

## Chapter-13\*Maybe A Daddy's Princess\*

Shane Cage:

"Mmm!" As our lips intertwined, she moaned with desire while I deepened the kiss, guiding her through the hallway. The urgency to reach the bedroom intensified, both of us eager to continue what had begun at the club.

It was impossible to resist the allure of this blue-haired girl nursing her drink in the club. She stood out among everyone. Compelled by an irresistible attraction, I initiated a conversation with her. However, my focus wavered, and her words became background noise as I was distracted by her big breasts on the display.

With temptation as my guide, I lifted her effortlessly and escorted her to my car, a realization dawning on me only later that my mother had strictly forbidden bringing any of my one-night stands home. At the moment, however, consequences were momentarily forgotten.

Leading her into my home, I unfastened her bra, maintaining an unbroken kiss as I guided her towards the guest bedroom at the end of the foyer.

"Ahh! I want you to fuck me with your alpha cock," she whispered in my mouth, breathless and rubbing her groin over mine, making my soldier stand straight in excitement.

She had fairly big boobs and a good behind, desirably squeezable.

I kept kissing her mouth until I opened the bedroom door and then shoved her inside.



Once she knew we have arrived at our desired destination, she smirked. Taking a few steps back while she let her bra slip over her body.

My eyes were hungrily preying on her curves. I marched closer while she kept backing up.

There was an intense feeling when we stared into each other's eyes and undressed ourselves.

Without wasting time, I briskly approached her and grabbed her by her waist, slamming her on the bed and getting on top of her.

Her tits were hard, tasting better in my mouth now that our naked bodies were rubbing without any restrictions.

Her scent was mild and heavily mixed with a desire to get fucked by me.

Sucking her nipples while running my hand down, I met the wetness between her legs, suggesting she was ready.

My fingers grazed through the liquid, making its way into her pussy. Her body arched. A crazy desire took over her and spread her legs even wider for me.

My fingers had found an easy way in, with no hesitations.

Sliding a finger into her hot vagina, I felt her nails pierce through my back, an indication of her losing her breath at the in-and-out motion of my finger.

Repeating the motion for some minutes, I pulled back when realizing



she was reaching an orgasm.

Spreading her legs some more, I adjusted my body between her legs while fixing a condom before resting the head of my dick on her vagina entry.

She closed her eyes and moaned, arching her body up and preparing for the first round.

I was almost about to slide my dick into her hungry pussy when I heard a loud cry from afar.

The sound of a crying baby filled the room, its intensity almost as if the child were present with us. I paused, raising my head and a frown creased my brow, disrupting the mood we had been enveloped in.

"Is that a baby crying?" questioned the girl, whose name remained unknown to me, mirroring my unease with her own expression.

"Our maid recently had a baby," I grumbled, my lips forming a taut line of annoyance. I couldn't help but feel frustrated that Zelene seemed unable to tend to the child adequately.

"Why is the baby crying like that?" she wrinkled her nose, her breath mingling with mine, both of us desperately yearning for the wailing to cease.

Her crying released such a negative energy that my dick softly went down.

"Ugh! Wait a minute," I got off her and grabbed my pants.

My heart raced as I lunged towards the door, urgently twisting the handle to swing it open. As I hurried through the hallway, a surge of

anger pulsed through me. I prided myself on being able to fuck someone uninterrupted, so why was I forced to halt midway to instruct a mother on how to quiet her child?

Fury propelled me towards her room, my steps heavy with pent-up frustration. Without bothering to knock, I forcefully flung the door open, only to find Remi cradling the baby, desperately trying to soothe her cries.

"Where the fuck is Zelene?" I bellowed, my fists clenching involuntarily.

"She—she's at the hospital," she stammered, my sudden outburst causing her to instinctively lower the baby and face me, her eyes filled with fear.

"Why is she at the hospital when her child is here, causing distress?" I grumbled, gesturing towards the crying baby, my frustration mounting.

At that moment, I no longer felt inclined to be with the girl whose name I still didn't know. The sight of the baby had completely ruined my mood, serving as a stark reminder of the mess I had entangled myself in.

"Zelene wasn't feeling well, so Alpha Axel took her to the hospital," her mother explained her absence, leaving me momentarily stunned and unsure of how to react.

Axel took her to the hospital? The same Axel who disregarded his responsibilities was now taking care of her? It was a perplexing revelation, causing my anger to dissipate and a sense of worry to take its place concerning what might be transpiring between Axel



and Zelene.

