

50: Selene

I watched in awe as Crew sent a picture of Adrian in the hospital. We were back to the penthouse after he told me Adrian wasn't kidnapped but the Moon Goddess herself took him. That is a blessing right? Then this image in my head.

In the quiet sanctum where Adrian lay, a captivating celestial energy danced with ethereal grace, manifesting as delicate lights akin to a myriad of fireflies.

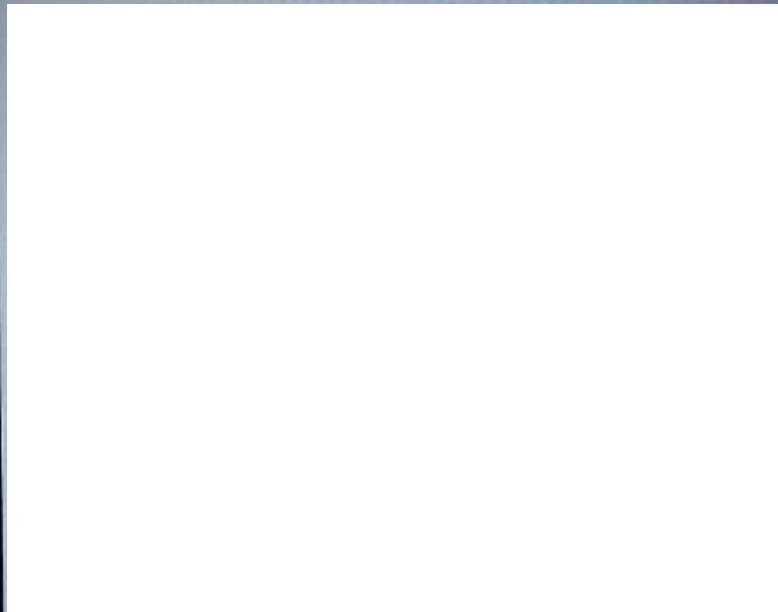
It was a mesmerizing display, an enchanting ballet that surrounded my son with an otherworldly aura, rendering him akin to a celestial being – an angel cradled in the gentle embrace of unseen forces.

As I observed him, Adrian's tuft of black hair became the focal point of this celestial symphony. Each strand possessed an enchanting shimmer, defying the boundaries of earthly radiance. The usual darkness of his hair had transformed into something extraordinary – a play of cosmic threads intricately woven into a tapestry of brilliance.

It was as though the very fabric of the night sky had chosen his hair as its canvas, creating an awe-inspiring spectacle that surpassed the ordinary glow of the chandelier suspended above

us.

At this ethereal moment, my heart swelled with a profound sense of wonder and maternal pride. Adrian, bathed in the celestial dance of light, embodied a beauty that transcended the mundane, leaving an indelible impression of



[Ads-free >](#)

celestial grace upon my soul.

Moon Goddess had chosen him for goddess knows what but I'm glad she dimmed our son fit to be that person. I can't help the joy bubbling inside of me at the thought of Adrian wielding some sort of angelic magic.

That doesn't mean I could sleep without him. I lay awake the whole night and the night after. I could see it in all their eyes that no one is getting enough of sleep without knowing where Adrian really is.

I have wondered countless times maybe Nash wasn't saying the truth or he was confused but I didn't voice it out. What if he is telling Crew something different that he didn't understand? That is going to be a disaster.

The third night, I walked out of my room in my robe to get something to eat. I couldn't sleep and I was very hungry. My breast is filled with milk that I could only pump and not feed my baby.

A tight knot of concern cinched in my chest, an unmistakable worry that coursed through my veins. What if Adrian is hungry? Though I knew Selene, his caretaker (the Moon Goddess) wouldn't neglect his needs, an insidious doubt clawed at my maternal instincts.

The mere possibility of my son yearning for nourishment tugged at my heartstrings, casting a shadow over my thoughts. Amidst these tumultuous emotions, a disconcerting realization struck me. Here I was, grappling with the mundane notion of consuming food, oblivious to the unknown state of my child.

The contrast between my own appetite and the

uncertainty surrounding Adrian's well-being laid bare the stark reality of parenthood, constant interplay between personal needs and the ceaseless concern for one's offspring.

The dual quandary weighed on me, the filled breasts, a tangible reminder of the maternal duties awaiting my return, coalesced with the gnawing hunger within, creating a unique pack of conflicting emotions. I'm exhausted.

The choice between satisfying my own appetite and addressing the potential needs of my child presented an internal struggle that mirrored the intricacies of navigating the uncharted waters of parenthood.

Tears leaked from the corner of my eyes as I sat in the dark inside the kitchen not knowing what to do. Luna has been supportive but I could see that she also needed support, same with Crew and the rest of the members of the penthouse.

I heard the sound before I saw the person, it was Crew. I stayed where I was, my eyes fixated on him with the dark bags beneath his eyes matching mine and slumped shoulders wary with defeat and helplessness which I'm sure he loathed.

