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"I'll be going now to meet Imogen. Hope you will be fine with him?" I nodded towards Adrian who gurgled words I can't comprehend but looked comfortable in Luna's arms.

She gave me a thumb's up. "Don't worry about us. We are going to be fine and Crew will be back soon too so more people will look after him."

Leaning down, I gave her a small hug then stood back up and slowly tiptoed to the door. Adrian is busy with his new toys. Uh, do you know the toys are extremely expensive? Yeah because Crew wants the best for his son in everything.

Walking out of the hotel room quietly so as to not trigger Adrian's attention, I gave Luna a small wave which she returned from the c***k I left on the door. I made my way out of the hotel into the chilly afternoon in the human world.

As I strolled towards Miranda's café in the human world, I made a conscious effort to absorb every nuance of the surroundings. The city had changed subtly since I last walked its streets months ago.

The vibrant tapestry of the human world unfolded before me, offering a blend of familiar sights and intriguing novelties. Among these changes, a new

trash can had found its place, nestled near a boutique that caught my eye. I remembered wanting to explore its offerings, but back then, financial constraints had kept me from indulging in such luxuries.

Now, as I passed by, the boutique beckoned with its display of enticing wares, and the nearby trashcan stood as a silent witness to the ebb and flow of life in the city. I'll definitely visit this boutique before I go now that I am a billionaire's mate.

The streets bustled with people, each wrapped in their own stories, a stark contrast to the more secluded world of the lycan kingdom. The aroma of coffee and the distant hum of conversations wafted through the air, creating a harmonious backdrop to my journey.

Colours seemed more vivid, sounds more pronounced, and the energy of the human world pulsed with a unique rhythm. It was as if every step I took unearthed a new layer of the city's personality, revealing both the constants and the transient shifts that marked the passage of time.

Reaching Miranda's café, I couldn't help but marvel at the unchanged charm of the place. The familiar aroma of freshly brewed coffee embraced me, instantly transporting me back to the days of shared laughter and camaraderie with Imogen.

As I prepared to reunite with an old friend, the cityscape continued to unfold its tales, offering a canvas where memories blended seamlessly with the present, creating a mosaic of experiences that transcended the boundaries of time.

The quaint atmosphere of Miranda's Café wrapped around me like a warm embrace as I walked in, the familiar scent of coffee beans wafting through the air. The cosy space felt oddly empty, a stark contrast to the bustling days when Imogen and I worked together.

Imogen, now the lone figure behind the counter, looked up from her work as the door chimed. Recognition sparkled in her eyes, mirroring the sentiment I carried as we locked gazes. As if we hadn't met just hours ago.

"Imogen!" I greeted more like I screamed, a smile playing on my lips as I approached the counter. "It's been ages."

"Sel!" she exclaimed, setting aside the coffee cup she was holding. A mixture of curiosity and joy lit up her face. "I've missed you. Hours felt like an eternity."

We shared a heartfelt embrace across the counter, the warmth of reconnection filling the air. I have missed this soul so much that my chest tightens. How could I have gone so long without my best friend?

"I've missed you too." I admitted, pulling back to look at her. "Life hasn't been the same without you."

Imogen chuckled, a nostalgic glint in her eyes. "Yeah, it's weird being the only one here now. Feels like a lifetime ago when we were both running around, juggling orders and laughing in the chaos."

I nodded in agreement, memories flooding back. "Remember those hectic mornings when we barely had time to catch our breaths?"

Imogen's eyes sparkled with shared recollection. "And the crazy requests we used to get from customers? Like that one guy who wanted his latte at precisely 160 degrees Fahrenheit."

We both burst into laughter, the echo of shared stories resonating through the empty café. Tears gathered in my eyes because even though I wasn't getting well fed then and I constantly worried about my child's health while also watching my back in case the big bad Lycan King was searching for me, I loved every single day. Miranda and Imogen were like my family, hell, even sick Ben.

"Those were the days." Imogen sighed, a wistful smile on her lips. "I miss the chaos, the camaraderie."

"Me too," I admitted, a tinge of nostalgia colouring

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my words. "But hey, maybe we can recreate some of that magic today."

Imogen's eyes lit up with enthusiasm. "Absolutely! Let me make you your favourite, just like old times."

As she busied herself behind the counter, I settled

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into a cosy corner, savouring the familiar
ambiance and the delightful anticipation of
catching up with an old friend. Well, not exactly an
old one. Imogen is still my best friend.

The café, once filled with the symphony of our
shared experiences, awaited the reunion of two

souls eager to reminisce about the good old days that felt like a lifetime ago.

Imogen took a seat across from me, cradling her favourite latte as delicate tendrils of steam danced in the air. Her gaze was fixated on the cup, occasionally blowing at the surface, a subtle ritual that betrayed an air of solitude.

The once-vibrant spark in her eyes seemed dimmed, replaced by a sunken look that spoke of experiences etched across her face. This wasn't the Imogen I had met just a few months ago.

The difference was palpable, and it tugged at my heart. Loneliness seemed to cloak her, casting a shadow over the lively spirit I once knew. The weight of that transformation settled in, and I couldn't help but wish to alleviate the solitude etched on her features.

"You—"

"That—"

We started talking at the same time, then paused and laughed at our antics. We have always done that but she lets me talk all the time so this time around, I'll let her take the lead. I'm here to hear more about what she is going through and not talk about myself. I'm fine.

"You go first." I say, taking my mug in both hands and leaning back to observe her.

"Nope you're going first. Seems like yours is more enticing than mine. I don't want to ruin the moment just yet." She said with a sad smile that made me more eager to find out.

As I observed Imogen, her demeanour spoke volumes of unspoken struggles. The weight of whatever had transpired cast a profound sadness across her features, giving her a haunted and weary look.

It was as if the weight of the world had settled on her shoulders, leaving her visibly aged beyond her years. The lines etched on her face told a silent story of battles fought and scars accumulated, leaving me to wonder.

The youthful exuberance that once defined her seemed to have given way to a weariness that seemed unjust for someone so young. The mystery behind her transformation lingered, urging me to unravel the layers of pain that had reshaped the vibrant Imogen I once knew.

"What the hell happened to my friend, and why does she look so much older than her age?"



Author AR

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Heyyyyy! I miss your comments y'all :(how have you been though? [#Vote#](#)

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