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I can't explain why this insane desire is gnawing at me, pushing me to seek out Selene and unravel the mystery of her past. These incessant cravings have me relentlessly yearning for the details, especially about that fateful night when she appeared at my border. I need to know what transpired, who dared to lay a hand on her.

She stood there, a picture of vulnerability – homeless, eyes brimming with tears, and wearied as if her former pack subjected her to unspeakable horrors. I won't rest until I unearth the truth behind her hasty departure from that pack. I might not recall our shared night, but it's crystal clear that she wasn't alright on that fateful evening.

If it turns out she was mistreated within her pack, the air will be stained with blood in no time. No force on Earth will hinder my quest for vengeance against those who harmed the mother of my heir. It doesn't matter who stands in my way or who deserves punishment – justice will be served.

The haunting "what ifs" echo in my mind. What if I hadn't found her that night? What if she had fallen prey to vile rogues, risking her life and the life of our unborn child?

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The mere thought sends shivers down my spine, and the possessive instinct within me revolts against the notion that this could have been their doing. I can't stomach the idea of anyone else having a hand in her fate, and the possessive side of me refuses to accept it.

So I stalked her at the tree the next day after our shopping and the full moon is just a few days away. I will have to punish whichever pack this is before the full moon so as to not anger the Moon Goddess even though at this point, I don't give a f**k.

I found her reading another book that is probably eighty percent smut and she shut it off immediately after seeing me and I grinned again. She is so cute like that. I bet I took her virginity too which also made me frown. Where the hell is her mate? Doesn't she have one?

Draped in a sleek black slip dress, she effortlessly flaunts the mesmerizing curve of her stomach, the silent testament to the wondrous journey of our child's growth within her. The dress, in its simple elegance, accentuates the perfection and glory of this miraculous phase of our lives.

As she sits, legs gracefully folded in front of her, there's an undeniable allure to her presence. The soft folds of the dress contour around the burgeoning life within her, creating a captivating

silhouette that elicits a tender smile from me. The subtle swell of her belly tells a story of the precious life flourishing within – a tale of love, anticipation, and the intricate dance of nature.

Beside her, a collection of fruits adds a touch of vibrant color, mirroring the vitality that radiates from her very being. The contrast between the deep black fabric and the fresh, vibrant hues creates a picturesque scene, a canvas painted with the hues of impending parenthood.

Observing her in this moment, a wave of gratitude washes over me – for the life growing inside her, for the shared journey we are embarking on, and for the simple yet profound beauty that exists in the ordinary moments of our extraordinary story.

Had it not seemed peculiar, I would've captured a picture of her with my seldom-used phone, yet I refrained. The thought of it felt inappropriate, and I didn't want to give her any misconceptions. To avoid any misunderstanding, I casually dismissed the idea and redirected my attention to grabbing an apple instead.

"We met again." I grin easily, not sitting down and hoping she would invite me to do so.

"If I don't know any better, I'd say you were stalking me." She raised a brow, her book tucked between her thighs.

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"I'm not. This just happens to be my favorite place too." I shrug, my easy smile still on my face.

"Ah, in that case, we have to share it." She tilts her head, blocking the sun with one hand so I stepped in the direction to help block it for her.

"Yeah, I think so." I say, sounding not really confident as I look. "Do you mind if I join you?"

"Sure." She scoots a little and I slide down beside her just like we did a few days ago. It almost feels natural sitting here beside her.

While we sat in silence, she continued reading her book which is between her thighs still so I won't see the cover. I close my eyes and hum to a song in my head trying to find Nash but he has disappeared. I know he is also preparing for the full moon in his own way.

After a while, I say. "Why did you leave your former pack, Selene?"

I pop my eyes open and turn to see her looking straight ahead with a closed off expression and how she would tell me all about it. I want to eliminate whatever threat we had then because anyone that could treat this sweetheart as badly as they did doesn't deserve to live.

"Well, you already know I'm an omega and you know how we get treated. It is no different in my pack. We are the workers and all that sort of thing

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and when our leader found out I was pregnant, she went to report me to the Alpha and I knew he was going to either send me to the dungeons or banish me so I took off before he did." She shrugged like it was no big deal.

In that moment, frustration coiled within me,

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manifesting in the clenching of my hands into two massive fists by my sides. The urge to unleash my wrath on the unsuspecting tree behind us surged, a physical effort to restrain the rising anger within.

I couldn't reconcile with the prevailing treatment of omegas, regardless of the fact that she belonged to that category. To me, they were

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werewolves, and their worth should not be undermined.

The discrepancy in how omegas were treated puzzled me. It was a bias deeply ingrained in werewolf culture, a relic from the past that had persisted through generations. Some packs, sticking to archaic traditions set by our forefathers, had taken this prejudice to extremes.

Yet, I was determined to challenge and reshape these norms. The idea of omegas being treated as less-than, a sentiment echoing through the ages, stirred a fervor within me to effect change.

Attempting to amend a rule established by ancestors who roamed the earth long before my great-grandparents existed was no small feat. It was a task that spanned generations, requiring patience, persistence, and a relentless spirit. Despite the enormity of the challenge, my resolve remains unshaken.

The effort wasn't just for my own peace of mind; it was a crusade for the countless individuals, akin to Selene, who found themselves cast as rogues due to the unjust treatment meted out to omegas.

The urgency to alter the narrative, to grant omegas the dignity and recognition they deserved, fueled my determination. It was a battle against tradition, a fight for a future where werewolf packs could embrace a more compassionate and inclusive

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stance.

Though change may not happen overnight, my commitment echoed through every fiber of my being, driven by the vision of a world where no wolf would be forced to tread the lonely path of a rogue due to systemic injustice.

"And you don't have a mate?" I ask instead of giving into the fury eating at my visceral.

"It was the Alpha but he rejected me..." she hesitated before adding, "And the night we... uh, yeah. It was the night he rejected me and I wanted to take the pain away so I went to that club."

It is official, I am going to make that Alphas life hell. Darn, I think I am going to have him killed.

Confusion etched across Daniel's tone as I summoned him and Nick to an impromptu gathering in the study of my residence. Seated with a whiskey in hand, I observed their entrance, both swaggering in with the familiar undertone of their perpetual banter.

It seems arguing is an eternal feature of their dynamic, a steadfast element that has withstood the sands of time. Their lively exchange echoed the bygone days of our youth, a perpetual symphony of disputes that had woven itself into the fabric of our friendship.

Even as we grew older, the rhythm of their

arguments remained unchanged, an enduring soundtrack that accompanied our lives. The study, witness to countless deliberations and camaraderie, became the stage for this familiar spectacle once again.

As they bantered back and forth, I couldn't help but smile at the unwavering consistency of their camaraderie. The essence of our long-standing connection was encapsulated in this moment – a testament to the enduring bonds forged in the crucible of time.

"What's up with the meeting, old man?" Nick asked as he settled heavily on the couch draping his arm behind it.

"Something came up and I need your assistance." I say to them, leaning closer to the table to stipple my fingers together in front of me.

"Yeah? I hope you haven't knocked another woman up. Searching for your baby mamas is not fun." Nick frowned, really contemplating the whole event in his head.

Daniel hit the back of his head to shut him up but Nick only grumbled. "No, it is not a baby mama." I roll my eyes.

"Then what is it?" Daniel asked, looking all sorts of serious, which is something I like about him.

"We are going to Moon Light Pack and we are

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+5 Points

going to make the Alpha's life hell before killing him."



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