As Axel took care of Zelene, I couldn't help but be reminded of his previous heartbreak. It made me apprehensive, hoping that he wasn't making yet another mistake by overlooking all the messy situations Zelene had caused. She had made promises of sleeping with all of us, and she followed through with it. I sincerely hoped that Axel wouldn't forget or disregard these actions.

"He did," I muttered to myself, while Remi nodded in affirmation. It was a strange turn of events.

"Can you please quiet her down?" I said with less anger, not wanting to appear like the only insensitive brother. I requested Remi to soothe the child.

"I'm trying, but she isn't listening. I think she misses her mother," Remi fretted, rubbing her palms anxiously, anticipating my anger.

"Give her some milk," I suggested.

"I gave her Zelen—," as she proceeded to mumble, I hissed.

"Uh-huh! I don't want to know," I replied curtly, cutting her off when she started mentioning the source of the milk. I didn't want to hear about it.

"Maybe she needs the comfort of her parents?" Remi chimed in suddenly and abruptly placed the baby in my arms.

At that moment, my entire being seemed to freeze. I wasn't even wearing a shirt, so the baby's delicate hand made direct contact with my skin. She appeared so delicate and innocent—a mixture of pink and white. 1



"What the—" I recoiled, tilting my head back to create distance between us. Surprisingly, she fell silent almost immediately.

"She likes you," Remi remarked, causing my body to tense at her words.

"Don't manipulate the situation. She's only two days old. She doesn't know anything. How can she like me when she can barely open her eyes or even recognize me?" I almost raised my voice, irritated by Remi's attempts to evoke emotions within me for the child.

"Now take it," I cleared my throat, correcting myself, "her! Take her. She should be fine now." Since she had stopped crying, I believed I could finally make a peaceful exit. However, as soon as Remi took the baby from my arms, she resumed wailing.

"What a troublesome little thing!" I didn't want to curse at her, but her cleverness seemed to match that of her mother—trying to garner the attention of the Alpha King.

"Ugh! She's going to make me deaf," I complained, covering my ears with my hands. Remi seemed genuinely dedicated to calming the baby, yet the girl knew precisely how to frustrate everyone.

"Give her to me," I muttered, snatching her back from Remi's hands. "What's her name?" It was then that I realized babies have names.

"Yuna," Remi responded.

I fell into a moment of silent contemplation, admiring the beauty of the name without Remi even noticing.

Zelene's attention to detail was evident even in choosing a beautiful



name for an ostensibly unattractive baby. However, as I cast my gaze downwards, I found myself looking at her in my arms.

Hmm! From this angle, she didn't appear as unappealing as I had initially thought. I didn't want to be the person who called newborns ugly, but she had been described as a monster, or so the prophecy stated.

"I'll take her to my room because I'm not staying here in this mess of a room for the night," I declared, not bothering to wait for Remi's response as I swiftly carried the baby out of the room.

I knew it would be challenging, but at least she wouldn't cry all night and alert the entire mansion to the presence of a baby. Stepping into my bedroom, I remembered that there was another problem waiting for me in the guest room.

Placing Yuna on my king-sized bed, I reached for my phone and called my guard. "Listen, dismiss the girl from the guest room. And if she asks for my number, give her that number," I instructed before ending the call.

I had no intention of giving her my personal number. The other number I carried was solely for storing the numbers of the girls I desired to encounter again.

Now it was just the child and me in the room. I observed how her eyes were usually closed, and when she did open them, they appeared pure white.

"Now that you've calmed down," I grunted, standing beside her with my hands on my waist. "Listen, just because I let you in my room doesn't mean it's your room or that I'm your father," I muttered, rolling



my eyes at the absurd thought.

"And also, don't try to eat me while I'm sleeping. Remember, I'm being nice, so spare me even if you get hungry," I felt compelled to express my concerns. Who knew what this child was capable of?

"Don't assume these pillows are yours. I've heard that babies can roll in their sleep, so I'm loaning you the pillows for the night," I found myself inexplicably talking to the baby, even though she wasn't paying attention to me. I wasn't entirely sure if she would roll over, but I wanted to take precautions, nonetheless.

With that said, I settled into the bed, placing a few pillows between us and around us because the child sent shivers down my spine.

Soon, we both drifted off to sleep.



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