



Chapter-11*Badly Busted By Alpha Ray*

Zelene Sallow:

"Mom!" I frowned, rising from my spot, and observed her tear-streaked face as she entered the room.

"My baby!" she rushed toward me for a hug, but I halted her with a single hand gesture. She looked shocked as if she couldn't fathom why I was acting this way.

"What are you doing here?" I inquired, glancing past her to see which of the brothers had brought her.

In those few seconds, I began to wonder if they had orchestrated this visit to lift my spirits. However, it remained just a passing thought, merely my own speculation.

"I saw you today leaving the mall. I could hardly believe my eyes until I followed you to the mansion and asked Shane. He told me everything and let me speak to you," she replied with a smile, but her gaze shifted to Yuna, and my protective instincts surged. I swiftly positioned myself in front of my daughter, blocking her from view.

"Why do you want to see me now?" I inquired, furrowing my brow.

"Why do you seem so angry with me?" she asked, appearing agitated. I had to admit, her lack of revulsion toward my daughter intrigued me.

"You want to know why?" I raised my voice as the pent-up emotions of the past months flooded my eyes.

"Not only was I unjustly imprisoned for the simple act of mating with my mates, but I was also mistreated during my time there. I cried every night and day, while other prisoners received visitors. Did you ever check on me? Did you even try to come and see me?" I finished my question, a small whimper escaping my lips.

She gazed at me with so much love that it became difficult to sustain my anger toward her.

"I did," she finally broke the silence, her voice trembling. "I came every day, but they wouldn't let me see you. I would go home, and prepare food for the next day, hoping they would finally grant me access, but they were so cold-hearted, just like your father. He would beat me and chain me up, afraid that I would reveal your existence to anyone. I tried to come for you—but nobody helped me see you," she broke down, covering her face with her hands.

I stared at her, my emotions conflicting within me. I had wanted to harbor resentment toward everyone, but now that she had shared her experiences, I couldn't stay angry with her.

"I missed you so much, Mom! They were so cruel in there. I was heavily pregnant, enduring their kicks and forced labor," as soon as I realized she didn't despise me like the rest of the pack, I opened up to her.



I began to sob loudly as I fell into her arms. Without a hint of disgust toward my existence, she embraced me tightly, offering solace.

After pouring our hearts out, I released the hug and invited her to sit beside Yuna. I felt an overwhelming protectiveness toward my daughter, so my focus shifted entirely to my mother's reaction upon seeing her.

I searched for any red flags, but my mother displayed none. In fact, she eagerly reached for Yuna, enveloping her in a warm embrace while tears welled up in her eyes.

"What did you name her?" she asked excitedly, but before I could respond, I noticed Shane discreetly entering the room.

"I'll tell you later," I whispered, rolling my eyes at Shane's arrival.

"So, what's your plan now?" Shane inquired, directing his gaze at my mother.

"I don't want to go back home. My daughter needs me here," she insisted, bringing me a deep sense of relief. I wanted her to stay by my side.

"It's not like we're mistreating her here," Shane grumbled.

"But she's only 19 and vulnerable. I'm sure she could use some help," my mother insisted.

"Fine, you can stay here. But if your husband objects--"

Shane's tone lacked enthusiasm when granting my mother permission to be in the room with me.

Honestly, it felt like a blessing after such a long time. With my mother present, I would have much-needed support.

"I don't want to stay connected to him anymore. I want to be here with my daughter and take care of her and my granddaughter," my mother reassured me as she gently patted my back, making the decision to leave my father for my sake.

"Okay then," Shane responded wearily. I couldn't understand why it seemed like he wasn't pleased about me having company.

"I'll go wash my face and come back soon," my mother said awkwardly, wiping away her tears but managing to crack a smile before hurrying into the bathroom.

Once she had locked the door, Shane turned to face me, placing his hands on his waist.

"So you're not going to say the name in front of me?" he asked, seemingly taking note of such a minor detail.

"I'm one of the reasons your daughter isn't dead, and you refuse to say her name in front of me?" he scoffed, expressing his discomfort with the fact that I acted as if I wanted to hide it from him.

"Well, it's not like I care," he didn't even let me provide an explanation.

It was as if he was talking to himself. He just shrugged like a teenage bully and exited the room. Left alone, waiting for my mother, I began to ponder a few things.

I need more than what I acquired from the store. I grabbed whatever I could for the child, but obviously, I would need some extra cash for myself, clothes, and food.

"What are you thinking about?" mom asked, walking out of the bathroom and sitting on the bed, holding Yuna once again.

"Can you take care of her for a few minutes?" I requested, staring at my hands.

"Are you going somewhere?" Mom inquired.

"Mom! I'll need money to prepare for a few things," I whispered.

"I haven't eaten anything. I don't even have a baby crib. There's so much—" I trailed off, choking on my tears.

"I have something that might help us stay financially stable and avoid the brothers for a while," I stated, remembering that their mother would soon arrive.

I don't trust her one bit. She might see me walking around and demand the execution of my child.

"They didn't feed you anything?" My mother's soft whisper carried so much pain and sorrow upon hearing that I had

been starving since giving birth.

"They're not doing charity work here, Mom. Whatever I got isn't even enough for Yuna. I can't rely on them," I murmured, keeping my eyes down so she wouldn't see me cry.

"I'll go pawn the engagement ring. It's of no use to me anyway," I said, grabbing the ring I had kept with me throughout my time in prison.

"Okay, just try to come back home soon before any of the brothers find out you're gone," mom warned, and after nodding in agreement, I left the room.

Sneaking out wasn't difficult since my room was right next to the exit. However, I noticed the guard scrutinizing me to ensure I wasn't leaving with Yuna. They wouldn't allow me to leave with her.

Walking the streets with pack members attempting to examine my face, trying to remember who I was, was the most uncomfortable stroll I had ever taken.

Upon entering the large jewelry shop, I let out a deep breath and approached the lady behind the counter.

The smile that had greeted customers faded as soon as the saleswoman assessed my appearance. It was clear she could tell I was not well off.

"What do you want?" she asked, slamming the register shut and raising an eyebrow. Right away, she made it known that I wasn't welcome.

"I want to sell a piece of jewelry," I uttered, removing the ring and placing it on the glass counter. Her interest was immediately piqued upon seeing the diamond in the ring.

"Um, why don't you go sit in the waiting room while I test the diamond and, um, prepare an offer for you?" she seemed oddly shaken but also intrigued. I nodded and moved to the side, taking a seat in the waiting area. All I wanted was to sell the ring quickly and buy some food. My stomach constantly growled, my bones ached, and I had a pounding headache.

Minutes turned into half an hour, and I started to feel that something was amiss. I stood up and approached her once again, noticing a man in a suit standing beside her.


"You might have to wait a little longer," she insisted, glancing at the man, indicating that I was the one selling the ring.


"That's okay. I just remembered I have somewhere to be. Can I have my ring back?" I began to grow anxious as I noticed the guards stationed around me. It didn't seem normal.

"The ring doesn't belong to you," the man in the black suit spoke up. "It was specifically designed by the Alpha King for his Luna Queen," the manager stated, revealing that Ray had obtained it from this very shop.

"And the real owner is here to take back what belongs to

him," as soon as those words left his lips, I turned toward the door and watched Ray enter, wearing a creepy and satisfied grin on his face.

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