

Chapter-15*His Crazy Girlfriend*

Zelene Sallow:

Ever since Lady Jewel made the announcement that her sons would be sharing me, I've been feeling quite unsettled. I knew that she wouldn't make such a decision without careful consideration.

"Promise me you won't let them lay a finger on you," my mom had been freaking out ever since she found out that I would be sleeping in the brothers' room from now on. It has been just over a week since Lady Jewel's announcement, and it seemed like everyone had forgotten about it. Or so I thought.

In the past few days, Lady Jewel had been scheduling numerous meetings with her sons, trying to get everything settled as quickly as possible. I can only assume that she had a serious talk with her sons before I was informed that I would be moving into their rooms starting tonight.

"Mom, no!" I turned to her and replied in an exhausted tone. She had been constantly reminding me of how cruel they had been to me, urging me not to let my guard down.

I understand that she's just trying to protect me, but I'm not a child anymore. I can take care of myself and make decisions that are best for me.

"Okay, I was just worried," she gently patted my back and continued helping me pack Yuna's belongings. It was ironic how I felt the most anxious about staying in Ray's room when, in the past, he had been the one I felt the safest with.



Sadly, that's what love and hate can do to you. When you're loved, you feel like a queen, but when they turn against you, you suddenly feel like a nobody.

"You let me know if you need anything, okay?" I told my mom before taking hold of Yuna and walking into the foyer. The servant quarters were much more appealing than the main mansion.

An unsettling feeling always washed over me as I stepped into the foyer. While my mom carried my belongings to the second floor, where Ray's room was located, I walked ahead with my head down. Avoiding the curious gazes of the servants and maids wasn't a solution. They observed me entering Alpha Ray's bedroom, undoubtedly filled with questions in their minds.

"I'll leave your things here," Mom left my luggage on the floor and hurriedly left the room, anticipating Ray's potential outburst.

I knew he was the most resistant one. He hadn't spoken to me or even glanced at his daughter. He had successfully distanced himself from everything, as if he had never been a part of it.

"Don't worry, I'm here with you," I kissed Yuna's forehead before gently placing her on his king-sized bed, which looked very comforting. He had completely changed the furniture in his room. It had transitioned from all-white to gray. Even the wall behind the bed was a shade of gray. And there were picture frames of him and Vera scattered all around, showcasing their travels together.

I didn't want to look at any of them, but they were within my view. It still wasn't easy for me to see him with someone else, even when I despised him the most and even when he had rejected me.

The oversized clothes were brought by my mother. She had managed to gather whatever she could from her friends, and I was truly grateful for it.

Lost in my thoughts, the door abruptly swung open, and Ray entered with a tired expression on his face. Upon catching sight of me and our daughter, he grunted like a stifled beast.

"Get her off my bed!" he yelled, briskly approaching me and gesturing for me to remove Yuna from his bed.

"She can't sleep on the floor," I argued. I didn't care how he treated me, but I wouldn't allow him to make my daughter uncomfortable.

"I don't fucking care. She can sleep on the couch. But she will not sleep on my bed, neither she nor you!" His eyes glowed with the intensity of his wolf as rage consumed him.

Despite my anger at his insensitivity, I held my daughter tightly and walked away from him. He angrily removed his gray coat and slammed it onto the bed, as if trying to rid it of my daughter's scent.

His couch was decently sized, but it was still uncomfortable for an infant and her mother.

"Just because you've been granted a place here doesn't give you the right to claim everything. This will always be my room," Ray once again raised his voice, acting like a child. I understood he despised me, but his actions were bitter.

It's not as if he hadn't cheated on me.

"I heard you. It won't happen again," despite my anger and

annoyance, I suppressed my emotions and responded to him in a calmer tone.

He remained rooted in his spot, probably glaring at me, while I tended to my daughter before he stormed off into the bathroom. My heart ached for my daughter. That little angel didn't deserve to be treated with such disgust.

But what could I do? I had to find a way to keep her alive before I could extricate myself from this mess and escape with my daughter.

After an hour of freshening up, Ray emerged from the bathroom and nonchalantly climbed into bed, oblivious to the fact that my daughter and I were left to figure out how to sleep on the cramped couch. I ended up sitting on the floor next to my daughter, ensuring she wouldn't fall off, and slept with my head resting on the edge of the couch.

