

47: Luna

"Danny shouldn't hold him for long please." Nick said in a feigned worried voice as he stared at Adrian in Daniel's arms.

"I don't want to curse with a baby in my arms but Nicky, get the hell away from me." Daniel snapped his teeth at Nick who only coolly regarded him like a rabid dog.

"I'm trying to make sure you don't give him any sort of disease if you hold him any longer. I cannot risk my godson's health and wellbeing." He shrugged his shoulders, standing guard in front of Daniel with narrowed eyes.

"Crew, take this guy away from me before things get bloody." Daniel huffed then went to sit on the couch inside the hospital room, Lilith followed closely behind.

Seated at the foot of the bed near Selene, I observe the room. The image of her nearing childbirth lingers in my mind, an indelible mark etched against my will. It won't leave me anytime soon, I'm sure of that. I don't know if I am traumatized.

The intensity of that moment, whether in human or werewolf form, churns my stomach. Witnessing

such a profound experience has left an imprint that refuses to fade.

The difficulty of childbirth, irrespective of one's form (human or werewolf or vampire), weighs on me. The mere thought of facing pregnancy in the current circumstances is overwhelming. I don't

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know where I stand with wanting a cub anymore.

While I yearn for the day Crew and I can welcome our own offspring, the recent scene plays on a loop in my mind. The raw reality of the birthing process is something I dread revisiting, a memory that now resides, unwanted, within the corridors of my thoughts.

"When is she going to wake up?" Lilith asked tiredly from the couch, she should be in bed sleeping because there is school the next day.

"I don't know. Are you going to school?" I ask, my eyes softening when she yawns again.

Though Lilith remains somewhat of a mystery to me, witnessing Selene's immediate adoration for the girl has endeared her to my heart as well.

Lilith, a resilient and kind soul, has weathered her own share of hardships, echoing Selene's journey in many ways.

The depth of her struggles over the years elicits my empathy, and I marvel at her strength. Selene's past, marred by the trauma inflicted by her pack and the Alpha, continues to haunt her. It's a relief to know that the Alpha is finally facing the consequences he deserves, and Scarlett, involved in making Selene's life a torment, is also reaping what she sowed.

Though the details of Scarlett's actions elude me, my support for the justice being served is unwavering, fueled by the understanding that Selene has endured more than her share of suffering.

The plan to return Selene to her old pack, allowing her to witness the changes firsthand, reflects a desire for closure and healing. The joy that danced in her eyes upon learning about the Alpha's

punishment was unmistakable. In a moment of gratitude, she sought solace in my arms, tears expressing the depth of her emotions.

I was taken aback when I learned that Crew had orchestrated a surprise visit to Selene's pack to deliver the retribution she longed for. The shock of the revelation lingered, revealing yet another layer to the complex dynamics unfolding within our shared journey.

"I don't want to go. I want to be here when she wakes up." Lilith said in a small voice as she snuggled on the couch close to Daniel.

"You should go to school. She wouldn't want you missing a day because of her, you know." I say in a similar tone, not wanting to wake Selene who is closer to me.

Lilith looked contemplative when Nick snapped.
"Yes, you should go to school."

Her eyes widened as they fell on him like everybody else's in the room. Nick is the most easy going person in the group so his snapping doesn't make any sense and it left us all galvanized. What had caused that reaction when he was joking with Daniel minutes ago?

"O-okay." She stuttered then hurriedly stood up and came to kiss Selene's forehead.

"Wait, let me come and return you back to the

penthouse then take you to school." Daniel said, but his eyes were on Nick with his brows furrowed in confusion.

"I'll take her. I need to go eat something anyway." Nick said and strode out of the door without waiting for Lilith or listening to anything we have to say.

"What just happened?" I ask with a blink as the door closes behind Lilith's small frame.

"I don't know but that wasn't Nick. What the hell happened to the asshole?" Daniel questioned no one in particular.

Nicky and Danny, despite their banter that might suggest otherwise, share a deep and genuine connection that transcends the surface-level exchanges. The banter, rather than a sign of distance, becomes a unique language of affection between them. Their interactions are a dance of playful words, a tapestry woven with threads of camaraderie and care.

In the world's perception, they might appear to be constantly at odds, bantering as if pushing each other away. However, beneath the banter lies an unspoken understanding, a bond that has weathered trials and stood the test of time.

It's a testament to the strength of their friendship, a connection forged through shared experiences

and unwavering support for one another.

Their banter, often laced with humor and a touch of sarcasm, serves as a shield against the world, a way to navigate challenges with a united front. In the midst of their teasing and witty exchanges, there's an undercurrent of genuine concern and affection. It's their peculiar way of expressing love, a language only they fully comprehend.

The care they extend to each other goes beyond the words they exchange, manifested in moments of unwavering support during trials and celebrations of victories. Nicky and Danny's relationship is a nuanced dance, a beautiful mosaic painted with banter and affection, making their connection truly one of a kind.

"He has been acting weird recently. Something is off with him." Crew commented, his voice sounding in the room for the first time in minutes.

"I think so. Take me to hell if I don't find out though." Daniel said with a focused look on his face that made me pity Nick even just for a second.

As I cradled Adrian in my arms hours later, his tiny fingers curled around mine, a mix of emotions surged within me. My eyes sparkled with joy and curiosity, naming the baby and marveling at his green eyes that mirrored Selene.

Selene, with a tired but contented smile, had slipped into unconsciousness again after she held her baby for a minute, leaving me alone with my thoughts and the precious newborn in my arms. I can't believe this baby is Crew's. So tiny.

"Annabelle," I whispered in my mind, addressing the ethereal presence of my wolf. "What do you think of all this? A baby... it's something I never thought would happen this way."

In the quiet sanctuary of my mind, Annabelle's voice, wise and comforting, responded, "Luna, my dear, this is a new chapter for us. The birth of Adrian signifies more than just the arrival of a cub; it's a testament to the strength within you. You've weathered storms, faced challenges, and now, you hold the embodiment of your love with Crew in your arms even if the circumstances are different."

I sighed, grateful for Annabelle's companionship, her words a soothing balm to my racing thoughts. "But, Annabelle, I can't help but feel a twinge of sadness. Crew's joy is evident, yet there's an ache in my heart. Will I ever experience the same? Will I ever feel the flutter of life within me?"

The response was gentle but resolute, "Luna, your path is unique. The Moon Goddess has woven a tale for you that goes beyond conventional paths. Do not let the shadow of uncertainty dim the radiance of this moment. Adrian is a beacon of

blankets for a long time now. Every single one of us. Crew, Selene, Nick, Daniel, Lilith and I.

"I know this is hard but take it in stride as usual. There is no use being jealous even though I can't sense it from you. Keep up the good work, dearest. Something amazing is coming for you trio." Annabelle added, adoringly staring at Adrian.

Amidst the celebration of new life, the quiet conversation with my wolf offered a moment of introspection, a bittersweet acknowledgment of the complexities woven into the fabric of my emotions.



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