

6: Selene

Selene.

The rst thing that came to my mind when I woke up in a stranger's bed was, 'I need to get away.'

Turning around in the luxurious room, panic set in; though I vaguely remembered being brought here by a powerful-looking male. What if they're into something shady? Though he smells like a wolf, a powerful one.

His scent, a heady mix of raw power and primal dominance, hung thick in the air, enveloping the luxurious room. It was more than just the essence of a mere alpha; it resonated with an intensity that reached deep into my senses. Instinctively, my mind connected the dots, leading to one inescapable conclusion: the infamous Lycan King, a name synonymous with unyielding ruthlessness.

There is only one Lycan King in the world.

With the realization came an overwhelming urgency to escape. Every ber of my being screamed at me to get away from his domain, and the adrenaline-fueled desire to disappear without a trace consumed me. I couldn't risk him discovering my presence.

The fear that he had detected the Lycan lineage coursing through my veins surged within me. It was the fear that he might desire to keep me close, not out of compassion or camaraderie, but to serve as an unwilling subject for experiments, a pawn in a deadly game, or a pawn to kill so he can maintain his precarious title as the sole Lycan alive. The stakes were too high, and the risk to my unborn child too great to ignore.

My panic intensified, manifesting in the involuntary movement of my hand as it ew to my stomach, protective instincts surging. My heart thundered in my chest, a wild, racing beat echoing the drumming cadence of my growing apprehension.

The duffel bag, a small collection of my worldly possessions, lay close by, taunting me with its inert simplicity. There was no time for second thoughts; I snatched it up and moved swiftly toward the exit, each step lled with a mounting sense of dread.

Peeking outside, I heard some noises then stepped out completely to witness what was going on. The male that brought me here, extremely handsome Greek god. If I thought Archer was handsome, this man is otherworldly.

With broad shoulders, beautiful silky hair that hands have been running through, probably the hands of the female he is talking to, tanned skin that glistened underneath the light.

When the female rushed downstairs, and the male stared after her with longing and guilt, I snapped back to reality and remembered what I was supposed to do. I will get caught, no.

But why was he guilty? None of my business.

I was about to go back to the room and hide till he leaves before I run away when his attention snapped to me. My eyes widened with fear realizing the power is indeed for a Lycan king. I can smell it all over him.

This is the king of all alphas. So handsome that his looks could deceive you into thinking he cannot harm you but I know better.

He either brought me here because he wants to nd out how I ended up being a Lycan — he has probably smelt it in me because he is one— or he wants to kill me as a threat. I am freaking out.

Slowly he started stalking towards me, his eyes were hard now and emotionless like I imagined his longing at that female earlier. I think I did. The Lycan King I heard about doesn't know what emotions are.

I took steps back, but he followed then he stopped, his eyes glazing over like he is mind linking. Without looking at me, he rushed down the stairs and left the house, so I followed. I can't risk staying here.

Taking the duffel bag, I ran with all my strength out of the house too; there was no sight of him outside which makes my escape far more comfortable. I didn't stop running, taking the opposite route he followed.

I didn't stop running till the sun started falling down the horizon and I was sure he can never trace me to where I am with the power I use to shield me.

I learned about my powers by eavesdropping on a few elders talking about Lycans one night before I even knew I was going to become a Lycan. But they came in handy when I found out.

Stopping at a clearing with no smell of other werewolves, I slowly lay out the clothes I have in my duffel bag so I could sleep on them.

In the morning, I woke up and continued running, hunting a rabbit along the way to keep me full. I need to feed the baby no matter what. I know to never starve yourself when pregnant.

A wonder I didn't encounter any rogue though I heard the Lycan King made sure there aren't any left. He either kills them or forces them to submit.

"You are gonna be alright," Kira, my mate said for the nth time since we met. She always tells me this but things aren't looking alright, so I didn't reply to her. I hate false hopes.

Another reason I don't want him to nd me. He will do the same to me. A nasty thought occurred to me. He might want me to breed his babies since I am a Lycan too. His mate wasn't able to give birth for years already. He will take advantage of my being Lycan. I won't be a slave. Not for Alpha Archer or the Lycan King.

I spent three nights in the woods feeding on only rabbits before I emerged in a place I have never seen, never dreamt of. It looks like a city, and one sniff told me this place belongs to humans.

I hurried by the side watching them for several hours, trying to understand whether they speak the same language we do, and fortunately, they do. They wear clothes like we do too. Everything.

I have never seen humans in my life though I heard they don't know about our existence while others do but decide that as long as we don't bother them, they are good.

Instead of rushing to go to them, I went back to the wood that night and came back in the morning with a fresh mind. I am ready to start here. A new life for me and my baby. This is the only safe place for us.

If I had ended up in any pack, the Lycan king would have found me, even placing a bounty for anyone who locates me. But here, he doesn't have that power. Here, I am the owner of my life for the rst time.

I have changed into the clothes I used to spread to sleep in the wood; it is neater. I buried the other ones just in case his search reaches here. If it is deep beneath the soil, he won't smell it, Lycan or not. I know our ability.

Casually strolling in the midst of humans, keeping an eye on them in case they will notice that I am not as human as they thought I was but they didn't care. Focusing on their business early morning. That made my shoulders sag in relief.

I had no place to go to. I know I will need shelter, food to eat, and a hospital to make sure the baby is ne. It was a long journey the whole time with no destination. I don't know how their world works.

A small cafe caught my attention, and as I entered, I glanced around, relieved to nd it empty. My eyes settled on the counter, my hope tightening my insides. I hoped they wouldn't turn me down.

"Hello there, good morning. How can I help you?" A middle-aged woman greeted from behind, her smile gorgeous and genuine.

Seems like humans are nicer than wolves. That aside, this is my chance. I will look for a job here.

"I am looking for a job," I blurted out, not returning her greeting.

"Oh? Just your luck, one of my employees quit earlier. Do you have any experience?" Her smile didn't falter.

We discussed everything I needed to do, though I informed her that I don't have experience and that I ran away from abusive 'parents' to earn her sympathy. I literally ran away from abusive guardians though. And then a Lycan with questionable intentions I don't want to know.

She generously provided me with one of the rooms behind the cafe to sleep, while her house was far behind. I could kiss the woman's feet. She is so nice, and I know it is genuine.

This is my time to start afresh, something I could only dream of from afar. The opportunity to rebuild my life in a place where the scent of the Lycan King doesn't linger.