

## Chapter 0056

(Lily POV)

I am currently in the pack kitchen making cookies. Or, rather, trying to make cookies. It seems that I have run into a bit of a problem thanks to my "helper." I should have known that accepting his help was going to be a bad idea.

"Seriously, Brady?" I say, with my jaw practically on the floor.

"Come on, Lily. That has to be a pretty common mistake. There is no way that I am the first one to ever mix those two things up."

"Brady, you confused tabasco sauce and vanilla extract. Those are VERY different things."

"You said the tall skinny bottle on the second shelf. They are both tall skinny bottles, and they were both on the second shelf."

"Yes, but they both have labels on them. One says 'vanilla extract' and the other says 'tabasco sauce.' That is a pretty big clue." 1

"I could not remember what you said we needed. I just remembered tall, skinny bottle on the second shelf."

Wow. I am completely floored.

"Ok, fine. But did it not occur to you that tabasco sauce is a

little too spicy for something as sweet as chocolate chip cookies?"

He smiled coyly. "Perhaps if it was someone else making the cookies it might have. But you, dear Lily, are the definition of spicy and sweet."

I blushed. Ever since I got here, Brady has developed an amazing ability to make me blush almost at the snap of his fingers.

"Ok, well, hand me your phone," I demand.

"Spicy, sweet, and bossy. Why do you want my phone?"

"Research."

"You know murdering an alpha is a crime, even if you are able to g&&gle a way to do it creatively." 1

I laughed. "What if I let you choose the creative way that I kill you?"

"Oh, well then in that case, I accept. And I choose death by sex. But I warn you, it will take a LOT of sex to kill me, so I hope you are prepared."

Oh, my Goddess. I walked directly into that one. "Why does everything have to turn into a sexual innuendo with you?"

"Practice."

"Gross. Whatever. No, Alpha Brady, I do not want to look up ways to murder you. Although maybe now I should. I want

to look up ways to fix this little mistake of yours. I am guessing that there must be are ways to incorporate tabasco into cookies, or at least mask its taste. I want to g& &gle a few recipes."

Brady smiled and handed me his phone, and I immediately start looking on the internet.

"Ah! I was right! I found a couple. Ok, now how much did you put in again? Just a couple of tablespoons, right?"

"Tablespoons?"

"Brady...."

"I thought you said half ---"

"--half a tablespoon per batch times four batches, so two tablespoons total."

"Oh."

"How much did you put in?"

"Half a bottle...."

"Oh, my Goddess, Brady. Really? There is no way that I can incorporate that much tabasco sauce into cookies and have them be edible. Now what am I going to do with all of this cookie dough? We are going to have to start over!"

Brady looked at me sheepishly. I kind of like it when the big, bad alpha gets sheepish around me. And it suddenly gave me an idea.

“Don’t worry. It is fine. We can fix this. I know what I need to do. Brady, can you grab the cake pan on the bottom shelf of the cabinet over there?”

Brady nods, goes over to the cabinet, and leans over. As soon as he does, I take the bowl of cookie dough that he had been stirring and dump it over his head. To make sure it sticks, I then remove the bowl and quickly use my fingers to smash the cookie dough into his hair.

Once I do so, I run as fast as I can to the other side of the kitchen island, laughing the whole way.

“LILY! I AM GOING TO GET YOU BACK FOR THIS!”

Brady grabs a few eggs that are nearby and chases me around the island until he catches me. He then cracks them on my head. Of course, I retaliate. Soon, we are in a heated battle as we hurriedly throw flour, eggs, sugar, and whatever else we can find at each other.

Ten minutes later, we are a laughing, ugly mess and we have run out of ingredients to throw. Unfortunately, that is when we realize that someone is watching us. And not just someone.

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