

74: Selene

Imogen let out a sigh at the puzzled look on my face. I mean, everyone will look puzzled at what she's just said. What does it mean? Why is she talking like she knows what mates are and she has one? Is... is Imogen a werewolf?

No, she isn't. I can tell. She cannot even cloak her scent and the pure human smell could be smelt from miles apart. If she could hide the fact that she wasn't human to anybody, she cannot do that to me. But why on earth is she talking about my mate killing her mate? From where?

I watch as she bow her head down, her shoulders caving in while she looks smaller. This is the reason she has been closing herself off? Did she read something from one of her many books or is this simply reality? Then Imogen isn't who I thought she was.

"What are you talking about? What mate?" I ask sternly, my earlier friendliness gone like a smoke.

The mere notion that Imogen might be someone entirely unfamiliar, a stranger veiled behind the facade of the friend I thought I knew, stirs a deep-seated unease within me. It's not a case of

hypocrisy; after all, I've always been transparent about hiding certain aspects of myself.

But if the Imogen I glimpsed earlier is the authentic one, it brings forth the unsettling possibility that our longstanding friendship could wane. No, I don't want this to be true. Please Moon Goddess.

The contemplation of losing the one best friend who has been a steadfast presence throughout my entire life is heart-wrenching. It's not just a friendship at stake; it's the unravelling of a bond that weathered the storms of harsh realities together.

The weight of that prospect crushes something tender within my chest, a visceral ache at the thought of relinquishing the one person who provided unwavering support through every tumultuous chapter of my life.

The fear of losing the authenticity in our connection casts a shadow over the shared memories, leaving me grappling with an emotional tempest that threatens to erode the foundation of a friendship I held dear. My human friend.

"It is a long story." Imogen finally says after a while, her expression was still closed off but a

little distressed right now.

"Good. I have all the time in the world. Tell me what the hell is going on." I say crossing my arms in front of me and leaning back comfortably against the chair.

She took a deep breath, stared at everywhere other than my eyes, then finally met my eye and let her emotions well up. They were filled with tears, the bright hazel eyes shining like golden orbs that could light up an entire dark woods. She swallowed thickly then began.

"You know Sawyer right?" She asked and waited for me to nod before going on. "When he came to this café a few months ago and you caught me blushing, something happened. I didn't know what it was but it just clicked into place. College was normal except that Sawyer was trying his best to avoid me.

"I didn't know why he was doing that, of course. We hardly talk to one another on a normal day so why was he trying so hard to make sure we aren't breathing the same air? I kept asking myself those questions and had enough when he leaves the cafeteria everytime I enter. I mean, am I a disease?" She stopped to roll her eyes. Imogen is back.

"I didn't say anything even then and I caught him at the field practising tirelessly one afternoon so I approached him. He was about to leave after seeing me but I didn't let him. It took a great long time to get him to say that he wasn't avoiding me, only that things were tough lately and bullshit."

"We weren't friends from the beginning though I have had this massive crush I told you about. His circle and mine started mingling along the way, I really don't know how it happened but it did. That left Sawyer with no choice but to be around me though I'm sure he didn't like it one bit. He tries his best to stay away anytime he can."

"Things got tougher because he started losing weight, had these awful bags beneath his eyes and overall looks depressed. I wasn't his friend so I didn't ask him but heard his friends saying he didn't want to be disturbed that he would be fine. I didn't believe them for some reason."

"So I went to his apartment. Yeah yeah yeah, really a bad move but I was worried. I don't care about my feelings but I wanted to see him, you know. To ask how he was and all." She stopped to take a deep breath.

"I found him on the floor inside his apartment groaning in pain as he clutched his neck. Worried,

74. Serene +5 Points
I slid down next to him and tried to help but he growled, actually growled like a f*****g animal and his eyes glowed another shade of colour. I was frightened, Sel. I was so so scared I backed

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away."

"When he found out I was the one, he started taking deep calming breaths while I tried my best not to run to the door behind him in case he attacked. Eventually he was back to his normal Sawyer, the eyes and everything. He even stopped groaning in pain and stared at me like the answer

to his mystery." She chuckled darkly.

"I was the answer to his problems of course. The guy is a darn werewolf and the son of an Alpha! He didn't tell me that then anyway. He led me to believe he was just like us and he is also crushing hard on me. I was happy. Even forgot about the growl and thought my messy brain conjured it."

She sniffed then continued. "We went on a few dates then we started having s*x. It was great of course. I mean, you have seen how hot the guy was."

I chuckle a little at her exaggeration. I have seen the six feet dark blonde haired guy and it is safe to say he was really too handsome to be human. Maybe he used his own power being the Alpha's son to cloak his scent in the human world. It is essential for an heir.

"Well fast forward, he woke up one night and I was sleeping beside him when he forcefully... forcefully marked me." She sounded angry and I am also angry.

How could he forcefully mark a human? Even a werewolf knew it was painful at first to talk less of a mere human!

"What?" I blurted, anger clouding my vision and

judgement at the same time.

"Yeah, he marked me. It was weird since I didn't know he was a werewolf and all. I cried the whole time and when he came down from his high because he f*****g orgasmed while marking me, I mean? What the f**k?!" She grimaced as if remembering.

"He explained that it was f*****g full moon and he couldn't stop himself when his wolf has been trying to avoid me since he found out I was his mate. He apologised, grovelled and told me his story which apparently, isn't what I expected from a werewolf and an Alpha's son nonetheless."

"Mind you, I freaked out finding out werewolves do exist and the first time I saw his werewolf form, I fainted." She shrugged her shoulders at me like it was the most natural thing to do.

"I'd never expect that from you." I chortled and she threw me an offensive glare.

"Well, miss two mates which I'm still thinking is f*****g hot by the way, you can't expect me to be jumpy after finding out your kinds do exist outside the books I read." She sassily said then continued.

"He told me his father isn't the Lycan King's favourite and they are about to be executed. His

entire family because of an old family feud. He told me a bunch of bad things about the Lycan King and I got scared. He is going to kill my mate very soon since Sawyer said he can't exactly run away from the Lycan King because he has eyes and ears everywhere."

"I was distressed since my feelings for him had escalated and when I met his father, he downright told me I don't belong with them and I should reject his son."



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