

7: Luna

Walking out of the penthouse was the worst decision I made, but I felt like getting some fresh air after seeing that beautiful woman who slept with my mate. No doubt their baby is going to be exceptional.

I shouldn't be feeling this jealousy, but I cannot help it if my mate slept with another woman, even though I am the person behind their night together. I had to do something because the council members are pressuring Crew.

When I saw the girl at the bar that night, I knew she had to do the job. There was something about her that triggered my own reex to make things good for Crew so he won't have to answer the random calls of the concerned council members.

Opening the door to my mother's cottage, the smell of cookies lled my lungs. It is not something werewolves typically enjoy, but with my mom, everything the humans do is her concern because she was once a human too. My father turned her into a werewolf after they mated.

A pang of misery hit my chest, remembering my father before he died. He was always there for me, and when I told him about my concerns regarding not giving Crew an heir, he told me to wait and see just how the Moon Goddess is going to make things work to my favor.

Though I doubt this is to my favor. I hate that another wolf out there is pregnant with my mate's cub. I have failed, but she took it just after what was supposed to be a one-night stand. Now she is the mother of a Lycan King's heir.

When I saw her walking into the club and that man groping her, I mind-linked Crew to get her to his room after I slipped an aphrodisiac inside his drink. He would never cheat on me; I know that, but even though it is my fault, I still feel mad at him.

He felt a certain pull toward the girl, and it wasn't hard to get her naked when she herself is drunk and looks like she wanted to do something reckless. I was outside the door listening to their moans and cries when they went at it three times that night.

I knew Crew was good in bed, and she was exhausted when he nished, but seeing her sneak out of the room made me question whether anything happened between them. She ran away like the place was on re while I watched with confusion.

Of course, I followed her to her pack, just in case something happens. When I saw the pack she was in, I went back home to the penthouse. I couldn't sleep for many nights after that, but Crew didn't notice, wallowing in his own guilt.

I kept waiting for him to tell me what had happened that day, but he didn't, but I know the guilt was there. Anytime he looked at me or made love to me in the night, he was a bit drawn from reality, which eased my anger a notch.

My lack of sleep comes from thinking when she is going to knock down the door and tell Crew that she is pregnant with his cub. Not that she would know where the Lycan King and his pack lives. Not many know.

The penthouse is hidden in the woods, where he used runes from his ancestors to close the territory. He only allows people he wants in, and all meetings with other alphas take place somewhere else.

He values his privacy and that of his people, which is why he gave them the option of living in the pack house or nding their space. My mother chose a cottage along with my dad before he died.

But now that he has found her, and she is really pregnant with his cub, I need space. I cannot be in the same place as her, or things might just get bloody, and I won't care. No one knows I was behind their night together anyway, and I'd like to keep it that way.

My mother saw me from the kitchen, a smile broke on her face before she frowned when she saw my situation. She always knows when something is wrong, and I don't know if I'll be able to tell her what I did.

She is going to be disappointed in me. I cannot have my mother wanting to throw me under the bus. She likes allowing fate to take over.

My mom, Sheila Mahogany, stood at ve feet two, a good few inches shorter than I am, thanks to my father's genes. That is the only thing she didn't pass to me, but I am her exact replica in every way.

Her dark, lustrous black hair cascaded down to her waist when she chose to let it ow freely, its silky strands gleaming under the right light.

Her bright blue eyes, like sapphires set in a bed of snow, possessed an icy intensity that could cool the eriest of tempers with just one glance. Set in a heart-shaped face, her eyes were framed by long, dark lashes, giving them an alluring depth.

Down her nose, while petite, was perfectly straight, a charming complement to the elegant contours of her face. Every feature came together harmoniously, forming a visage of rare beauty. My father always remarked on her extraordinary attractiveness, a fact that I cannot deny.

My own reection in the mirror sometimes revealed a striking resemblance. With the same captivating blue eyes and a straight, dainty nose, I too have inherited my mother's beauty, a source of both pride and occasional self-consciousness.

"Why do you have heavy bags beneath your eyes, Lu?" My mother wrapped her arms around my shoulders or tried to with her shorter frame.

Instead of talking, I drew her into my arms and hugged her tightly around my body. I have missed this woman so much, and she is the only one apart from my father who could make this horrible feeling go away.

"It's nothing. I just miss you." I mumbled in her hair before pulling away.

She shot me a skeptical look that clearly conveyed her disbelief. Of course, she wouldn't believe my half-hearted explanation. She knew her daughter better than anyone else, although perhaps not better than Crew.

"You saw me just three days ago. Now come and get some cookies, then tell me what's really going on." She gently led me to the kitchen and pointed at a chair for me to sit down, and I obliged.

She presented a whole plate lled with cookies, my favorite, chocolate. Even humans couldn't replicate them like my mother. I was on a mission to convince her to open a cafe, with her cookies alone being the star attraction.

She was often alone in the cottage without my father, and I was sure she thought of him constantly. But she shouldn't. I wanted her to move on and nd someone else. It would be comforting, and there was no way that connection could rival the bond mates have between them.

"Start talking, young lady," she said as she served me hot chocolate tea. It was clear she intended to pamper me today, as she always did when I was feeling down.

I took a bite of my cookie but remained silent. She continued to scrutinize me with her stern gaze, but I refused to break. I wasn't a child anymore; I was twenty-eight and mated to a centuries-old Lycan King, which made me feel older and wiser.

Crew might be centuries old, but his appearance was remarkably deceptive; he effortlessly carried the visage of someone in their thirties. He had conded in me about being frozen with immortality at the age of thirty-ve, ensuring he would never age again. Envy inevitably crept in as I contemplated this unchanging aspect of him.

As the years passed since our mating over ve years ago, I began to realize that I, too, exhibited a lack of aging or any discernible change. It appeared that being mated to an immortal Lycan King bestowed upon me the peculiar but intriguing privilege of remaining untouched by the passage of time.

"Is it about the heir?" my mother blurted out, causing me to choke on my cookie. She patted my back, though not sympathetically, having caught me red-handed.

"It's not just about that." My denial was futile, and I knew it.

"Don't you dare lie to me. I might not be your father, who saw right through you, but I know you too. Now tell me, are they giving you headaches again?" She sat back down and crossed her arms.

Grumbling, I responded, "I've been thinking about it all alone. Crew doesn't seem to care, but I do. The council members are trying their best to make sure he understands what's at stake, even though he's immortal."

"The council has always been a bunch of asses, just like your father used to say. You do your best and leave the rest to the Moon Goddess. There's nothing she can't handle." She placed a comforting hand on my shoulder.

If only it were as simple as that. I couldn't conde in her that another female was already pregnant with my mate's heir; she would ip out. So I kept quiet, feeling the tug in my mating bond with Crew.

It seemed like he was panicking over something. What was happening?