

## 13: Luna

I got dressed the next morning in shorts and a tank top as the weather was sunny, then packed my suitcase inside a Tesla. I decided to drive to the city, aware that it wouldn't be a one-day trip since I wasn't sure where I would find Selene. The search might take me to various places.

If she could run to wherever she went, then I sure as hell could get there in my car. Crew stepped out from the penthouse, watching me with his arms crossed. It's as if he can't decide what to do with me after what I told him yesterday morning. He didn't argue, but he has been brooding.

I'm sure he's contemplating how calm I am in this situation, considering my usual possessiveness and jealousy. Even I am surprised at how lightly I'm taking things. I'm just acting on autopilot, doing what is right.

He walked towards the car when he saw that I'm not going to bend down my resolve and follow his order to stay back at home, hiding in the penthouse. I am not like that. My dad taught me to grow strong, be independent, and support my mate whenever that is needed, which is exactly what I am doing.

"Be safe. Don't hover around. Whenever you see anything like a threat, let me know." He kissed my forehead, cheeks, nose, then slowly down to my lips.

I inhaled his presence like a lifeline, anchoring me in a profound connection that transcends time. From the moment I discovered that the Lycan King was destined to be my mate, I sensed a transformative shift in my existence. It's as if he has always been an integral part of my life, a constant presence that has elevated my experiences.

Crew is more than a mate; he's an irreplaceable part of my being, and I can't fathom a reality where he isn't by my side. Our connection feels ordained by the Moon Goddess, a union meant to shape our destinies in ways that extend beyond our understanding.

"I will. You will feel it down the bond anyway." I roll my eyes when I manage to pull away from him, enough to see the worry in his eyes.

Crew has enemies all over the world in the packs, and he always wanted to protect me against them. I understand, but he should know that I can take care of myself too. I've been trained since I was eleven and can fight my way through rogues, though I don't wish to see them.

"Do you know how she looks like? Don't go looking for something you don't know." His brows came together, trying to dissuade me from my plans.

"I do! I've seen her, remember?" When he blinked at me, I quickly added, "Before I left that day, I saw her standing at the corridor."

I have seen Selene at that club when she walked in looking like that was the best decision she's ever made to do something reckless. I have watched her since she walked in but not that day at the penthouse. I couldn't look. I had to make sure the act was believable.

He sighed, nothing against me. "Alright then. I love you." He gave me another lingering kiss then pulled away and watched me zoom off before he changes his mind, not that that would stop me.

It was a few hours later when I pulled up at a gas station; a few teenagers were smoking weed at the other end of the road while I fueled my car. They saw me and whispered some things to one another, making me cluck my tongue in dismay. I don't want to beat the kids, but they are asking for it.

From the way they stood up one after the other, they wanted to rob me. I am a helpless woman with a rich car and probably a good wad of cash inside her car. I can clearly see what I look like to them from afar if only they knew how dangerous I am. They shouldn't judge a book by its cover.

I gave them a small wave, two of the four stopped to blink at my boldness, thinking I would be rushing inside my car to run away. The four of them hesitated, but it seems like they need cash so much to risk coming to someone with such confidence.

The first one, taller than the rest with spiky blonde hair, threw a punch I caught and twisted his arm behind his back. The rest watched with wide eyes as I effortlessly disarmed his other hand that held a knife. Not wanting to break his arm, I pushed him away.

"Don't ever attempt to rob a helpless woman again because she is alone. I can kill all of you, and your bodies won't be found. Off you go!" I let the queen within soak the words with a threat, and they scrambled away.

Finishing what I was doing, I settled back in my car and continued to drive to the next town. I don't know why I feel like she is going to be in this particular place, but I just do. I sense Selene around this place, so I decided to stay at a hotel for tonight and then search for her tomorrow morning.

The following morning, I awoke with a surge of energy that had eluded me for months. Heading to the ensuite, I dressed in dark washed-out jeans, paired with a cream-colored cardigan to combat the chilly weather, and slipped into my favorite white sneakers.

Feeling chic and cute, I tied my hair into a loose ponytail to give myself a particular look. I hope Selene hadn't seen me that day at the penthouse or this will blow up. I cannot forcefully drag her back to the pack, and Crew won't be able to reach here fast enough.

For some reason, I want to know why she decided to run away from him. She knew he was the Lycan King but didn't know he was the father of her baby. Would she have stayed if she knew otherwise? I doubt.

I'm curious as to why she left the minute he turned his face away. There must be a reason. The Lycan King's home is the safest place for any werewolf out there; her running away from him doesn't make any sense. There must be something she is hiding.

Walking out of the hotel, I drove around the town for hours, and the sun was almost set when I spotted a café. Drawn to it by the same thing that made me stay in this place, I parked my car away from the glass doors and got down. I slowly entered the café, a bell jingled above me.

There was only one customer in the café working on her laptop while the front desk was occupied by a girl with pink hair. She seemed to be doing her assignment with a pen between her lips. She wasn't Selene, but the tug in me was stronger here, which means she might be here.

But why can I sense her? Is it because she has Crew's baby, or is there something more to this than I can think of? Nothing makes sense except the fact that she is my mate's baby mama, and we are kind of tied together.

"Hello!" I waved at the girl, and she jumped, startled. Didn't she hear that loud bell?

She composed herself and gave me a wide smile that was more professional than friendly. "Hello, I'm Imogen! Welcome to Miranda's café. How can I help you?"

"Uh, I want coffee." I hesitated. I never really liked coffee, but I will have to buy something to stay here long enough to see if Selene would come.

"Sure. Black or creamy?" She asked, jumping down from the stool she was sitting on. Uh, she's shorter than I expected.

"Creamy, please." I drew a hundred dollar bill and dropped it on the desk before me. "Keep the change."

She beamed so wide, this time genuine. "Thank you." She sounded dazed then went to make the coffee while a voice filtered from the kitchen behind, and it sounded familiar.

I don't know what Selene's voice sounded like. I only heard her moans and cries that night, but at this moment, it felt like I have been listening to it for a long time, so I gulped down. Have I found her? Should I tell Crew? No, I'm not sure yet.

I took a deep calming breath, not knowing how to feel. Should I be happy to have found my mate's baby mama? Or be mad I was the one that got her when I should be staying away from her? I felt none of that, though. I was so f\*\*\*\*\*g relieved I could sit down on this dirty floor.

"Here." Imogen came out with my coffee while I was trying my best to see what was beyond the kitchen. She saw that and grinned. "That's my co-worker grumbling about the finished milk she wanted."

"Oh. She can have it." I tried to push the cup away, but Imogen shook her head.

"Selene, stop chasing away our customers!" And my heart stuttered at the name. She didn't even change her name?!