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"This place is awesome!" Lilith said with wide eyes after I gave her a tour of the penthouse where only me, Luna and Crew live, sometimes Nick and Daniel because they have their rooms here.

"Yeah, it is. And this is the nursery."

The nursery exudes opulence with neutral hues dominating the space. Creamy beige walls complement the soft, dove-gray plush carpeting. Expensive, custom-made ivory silk curtains frame large windows, allowing natural light to gently illuminate the room.

A pristine, handcrafted wooden crib with intricate detailing stands at the center, adorned with the finest organic linens in muted tones. Just like Crew had promised, he got the best of everything for his child and I can't help feeling warm within.

Luxurious, cashmere blankets drape over an oversized rocking chair in a subtle shade of taupe. A designer changing table boasts polished marble surfaces, and the shelves display the highest quality, eco-friendly toys and baby accessories from top stores.

A neutral-toned, hand-knotted wool rug adds warmth and texture to the room, while a

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minimalist chandelier casts a soft glow over the carefully curated space. Every element in this nursery reflects both elegance and comfort.

Lilith's eyes widened further as she entered the room and sat down on the rocking chair looking around in awe. I smile at her. She looks like an excited kid in here, like this is where she belongs herself. Her green eyes are the same shade as mine, light up with innocence.

She told me she was just seventeen years old and took a huge risk by running away before her eighteenth birthday but to me, that is bravery. I wish I did the same when I was getting maltreated by Scarlett but I had hope on Alpha Archer then.

I thought Scarlett was doing everything by her own terms but after the way he had rejected me, I knew she was under him and he knew every single thing she had done, maybe even made her do it. She doesn't know about my lycan but she knows something about my past that I don't.

I stopped blaming her along the way. What Alpha wants, he gets and there is no way she would have ruled us all on her own. He made her do it. Starve us and make us work like we don't have it in us to get tired and want to rest. It is inhumane.

"This is so beautiful. What are you having? Girl or boy?" She asked with wide eyes standing up from the rocking chair and touching the toys around the

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room.

I understand how she feels, I honestly do. I also grew up without parents and no one bothered giving me toys to play with. I hardly think I even played during my childhood at all. I cannot remember much from the past but even I know everything wasn't alright.

"I don't know. I didn't want to check out." I shrug leaning my arm against the wall as she turned around to face me.

"Why not?" She looks confused as hell which made me smile. She has been making me smile unnecessarily.

"I want it to be a surprise. I also don't want to give the Moonlit Council any reason to gloat." I say in one breath which is the truth. I don't like them and wish they could all go to hell.

"What you told me about them, I hate them too."
She frowned then her face brightened again.
"Have you thought about the names?"

She arrived just yesterday and we have bonded like sisters inside the penthouse while Luna is with her mother and Crew went to Goddess knows where to get some business done. We are all alone in the house so I gave her some of the clothes I knew I would never wear.

"I haven't. I wanted to give Crew that right after I

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ran away." I say with a chuckle and she did the same too.

In the late hours of the night, I found myself sharing the intricacies of my life with her, laying bare the tale of how Luna traversed the realms to ensure my sustenance and the unexpected patience Crew displayed upon learning of our unique connection.

As the narrative unfolded, it was as if each word carried the weight of vulnerability and trust. Luna, with her empathetic gaze, absorbed the essence of my revelations.

In the midst of the recounting, a shift occurred - a subtle transformation in her perception of Crew, the Lycan King. Somehow, the revelation of Luna's intercession and Crew's steadfastness had altered her perspective.

The alchemy of understanding and acceptance had woven its magic, and now, the Lycan King stood in her mind, not merely as a ruler of a supernatural realm, but as a nuanced being with virtues that transcended the supernatural. A kind, patient and handsome man in his prime.

It struck me profoundly - the significance of her altered view resonating within me. It wasn't just about unraveling the mysteries of the otherworldly; it was about the depth of connection, the reassurance found in shared

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vulnerabilities, and the unexpected beauty that emerges when others perceive the complexities of our relationships in ways we may not comprehend ourselves.

"I don't understand why people would rumor the Lycan King to be ruthless and a killer when he is

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truly a sweetheart." She had said with a frown on her face.

"I don't know why too and he doesn't want to change the rumors for reasons I do not know either. But I was scared of him too, which is the main reason I ran away in the first place." I said.

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"Well, I'm glad I am getting to see this part of him." She had grinned, like she just got accepted in the inner circle of the Moon Goddess.

"I hope he will name him or her with sweet names. I don't like werewolf names." She said, scrunching her nose to the side while I shook my head.

"Gotta get stuck with whatever he chooses." I smile and shrug then offer her my arm so we could go down and eat something. I am always hungry these days.

"Is there any school around here I could join? I have always wanted to finish highschool but the Alpha doesn't allow omegas to complete it." Lilith had said in the middle of our lunch and I settled my fork down on the plate.

"I don't know but I'll ask Luna. I'm sure there is one that you can join. I got to finish highschool in my pack." I say to her with a frown. Does that mean her Alpha is more cruel than Archer?

"You're so lucky! I have always wanted to become a businesswoman but never got to dream big since it got squished before it got to full image." She sighed and moaned around a mouthful of steak. The cook here knows her way around steaks, she got the best.

"I don't want to become anything. I wanted to open my own bakery but werewolves are not

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prone to sweets, we like meat more." I shrug, my eyes closing to savor the steak.

The steak is perfectly seared, its exterior boasting a caramelized crust that yields to reveal a juicy, ruby-red core. The aroma, a symphony of smoky char and savory richness, wafts through the air, teasing the senses. Each succulent bite is an explosion of flavor, a harmonious blend of seasoned perfection.

The exterior, adorned with a sprinkle of coarse salt and cracked black pepper, forms a delectable crust that gives way to the tender, medium-rare interior. As the knife glides through, a chorus of juiciness accompanies each slice.

The marbling, like a work of culinary art, melts into the meat, infusing it with a buttery richness that lingers on the palate. Always the best for the Lycan King and I'm sure I can't find any steak as amazing as this anywhere. No human could come close.

Accompanying the steak, there is a subtle drizzle of herb-infused olive oil or a dollop of compound butter, elevates the experience. It's not just a meal; it's a celebration of culinary mastery, where the simplicity of quality ingredients and expert preparation culminate in the sublime pleasure of savoring an amazing steak.

Halfway into our meal, Luna walked in with a

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bright smile on her face and placed cookies in front of us. I quickly forgot about the best steak I have ever had in the world and dived for it. I only get to eat cookies in Moon Light Pack when we make it for the children in school.

"You said you won't be able to open your own bakery? See." Lilith said in a small voice gesturing to the cookies in front of us.

She is still shy around Luna and Crew, not comfortable like she was with me which is why she had lowered her voice.

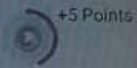
"She wants to open her own bakery?" Luna asked with wide eyes, turning to stare at me with a grin on her face.

"Not really. Werewolves don't like sweets and chocolates so it's gonna be a waste." I shrug, moaning around one of the many cookies.

"That is not true. My mother knows how to make cookies best in this kingdom because she was a human. You can join her and open a bakery together. You two are going to work great together sometime in the future." She encouraged me, taking my steak to finish it off.

"I don't know but I will think about it." I gave her a small smile then my eyes went to the dining room entrance where Crew stood and the smile he gave me made my eyes roll inside my head.

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"Why am I seeing Crew in another view?" Kira asked in my head, panting and salivating.



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