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I have made my decision to live with Crew and Luna simply because Kira thinks that is going to be for the best. She talks about a miracle that could happen only for me which I doubt but I believe her for the sake of it. She won't have it any other way.

Luna's unwavering support has been a comforting presence, consistently checking in on me during those times when the world outside seems too daunting. She even befriended me because of her mate. She is a nice person, truly.

On the other hand, Kira has been relentless in her encouragement for me to embrace the freedom of a run in my lycan form, urging me to let the exhilaration of the wilderness rejuvenate my spirit. However, despite the enticing prospect, hesitation lingers.

The fear of being discovered looms large, overshadowing the liberating call of the moon. And that reminds me I won't be able to avoid running in my lycan form once the full moon arrives. I have been doing that in the human realm every full moon to avoid complications with my lycan side.

While I might have reluctantly agreed to remain

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within these walls, a nagging undercurrent of distrust toward Crew persists. Staying here feels like navigating treacherous terrain, unsure of who might be watching, and the delicate balance between safety and secrecy adds a layer of complexity to every decision.

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It's a dance of caution and yearning for freedom, with each step weighed down by the uncertainty that surrounds me.

I am currently sitting idly by the bark of a tree in the woods because I wanted some alone time for myself. Luna was reluctant to let me go but I assured her that I wasn't going to run away even

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though she didn't outright accuse me of doing that. I know that is what she thinks.

"I can guard you from anyone, you know." Kira tried to convince me again but I am not taking chances. I don't want anyone finding out I'm a Lycan.

The nagging thought creeps in – is Crew's apparent kindness merely a facade, a mask he wears because of the life growing within me, our unborn child? A wave of apprehension washes over me at the idea that beneath this veneer of consideration lies the potential for a monstrous revelation.

In a world where Crew is believed to be the only living Lycan, the revelation of my own lycanthropic nature threatens to eclipse his uniqueness, casting a shadow on the carefully constructed identity he holds for centuries. We can't have that.

The uncertainty gnaws at me – what if he transforms into a different kind of creature, one harboring resentment and anger once he discovers my truth? The fragile trust built on the shared experience of impending parenthood could crumble under the weight of this revelation, and forgiveness might become an elusive prospect.

The fear of stealing Crew's spotlight, of unintentionally becoming a rival in a realm where he is meant to be the sole Lycan, looms over every interaction, casting a pall over the precarious

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balance of our connection. I don't want that.

"Kira, can you wait until the full moon? I will do something about it then but for now, I don't want to risk our necks." I say to her in the most gentle voice I could use to calm her down.

"Alright. I trust you, Sel." With that, she flattened her ears and folded herself into a tiny ball to sulk.

I really feel bad about not letting her roam freely in this beautiful forest but until I'm sure Crew won't be angry that I'm taking his spotlight, I won't risk the three of us. I have a baby growing inside of me to consider too.

"Why the hell did you bring this when you know I don't wear it?" Scarlett screamed at the top of her lungs, more like a screech which made my ears bleed.

"I'm so sorry. So sorry." I took away the white sneakers I had thought she asked me to bring for her training session.

"No you're not." She took a hold of my head and yanked me to face her, a sneer was on her face. "You think you can do whatever you want because of your pretty face?"

I shake my head, forcing the tears not to fall but it is getting harder with the pain at my skull. What does she want from me that she targets me all of the time? Even if she knew I wasn't the one at

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fault, she made sure I felt the pain of being an omega.

Contemplations of revealing my lycanthropic side have danced through my thoughts numerous times, especially in moments when mistreatment stirs the urge to expose the primal essence within.

However, a deep-seated awareness, born from the haunting memories of our unyielding Alpha's cruelty, has restrained me. The fear of potential repercussions intensifies, as he, in his power-hungry pursuits, might imprison me or seek to harness my entire lycan power for his selfish gains.

The looming threat extends further – a calculated silence regarding my existence from our Alpha to the Lycan king. The knowledge that my presence could be hidden, potentially used as a pawn in a political game, heightens the complexity of the situation.

Every suppressed growl and restrained transformation becomes a silent negotiation between asserting my identity and navigating the perilous power dynamics within the lycanthropic hierarchy. I can't deal with that when I'm all alone with no family.

"I can easily lock you up for this mistake but I won't do that. I enjoy seeing your face in agony to do that to you." She pushed me away, making me

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fall on the floor with a yelp of pain as it shot up my arm.

I didn't say anything knowing it would only cause me trouble but she stayed watching me from above like she was contemplating something. After much debate with herself, she scrunched down so we were only inches apart. My heart thudded loudly in my chest.

"Your parents were powerful, you know? I am one of the very few that knew about that. We are all waiting to see what you can do for our pack before we send you away. No one wants you here. But I am going to have my fun with you before you leave." She grinned, her eyes raving all over my body in a way that is too sensual to be talking about fun that comes with making my life miserable.

I was jolted back to reality when I heard the leaves crunching beneath a powerful set of feet. My head snapped to the direction where the footsteps were coming from. I waited quietly for a bit then his scent enveloped me in an instant.

It was Crew, I could tell his scent since that day he carried me from the border to his penthouse. His scent, a harmonious blend of sandalwood, the freshness of the forest, and an unmistakable essence of pure masculinity, wrapped around me, I couldn't help but be swept away into a calming

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cocoon.

Cloaked in the effortless allure of casual elegance, he wears plain straight jeans that hug his powerful, toned thighs, inciting a subtle response in my own muscles. The fabric of the jeans accentuates the strength beneath, leaving an indelible impression of his athletic prowess.

Above, a white cotton shirt drapes over him, its gentle folds tracing the contours of his broad shoulders and robust chest. The fabric hints at the chiseled form beneath, inviting a daydream of getting lost in the warmth and safety that his chest promises, a sanctuary for my head to rest upon.

The simplicity of the attire belies the magnetic pull of the physique it conceals, leaving an imprint of admiration and desire in its wake.

Wait, did I just think about Crew, the Lycan King and also Luna's mate with those wild thoughts? No no no, this cannot be happening. My heart thudded in my chest. I cannot be thinking about someone else's mate like this. It is wrong.

I swallowed thickly, seeing the shock on his face when he saw me sitting there with a book in hand which I'm sure he knew I wasn't reading. My eyes fell to my hands on the book seeing the cover was far more intimate and too sexy, I closed it discreetly but heard him chuckle.

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"There is no use closing it, Selene. I have seen those in my library more times than I could count." I raise my head with a smile and shrug then he added. "Can I join you?"

Goddess, after thinking about him in a different light than I used to, things shouldn't be this hard. I

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just thought him sexy and even daydreamed about laying my head on his broad chest which is only meant for Luna.

And Luna is my friend.

"Can't deny it, he is hot. How could you forget how he feels, Sel? We need to remember every little

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detail to at least think of." Kira said in my head, literally salivating at the sight of Crew.

"Shut up, Kir." I scold though I also want to remember every single detail now. It is not worth forgetting. I have his baby inside of me after all.

"Sure." I say when I realize he has asked me a question. This should be a long afternoon.



Ahsia Risan

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