

## 19: Selene

As I stroll toward the café, smiling at the crib purchased with three months' salary, a giddy enveloping joy leaves me in a small cocoon of happiness. Imogen and Luna are there with me, exchanging hushed words, not interrupting my bubble.

I don't know what Luna did with the cashier when I showed her the crib I wanted. For some reason, I feel like she did something to the cashier before I was allowed to go with it, but I didn't bother finding out. I was too busy trying to get that same crib to care.

The crib is painted in a serene sky blue, reminiscent of a cloudless day. Its smooth, matte finish exudes a calming aura, creating a gentle and peaceful atmosphere. The sturdy wooden frame is elegantly crafted, featuring delicate curves and a touch of whimsical charm.

The sky blue color is evenly applied, giving the crib a soft and soothing appearance. Adorned with intricate carvings, the crib has a timeless elegance, making it a focal point in any nursery. The color invites a sense of tranquility, creating a perfect haven for the little one. It was just perfect.

Jake, a guy who has been trying to hit on me for a



long time, got into step with me, smiling boyishly. I return another smile of my own, too happy to do anything otherwise. He was surprised, but he quickly covered it up with his gentle charisma.

Jake is handsome in his own way—the boy-next-door kind of handsomeness with a gentle voice to match.

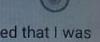
Jake embodies the quintessential guy-next-door charm with undeniable handsomeness. His warm, genuine smile welcomes you like a familiar friend, radiating friendliness and approachability.

With a casual yet polished style, he effortlessly pulls off the laid-back look, making him seem effortlessly cool. Jake's sandy brown hair is tousled just enough to convey a carefree vibe, and his hazel eyes sparkle with a mixture of kindness and a hint of mischievousness.

His easygoing demeanor and the subtle charisma in his interactions make him not just a neighbor but someone you'd genuinely enjoy spending time with, adding a touch of charm to the ordinary.

We met at Miranda's on my second day while I was still jumpy, fearing the Lycan king might appear and drag me back to his pack. But Jake was gentle, not forcing himself on me and only trying to get my attention.

"What's that you got?" he asked after exchanging



hearty pleasantries. I'm sure he noticed that I was different today but didn't say anything.

"Baby's crib," I respond, literally bouncing on the balls of my feet, but I repeat in my head, I do not care.

His face brightened, making my chest ache. I wish I knew the father of the baby, so he could show me such support, such love, and understanding. I always wonder if I would meet him sometime in the future and if he would recognize me because I won't recognize him for the life of me. It was a drunken night and a mistake.

But still, it kept me wondering how differently things would have turned out if he were here with me or at his pack. I don't remember much about him, but he was large, powerful, and wasn't tired even as he took me three times in a few hours. He had great stamina. The thought made me blush a little.

I know I won't ever have such a night again in my life. Albeit tragic, it gave me something rare—a gem connected to me. I don't think I will ever change a single thing about that night. Alpha Archer would have been a horrible mate, and I'm glad we went our separate ways, though the rejection hurts.

One would think that wasn't my first time having s\*x. I handed over my virginity on a silver platter

and then took a baby in my womb in return. I won't ever forget that day when Alpha Archer rejected me right in front of the entire pack, and I went to the club to get wasted only to carry something precious in my womb.

My hand instinctively trailed to my belly, making Kira somersault in my head. She cannot wait to meet the baby too. She has been way too excited since she found out the baby was going to be a boy from the doctor. She has a list of long names for him, but I am still thinking through them. I haven't decided yet.

"Oh? You've got it already?" he sounded excited and happy for me, which made me pause for a bit, then continue with a small smile.

"Yeah. Gen and Luna won't let me rest without getting it. I have been talking about it for a while now," I beam at him, shaking my head when he offered to take the crib from my hand.

"Oh, very excited huh?" he smiled, not once faltering with his steps beside me.

"Yeah. I cannot wait to meet him. I literally cannot fall asleep without thinking about what he would look like," I let out a sigh, Luna was by my side along with Imogen instantly.

"She woke up calling a random name earlier, which means she has already named him in her

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dreams." Imogen giggled when my expression fell because it isn't funny.

I called a random name because I had a nightmare, and I didn't even know I did that.

Maybe it was the Lycan King that haunted my parents and chased them away from their pack, leaving them paranoid to not be able to raise their own kid. His name is Crew from the nightmares.