Yuna hardly cried aloud anymore, so I had to stay close to her to wake up during the night to feed her, change her diapers, and then attempt to go back to sleep. Sleeping in a seated position caused my neck to ache terribly.

Finally, after waking up for the eighth time, I realized she would sleep for at least an hour uninterrupted. My nights were incredibly demanding as Yuna was frequently restless.

With my mother, at least, I had a helping hand, but now I was on my own, slowly realizing the immense difficulty of it all.

Just as I thought I could catch a little more sleep, the door swung open, and the gasp of the person who entered the room jolted me awake.

Commented [Ma1]:



I raised my head, rubbing my hand against my neck to soothe the strained muscles, only to find Vera standing in the doorway.

There was a momentary pause in her presence as she stared at me, and then her gaze shifted to Ray lying on the bed.

"What is this?" she yelled, taking a step back and nearly tripping over herself. Ray shook his head and quickly got up upon hearing her voice. As her words registered in his mind, he hurriedly emerged from the bed, wearing only black shorts.

"Why is she back?" she screamed at the top of her lungs. I swiftly held my baby close and took cover behind the couch. The way she pointed at me, her eyes bulging, made me fear that she might do something to me and my daughter.

"Ray!" she then turned to him, her voice filled with anguish. "Why did you bring her here?" There was a strange hint of anticipation in her eyes, as if she hoped he would tell her a lie that would alleviate her pain. Yet, the tears streaming down her cheeks were distressing to witness.

"Hey, calm down, and then we can talk," Ray attempted to approach her, but she slapped his hand away and continued pacing around in agitation.

"Why would you do this to me? Why would you bring her back? Don't you remember what she did to you?" Her words carried a hint of madness, her eyes gleaming with an unusual intensity as she gulped and reached for the vase on the nearby table, threatening to hurl it across the room if he didn't provide an immediate answer. 1



"Vera! Put it down. We can have a civilized conversation," Ray yelled at her, and something about his tone irritated her further. She glanced at me and then back at him, offended that he raised his voice at her in my presence.

"No!" she screamed before hurling the vase at me. Just as it was about to strike, Ray intervened, diverting its trajectory and causing it to shatter into tiny, scattered fragments.

"Have you lost your mind?" Ray was now realizing the extent of her intense reaction. He yelled at her and grabbed her by the arms, shaking her, trying to snap her out of it.

"Why would you save her?" she continued screaming, still displaying erratic behavior. The veins on her temples bulged as she breathed heavily and struggled against him. In her frenzy, she even started scratching him.

"You cheated on me!" she screamed at the top of her lungs, digging her nails into his chest, prompting him to jerk her away and raise his hand.

"Fucking stop!" Witnessing his raised hand and hearing his yelling, she fell silent for a moment.

"Ray!" Lady Jewel arrived just as his hand was poised in the air. He had no intention of hitting her, but his posture was enough to alarm everyone present.

Beta Hans emerged from behind Lady Jewel, witnessing the mistreatment of his daughter. Regardless of her erratic behavior, that's how they would label it.

"Daddy! Look what he did," she muttered, grabbing her father's arm and pulling him in front of her, pointing at me.

"He brought her back," her voice was strangely calm, yet filled with agonizing pain.

"She threw a fucking vase at the baby," Ray explained, clarifying why he had lost his composure with her. Vera shook her head, her gaze turning toward me.

She was so consumed by anger that she hadn't even noticed Yuna in my arms until it was mentioned, and then all hell broke loose.

"Who— who is that baby?" she stammered, taking a step back, already displaying distress even before hearing the answer.

At that moment, I was genuinely terrified of her. My biggest fear was her irrational behavior around Yuna. While I knew Vera had feelings for Ray, I never expected her to spiral into such madness.

"That's—" Lady Jewel pressed her lips tightly, but that single expression was enough for Vera to discern the truth.

"You got her pregnant?" she clenched her hair in her fist, then turned and forcefully swept all the picture frames off the table.

"You cheated on me and brought that whore and her child back to your pack?" Her screams reverberated, leaving even Lady Jewel astonished by her reaction.

Ray instantly grabbed her, while Beta Hans released her from his grasp and enveloped her in an embrace.

"Daddy---they all lied---she allowed him to bring her home," Vera's voice started to fade as she collapsed into her father's arms, even pointing at Lady Jewel.

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