

## 8: Crew

Summoned here in a state of panic, the patrol members lowered their heads, clearly acknowledging the unease reected on my face.

"Why hadn't they disclosed this earlier?" I wondered, frustrated by the delayed revelation about the detection of an unfamiliar scent. It could have allowed me to explain the presence of the mother of our future heir.

Fuming, I stalked away from the border, my anger simmering beneath the surface. Returning to the penthouse, I found the door wide open, yet her scent was conspicuously absent. The possibility crossed my mind that she hadn't ed; perhaps she was still inside, navigating her way through unfamiliar territory.

Rushing through the penthouse, I meticulously scoured every room, yet she remained elusive, nowhere to be found. This maddening sensation was entirely unfamiliar, stirring an emotion I had never experienced before.

A surge of anger threatened to engulf me, but I resolutely clamped down on it, forcing myself to maintain composure as I ventured outside in a determined pursuit to track her down. To my dismay, there was no discernible trace of her scent.

Confounded, I pondered the contradiction. I was certain I had caught a distinct whiff of something the night before, so why was my usually acute sense of smell failing me today? Frustration mounting, I resorted to crouching down in my human form, straining to detect any faint trail, yet my efforts proved fruitless.

In a swift transformation into my lycanthropic form, the resounding snap of bones realigning reverberated through the air. Bowing down once more, I proceeded to crawl on my knees in an intense quest for her elusive scent. Yet, to my bewilderment, there was nothing.

The perplexity deepened; how was it conceivable that there was no scent to be found? No one should possess the ability to entirely mask their scent, and considering she hadn't been gone for an extended period, this anomaly only added to the enigma.

Racing into the woods, I expended every ounce of my energy in an effort to locate the woman, but there was no indication of her whereabouts. Not even a footprint to follow. Stopping abruptly in the middle of the woods, I let out a roar that made the trees tremble and the earth quake beneath my feet.

This couldn't be happening. Not after years of trying and nally nding the one who could give me the heir I so desperately desired.

While it hadn't been planned, the bond with my unborn child had ignited a yearning within me. I longed to care for her and protect her, to ensure her safety while she nurtured my offspring.

In that moment, an overwhelming cascade of emotions engulfed me, a tumultuous tide unlike anything I had ever experienced. Panic surged through my veins, an unrelenting fear that gnawed at the core of my being.

The thought of her falling into the hands of rogues, potentially being used as a pawn or subjected to unspeakable torture, sent shivers down my spine.

The werewolf's acute scenting abilities haunted me with the certainty that they would soon detect the presence of a Lycan and the unborn child that was undoubtedly mine. I am the only Lycan alive.

What intensified the urgency of the situation was the fact that I didn't even know her godforsaken name. Not that it would help, huh? This isn't the human world that I can nd anyone just by name.

The mysteries of the woman who bore my unborn heir only intensified the urgency of the situation, leaving me helplessly gripped by a sense of foreboding and responsibility. Is there anything I can do now?

The mind link to my mate abruptly snapped open, and I was certain she sensed my panic, her concern radiating through the connection. The irony wasn't lost on me – mere hours ago, she had distanced herself, wanting nothing to do with me, and now, she was genuinely worried about the potentially reckless actions I might have taken.

"Luna. Oh, I need Luna right now. Moon Goddess, please keep the mother of my baby and my baby safe wherever they are until I nd them."

"What's wrong?" Luna asked through the mind link, her concern palpable and tangible. This was one of the reasons why guilt would forever plague me for my indelity. She didn't deserve this, yet she was willing to make the sacrice for the sake of our shared desires.

Swallowing hard, I grit my teeth to calm my emotions. I should have blocked her from feeling them, but my thoughts were scattered, and I wasn't thinking straight. Our connection had always been too strong, and I could be vulnerable with her at any time without fear of judgment.

"She ran away," I confessed, although I couldn't help but feel a bit sheepish and vulnerable, my mate having this unparalleled ability to unearth the depths of my emotions.

Wolves would be astonished to learn just how fragile I could be when it came to Luna. She made it so much easier for me to express my feelings. I could be vulnerable anytime I wanted, and she wouldn't judge me for it.

She remained silent for a moment, then said, "She will come back, or we can nd her."

"We?" I couldn't help but ask, a tone of incredulity seeping into my voice.

She sighed, and in that moment, I realized that if I ever lost Luna, I wouldn't be the same person. She was willing to make that sacrice for us to have what we both desired for so long.

"Yes, we, Crew. There's nothing else I can do, right? I can't conceive, but she has. We should do everything we can to ensure the baby's safety." Her voice was soft and understanding, reminding me of her enduring kindness.

"Can you come back home now? I need you." I replied in a soft, plaintive tone, a deep yearning evident in my voice. I didn't know where this need was coming from, but it was as though I was craving someone other than my mate, and it was disconcerting.

I couldn't imagine needing another female when my mate was right here, but the fact remained that she had my cub growing inside her. So, why did I feel this unrelenting need?

"What a whipped p\*\*\*y you are," my wolf, Nash, grumbled in my head, nally calming down. He hadn't appreciated my indelity or my subsequent abandonment, but he had been stirred to action when I had found the woman carrying my cub. It was peculiar.

"It's also your fault, you know," I shot back snappishly, irritated with the situation as a whole.

"Her name is Selene, you dumbass. How could you have forgotten?" Nash rolled his eyes, but I chose not to respond to his taunts.

But Selene? It was as though a puzzle piece had nally clicked into place in my mind, leaving me feeling lightheaded. Why had you run away, Selene? You're carrying my cub; it's a grave mistake to have ed.

I vowed to nd her, and when I did, I would ensure she stayed with me, regardless of her objections. If possible, I would bind her in our home with protective magic to prevent her from leaving. I couldn't risk losing her and our unborn child again. No more.

With that resolute thought, I snapped back into my human form and walked back to the penthouse, uncaring that I was still naked. There were no other beings in this part of the woods, and I needed to nd Selene and my unborn child as soon as possible.

I saw Luna standing in the middle of the living room, gazing down into the woods from the oor-to-ceiling glass window. She turned when she heard me coming in and took a sharp intake of breath at the sight of me naked.

I always have that effect on her, so with a small smile, I moved forward, hardening at the sight of her beautiful frame and luscious curves I never get enough of.

Seeing that, she swallowed hard but didn't move. Still a little mad at me, but I will work with that; she knows I always will.

Forcing her back against my chest, I leaned down to the right side of her neck where she bore my mark and grazed my fangs there, feeling her shiver. I smiled, using my claws to slice away her shirt from her body.

She started pushing her ass to my groin, earning a groan from me. I pushed her against the glass, her breasts at on the glass, then sliced away her jeans from her body next.

"Are you still mad at me, mate?" I whispered in her ear, toying with her between her thighs.

She swallowed, not wanting to answer, but she couldn't help the moan that slipped from her lips, and that made me smirk. I know just how to turn her on and use that to my advantage. She will mellow down. s\*x always does that to us.

"I am," she whispered but barely audible.

Taking my fangs against her mark again, I said, "Then I am going to f\*\*k it right out of you, darling." I kissed her from her jaw to her mouth where it suddenly became a war of tongue and teeth.

Gripping myself, I pushed between her thighs, and together we let out a growl. I f\*\*\*\*d her against the glass, on the stairs leading up to the level below, in our bedroom, and lastly in the bathroom while we tried to shower.

We will think about what to do together tomorrow. Today is all about us.