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I awoke with this wicked banging in my head definitely from when I hit my head after Jodie's attempt to get his dirty hands on me even after I've said no more times than I could. Jake left after I insisted that he should because I turned him down and told him it will not work between us.

He took it with grace saying he would be there whenever I needed him or when I'm ready for a relationship. The way he took my hand and kissed the back before he left made my chest tighten. He is such a nice boy that shouldn't be wasted.

My expression shifted to one of evident discomfort, my features contorted with displeasure, as I found myself perturbed by Jodie's persistence the night before. He sneaked behind me when I wasn't noticing.

Despite my clear and unequivocal refusal, there was an evident frustration on my face, reflecting the distress caused by his disregard for my boundaries. The attempt to touch me, despite my explicit "no," left me visibly bothered, a palpable tension hanging in the air as I grappled with the unwelcome intrusion into my personal space.

I looked around the room but I wasn't inside the

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room Miranda gave me, this is something different. This room is way more lavish and pretty than the one I used to sleep in for the past few months which rattles me. Where on earth am I?

I quickly sat up, forgetting about the way my head was banging. What on earth is going on? I am sure I have been with Miranda working at her café with Imogen and we had loads of fun too. Why is it so cool and different here?

The crib we bought is arranged and pushed to one end of the wall looking really pretty against the white wall. My lips tilted at the joy of meeting my baby very soon then I remember I was in a strange place and my stomach clenched with fear.

Looking around, I try to find a place where this is but to no avail. The most normal thing to think is I have been kidnapped and I should try the door but my feet stayed on the cool floor. My feet are covered in thick black fuzzy socks.

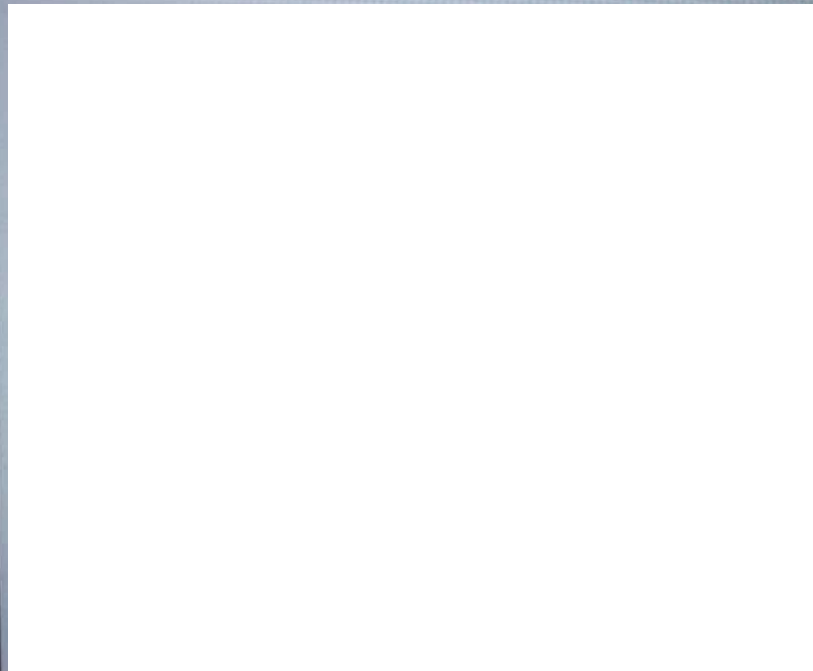
It is a penthouse room and I am slowly remembering the last penthouse I have been in before I ran away. Has the Lycan king found me? Oh, my God. He is going to kill me and my baby, right?

This opulent penthouse room is a symphony of elegance, adorned in a sophisticated white and forest green theme. Bathed in natural light pouring through the expansive glass wall, the space

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exudes an airy serenity.

Crisp, white furnishings and tasteful accents seamlessly blend with the lush forest green elements, creating a harmonious balance for any werewolf. My wolf purred inside my head in appreciation but I can't find it in me to relax.



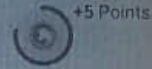
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They want to lock me up here again? Why does he want me so badly?

The glass wall provides a breathtaking panorama of the surrounding landscape, inviting the outdoors in. Luxurious touches, from plush green velvet cushions to white marble surfaces,



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+5 Points

contribute to the room's refined ambiance.

A sense of tranquility pervades the space, making it a sanctuary of beauty and sophistication within the grandeur of the penthouse. They are using it to manipulate my senses and give me a false sense of security. I don't believe a thing here. It is all lies.

