

10: Selene

"Don't worry about it." Imogen said, taking the tray lled with coffee from my hand and made her way to the tables.

I sigh and settle my weight heavily on the wooden bench behind me. I've had a long day from going to the hospital where the stunned doctor took one look at my belly and says there might be complications with the whole pregnancy.

I don't know if that is all because I'm a werewolf lycan that he cannot see through it or if there is really something wrong with the baby. I cannot risk the chances which is why I am going to start working harder to earn money.

He said there might be a need for surgery when the time comes. There isn't any werewolf doctor around here and staying away from my pack for this long means I don't have access to most packs as I am now a rogue.

If anything happens to my baby, I am never going to forgive myself. I might just suck up my pride and go ask for a favour in one of the packs, hoping one would agree to help me. I'll wait for another month or two though, to see if the human doctor would come up with another solution.

Most packs turn down packs without even waiting to listen to what brought them. A rogue is considered a threat whether they look as weak as me or not. It doesn't matter as long as you are labeled that. And that is me right now. A rogue by choice.

And the Lycan King that suddenly appeared in the woods that day? What was he doing there and running towards me like he knew I was there? He even took me to his own home and not any other place in his ridiculously large pack. It has to mean something more than I know right?

Maybe he knew I was also a Lycan? And he wants to keep me with him so he can torture me or just kill me for standing in his way of every other title he has. I don't want anything to do with titles. I don't want anyone knowing I am a Lycan either. Not in this lifetime.

My parents were both werewolves and how they gave birth to a Lycan is certainky beyond me. And with my white fur? It is another question I cannot help asking myself all the time. I don't know anything about white Lycans. I don't think they exist but here I am.

Sighing, I pushed the thoughts away to the back of my mind and focus on now. The doctor advised me not to worry too much or things might just go downhill for me from here henceforth. I won't risk it, not even with my life.

"Thanks." I whisper to Imogen as she bounced back to the kitchen, her long pink hair bouncing with each step.

I took in her relaxed features and knew something was up with her but I don't have the strength to ask. She seems happier than usual today with a constant grin on her face. I know that look. It happens when mates bond or when people are in love. Something I have never felt.

A stab of pain nearly took me off my feet when I recalled just how Alpha Archer had rejected me and took Hannah instead. She is now the Luna of the pack when it was my rightful place. The pain was unnervingly turning into rage I want to book down and exact revenge.

But I am not that type of girl. I don't do revenge. I believe Moon Goddess sees everything and she is going to make sure they pay for their sins when the time is right. For now, I will focus on the baby in my womb.

"You should go back in there and rest, Selene." Imogen says as she takes another order from the cook.

"I will. Just let me nish my shift." I murmur but sudden dizziness made sure I cannot stay there a moment longer.

Imogen was by my side with Jane, a human middle aged woman whose worried eyes lled my vision. They both look at me chidingly and knew I have failed this. I must go back to my tiny took inside the café and rest.

"Alright, I'll go now." I raise my hands up in surrender and wobbly my way back to the room.

I am ve months pregnant and it is showing even with the baggy shirts I wear. I am not rich enough to keep myself well fed even with Melinda's help. I haven't been in my best even at Starfall Clan, it just got worse with not enough money here to feed both me and the baby.

At Starfall Clan, omegas aren't given much of a good food. Most of the leftovers from the pack house is brought to us, that is when we have feasts but we most survive on hunting – i couldn't do that for obvious reasons– stale bread, some food for lunch and repeat again.

I made my way to my room sighing every step of the way because of the heaviness within me. I don't want to ruin the chance of giving my child a better life. How can he survive in the human world when he is denitely a werewolf...or a Lycan?

The room is a snug cocoon, its walls enveloping me in faded tranquility. A solitary mattress rests against one corner, its worn edges a testament to countless nights of solace and unrest. It isn't much but enough for me. More than I had in my pack anyway.

Opposite the mattress, a small wardrobe stands with a weathered charm. Its compact frame, housing a modest collection of garments I bought from a hands down shop. Each creak of its hinges tells tales of choices made in the quiet hours of the night.

The room, though limited in its furnishings, cradles a quiet intimacy. The soft glow ltering through a lone window casts a gentle dance upon the well-trodden oor. In the stillness, the room becomes a sanctuary, where the mattress and wardrobe weave comfort.

I lie down on the bed and close my eyes only for a memory to slither through my head, one I cannot recall having but it looks so real I squeeze my brows to concentrate.

"Sometimes all she needs to do is summon your wolf and have a conversation. No one will know her true identity because her wolf will hide it away. We have to make sure she survives, Nate." A woman with long red hair matching mine says to another man beside her in a... car?

He sighed, rake a hand through his head. "I know but it is too risky for her out there. We already have Crew trying to take over the world. If he or his father nds out about her, he will kill her."

"That is why I'm telling you her wolf won't allow it." The woman argued.

"Crew is too intelligent. He won't want the title take away from him. His ancestors made sure there are no other Lycans alive for it."

"I don't care. I won't let my daughter die because we fear what might happen to her." She crossed her arms, her lips puckered.

But why do we look so alike like I was staring right at my twin sister? And did she call me her daughter? Because it seems like I was playing with a toy at the back of the car, not really listening to their argument but now I am recalling.

"Fine. We can take her to some werewolf family so they can raise her. That won't raise suspicion." Nate said, taking a hold of the woman's hand.

"That should do the trick. I don't think Crew is heartless to kill a young child because he thinks his title might be threatened. Even we aren't sure she is going to be a Lycan." She sighed, resigned.

"I know. But we can never be too sure. Crew is lower driven by his father, he will do anything for that. I know him." Nate said then continue driving wherever it was we were going.

I immediately open my eyes and stare at the old ceiling above my head. What was that? A dream? Memory or what? It doesn't make any sense. My parents, I can't recall much but they do not look like that when they were summoned to the Kingdom of the Lycan King and they didn't come back.

Some said they were killed by him while others said they were attacked on their way back by the rogue. I never really knew what happened and the Alpha at that time, Archer's father thought I was too young to understand. But I want to know.

I took a shuddering breath and force my mind to rest so my child can too.