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Third person pov: 1

"What?" Lucien blinked in surprise, "Why are you saying that?"

Giana lowered her eyes as her fingers played with the hem of his sleeve. They were both sitting by the kitchen counter, having coffee, when she brought up the topic of *not* being a beta.

"Honey," Lucien placed the cup on the counter, "Weren't you the one who always dreamed of it?"

Giana kept looking down until Lucien pinched her chin, forcing her to look up, "I did. Once. But now... I just want to stay home. Wait for you and be a perfect housewife.... Maybe have your children."

Lucien sighed. He didn't know whether to laugh, scold, or kiss her right there.

The girl was willing to give up everything... her dream, her title... just for him. And as much as that stirred something deep in his chest, it also broke him a little.

He pulled her off the stool and yanked her to his lap, "My mermaid. You just can't throw away what you worked for. I won't let you."



She looked up in confusion, "Why not?"

"Because I want my mate to have everything," he said simply, "I promised myself to stand behind you no matter what you choose... but right now?" He kissed her lips, "Right now... I don't want you to give up on your dreams for me."

She stared at him for a long moment as her lips parted slightly. He leaned in, about to kiss her again, holding her hand when he noticed something was missing on her wrist.

"Where is your wristwatch?" He asked suddenly, raising her wrist, "You always wear it. Wasn't that your mom's?"

"I gave it to Jai," She smiled fondly, "He was missing me, so I asked him to keep it as a reminder."

His brows furrowed, "Wasn't it a lady's watch? What's he going to do with it?"

"Don't worry. He won't wear it," She giggled and brushed her hand on his hard cheeks, "He'll just keep it. That's all."

He shook his head with a chuckle, "You seem pretty close to Jai."

Giana smiled and leaned her forehead against his cheek, "Hmm. He is not only my brother but also a very good friend. If we ever have a



daughter, I'll name her after him... Jia..." Her voice had turned excited by the end of it.

Lucien laughed and kissed her chin, squeezing her more to him, "Jia? You must be crazy, mate."

"No. I'm serious," She pinched his cheek a little brutally, leaving a red mark there, "If I ever have a daughter, her name will be Jia."

"Hmm," He started placing small kisses on her cheek, "And what if we have a son first?"

Her eyes rolled up as she thought for a moment, "Umm. Maybe Jai... we can name him Jai?"

Lucien groaned, shaking his head, "No way! We're not naming our son after your brother. We'll come up with something else."

Giana burst into laughter when she found him getting serious, "Don't worry. I've a feeling. I'll have a daughter first."

He cocked up a brow, "A feeling?"

"A strong one," She said stubbornly and then bumped her forehead against his face, "Now where is my kiss?"

His fingers at once found their way to her hair, "A kiss? I can give you a good fu*ck, baby, if interested."

"Yeah, please do it now..." Her eyes were



gleaming with desire, and he wanted her to stop him. She might take him as a manic for keeping her busy in bed.

"Giana..."

She held his shirt and pulled his face closer, "Fu*ck me or I'll go crazy..."

Lucien didn't say anything. He quietly scooped her up and carried her to their bed. After all, he had to give in to his mate's every desire.

Lucien was placing ice cream tubs into the freezer when the door to the house opened, and she entered with a tired face.

"Hey!" Lucien's face lit up. He went to her for a hug, and that was when he realized something was wrong.

"Giana?"

She started crying, "I don't know what he wants. He was the one who asked me to wait for physical training and now... not a day goes by when he doesn't scream at me."

Lucien's face got hard in rage, "Who?"

"Dad," She sat on the sofa and placed her palms over her face, "I thought beta duties were more about paperwork, managing the pack, and

assisting the alpha. Now he tells me that I must know the combat skills. Every muscle in my body is sore..." She kept complaining in a muffled voice.

He crouched down near her and removed her hands from her face, "Hey, Mermaid. Look at me... Here..."

His hands moved over her thighs and started kneading them gently, "There is nothing in this world that you can't do, Gia."

"But this training part..." She trailed off when she saw him shaking his head.

"I'll train you. Teach you. You just need to focus on a good diet and keep your muscles moving."

He was slowly working down her legs, trying to locate where it hurt most. But his mate was busy crying and complaining.

"Dad said that I'd never be a good beta if I keep complaining. Sometimes I feel that he did it intentionally so that he could hand over the position to my brother without guilt."

That night, he applied cold press to her whole body, told her a few tips and tricks to remember while fighting, and then asked her to wake up early so that he could teach her.

"Are you sure I can be a good Beta?" She asked

him innocently, her voice fading as sleep took over.

"You will be the best Beta anybody will ever see. Mark my words," He was now working on her shoulders. Giana was lying on her belly without a shred of clothing.

After a little while, when he was sure she had gone to sleep, he bent a little to kiss her wet cheek.

"Sleep tight, mermaid," He whispered, "I'll be back in a while."

He covered her with a blanket and left home quietly. He needed to talk to Martin Chris.

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