Where was Luna? She was the one that saved me with another man I couldn't see. Was it even yesterday or I have been out for a few days to not notice I was taken away from the human world to this world? Goddess save my baby please.

I went to try the door but it was locked like I expected it to be. He won't risk me running away after the last time but what does he want from an omega like me? I'm sure he's smelt the omega off of me from miles away.

"Will you hang in there and relax? If he wanted you dead he would have killed you since or sent you to the dungeon. This room is way better than the one Alpha Archer gave us." Kira paced anxiously in my head but she was excited.

"Why aren't you worried he wants us killed?" I ask her incredulously, my bum hitting the bed behind me.

"Because there is no reason for him to want that. I have a feeling this is deeper than him finding out you are also a Lycan. Just relax now will you?" She

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is all sassy and attitude this morning or is it afternoon?

"You are unbelievable, do you know that? You want me to relax after we have been kidnapped by a Lycan King? Have you hit your head somewhere?" I ask in another confused voice.

"Nope, I haven't. But have you seen the Lycan King? He is so hot and handsome. I'm sure he doesn't want us killed whatsoever. I can't wait for you to see him more clearly." She grinned, showing those long fangs that I would like to pull at.

"Kira, you are out of your goddamn mind. This is not a good sign. Relaxing is like accepting my fate. I won't die. I refuse to die when I have something to live for." I told her vehemently, my stomach clenching.

"Hey, hey, hey, you need to calm down for the sake of the cub. Trust me, this is not as bad as you think it is. If anything is going to harm us, you know I won't be this laid back. Right?" Her tone gentled, expression smoothing.

"I don't know, Ki. This is not normal and I'm afraid. There is no reason for him to search for me all over the world and bring me back here. We don't know him." I say frantically, her tone not doing anything to calm down my nerves.

She sighed. "Just know that I won't let him harm



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+5 Points

you or the baby. Have more trust in me."

"But the dream I saw. That memory with my parents talking about the Lycan King. They sounded like they were afraid of him. That he might murder me if he finds out about me." I say to her, finally acknowledging that awful memory.

She was quiet for a long time which is so unlike my shiny and bundle of energy wolf. Does she think I am right? Then we have to escape from this place as soon as possible. He is too powerful for us even though I am also a Lycan.

A Lycan could take down five wolves on its own but a King? That is another story on its own. He can take more than five Lycans and werewolves are toys to him. That means I am not safe around him no matter what Kira would like to believe.

"That memory you saw is nothing serious. The truth is, your father is related to Crew but I'm not exactly sure how they are. He wasn't a Lycan neither was your mother but they sensed that you were one and took you away from them. Not because of Crew the Lycan King but the Moonlit Council." Kira finally said something which didn't make any sense.

"Moonlit Council?" I ask, the panic slowly seizing from my chest making me wonder why I didn't confide in her sooner.

"They are the members of the council in the kingdom a Lycan King rules. Just like elders in packs for Alphas, he got Moonlit Council instead. They can be cruel. Well, they are mostly cruel if the King is lenient on them." She scoffs as if hating her own history.

"Why didn't you tell me? I don't even know anything about you, Lycans." I sigh, the weight slowly dropping from my shoulders and my hands went to my belly.

"It is really not interesting. When the time comes, I'll tell you all about it." She patted my back, making me roll my eyes.

"You mean when I get kidnapped again?" I joke.

My countenance shifted from apprehension to a visible sense of relief, as the weight of a potential threat lifted from my dainty shoulders. Though I had clung to the belief that the Lycan King harbored a desire for my survival, my understanding underwent a seismic shift upon delving into the historical narrative. .

The stark contrast between her assumptions and the harsh reality unfolded before me. I'd like to blame Kira for all the misunderstanding, not that it has washed away all my doubts. If not to kill me, then what does he want?

The revelation stirred a complex array of



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emotions, but amid the tumult, relief took center stage. The realization that my existence might not be marked for an imminent, violent end brought a palpable sense of comfort.

My eyes, once clouded with fear, now held a glimmer of hope as I grappled with the newfound certainty that, at least for the moment, my life hung in a delicate balance, free from the looming threat I had initially perceived.

Good god, I'm going to live to see my baby.

The door opened a second later after I let out a breath but I didn't expect Luna to walk in looking all smiles. I blink at her then peruse over her body for any sign of injury, there is none. She is actually glowing from the looks of it.

What is going on?



Ahsia Risan

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