

Chapter 9 Don't Take It Out on Him

Anyone standing here, looking at this boy's face with his furry silver wolf ears, would instantly recognize him as Ryan's child.

Scarlett was surprised to see him here.

Despite her loathing for his mother, Scarlett found she didn't dislike the child.

She bent down, softening her voice.

"I'm not your mommy."

His little wolf's ears twitched, and his eyes, so much like Ryan's, were lled with confusion.

Suddenly, he sniffed the air deeply, grabbed Scarlett's dress, and said rmly, "You are my mommy."

"No, I'm not. Are you looking for her? I can take you to her," Scarlett offered, taken aback.

"You are," he insisted, his voice tinged with grievance. "You smell like her... I remember this smell."

"Your name is Timmy, right?" Scarlett said patiently. "Listen, I—"

"Mommy! You're my mommy!" Timmy suddenly wailed, tears streaming down his face. "Why don't you want me anymore?"

"Don't cry!" Scarlett felt a headache coming on. "How about this? Let go of me, and I'll get you something to eat."

"Don't go!" Timmy clung tighter.

"Your mom is Caroline, remember?" Scarlett said, exasperated.

Timmy's face was a picture of confusion.

He hesitated, rubbing his head slowly. "But... you smell like Mommy..."

"I'll take you to Caroline," Scarlett sighed.

For some reason, Timmy mistook her for his mother.

Werewolf cubs recognized others by their scent, so did that mean her scent was similar to Caroline's?

Scarlett felt utterly annoyed by the thought.

She reassured herself it was just because Timmy's sense of smell wasn't fully developed.

"No!" Timmy suddenly grabbed Scarlett's hand, crying out, "Mommy said I can't bother her! She's doing something important... Once she succeeds, we can be with Daddy!"

Scarlett stared at him in disbelief. "What do you mean? Caroline left you here alone?"

Timmy fell silent.

Scarlett's brow furrowed in anger.

How could Caroline be so irresponsible? How could she leave a child alone?

And Ryan was just as bad! The cubs were vulnerable. How could they leave him without a guardian?

"I'm often alone." Timmy noticed her concern, chewing on his nger. "I'm very strong, see? I have claws now."

He proudly raised his new wolf claws and scaled the vines on the garden wall, climbing as swiftly as a true predator, reaching the gargoyle on the roof and waving at her triumphantly.

At that moment, Caroline rushed over from the banquet hall.

Seeing Timmy high up, she panicked, screaming, "Scarlett, let go of him!"

She couldn't let Scarlett be alone with that child!

How could they...

If Scarlett discovered Timmy's secret...

Caroline hurried over, screaming insults at Scarlett. "What are you doing? Let go of my child! You better not lay a nger on him!"

Scarlett raised an eyebrow, ignoring Caroline, and called to Timmy, "Come down. I'll get you something to eat."

Timmy obediently leaped down like a little bat, landing securely in Scarlett's arms.

The two of them turned and left, looking so harmonious as if they were family.

Caroline was frantic. "You..."

She stamped her foot, glanced around, and then pulled out a compact mirror, messing up her hair.

As Scarlett walked through the corridor with Timmy, her phone rang. It was Andrew.

"Be careful, Scarlett," Andrew warned. "Caroline is probably up to something."

Scarlett frowned. What was Caroline planning now, neglecting her own child?

"What do you want to eat?" she asked Timmy.

"Anything?" Timmy asked quietly.

"Of course." Scarlett felt a strange, heartbreaking sensation. Was Caroline restricting his diet? How could that be?

He was a Boston. He should be growing up without a care!

"Timmy, why did you come here?"

A frantic voice, intentionally loud, interrupted.

Scarlett turned to see Caroline behind her, looking disheveled with her hair in wild disarray as if she had been attacked.

Caroline's odd behavior caught everyone's attention in the banquet hall.

Proudly lifting her head, Caroline shouted at Scarlett when everyone looked over at them, "Scarlett, I know you don't like me, but you can't take my child away!"

Scarlett narrowed her eyes. Andrew was right.

The crowd buzzed, and Ryan soon appeared, surrounded by people.

Ryan looked at Scarlett, his face dark.

What was this woman up to now?

Seeing Ryan, Caroline grew increasingly condent, and she squeezed out a few tears. "Scarlett, it's ne if you hate me, but the child is innocent! How could you take him from me?"

Ryan was startled and then looked at Timmy.

Timmy, who had just climbed vines and played in the garden, was covered in mud. His clothes were full of thorns, looking like he had been attacked by someone.

To Scarlett, this was odd at all. Werewolves were from the forest, and young wolves' nature was to explore and hunt. She had been a tree-climbing, hunting expert as a child.

But under Caroline's manipulation, Ryan instantly became furious.

"Scarlett!" he growled. "Timmy is just a child! Why are you taking out our issues on him?"