

CHAPTER EIGHT

Nora's POV

I stilled upon hearing his voice.

“What’s that, dad?” Dylan grabbed something from his hands. He chuckled as he played with it. Michael ruffled his hair as he smiled down at him. Dylan is smiling back. He lifted him in the air and threw him around, like he was some airplane. Dylan’s giggles bounce off the wall. No one needed to be told; my son was enjoying the company of his father.


Well, I guess we don’t have to argue over who the father of the year goes to. The longer I stood there, the longer I tried to fight back the tears that were pulling in my eyes. It’s been hard to be alone with Dylan. The memories of trying to find a man who would love my son for the past 7 years were fresh in my mind. I gave up at some point. Raising him alone was one hell of a job. Now, as I watched him play with his biological father, it felt nostalgic.

I wiped a tear that had escaped my eyes and began to turn when the door was yanked open. I gasped.

“Come on, Nora, I’ve been wondering how long you

would stand there.” His deep baritone intruded on my thoughts. I smiled and later cleared my throat.

“Emmm.... I... wasn’t... I...” I looked everywhere but at his face.

“Hi mum!” Michael moved aside as I saw a smiling boy wave at me. “Come mum! There are lots of games here; come, I’ll show you.” 

I smiled. “Hi sweetie, it’s okay. I didn’t want to interrupt.”

“You were not interrupting anything, Nora,” Michael said. A frown was beginning to form on his face. I blushed.

“No, don’t I?” Michael dragged me into the room and shut the door.

“Dylan, why don’t you show Mummy that toy you liked?” Michael asked me as we walked to my son.

And so, my son grabbed my hands and went on a story-telling spree. In all honesty, I had never seen Dylan this happy. His eyes danced as he spoke. His voice was the loudest.

“Mum, come on, I’ll show you the other games!” He dragged me away, but at the back of my eyes, I could see the ghost of a smile on his face.

By the time we were through with the game room, I was tired.

Breakfast was ordered.

"Oh my goodness!" The table was set with food.

"Wow! Mum I think I see that food that the chefs make for VIPs," Dylan nudged me with eyes wide open.

"I didn't know what you loved, so I ordered everything," Michael said, smiling. "Son, dig in," he gestured to us.

We sat, and for the first time in a long time, I ate like I used to at home. I knew we were Omegas, but my mother was a royal chef. She always pulled out different recipes for dinner or lunch.

"Mum, Dad, can I go back to the game room?" He asked me, blinking. Then he turned to Michael.

"Alright, son, a maid will be with you," and then a maid appeared from God knows where, and together they left. I snorted.

"Don't be pissed at him; he was so excited that he didn't know you hadn't replied to him," Michael said, staring at me. I looked away.

"No, it's alright." There was something so unnerving about the way he looked at me. There was a glint in his eyes. It made his icy blue eyes so obvious but gorgeous.

"Oh, it's alright; he's just a kid. I understand his excitement." I dropped the fork and wiped my mouth.

"okay. Are you done?" He looks at my hands.

"Yes, the food was delicious. I really enjoyed it. Thank you." I smiled and looked away. His eyes were not leaving my face, and he nodded.

Michael was not the usual good-looking person; there was something about his eyes that made him super attractive. He had a naughty or sinister look in his eyes. It was what made it hard for me to read his thoughts. His face was quite impassive.

I cleared my throat and let out a nervous laugh. " Emm, you're staring."

He smirked. "You didn't eat much, Nora; should I call the doctor?"

"No, no, no. I'm fine. I just like my breakfast light," I defended as I made to look at him. I was going to show that I wasn't attracted to him, but the moment I tried to be in that staring match, I chickened out. 1

The day went on as usual. I left the table and got to my room. The maids had everything ready for a bath. I told them to not tire themselves. I was used to doing my things myself.

Just as I walked out of the bathroom, I heard a knock on my door. I hesitated. Maybe I was hearing things.

This time, the knock came again. It was loud as a gong and clear as a day.

“Who is it?” I asked.

“It's me, Michael,” came a rich, deep voice from behind the door. My heart rate increased. I scurried to the wardrobe and jumped into a dressing robe. I looked at myself in the mirror. My face was clear, except for the bags underneath my eyes.

I ran my hands through my wet hair and cursed myself for not learning how to tie a towel over my hair in the same sexy way women did. There was no time to dry it; it would take ages, and Michael would begin to raise an eyebrow.

“I'm coming!” after I had frantically tried to put my hair in place, but it was like an adamant kid, stomping her foot on the ground and wanting to have her way.

I walked to the door and took a deep breath before

opening the door.

Slowly, but quietly, I opened the door. I had a small smile on my face as I struggled to keep my eyes on his.

"I'm sorry, I did know you were in the shower," Michael said as his eyes roamed over my body. I suddenly felt so aware of my insecurities.

"Oh, it's no problem." I gave him mine. I'm so shy, but I have to smile.

"So I was wondering if you wanted to watch a movie with me. The theater is showing a new movie," he said, flashing me a new series. I loved science-fiction movies. They always reminded me of the fact that I could be seen while living with humans.

"Emm, that would be good. By the way, how do you know I loved them?" My gaze flickered from the film to him. His lips broke apart into a slow and lazy smile.

"Oh, I understand." I coughed.

He told me he would be waiting in the sitting room down the stairs and left.

"Dang it!" I face-palmed myself. How could I have asked that kind of question? He was an alpha for crying out loud. He had every source to do as he pleased. The rest of the evening I spent trying to get

ready.

By 7 p.m. sharp, I left my room and went in search of Michael when he appeared in front of me.

“Oh my gosh!” I clasped my chest. He chuckled.

“I’m sorry, Nora; I didn’t mean to scare you,” he smiled. It was looking like he had appeared as fast as a vampire. That was how they behaved when they wanted to have humans for dinner.

“It’s okay. Don’t do that again.” I feigned anger. He raised a hand to his chest and nodded.

Then he led the way to a door that I could have sworn that I didn’t know was there. The door was painted the exact color of the wall. I mean, it would take a curious person to tell which one was the wall.

When we got in, I was welcomed by the aroma of chicken and chips. He pulled out a seat for me, and I sat. When he did, I muttered my thanks.

Just then, the lights went off, and the screen went on.

“Here, I hear they are your favorites,” he said, handing me a bowl of chicken and chips. I bit my tongue to ask him how he knew.

Then the movie began. I watched with rapt attention, but honestly, I wasn’t listening. I kept stealing



glances at Michael.


Damn! He was gorgeous up close. His hands brushed on my lap, and my heart began to race, and I felt tingles. He didn't need to know that.

Suddenly, I felt some sort of presence. When I turned, I could see him staring at me. I coughed and fidgeted. It caused me to realize that even though I am now a mother, I still haven't changed from that shy girl.

"You are staring again," I said, fiddling with a stray thread on my dress. My hands were already sweaty, and I was tired of cleaning them on my dress.

"And shouldn't I?" He asked.

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