

Mated To Four: Pregnant For The Alpha Brothers. - Chapter-5*Giving Birth To A Sin*

Zelene Sallow:

A Few Months Later:

"Arghhh!" I groaned internally, gazing up at the sky and grumbling as the sun beat down on our heads. I was heavily pregnant to the point where my health had declined—an inexplicable condition, according to the doctor. It felt as though I was not merely giving birth to one child.

Unfortunately, the rest remained elusive. None of the prisoners were willing to assist me with my tasks, and they even went so far as to complain that I had been intentionally made pregnant by one of the guards to secure extra rations. Consequently, they drafted a petition demanding that I continue working without any additional benefits for my pregnancy.

Day after day, we toiled diligently under the scorching sun.

Raising the axe into the air to chop the wood, I soon realized that continuing to work was impossible. The axe slipped from my grasp, falling to the ground.

"Ah!" I grunted, biting my lip as I slowly knelt down.

"She's at it again," one of the prisoners complained, secretly delivering a kick to my back.

"Ahhhhhhhhhhhh!" This time, I screamed louder, causing everyone to cease their movements and direct their attention toward me.

"Keep working!" a prison officer yelled, grabbing my arm and summoning another guard to carry me. As I was lifted to my feet, I gasped, my water breaking.

"She's going into labor," the prison officer announced, and the weary sighs that followed clearly conveyed their disdain for my interruption of work, as one of them would now need to take over my duties.

They escorted me to a small room with brick walls located in a secluded corner of the grounds, where a doctor had been summoned to assist with the delivery.

"Arrrrghhhh! It hurts!" I screamed in pain, feeling my back arch.

"Stop screaming! You are not the first woman in history to give birth," a nurse admonished, striding closer and delivering a sharp slap across my cheek to silence me.

"Spread your legs, bitch, just like you did for the guard!" she screamed, gripping my anklets roughly.

"Auuuughhhh!" I continued crying in excruciating pain, the intensity overwhelming. I had heard that delivery could be painful, but it felt as though my bones were shattering, a sensation that seemed different from the norm.

I clenched my lips tightly for the remainder of the process as the two nurses and the doctor grew increasingly impatient with me. The warden even threatened to harm my baby if I didn't stop my supposed overreaction.

During those agonizing hours, all I could do was stare at the ceiling and silently shed tears. I longed for a loving mate by my side, holding my hand, and my mother praying for me at my feet. I yearned for someone to offer comfort instead of yelling at me.

At one point, I grew so weak that I couldn't push any longer. However, the thought of soon cradling my child in my arms pushed me to keep going.

I never knew the gender, and I hadn't made any preparations or purchases. But I eagerly anticipated my baby's arrival, and a small cry alerted me to their presence.

The doctor lifted the baby up, but her expression instantly changed.

"Can I-- hold my baby?" I asked, not receiving any congratulations as her wide-eyed gaze remained fixed on the infant.

The other nurses and the warden approached, their horrified gasps adding to my growing anxiety. "What's wrong? Is my baby alright?" I inquired, unable to rise from the bed.

"This girl is---" the doctor murmured, revealing that I had given birth to a daughter.

"Can I---" I began to request once more, but before I could finish, the warden lunged at me, slapping my face forcefully.

"What the fuck is this?" she screamed, gripping my head tightly and forcing it down onto the pillow.

I couldn't comprehend what was happening as the nurses gasped and struggled to catch their breaths.

"I want to hold my daughter!" I screamed at the warden, but she shook her head angrily.

"You didn't give birth to a daughter. This is a monster--- you've given birth to a freakish creature--- a white wolf!" She yelled, causing my heart to skip a beat in my chest.

"The baby is completely white and... and so... peculiar," the doctor gagged, dropping the uncovered baby onto a nearby bed.

Turning my face to the side, I gazed at my baby girl. She didn't appear ugly to me. What were they talking about? My little baby looked different, but different is beautiful and unique.

"This is a white wolf. Don't you know the prophecy?" The warden obstructed my view of my daughter, bending over me. "A born white wolf is a creature that will bring chaos. These babies aren't werewolves; they're weresins!" She cupped my face in her hand, digging her nails into my skin as she muttered.

I had knowledge of the prophecy, but it had slipped from my mind. It revolved around the Night of the Cursed Moon Eclipse, during which a she-wolf could become pregnant and carry the DNA of every Alpha she slept with. The child born from such an encounter was called a weresin—a monstrous being believed to require execution as an apology to the Moon Goddess.

