

## Chapter-10\*Baby Daddy Or A Bully?\*

Zelene Sallow:

"Grab a box of cereal, kids like that shit," Oswin exclaimed, reaching for a cereal box on the shelf and tossing it into the shopping cart. As soon as it landed there, I swiftly retrieved it and returned it to its original spot.

"She doesn't consume cereal," I countered, cradling her in my arms while he attended to the cart.

"How can you be so sure? You're simply fabricating information to make it seem like you know what you're talking about," he shook his head, continuing his incessant chatter. Since our arrival, he hadn't ceased talking. I began to question if there was any redeeming quality in these men.

"She is only one day old, incapable of ingesting such things," I gently corrected him, my words delivered in a soft murmur. It wasn't easy for me to stand beside him, as his overpowering scent invaded my nostrils.

"Grab those wipes," he instructed, searching for the list of necessities on his phone.

I retrieved the wipes and aimlessly wandered through the aisles.

"I'm getting bored," he declared, halting midway and giving me a peculiar look, as if I were deliberately wasting his time.



"You don't need to trail behind me. I'll gather everything and meet you at the checkout counter," I murmured, cradling Yuna in my arms.

"I don't trust you. You might run away with the baby," he shrugged. "How about you leave Yuna with me, go shop, and then meet me here?" Without waiting for my response, he snatched her out of my arms, involuntarily flinching and concealing his discomfort.

I despised it whenever he did that. Yet, there was little I could do. I shot him a venomous glare before proceeding with the shopping cart.

"We must swiftly gather our items and depart. I don't feel at ease leaving Yuna with any of them. Who knows when they might decide to harm her," I whispered under my breath, procuring items from the shelves and filling the cart with enough supplies for weeks.

Once I was confident I had obtained everything Yuna might require, I returned to the spot, only to find Oswin conversing with an older woman.

"You are the future alpha King Oswin," the lady remarked, extending her hand for him to grasp, placing it atop his head as she sought to bless him. Being blind, she couldn't perceive my baby in his arms.

"Yes, I am," he replied, sounding uneasy.

"You are holding a child," she deduced, causing Oswin's

complexion to turn paler.

"Well, umm, she is... my maid's daughter. I brought them along to assist them with their grocery shopping," he lied, attempting a sympathetic smile, though it went unseen by her.

His words resonated in my mind, confirming that these brothers held disdain for me and the idea of having a child with me.

"Oh, how kind of you," she expressed her gratitude with a smile, which bolstered Oswin's confidence.

I promptly approached them, intending to retrieve my baby from him. As I reached him and took Yuna back into my arms, the elderly woman waved her hand in my direction.

"You must be the mother of this child. Where is the father?" she inquired, and I noticed Oswin twitching.

"He didn't want to stick around," I replied, holding Yuna close to my body.

"Ah! That despicable person. Men like him are unworthy of being parents," she commented, just as a young child came running toward her.

"I'll take my leave now. Alpha King, thank you for taking care of everyone," she bid us farewell one last time before parting ways with us.

I rolled my eyes discreetly, ensuring Oswin didn't catch me

in the act. As we watched her walk away, Oswin released a relieved breath, grateful that he hadn't been caught holding a white wolf.

"Well, that was a close call," he exaggeratedly wiped the nonexistent sweat from his forehead before grabbing the shopping cart and heading toward the checkout counter.

Once we were back in the car, my mind kept replaying how disgusted Oswin had appeared when making sure to not call Yuna as his daughter back in the store. Thankfully, upon our arrival at the mansion, he seemed to make a small effort to be a better person. He took the bags from my hands so that I could carry Yuna with ease. I followed him as he practically sprinted to my room. 1

However, his steps slowed down abruptly when someone suddenly blocked our path. I observed Oswin straighten his posture but avert his gaze, attempting to avoid eye contact with Ray. Ray, who was already furious about my presence, was eager to mock me and anyone who tried to assist me.

"So, are you playing the role of the perfect baby daddy now?" Ray taunted, his grin widening as he inspected the bags in his brother's hands.

"She didn't have some things," Oswin replied in a somber tone, sounding ashamed of himself for getting caught helping me.

"Now that you're a full-time daddy, are you also changing diapers? Or do you need me to find some experts to give

you lessons if you're having trouble?" Ray taunted, his hands tucked into his pants pockets. His blue jacket slightly pushed back.

"No! I'm not the dad of that thing!" Finally, Ray had managed to get under Oswin's skin and provoke a reaction.

Oswin dropped the bags on the floor, scattering their contents, and shot me an angry glare, likely blaming me for appearing so guilty in front of his brother.

"Carry your own stuff," he hissed, even kicking the lotion bottle slightly as he stormed out of sight.

There were moments when I wished the ground would open up and swallow me whole.

"Tsk tsk tsk! Was it all worth it?" Ray clicked his tongue, stepping closer to whisper, "I remember a story I read as a child with a valuable moral: 'A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush.'"

He meticulously rubbed his palms together, leaning over me as I stared at the scattered items with teary eyes. "But how would you know? It's not like you've ever gone to school," his taunting whisper echoed the affectionate, sweet nothings he used to whisper in my ear.

There was a time when our love burned fiercely, consuming us both. But as time passed, things changed, and so did he. Yet, deep within me, I held a glimmer of hope that someday I would have the opportunity to reveal just how much I had

transformed as well. However, I couldn't shake the certainty that he would not be pleased with the person I had become.

I clenched my jaw as he loomed close, scrutinizing me before emitting a disdainful scoff and swiftly retreating.

If I were alone, I would never have touched any of these items now. But I needed them, and preserving my ego when my daughter depended on me wouldn't be of much help.

Squatting down with Yuna in my arms, I carefully gathered the scattered items and dragged them into the bedroom. After tucking Yuna into bed, I made two more trips to retrieve the remaining groceries from the floor.

Once back in the room, I peered into the closet and discovered an old, worn-out gray sweater and black pants, likely left behind by the previous maid.

Taking a shower while Yuna was alone, lying on that single bed, was an incredibly challenging task. I had to leave the bathroom door open to hear her cry and check on her periodically.

"I'm so tired," I complained, settling onto the bed with Yuna.

'You gave birth just yesterday, and since then, you haven't eaten or taken a nap. I can't comprehend how they can lack empathy for their mate,' Zey remarked, bringing up the topic once again, dampening my mood.

I couldn't even reject their claims of feeling the mate bond, not when they had been lying about it from the start. And

even if I could, I felt too weak in that moment to sever a bond with so many mates. The pain of such an act would surely consume me.

'Now that she's sleeping, I suppose I can steal a few minutes for a quick nap,' my voice was barely audible, drained of all energy.

But then, I had to remember to breastfeed her while I myself starved.

Just as I was about to lie down, my bedroom door burst open, and someone I had completely forgotten about barged in.

The sight of her face stunned me, leaving me speechless for a few seconds.

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