

73: Selene

"Calm down, Gen." I said slowly to her, watching her eyes glaze over with severe anger that made my heart pound in my chest.

I know I can take Imogen if I wanted to, it is not going to be hard even in my human form. She doesn't stand a chance with me which is the whole reason why I don't want to hurt her. She doesn't deserve this for hating werewolves.

I empathise deeply with her perspective. We were meant to harbour disdain towards humans as well, but I deliberately refrained from allowing that belief to take root in my mind, especially after the profound experiences that unfolded following my departure from Crew several months ago.

The events of that time shaped my perception, urging me to transcend the prejudices ingrained in our supernatural world and foster a more nuanced understanding of humanity.

Humans saved my life and gave me shelter. I wouldn't have been here without them so I won't hate them for any reason. Hell even if Imogen attacks me, I won't hate her for it. She has every reason to loathe my kind and I cannot convince her otherwise. It is, after all, her choice to make.

Imogen's entire frame quivered with an unrestrained fury, her hands clenched into tightly wound balls of anger, poised at her sides. The intensity in her gaze bore into me, leaving an indelible impression of her seething emotions.

I can't help but admit, the current atmosphere is making me more than a little uneasy. Her anger is palpable, and the force of it is enough to send a chill down my spine. What happened and where have I gone wrong without my knowledge? She was happy just a few seconds ago, I swear it.

Or was I reading into it from another perspective when she really wasn't happy but I couldn't see past her smiles? Sue me for wanting to bring a smile onto her face after she has been so distressed the whole time. I only wanted to make my friend happy and nothing more.

"You! Your mate or mates or whatever made life hell for me!" Imogen said or more like whisper yelled through gritted teeth, eyes still ablaze with fury.

She started rounding the table to come towards me, eyes opening wider and for a second there was something I didn't understand about her right then. She looks like she is ready to take down the world for something. Or someone.

I started backing away slowly, moving around the tables but she kept advancing towards me so I

< 73: Selene

+5 Points >

sigh and raise my hands up in surrender. I'm not going to hurt Imogen. Well, except if she is going to try to kill me for this.

"Gen, you need to calm down and tell me what's going on. What mate are you talking about?" I say calmly, my voice a gentle coo but it did nothing to

Ad

Ads-free >

deter her.

In the blink of an eye, she propelled herself towards me, her momentum threatening to bring us both crashing to the ground. Yet, just before the impact, an intervening figure positioned themselves between us, skillfully diverting her trajectory.

The intervention was executed with precision, ensuring her removal without causing harm, and she found herself seated abruptly on the floor, her descent cushioned by the unexpected force.

My best friend's sudden assault left me standing there, jaw agape in shock and confusion. The disbelief lingered, an unspoken question etched on my face – why would she attack me like that? What possessed her?

As I grappled with the bewildering turn of events, a figure swiftly inserted itself between us, intercepting her lunge with a calculated finesse. It was only then, as the dust settled from the chaotic moment, that I registered the identity of my saviour, it was Crew.

The realisation hit me like a tidal wave, cascading through the layers of astonishment. My mate, who had just intervened to shield me from harm, stood there, a calm and assertive presence amidst the turbulence. The shock of discovering that my best friend had attacked me was eclipsed by the awe of Crew's protective stance.

There I stood, caught between the aftermath of an unexpected assault and the revelation that my mate had swiftly come to my defence. The emotions swirling within me were a tumultuous mix of confusion, gratitude, and a burgeoning understanding of the intricate dynamics at play.

"Shouldn't you have defended yourself?" Crew scolded with a disapproving look in his eyes.

"I cannot hurt her." I say slowly then turn my attention back to a more calmer Imogen idly sitting on the chair with her hands fumbling at her apron.

"She was about to hurt you and that impact would have done you a lot more damage with that table behind." He gestured to the metal table behind and I suppressed a wince.

Yeah, I would have broken my spinal cord and that would have hurt like a f*****g b***h even though I am going to heal. I mean, that is a freaking metal we werewolves hate.

"Yeah, sorry. What are you doing here anyway?" I ask, my eyes not moving away from Imogen who is sitting like a statue.

"Came to get some latte for Luna when I saw that." He let out a breath and I finally turned to look at him.

Terror etched across his countenance, his eyes reflecting the fear that had gripped him in the wake of whatever had transpired. Witnessing the vulnerability in his gaze, my own expression softened instinctively. I reached out, clasping his hand in mine, offering a reassurance that transcended words.

As our hands intertwined, a surge of warmth passed between us, a silent exchange of comfort and solidarity. He reciprocates the gesture with a tender squeeze, the unspoken language of shared understanding weaving a connection that spoke volumes.

In that moment, a heartfelt gratitude welled up within me, an acknowledgment to the universe for bestowing upon me this remarkable male.

"Goddess," I whispered inwardly, overwhelmed with emotion, "thank you for blessing me with his presence, his strength, and the unwavering connection we share."

The profound sense of gratitude lingered, anchoring me in the realisation that, despite the fear that had momentarily shadowed his eyes, our connection was a source of solace and strength.

"I'll talk to her. Can you leave us alone for a moment?" I ask, my focus back on Imogen who is now staring at us with an inscrutable expression on her face.

"I'll be nearby just in case." He said in that voice that meant he won't be arguing with me over this so I sigh and nod my head at him.

"Be careful." He kissed my forehead, gave Imogen a wary glance before slowly leaving the café to stand outside the glass door. With his Lycan

hearing, I'm sure he'd hear everything.

"I won't eavesdrop, Sunny." He chuckled through our mind-link making my face heat up.

Turning to Imogen, I slowly sat down on the other chair beside her, her eyes following my every move. Once I'm sure she wasn't going to attack me anymore, I took one of her hands that was fumbling her apron and squeezed very tight.

"You can always tell me what is going on, you know that right?" I said slowly making sure she isn't misunderstanding my words.

"Your mate is going to kill my mate." Was all she said.



Author AR

"

I decide that I'm going to update double today but I just want to read your comments. y'all don't like Imogen??? I didn't know till now. I'll update laterrrrr. don't forget, I love you. I won't be here without you. almost 11k? thank youuuu. and, can you help me suggest this book to others pls??:([#Vote#](#)

"



Comments



Vote