

21: Crew

As I burst through the door, the scene unfolded before me in a heartbeat. A terrified scream pierced the air again, and my instincts kicked into overdrive. There she was – Selene, the woman carrying my child – cornered by a menacing figure with intentions no man should harbor.

Rage surged within me, a fiery torrent threatening to consume everything in its path. I covered the distance in a heartbeat. What met my eyes was a scene that sent my blood boiling—an audacious individual attempting to kiss her.

The sheer audacity of him laying hands on the woman who carries my future heir ignited a fiery rage within me.

Without a moment's hesitation, I closed the distance to Selene, my strides fueled by a potent mix of fear and protective fury. The sight of this despicable intruder attempting to kiss her intensified the inferno in my veins. How dare he lay a hand on a woman who is clearly saying no?

I launched myself at the assailant, fists propelled by a primal anger, and a chaotic struggle ensued. Every punch I threw, every grapple, and every calculated move were an embodiment of my unyielding resolve to shield Selene from this

21: Crew
threat.

The room echoed with the sounds of our collision, a violent symphony drowning out reason and sanity. I am keeping my moves human-like as possible to not rise suspicion as I didn't want to kill him. Yet.

In the dance of chaos, I fought to ensure Selene's safety, each breath matched with a surge of adrenaline.

The struggle was more than physical; it was a battle of wills, a declaration that no force on Earth could compromise the sanctity of our unborn child. Selene's safety was non-negotiable, and I would fight until my last breath to make sure she is safe.

Luna was holding Selene in her arms while I dealt with the jerk in my arms and he lost consciousness. I kicked him again to keep the anger at bay then stood back up to check on Selene and make sure she is feeling alright.

"You're alright. Everything is fine, Sel. Just breathe." Luna kept whispering to her like a long-time friend which I didn't understand but anything that will help stop her cries.

I watch the two of them as Selene clutched Luna tightly, her entire frame shaking uncontrollably as silent sobs wracked her body. The sight made me

want to help the bastard regain his consciousness just so I could break his nose and jaw all over again.

Tear-streaked cheeks mirrored the pain etched in her eyes, haunting remnants of an unspeakable violation. The room felt colder, shadows casting elongated fingers across the walls as if mourning the innocence stolen in those harrowing moments. At least, he hasn't touched her.

Huddled in the aftermath of the ordeal, Selene's vulnerability radiated, her hands trembling like delicate leaves caught in a merciless storm. My hands ached to hit the f*****g bastard again.

The echo of her stifled cries reverberated in the air, the weight of trauma settling upon her fragile shoulders. Each shuddering breath was a testament to the profound violation she endured, an assault on her very essence. She wasn't afraid of Luna, though; she is holding her tight.

I watch with a puzzled mind but didn't say anything; I don't want to trigger her. She doesn't want to see me; I'm sure of that but some things just have to be done with or without her consent. It is about her health and the baby's now. Not her stubbornness.

In the realm of humans, doctors abound, their expertise extending to the ordinary facts of life. However, when it came to the intricacies of a

21: Crew

werewolf pregnancy, a realm untouched by conventional medical knowledge, I knew the significance of relying on our own kind.

Werewolf doctors possessed an innate understanding, a primal connection to the unique challenges and nuances involved in a pregnancy within our supernatural lineage.

With no more than three months left until the impending birth, I grappled with a decision crucial to the safety of my baby and the mother. The stakes were too high, the risks too great to entrust this delicate situation to human practitioners.

A visceral sense of protectiveness surged within me, a recognition that only the expertise of werewolf healers could ensure the well-being of both Selene and our unborn child.

The urgency of the situation left me with no choice. I couldn't afford to risk complications that could arise from a human birthing environment. Werewolf doctors, intimately acquainted with the intricacies of our kind, held the key to a safer and more secure childbirth.

As the realization dawned upon me, determination set in, and I knew that Selene would have to leave the human world behind, venturing into the realm of our own kind where her well-being and the well-being of our unborn child could be safeguarded by those who truly understood the

21: Crew

unique complexities of a werewolf pregnancy.

"Let's get you inside." Luna said to Selene, raising her eyes to find Crew's who is narrowing them on both Selene and her.

"I'll explain later. We need to get her inside. She is in shock and terrified. I think you should go for

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now. We will deal with this tomorrow." Luna mind-linked me, her eyes not leaving mine.

My brows furrowed in question. She didn't mean that, right? I thought we were leaving now to the pack house. She needs to see the doctor there so we can make sure the human doctors didn't do

21: Crew

anything stupid. What is Luna talking about?

"What about you?" I ask, one of my brows raised in question as I left my emotions tightly closed.

A mysterious expression flickered across Luna's countenance, a nuanced play of emotions that left me both intrigued and unsettled. It was a look that danced on the edge of comprehension, yet I found myself at a loss to decipher its meaning.

Perhaps it was a choice, a deliberate shroud she had cast over her thoughts, concealing a secret she seemed unwilling to share. It looks like a great deal many secrets hiding there too.

The air between us carried an unspoken tension, a palpable veil of secrecy that now hung like a delicate web. Luna, my confidante in all matters, appeared to be harboring something beyond my immediate understanding. The revelation gnawed at the edges of my curiosity – what could she be concealing?

In the years of our relationship, Luna had always been an open book, each page turned with trust and transparency. Yet, this unexpected deviation from the norm sparked a pang of uncertainty. Her visit to the human realm added some walls between us.

She never forgave me for cheating on her to begin with. Questions echoed in the recesses of my

mind, seeking answers to the enigma she now guarded. What could prompt Luna, my constant ally, to hold back?

As I grappled with the elusive truth veiled beneath her guarded gaze, a sense of unease settled in my chest. The unknown cast a shadow over the foundation of our connection, leaving me to ponder the complexities that lurked beneath the surface of Luna's stoic expression.

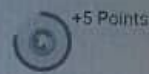
The whispers of doubt mingled with the echoes of curiosity, forging a silent plea for her to unravel the mystery she had chosen to keep hidden. But I know I cannot force her; she will tell me herself. I just hope it won't ruin our relationship.

"I'll be there with her when she wakes up. I'll try explaining things to her, but if things don't turn out the way we want them to, I'll use your option." Luna said through the mind link again, then gave a curt nod of her head.

She turned around with a still crying Selene in her arms. She didn't even turn around to see the person that saved her, which is fine. If she sees me now, she might run away by tomorrow morning.

"I hope whatever it is you are hiding has nothing to do with the two of us." I say to Luna while I watch them walk back towards the door.

21: Crew



+5 Points

She turned around and gave me the faintest smile, but it was enough to send relief coursing through my veins. It has nothing to do with me, thank goddess. I cannot have something coming between us again. No more.

"No. This is a secret for both our sakes, but I will tell you once we get back to the pack. Find something to do with the guy." She tilted her head to the place where the guy that tried molesting Selene lay sprawled on the floor and unconscious.

I watch until they are successfully tucked inside the café before turning around to stalk down to the hotel I stay with Daniel and Nick. I did nothing with the guy. He deserves to rot there for the night.

If he is lucky, a stray wolf would feast on him.



Ahsia Risan

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3

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2

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