed. "Well, he also invited me to have dinner with him tomorrow if you must know. But it is not a big deal. He asks most of his friends for that too." She shrugged, but the weight was there.

Taking her shoulders in my hands, I forced her to look at me. "I'm not an expert when it comes to men." I pointed at my baby bump because it is true. "But that Sawyer guy has been into you for a while now."

"You cannot say that. You don't know a thing about him, and he is like that with everyone." Imogen blew out a strand of pink hair from her face.

"I don't know him, but I know interest when I see one. He has been since the day your eyes clashed at this café. Haven't you noticed him coming here almost every day?" I raise a brow when she blushed again.

"Well, we'll see how it goes, but I won't hold my breath if I were you. Now what's on the menu today?" She managed to escape my hold and went to get her apron from the backroom, and when she came back, her brows were furrowed.

"What is our customer doing in the kitchen?" Imogen frowned, pointing at the back where Luna is currently helping.

"No idea. Her name is Luna. Miranda hired her as the new waitress." I nished arranging the last of the cookies then stood up to my full height.

My wolf started restlessly walking around on the edge of my mind, which reminded me that I need to go run soon or go crazy. I'll have to leave it till tomorrow morning before the sun is up. An hour or two would be great in the woods.

"But she looks rich." Imogen whispered, though I'm sure Luna won't be able to hear her.

Miranda rounded the corner looking exhausted and tired. When she saw the two of us huddled together, she walked towards us with narrowed eyes. Imogen raised her hands in surrender, and I mimic her. There aren't customers, so we can idle around.

"What are you two brats gossiping about?" She raised her greying brows in question.

Both Imogen and I stare at each other then grin at her. She shook her head, the reprimand in her eyes vanishing. She's always had a soft spot for both of us, and me with a larger spot because of my baby. I don't know where I would have been without her.

"We were just wondering why you hired a new waitress. Aren't we enough?" Imogen pouted her lips, crossed her arms in front of her like the best Miranda called her.

"I won't pay her. She just wants the experience after her guardian forced her to go see how the outside world is. She will help around, and you two should be cordial." Then she whispered. "She even paid me handsomely for her own services."

My eyes widened, and Imogen did the same. She must be lthy rich to do that and also a humble person to want to work in this café of all places. Miranda isn't the popular or nicest café in the block, so I am about curious as to why she wanted to work here. She has many choices as a rich man's daughter or whatever.

"Why here?" I blurt before I could stop it. I am becoming bolder living with Imogen and Miranda. They are never too afraid to voice out their questions.

"Maybe because she liked the coffee I made her yesterday?" Imogen questioned, but it sounded like a good answer too at the same time.

"Perhaps." I shrug, but there is something inside of me that won't let the question just go away. I want to know the real reason she is working here.

It is as though she has a personal mission.