I gave her a reproachful look which she didn't take seriously at all though Luna was looking at me curiously, like she knew something I didn't. She was also there when I woke up, though I doubt they heard the name I called. Not that she would know what it means, right?

But then again, Luna is a werewolf and she didn't even bother hiding it, which means she knows who the leader of all werewolves is. Is the Lycan king's name truly Crew? The name sounds sort of weird but befitting for a cruel king like him. It always sends shivers down my spine.

"I am yet to decide what to name him," I shrug, turning to Jake who gave an understanding smile.

"Imogen loves teasing you," he observed, his eyes bouncing between the two of us.

We scowled at each other then grinned, showing our teeth. This girl here is my best friend, and I won't ever regret the day I met her. She is the first 19: Selene



person I met that isn't judgemental, apart from Miranda.

"Because I am the best person to have ever happened to her," Imogen threw her hand around my shoulders while I shake my head at her antics.

"Hey!" Luna pouted then pushed Jake away from

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my other side to wrap her arms around me.

"Uh oh. They all want to give me love today," I laugh while Jake grins at the probably weirdest sight he has ever seen. I feel happy, light, and alive. With these two girls.

"Well, I'll leave you to it," Jake said when we



reached Miranda's café, the girls piled inside finally able to get the crib from my hands and entered the café with it.

"Thanks, Jake," I smiled at him, genuinely happy we were able to talk today.

"Anytime," he said, looking a bit unsure. "Are you free later this evening?"

"Yeah," I respond. I understand what he's asking, and I want to give him just one night, enough to reveal that I've got baggage he might not want to get involved with.

I might have escaped the Lycan King and Alpha Archer, but that doesn't mean they aren't searching for me out there, especially the Lycan king if he has already found out that I am also a Lycan. A shudder goes through me, and I rub my arms to erase the goosebumps. It feels like someone is watching us, watching me.

I glance around, but there's no one. I might be getting paranoid again, but I will continue to live with that fear forever. Jake in front of me doesn't deserve someone who is going to keep running from her past, especially a past as hideous as mine. He won't know what hits him when he sees humans turning into werewolves.

As I ponder these thoughts, Jake looks at me with a mix of curiosity and concern, sensing there's



more to my story. The evening ahead promises a chance for connection, but beneath the surface lies the lingering shadow of my tumultuous past, threatening to emerge and disrupt the fragile peace I've found.

Embarking on this date with Jake feels like entering uncharted territory for me. The truth is, I've never experienced the rituals of a date in my life.

As an omega, the journey to find love or a mate has been a series of disappointments, each rejection carving a deeper crevice into the walls of my hope. The societal norms for someone like me dictate a narrative of inevitable solitude. Same happened to me.

Tonight, with Jake, I find myself grappling with a mix of excitement and trepidation. The unfamiliarity of it all leaves me uncertain about how to act. Should I be reserved or let my true self shine through? The weight of past rejections presses on me, a constant reminder of the challenges omegas face in the realm of romance.

As I prepare for the evening, I try to push aside the ingrained sense of inadequacy that comes with my omega status. This date signifies a departure from the usual script of heartache, an opportunity to explore uncharted emotional territory. I can't help but wonder if Jake, with his genuine smile



and easygoing demeanor, might be the exception to the painful pattern of rejection.

In navigating this unfamiliar landscape, I contemplate the nuances of dating etiquette, questioning whether I should be more assertive or adopt a more reserved approach.

The societal expectations placed on an omega like me create a backdrop of uncertainty, amplifying the challenge of forging a genuine connection. Or maybe I should just ask Imogen and Luna how it's done.

As I stand at the threshold of this date, the echoes of societal norms and past rejections reverberate in my mind. However, a glimmer of optimism emerges, fueled by the possibility that this evening might rewrite the narrative of my romantic journey.

Tonight, with Jake, I am determined to embrace the uncertainty, hoping that the uncharted path ahead holds the promise of love and understanding. He knows about my baby and me not having any idea who his father is. That is a good sign since he still stuck around, huh?

I feel like I should really stick to having my baby safe and sound, have him fed and all that. I also don't want Jake to be heartbroken, he is such a lovely guy. I sigh, taking a deep breath. I don't think it's gonna work out but I should give it a shot.