I had heard that such incidents hadn't occurred in many years, as no she-wolf could have more than one Alpha as a mate.

"Please, don't say that. She is just a child. Just give her to me, and I'll make sure—" I murmured, but the warden pushed my head back onto the pillow and straightened her posture.

"What are we going to do now?" the doctor asked, uncertainty evident in her voice.

I felt restlessness consume me as they continued to obstruct my view.

"We must inform the Alphas and let them know that one of the prisoners has committed a sin by giving birth to a monstrous she-wolf," the warden mentioned the brothers, causing me to gasp in response.

Turning my gaze to the side, I noticed the blessed marks on my daughter's ankles. Not just one, but four marks, forming an anklet. It could only mean one thing—they were all the fathers of my child. The child who would be sentenced to death by their command.

"Don't do this. She is all I have left. How can you label an innocent infant a monster? Let her live and prove everyone wrong," I begged, tears streaming down my face. I attempted to rise from the bed, but my weakness held me back.

No wonder my pregnancy has been so difficult. I carried the baby of the powerful Alphas while they roamed freely, living their lives. But I had no grievances against that fact. All I wanted was to be with my daughter.

"The fate of this baby lies in the hands of the Alphas, and I am certain they will make the right decision by eliminating this child and safeguarding the werewolf kind," the warden announced, gesturing to the doctor to cover me up and summon the guards while she snatched my baby from my arms.

I was consumed by terror over my daughter's fate. How could I have given birth to a weresin? No! I had to find a way to stop the Alphas.

Chapter-6*The Incompetent Baby Daddy*

Oscar Reese:

Sitting among my brothers and enjoying breakfast used to be so much fun. We would discuss our daily activities, delve into pack matters, and excitedly share our grand plans for division while contemplating rules that would benefit everyone. But now, everything has changed.

Ever since that night, we haven't been able to make Ray feel comfortable. Although he is physically present with us, his gaze often makes us feel judged.

"Ray! How is Vera?" Mom put her spoon down and directly addressed him, noticing his silence throughout our meal.

"Fine," he replied, mustering a smile for our mother.

"Hmm! Vera's father was complaining about her inability to persuade you to take her on vacation," Mom commented, referring to the Royal Beta of the pack.

Hans Rudd was genuinely helpful and had always supported us in every matter. Vera, our childhood friend, had a significant crush on Ray.

"The meetings have been draining me. I will plan something soon enough," Ray diverted his gaze from everyone, his grey eyes avoiding contact.

"What about you, Axel? I've set you up on a date with Jessica Jerome, the Royal Gamma's daughter," Mom announced, making it clear that refusal was not an option when she spoke.

Jessica was also part of our close-knit group. We had all grown up together as friends.

Axel nodded, quickly lowering his head again.

"And Shane! Please refrain from bringing random she-wolves into the mansion for the night. These greedy girls then wander around, expecting to be fully accepted. Just have fun at the pack's hotel and book a fancy suite," Mom warned Shane, who immediately nodded in response.

Mom had always been loving and devoted to us. She would do anything to keep us happy and safe.

Now it was time for her to mention me. I waited, anticipating her words, but she gracefully wiped her mouth clean and left for a book reading session with the other affluent women of the pack.

Disappointed in myself for not captivating her attention as I usually did, I sat in the midst of an awkward silence, our eyes fixed on Ray, hoping he would break the silence. Soon enough, he finished his meal and promptly left his seat. One by one, the others followed suit, seeking refuge from the stifling silence.

"Ugh!" I groaned, rising from my chair, only to be met with a peculiar ache around my neck, right where my birthmark resided. As I concluded my breakfast, my work territory called, interrupting my already sour mood.

"Hello?" I answered the call, my annoyance evident. Normally, I would be picking a rogue fighter for street battles or dealing with a prisoner. However, receiving an early morning call from a women's prison left me wondering what had gone awry.

"There's an emergency! A female prisoner has given birth to a weresin," the doctor's tremor-laden voice justified my goosebumps. It felt as if someone had snatched my soul away.

"Fear not. I'm on my way," I assured her, ending the call and deciding to head to the prison while contacting my brothers en route.

The term "weresin" itself was horrifying. We believed it to be a mere myth, but hearing of its occurrence sent a chill down my spine. Does this mean we need to brace ourselves for another war? I haven't been entirely forthright in my role; it's time to focus more on my powers and strengths now.

