

## 40: Crew

"I feel like a superhero." Nick said laughing and we joined him as we entered my penthouse where the distinct smell of steak is coming from.

As we traced the tantalizing aroma of steak, it led us to the elegant dining room where an unexpected tableau unfolded. Luna and Selene, ensconced in the joyous camaraderie of their time together, created a picturesque scene.

Luna, with her back turned to our entrance, immersed herself in conversation, her laughter harmonizing with the ambient sounds of the room.

Facing us, Selene sat at the dining table, indulging in what appeared to be delectable cookies. Her visage, animated and expressive, spoke volumes of the pleasure derived from the sweet treat. Beside her, a mirror image of Selene – her lookalike – grinned with doe-like eyes, casting an enchanting aura over the scene.

The atmosphere exuded warmth and familiarity, a snapshot of shared moments and unspoken bonds.

The air was infused with the scent of freshly baked cookies, blending seamlessly with the savory notes from the kitchen. It was a moment

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frozen in time, where laughter, indulgence, and the bond between the two women painted a vivid canvas of companionship.

Selene did all she could not to choke so I smiled to ease her nerves, that didn't work though. She started coughing loudly after choking on the cookies which made Nick chuckle and saunter inside to help her with water like he owned the darn place.

Observing the moment unfold, a surge of jealousy gripped me when she gracefully accepted the glass from his outstretched hand. Questions echoed in my mind – why him? What prompted her to receive it so willingly from his grasp? My gaze honed in on the scene, scrutinizing their interaction.

In that delicate exchange, he spoke words that triggered a cascade of emotions on her face. I watched as her cheeks transformed into a rosy hue, the blush creeping from the apples of her cheeks up to her forehead. His words, a secret language exchanged in the subtlety of expressions, seemed to unravel something within her.

My eyes, now narrowed, sought to decipher the unspoken dialogue between them. Was it a shared history, a hidden connection, or merely the charm in his words? The air crackled with tension as I



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grappled with the complex tapestry of emotions – jealousy, curiosity, and a hint of vulnerability.

In that suspended moment, the glass became a vessel not only for the liquid it contained but for the unspoken dynamics and nuances of a connection unfolding before my watchful eyes.

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Is it wrong to want her to only f\*\*\*\*\*g blush for me alone?

Because after that dream I have of her naked and writhing beneath me, I only want that dream to become true then guilt consumed me when Luna turned around and grinned widely at me. She

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sauntered with that sway of her hips and kissed my lips.

"I missed you, baby." She whispered to my lips, her eyes shining with love and I smiled back.

Goddess, what the f\*\*k was I thinking? She has already accepted Selene as my baby mama but I want to f\*\*k her again? This time while I can remember? This is absurd. Pushing the thoughts of sleeping with Selene, I kissed Luna back like I was starving.

"I missed you too." I say to her then pull away to see Selene staring at us with such heat in her eyes that made me clutch hard onto Luna's arm to steady myself.

"We were talking about Selene wanting to open her bakery one day." Luna dragged me to the dining table when all I wanted to do is stay far away from Selene.

"Selene, are you okay?" Nick inquired with a teasing smirk, clearly amused by the cookie-induced coughing fit.

Selene, still recovering and taking small sips of the water he gave her, shot him a playful glare. They are now friends huh. "I blame your cookies, Luna. They're too delicious for their own good."

Luna chuckled, giving me a knowing look, as if she sensed the undercurrents of tension. "Well, they're

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meant to be enjoyed, but maybe I should include a warning next time. But mind you, they are from my mom."

Nick, taking a seat with an air of nonchalance, added, "Or we can just have Daniel taste-test everything. He seems to have a discerning palate."

Daniel narrowed his eyes at Nick but sat down beside Lilith who blushed just like Selene had minutes ago. He said something to her that made her eyes brighten and she started talking to him with an animation I had seen with Selene days ago.

I forced a smile, acknowledging his attempt at levity while subtly bristling at the insinuation. Luna, ever the peacemaker, jumped in, changing the subject. "Speaking of tastes, Daniel, Selene was just telling us about her dream to open a bakery. Isn't that exciting?"

Selene's eyes sparkled with enthusiasm. "Yes! I've always loved baking, and I dream of creating a place where people can enjoy delicious treats. Then again, werewolves love meat and not sweets."

