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In the heart of my kingdom, there lies a sacred clearing known as the Moonlit Arena. Bathed in the ethereal glow of moonlight filtering through the dense canopy, this natural place is a haven for warriors honing their skills.

Towering ancient trees encircle the space, their branches creating a protective canopy overhead, adorned with luminescent moss that emits a gentle, otherworldly radiance. It always lures the warriors out, and me too.

The ground, covered in a carpet of moss and soft undergrowth, offers a cushioned surface for the warriors engaged in training. Silver-tinged flowers bloom at the edges, releasing a subtle fragrance that mingles with the earthy scent of the forest, usually mingling with sweat.

Intricate runic symbols, etched into the ground by generations of werewolf warriors, weave a mystical pattern that seems to pulse with the energy of the moon, especially during the full moon. It is a place where many werewolves found their mates in the past.

The same story goes for Luna and me. I saw her walking around with her two friends when the smell rushed to my nose, Nash snapping his head

anxiously, and I whisked her off her feet. Well, safe to say I took her virginity that night. It was a full moon after all.

She had shyly stared at me when I declared her my mate, the rest of the pack members watching with rapt attention. All the girls hoping I was going to be their mates scowled, some howled while others left the clearing angrily. Not that it bothered me.

Taking her face in both of my hands, I leaned down and kissed her sensuous lips that made me hard instantaneously. She was responsive, her body soaking up with warmth, curled to me.

I blink my eyes to take away the image, or I'll start hunting her in the human world. She won't like that at all. She has never fought for her freedom, even though I made sure she guarded with guards as my Queen, but she only fought me today. I smile.

At the center of the clearing stands a majestic stone pedestal, weathered by time but bearing the weight of countless werewolf and lycan legacies.

On the pedestal rests a mystical moonstone, a focal point for rituals and gatherings. The warriors gather around this sacred space, their forms highlighted by the moon's gentle glow, as they engage in rigorous combat training, testing their agility, strength, and prowess under the watchful eye of the Moon Goddess.

As the night progresses, the clearing echoes with the sounds of clashing blades and the occasional howl, blending harmoniously with the symphony of the nocturnal forest. The Moonlit Arena serves not only as a training ground but also as a spiritual nexus where werewolves connect with their primal instincts, embracing the heritage that courses through their veins under the benevolent gaze of the moon.

I don't know why I have a feeling that Luna is hiding something from me. We talk every day, almost all the time, but she always seems distracted with one thing or another. Tilting my head to the side, I study the warriors fighting in the field without their shirts.

Turning back to see Nick flirting with another barely eighteen-year-old warrior, and it made me chuckle. The man will never mind his business, and I am far detached from the world to care about what he does. He has Daniel to tell him what is right and what isn't. My plate is filled right now.

"You are just going to chuckle while he ruins girls in your kingdom?" Daniel followed my line of vision and scowled instantly.

I shrug my shoulders. "If the girls have no complaints, I cannot say anything. And you know he won't ever force anyone."

Daniel huffed. "He won't, but seducing them should also be a bad thing. He is a hundred years old, the bastard."

As though Nick had heard him, he raised his head and winked at us then went back to flirting with her. The girl blushed at what he said then left him. Nick swaggered his way towards us while whistling, also shirtless. Probably why the girls are drooling.

"Danny boy, I'm sorry for your mate. You are so stuck up." Nick draped a hand across Daniel's shoulders, who was quick to throw it away.

"Worry for yourself. She will have to deal with your sorry ass. Or more like, whorish ass." Daniel rolled his eyes, crossing his arms on his chest while he stared at the warriors fighting.

"And our Crew here is also just thinking about his mate and baby mama. Why won't you two loosen up?" Nick rolled his eyes, poured himself three fingers of whiskey and poured it down his throat.

The next morning, I went to the council meeting with dark bags beneath my eyes. I haven't been sleeping for a long time, even when Luna would mind-link me to make me come in the night. It never worked. I have been so restless. I hate being helpless. I hate not knowing. I hate not having control. I have been born with it.

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As I stride into the grand hall, my presence commands attention even before I utter a word. Adorned in formal attire befitting the significance of the council members' meeting, I make sure to emanate an air of regality that mirrors my role as the sovereign of the Lycan realm.

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My tailored ensemble consists of a deep midnight-blue velvet coat, adorned with intricate silver embroidery that weaves across the lapels and cuffs. The coat's cut accentuates my broad shoulders, hinting at the latent power that lies within. Beneath the coat, a crisp white shirt complements the regal attire, its collar neatly tucked beneath the meticulously knotted silver

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+5 Points

silk tie.

My lower half is clad in tailored black trousers, seamlessly merging sophistication with functionality. Polished leather boots, laced with silver accents, add a touch of rugged elegance, a subtle nod to the primal nature that defines my kind.

Upon my broad shoulders rests a ceremonial mantle, crafted from the pelts of the rarest and most formidable beasts that roam the Lycan territories. The mantle, lined with silver threads, cascades down my back like a regal cloak, symbolizing both my authority and connection to the untamed wilderness.

I don't like dressing so formally, which is why it happens only once a month. I can't go through so much weight just to impress the council members that were chosen by the Moon Goddess.

A crown of polished silver, adorned with moonstone accents, graces my brow, signifying my lineage and the divine connection to the moon goddess. My piercing brown eyes, framed by a strong, chiseled visage, exude wisdom and determination, befitting a ruler who shoulders the responsibility of leading my kind.

If only I were ruling the Lycans instead of Werewolves.

As I take my place at the council, the regal ensemble seamlessly merges with my inherent strength, creating a formidable image that commands respect within the hallowed halls where crucial decisions for the Lycan realm are made.

The Lycan king's throne, hewn from werewolf oak, stands as a colossal symbol of power. A throne my ancestors sat on for millennia.

Gnarled roots coil beneath, intertwining with carved wolf motifs and moon symbols. Adorned with pelts of rare creatures, the seat exudes authority. Silver moonstones embedded in the structure radiate a divine glow. A crescent-shaped canopy and guardian wolf statues amplify its majestic aura, a testament to my ancient lineage, wisdom, and commanding presence.

The court members stood up and bowed. I sat down on the throne and signaled for them to do the same. Daniel and Nick sat at the front chairs closest to me, while the other council members spread across the large rectangular table.

"Begin," I say, and every single one of them lays down their advice, complaints, acknowledgments, and appreciation for the next hour. Then came one question.

"How is it going with the heir, My Lord?" A council member asks, though the fear and uncertainty

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shine in his eyes.

I can see that they have all discussed this before he decided to approach me. They all want to know why I have been quiet, even though I told them I knocked down an omega by mistake. I didn't tell them about her or where she is. I thought I'd find her before now.

Daniel, Nick, and I shared a glance. I don't know whether to tell them she has run away or that she is safely tucked somewhere. Nothing has happened to the baby; I can still feel its heartbeat with mine. But will I find her before it is too late? The members have such high hopes for this baby.

Ruling can be such a pain in the ass. I wouldn't have thought about cheating on Luna if not for the members of the council, though I blame it on the alcohol most of the time.

"It is going great." It is not exactly a lie but not the entire truth either.



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