Throughout the car ride, I couldn't resist scratching at the birthmark on my neck, growling at the news. I even forgot to inform my brothers. By the time I arrived at the prison, it was already 2 p.m.

As I walked down the hallway, the young prisoners gathered around me like buzzing bees. How audacious of them to believe I would spare even a glance at these criminals. My principles stood too high for such repulsive beings.

"He is so handsome," a lady whispered, receiving a swift whip from the warden.

After making my way to the other side of the prison, I discovered a nurse standing outside a room, cradling a baby in her arms.

"My lord!" she sighed with relief as she saw me approaching. Without giving me a moment to process the information, she swiftly thrust the child into my arms. The baby was wrapped in a tattered red blanket that failed to conceal her monstrous appearance.

"I'll fetch the doctor," the nurse quickly slipped away, likely eager to rid herself of the baby she had been holding for hours.

"B--" I clenched my jaw in frustration, angry at her for leaving this child in my care.

"Ugh!" I groaned, holding the baby at arm's length, as far away from my body as possible. One look at her face made me want to retch. Her features were distorted and oddly pale, with pink patches on her skin. Even her eyebrows were white, as if devoid of pigment.

Until now, she had been crying in an unusually high-pitched tone, quite different from the cries of a typical werewolf pup.

"Ugh! Shut up!" I yelled and shook her gently, and suddenly, she fell silent.

"Your Highness, we sincerely apologize. The nurses are incredibly incompetent, but you must understand that they are also terrified of holding this abominable child," the warden said, rushing over and swiftly taking the baby from my arms.

The doctor arrived shortly after. I adjusted my coat and stretched my neck, finding solace in scratching the birthmark as the inflammation bothered me.

"There's no need for any tests. This is indeed a weresin child," I stated with unwavering certainty.

"So, should we smother her?" the warden asked, seeking guidance on the method to dispose of the child.

"I will call my brothers first. We must all come to an agreement regarding her fate," I replied, determined to put an end to this mess.

On a positive note, it might work in our favor. We have been preparing for this day for a while. If we can eliminate her now, we won't have to endure the burden of worrying about the future.

"What about the mother of the baby? She is in a terrible state. We had to restrain her and put her in chains. No matter how many times we explain to her that this baby is a monster, she continues to cry and insists on being reunited with her child," the doctor informed me about the mother's condition.

"She slept with a group of men and is now complaining and giving us orders to let her breastfeed the baby," the doctor scoffed, clearly exasperated.

Something about the doctor's statement stirred restlessness within me, but I couldn't quite pinpoint what it was.

"Let me speak to her. I'll offer her certain privileges within the prison and try to convince her to let go of the baby without causing any further trouble," I stated wearily.

Convincing a woman to let me kill her own child was going to be a daunting task. I could have delegated this conversation to Ray or Shane since they were skilled at such discussions, but I wanted to earn praise from my mother at least once.

"Lead the way," I told the warden, who opened the door and entered the room first.

The room was tainted with the aftermath of childbirth. The bed was in disarray, and it was evident that the woman had been lying on it for hours before being chained up.

I wondered how people could endure living in such places, which further fueled my disdain for criminals. They had chosen these lives for themselves.

"Hello," I whispered, as the woman didn't step forward to bow before me. She must have been too devastated to act properly, so I decided to overlook it for now.

She sat behind the bed, resting her forehead against the wall and sobbing.

"I'm sure you've heard that you've given birth to the monster described in books. As the Alpha and the future Alpha King, it is my duty to ensure that evil

is eradicated," I approached her, squatting down, and spoke to her in my most disingenuous, gentle tone.

"It would be more beneficial for both you and us if this information remained within our circle. If the other inmates were to find out that you'd given birth to a monster, they would make your stay here unbearable. That is why I'm having this conversation with you. Regardless of your consent, we must dispose of this evil child. As for you— I offer you—" I continued speaking, hoping she would understand my reasoning. However, before I could finish, she grunted and silenced me.

I clenched my jaw at her rudeness, but before I could issue a threat, she turned around and crawled out from behind the bed.

"You can offer me the world, but I will not allow you to take away my child," she locked her grey eyes with mine, causing me to gasp as I recognized her.

Stumbling back in shock and bewilderment, I continued to stare at her face and the state she was in. This wasn't some random she-wolf; it was Zelene Sallow.

The she-wolf with whom I had felt a mate bond, only to look her in the eyes and deceive her.

And the baby was my daughter.