A leader hates nothing more than being hopeless.

Crew descended the stairs looking like he was also seeking solace in the quietude of the kitchen.

His gaze, weary but determined, met mine in the dimly lit space. I glanced up, tears glistening in the corners of my eyes, and our silent connection spoke volumes.

His eyes softened at the sight of me and so did his gentle voice. "Sunny..."

Whenever he calls me that, my knees weaken and the darn organ in my chest starts palpitating like someone about to go under cardiac arrest. I'm sure werewolves don't suffer from heart problems but you never know.

I tried to summon a reassuring smile, but the weight of uncertainty and exhaustion held me captive. I had been able to smile the first night but this third one? I could barely move a muscle in my body. Except my darn heart.

"How are you, love?" He asks, stepping closer to me in a cotton pajama shirt and sweatpants.

"I can't shake this feeling of helplessness. Adrian is out there, connected to the Moon Goddess herself, and I'm just here, unable to do anything." I say, not able to keep my worry and concern in anymore.

Crew's eyes reflected a depth of understanding, his voice a balm to the ache within. If no one understands, I'm sure he would. We could only console one another with the way things were. I

need to do something.

"Sunny, our son is destined for something extraordinary. The Moon Goddess has chosen him. We have to trust in that. But it doesn't mean we don't worry or hurt." He said in another calm tone, easing some of my worries.

"I know, but I feel so lost without him here. I want to be the one to comfort him, to be there for him. To feed him." I sob, more tears rolling down my cheeks.

Crew approached and gently cupped my face.

"We'll get through this together. Adrian is strong, just like his mother. And I promise you, no matter where he is, he'll always know your love."

In that vulnerable moment, our eyes locked, and I could sense the unspoken emotions passing between us. Crew's comforting words became a lifeline, and a fragile smile played on my lips. This tension is still here.

"Thank you, Crew. I just need... something. Anything to hold onto right now. I'm losing my mind." I whispered, my glossy eyes finding his stormy ones.

Crew leaned in and in the next second, his lips met mine in a tender kiss. It was a shared solace, a moment of connection amidst the uncertainty surrounding our son. As we embraced, the weight

on my shoulders eased momentarily, replaced by a warmth that transcended the confines of our physical presence.

The kiss was gentle, coaxing and comforting all at the same time. Unlike the ones I usually dream about, those were filled with lust and desire. With wanton needs that could only be satisfied with lack of clothes.

"We'll find our way back to him, Selene. I promise." He kissed me again, a bit harder this time around and I took it.

"I believe you." I say softly then my eyes widen realizing that I just kissed my friend's mate.

As Crew and I found solace in our shared embrace, a quiet rustle caught our attention. The door creaked open, and Luna entered the kitchen, her presence a subtle shift in the atmosphere. The air seemed to carry the weight of our collective worries.

Luna's eyes, tired yet resilient, met mine as she joined us in the dimly lit space. Crew's lingering gaze on me spoke of an unspoken connection between us, a shared understanding of the struggles we faced.

"Am I interrupting something?" Luna asked softly as her eyes darted from Crew to me.

Crew's expression shifted, a mix of concern and

< 50 Selene

+5 Points >

reassurance evident in his stormy eyes.

"Not at all. Selene and I were just... finding a moment of comfort in this chaos." He explained briefly which is true.

Luna nodded, a shadow of exhaustion etched on her features. Her gaze turned to me, her eyes

Ads-free >

holding an unspoken camaraderie. Luna has been a pillar of support, and I sensed she, too, sought solace in the company of those who understood the depth of our shared ordeal.

"I couldn't sleep either. The uncertainty about Adrian is gnawing at me." She added.

I nod. "It's been three nights, Luna. Three nights without knowing where he is, and it's tearing us apart."

Luna's presence brought a silent understanding, a connection formed in the shared agony of missing someone we held dear. Crew, Luna, and I stood there in the kitchen, bound by the weight of our worries and the unspoken promise to find Adrian.

"We'll find answers. Together." Crew said with determination.

"I believe that. Adrian is strong, and the Moon Goddess chose him for a reason." Luna nodded.

"Selene, you should eat something. We need to keep our strength up." Crew said after a bit of silence.

"I know, but every bite feels like a task. My mind is consumed by thoughts of Adrian."

"I feel the same. It's like there's an emptiness, and the uncertainty is suffocating." Luna whispered tiredly.

"We'll face this together. And soon, we'll have our whole family again." Crew said again, as if trying to make himself believe it more than us.

As Luna nodded in agreement, I couldn't help but wonder how we would navigate the unpredictable path ahead. Three nights is enough for her to

< 50 Selene

+5 Points >

return him back to us, right? Then why is she taking longer?

And then it happened. I found out that night that Crew and Luna were both my mates!

But we also found Adrian.



Comments



Vote



Watch videos get points (0/15) >

