

**75: Selene**

"The audacity. Why would he say that?" I express my bewilderment, abruptly sitting upright. Now, I'm compelled to confront this alpha myself, preceding any involvement from Crew.

Imogen nonchalantly shrugs, as if dismissing the gravity of the situation, but I see through the façade. It's a significant matter. She's surrendered to the strain of this mating bond, evident in her exhaustion and the palpable weight of depression that hangs over her.

I can't fathom watching her succumb to despair. They both deserve happiness. After everything they gave up and all they have been through. I really can't imagine life without both my mates even though we haven't marked each other yet.

"He claims I'm just a mere human, unworthy of an Alpha's son. Not even the heir, mind you. Three obnoxious older brothers, each persistently hitting on me. I despise them too. I wouldn't mind if your mate decided to take care of all of them, but please, not Sawyer," she utters, tears streaming down her cheeks.

Unable to bear her distress, I rise from the chair

and envelop her in a comforting hug. Her response is feeble, quivering in my embrace and sobbing like a vulnerable child, intensifying my resentment toward the Sawyer family. They're in for it when Crew finds out.

"Don't fret, I won't let Crew lay a finger on him. But where is he?" I inquire gently, my hand soothingly rubbing her back. However, her quivers persist, unabated.

"He left me. He said he cannot put my life in any risk knowing how his father is. Even his brothers. He said I am not safe around him anymore and he'd rather die than see me die because of him. If his family doesn't get to me, the Lycan King surely will." She cried again.

"It won't lead to that, Gen. I promise you it won't. His family deserves to rot in the pits of hell for all they have caused you two and that is what is going to happen. Sawyer won't die. Hmm? You will be together again." I promised in a soft voice.

I intend to fulfil that promise, come what may. The Moon Goddess didn't create me as a Lycan to just stand beside my mates. She wanted me to do something which is to take charge. I will do that starting with my friend. I will use my power no matter how.

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Imogen's tear-stained face cradled in my embrace, I could feel the turmoil raging within her. As her sobs persisted, I gently pulled back, holding her at arm's length to meet her eyes. Determination shining in mine.

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"I love him, Sel. I can't live without him now. I just can't." She confessed, her voice strained with the weight of emotions.

I searched her eyes, seeing the depth of her love and the anguish that threatened to engulf her.

"Imogen, you deserve happiness. If Sawyer is

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causing you this much pain, maybe it's time to consider letting go."

Yeah it is stupid to say this after all I have promised her but I want to be sure she loves him like she claimed. She wants to be with him no matter how. And that she knows he is a werewolf.

Her gaze flickered with a mixture of vulnerability and determination. "But it's not that simple. The bond we share, it's like a tether to my very soul. I can't just sever it without losing a part of myself."

My heart ached for her, caught in the grip of a bond that seemed to both sustain and torment her. "Imogen, you're not alone. You have friends who care about you. Crew, Luna, and I—we're here for you. You don't have to endure this pain alone."

She nodded, tears still streaming down her face. "I know, Selene. And I appreciate that more than you can imagine. But love, even when it hurts, is a powerful force. I can't just turn my back on it."

As we navigated through the complex labyrinth of emotions, Imogen's heart laid bare before me. It became evident that this wasn't merely a matter of holding onto an unhealthy bond; it was a struggle against the very essence of love itself.

I listened as she poured her heart out, wrestling

with the conflicting forces within her, torn between the love that bound her and the pain it inflicted.

"I can't lose him, Selene." She whispered in the end, the desperation in her voice echoing through the room.

In that moment, I realised the depth of her love for Sawyer, a love that seemed both a lifeline and a chain. We sat there, two friends entangled in the complexities of love, grappling with the intricate threads that wove our lives together.

"Then you are not going to lose him." I kiss her forehead watching as her tears subside slowly.

Crew strides into the café, his presence commanding attention as usual. I knew he had listened to everything we had said. He doesn't even look apologetic about it. Imogen looks up, her tear-streaked face revealing a mixture of relief and apprehension.

"Imogen," Crew addresses her gently, "I overheard the conversation. I want you to know that I won't harm Sawyer. You have my word."

Imogen's eyes search Crew's for sincerity, and he continues, "I understand the complexities of your bond, and I respect your choices. If you want to try to work things out with Sawyer, I won't stand in

your way. But if he ever poses a threat to you, you need to let me handle it. Your safety is my priority now."

Imogen nods, a mixture of gratitude and uncertainty in her eyes. "Thank you, Crew. I just... I don't want anyone to get hurt because of me."

Crew offers a reassuring smile. "We'll figure this out together. You're not alone in this, Imogen."

He gave me a quick kiss to my forehead again before he nodded while I smiled brightly at him like the sun he called me. As he leaves the room, the weight of his promise lingers, providing a semblance of comfort amid the tumultuous emotions that have gripped the space.

I don't understand why I was ever afraid of Crew harming me in the first place. This man loves me more than any person else in this entire world well except for Luna and my son of course.

The rumours about him were just meant to frighten anyone that has never met him. Even when I saw him in the woods all those months ago, I knew he was not threatening. There was this welcoming aura around him that makes you convinced you are meant to be with him.

I just didn't listen because my son's life was more

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to me than my own and if he finds out, I don't know what will happen. Had I known he was the father, I would have stayed. I really would have but I had no idea and the Lycan King is the one man you shouldn't cross in the werewolf world.

Now that I know Crew this intimately, I don't want anyone misunderstanding him. Not me, Imogen or Sawyer.

"Hey, I'm glad you got mated to a werewolf!" I grin at her which she returned with an eager one of her own.

She looks a little less tensed than when we came here which is a good thing.



AuthorAR

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