I saw the way her smile deflated in the last sentence and I wanted to console her that she could do whatever she wanted and they are going to love it but I couldn't. Luna is already staring at me somehow. I don't want her to think of anything.



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Nick, now fully invested in the conversation, leaned forward. "What's your specialty, Selene? Any signature dish in mind?"

Selene's gaze flickered to me, and for a moment, I felt a subtle shift in the atmosphere. "Well, I've been experimenting with a few recipes, but I think my red velvet cupcakes are a hit."

I observed the exchange with a bemused expression, and finally spoke up. "Sounds delicious. I'll be your first customer, Selene."

As the conversation continued, I found myself navigating the intricate dance of social dynamics, trying to ignore the lingering tension and my own conflicted desires.

The banter at the table continued, with Nick seamlessly transitioning from the previous cookie mishap to lighter topics. Luna, always attuned to social nuances, expertly guided the conversation, weaving a comfortable atmosphere around us. There is a reason she rules beside me.

I leaned back in my chair, observed with a discerning eye, as if deciphering the unspoken dynamics at play. All the while trying to shake off the earlier jealousy, engaged in the conversation with forced enthusiasm.

"Red velvet cupcakes, huh? I'd love to be a taste tester too." I say in the middle of their

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conversation earning the attention of all of them but I didn't care.

Selene, appreciating the diversion, grinned. "Sure, Crew. I'll make a batch just for you."

Nick, always the provocateur, interjected, "Speaking of testing, Crew, when are you taking Luna on that moonlit motorcycle ride you promised her?"

Luna shot Crew a playful look, and he responded with a smirk, "Soon enough. Just waiting for the right night."

Nick raised an eyebrow. "The right night? You're the King. Make it the right night."

As the conversation meandered through laughter and shared stories, I found myself caught in a whirlwind of conflicting emotions. Luna's gaze, warm and reassuring, momentarily eased the turmoil within me. She knows just the right words all the time.

Yet, beneath the surface, the unresolved tension lingered, a reminder of dreams and desires that felt both forbidden and irresistible. How do I deal with these desires that are only getting worse? My c\*\*k is hard right now just by the sound of her voice.

I dreamt about her too the night before at the Moon Light Pack and Nick thought it was Luna I



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was hard for the next morning when I awoke with a rock hard morning wood. If only he knew it was for my baby mama and Luna's friend.

"There is this perfect highschool for you. Two years and you will be out of there to college, what do you say?" Daniel said to Lilith which yanked me back to the table.

"I'd love that, thank you. But, I thought we aren't allowed to go to college in the human world. Do you have one here?" Lilith asked in a small voice but she still looks excited for the life ahead.

"We have one here and we are working on making sure each pack has one too." Nick threw nonchalantly.

For someone who has always been so eager to talk to young girls, he doesn't seem to be too intrigued in Lilith even though she was beautiful. If I know any better, I'd think he is avoiding talking to her any way he could which is weird for Nick Montgomery.

"Really? Wow! I'd love to join the college here. When can I start going to school?" She asked Daniel in that innocent and enthusiastic voice and I caught Selene smiling affectionately at her.

Seems like even Lilith doesn't want to talk to Nick with all his charm and good looks. This is going to be fun to watch. Maybe she turned him down and



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he didn't like it? That is the only thing that could explain the tension around his shoulders whenever she talks.

"Whenever you are ready. Tomorrow, next week, in a fortnight, in months." Daniel shrugged, a smile on his face when she widened her eyes as if

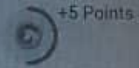
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horrified at the thought If not going right now.

"I'll be ready tomorrow. Hell, I'm ready now but I'm sure the day is over so tomorrow." She said, oblivious to the fact that she is now raising her voice despite her shyness.

Luna chuckled beside me and I wrap my arm



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around her to reassure myself that I'm only going through a phase of wanting to f\*\*k Selene because she has my baby inside of her and my wolf is f\*\*\*\*\*g misbehaving with my head, nothing more.

"Sure, little Lily." Daniel tousled her dark inky hair like a dog then stood up ready to leave.

"Promise you will take me?" Lilith held Daniel's hand before he could leave and Nick's eyes shot to their hands intertwined together for second before he looked away not before I saw his jaw twitch.

"I promise."



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