

## 11: Crew

I watched as the men I sent to search for Selene in three different packs, the most likely places for her to go into hiding, returned with slumped shoulders, foretelling no good news. This is slowly turning into a disaster I want no part of because why the f\*\*k are different men not making it work?

She couldn't be hiding beneath a damned mountain or a cave right? Then why are they all not bringing any f\*\*\*\*\*g good news to me? Am I meant to work with what they have? Just like that? Accept that the mother of my baby is gone somewhere?

This marks the third month in a row that wolves from my kingdom have returned from an assignment with disappointment. I don't know if their slumped shoulders are something they practice before fully coming to the pack house where I sit waiting for them to emerge.

"She's not found, man," Daniel placed a hand on my shoulder, his sympathy palpable. Had he been anyone else, I would've taken it lightly.

"Where the heck could she be? We've almost cleared the entire packs." I rake a hand through my hair, take a sip from the glass Daniel poured and throw my head back, swallowing.

It takes all my efforts not to let out an angry howl into the sky. This can't be happening right now. What if something happens to her, and I don't know how to reach out? Or some group of rogues took her for God knows what. Where the hell are you, Selene?

The only thing keeping me sane is the fact that I can feel the beating heart of my cub; I just don't know where. That tug I felt when I found her in the woods is still beating somewhere inside of me that my wolf doesn't know about. It is frustrating to say the least.

"We are going to find her. As long as the cub breathes, we will find her." Nash tries to soothe me, but it isn't working, not anymore.

The first month, that was enough for me to snuggle in bed with Luna and sleep to oblivion or, well, have a romp, but by the third month? I don't know what to expect. Selene should be four to five months pregnant now, just like the humans, only she has three more months left. And I am getting agitated.

"I am losing my mind right now, Nash. Do something." I tell my wolf while taking more shots from the whiskey, then take the entire bottle to my lips.

"I am inside your head, remember? I can clearly feel how much you're losing your mind, and so am I." He sighs, roaming inside my head restlessly. "I don't know how, but we will find her. Have a little more faith."

Fate led me to this! I have been waiting for fate to knock up my own mate and wife, but it never happened. One night with another omega from Goddess knows where, and I knocked her up. What the heck is fate trying to prove to me? That I am still mortal even though I am immortal?

I don't know whether being immortal is actually a curse or not. It has been going on for my entire ancestry. It took great things to bring us down, and it isn't aging; we don't age as soon as we get frozen when we feel most powerful. Same goes for my entire ancestry.

All Lycans do not die because of aging but either in a war where they get severely tortured or poisoned by wolf bane that could kill an entire army of werewolves. We are just that powerful, which is why the werewolves were forced to bow down to us, especially now that there aren't any other Lycans left.

The power could be exhausting, though. Only a mate makes living through the whole process exciting, and it took me more than a century to find mine. Luna is everything I could ever ask for; she is my life. Which always makes me wonder how I cheated on her.

I am never one to cheat, not even when I had a girlfriend during high school days. I don't cheat on anyone, not ever. I am loyal to a fault, like every other Lycan. Drunk or not, cheating on Luna really left its mark on me.

"What next?" Daniel asks in front of me, the list of all the packs existing in front of him, and most of them have been ticked.

"I don't know. Maybe search the rest of the packs, though I'm losing hope she might be in any of them. They are too far away." I sigh, burying a hand through my hair.

"Who knows? She might be in one of those remains. Don't lose hope so soon." He claps a hand to my shoulders, earning an eye roll from me.

"I hate when people have so much hope and fate. It doesn't make sense." I growl, my face contorting as my wolf tries to come to the surface.

Daniel watches me then shrugs his shoulders. "That is what the Moon Goddess wants us to have so we won't lose ourselves."

"Do you think it makes sense, though? The fate. Because I have been going at it with Luna, trying to get her pregnant; it never happened. One night with an omega, one I can't even remember, and boom, she is carrying my cub. What is that? Fate?" I am getting angrier, I stand up and round the desk so I can pace.

"It might be fate, Crew. Maybe the Moon Goddess is trying to send another message through this; you never know. Besides, the cub came at the right time." Daniel tries to ease the atmosphere with a grin, but it doesn't work.

"I don't care whether it is the right time or not, Daniel. All I can think about is how I ended up cheating on Luna. You are yet to meet your mate; you won't understand it yet." I shake my head.

He shrugs like it's no big deal, but we both know it is. He hasn't met his mate for so long, and he has been yearning for her if I could see clearly. The longing when I am with Luna is always there on display. Now he wants to act nonchalant.

"That is also fate, man. I will find her. I know that."

I have no idea whether to be happy about having a cub – though they are not with me right now – or to keep feeling guilty for what I did to Luna, but I am experiencing both emotions. It doesn't matter if the cub is coming at the right time; I cheated, and that makes me disloyal.

"I'm glad your olfactory senses are still intact even though your libido isn't. Why shouldn't I reek of s\*x? Just had an encounter with an eighteen-year-old." Nick threw himself on the couch and sprawled his hands open behind his back.

I shake my head. He hasn't met his mate either, and though he tried to bury it in different encounters, he is still very much tired of waiting. That makes the both of them. I was lucky to have found mine five years ago, but I messed up.

"An eighteen-year-old?" Daniel's mouth hangs open, though he really shouldn't be this shocked. "Should I remind you that you are centuries old?"

Nick had the guts to look offended. "Do I look centuries old to you?"

"That is so disgusting." Daniel shook his head, his face neutral of any emotion. He is used to Nick.

"Whatever. I am going to have a young mate, so why not try them already?" Nick licked his lips, then shot me a mischievous smile.

I shake my head at him; he shouldn't push Daniel further. Even though Daniel is the cool-headed one amongst us, he is also on thin ice currently. Maybe the mating thing is now on his mind, or he is worried we won't find Selene. Either way, he isn't in his best mood.

Nick shrugged, propped his legs on the coffee table in front of him, and crossed his ankles, then said, "Any news on your baby mama?"

"No. Not a single piece of news." I sigh again for the nth time and plop myself onto the chair I was sitting on. I love having meetings in the pack house. My penthouse is a private place where only my mate and I could use and sometimes these idiots in front of me.

Nick frowned at that. "Why don't we go to these packs ourselves? She could change her name, and you are the only one that knows her face."

"I have to describe her to them. Any newcomer should be scrutinized," I say with a frown, but what he says makes sense. Beneath all the playfulness, he is always one step ahead.

"Still. Let's go ourselves. I think that will ease your mind much better."