

Chapter-7*Sharing Our Baby's Momma*

Oscar Reese:

"Are you alright, Your Highness?" the warden asked, offering me some water, but I waved her hand away to dismiss her.

"Leave me alone for now," I stated, aimlessly wandering around the empty room with a table in the center, upon which the baby lay.

Understanding my lack of desire for conversation, the warden left me alone in the room with the baby.

'Os! This must be our child,' I spoke to my wolf, who had been slightly upset with me over a matter I had ignored.

'Check her neck for the birthmark. If she is our daughter, she must have a birthmark like ours,' Os was right. I swiftly approached her, then immediately stepped back, feeling nauseated.

'I'm not touching this thing,' I shook my head. But it made sense. Why was I so convinced that this was my child? It could belong to someone else. There was no indication of how many mates make a weresin.

It could even be my two brothers'.

I hadn't revealed to them who the mother of the weresin was. They were on their way to the prison, under the

impression that they were going to sign some papers to rid themselves of this baby.

Being in the same room as the baby was distressing.

It served as a reminder of that night, along with all the other nonsense we had endured with our brother.

It only fueled my anger toward Zelene.

Soon, my brothers arrived. They entered the room one by one, dressed in fancy suits, looking fresh and completely oblivious to the turmoil that awaited them.

"Where is that--" Shane was the first one to reach the table. A single glance at the baby, and he rushed to the side, vomiting.

"Oh shit!" Axel had barely made it to the high table and taken a quick glance before he stopped abruptly and turned his back to us. "What kind of child is this?"

"I brought the papers," Ray announced in a dry tone.

I observed as the brothers stared at him, anticipating this to be a moment of reunion with their brother. Surely, killing a monster was a victorious occasion. But who would inform them that we were about to embark on the same turmoil we had hoped Ray would eventually forgive us for?

"Let's sign the papers and be done with this," Ray said, snatching the pen and swiftly pushing his hair away from his eyes, which threatened to obstruct his view.

"Don't you want to know who gave birth to this baby?" I asked, observing my brothers lift their heads, their expressions filled with bewilderment.

"Must be some whore," Shane shrugged, displaying no interest in discovering her identity.

"Zelene Sallow!" I didn't beat around the bush and revealed her name before the other two could sign the papers.

Ray was halfway through his signature when his hand trembled, smearing his perfect name on the piece of paper.

"What did you say?" Shane grunted, his eyes warning me not to jest about such matters.

"Either two of us could be responsible for the birth of this child," I announced, feeling confident that at least it wasn't my baby. However, it was merely my ego refusing to accept that I had an equal chance of being a father like the others.

"Nope! Not my baby," Axel raised his hands, confidently declaring his innocence.

"I could never father an ugly baby," Shane offered a strange defense. One look at the baby, and he was convinced he was not the father.

"Two of us—" I reiterated my statement, but Axel scoffed, silencing me.

"What makes you so certain it's the two of us? It could be

just one," he completely disregarded the fact that this was not how a weresin child is conceived.

"Guys!" Shane interjected, attempting to gain our attention. Yet, our focus shifted to Ray.

"This is your mess. You guys handle it," anger glared in his eyes; he didn't even want to recollect that night.

He stood to the side, his hands resting in his royal blue suit pants.

"Guys!" Shane called once again.

"Ray! We need you—" I started, about to request his support and assistance, when Shane slammed his hand on the table, causing the baby to cry out loudly.

"What the fuck is on her ankle?" Shane finally shouted, voicing what he had been wanting to discuss.

All of us directed our gazes towards the little foot protruding from the blanket, and there it was—our nightmare materializing before our eyes.

"That's my birthmark," Axel whispered, his finger delicately pointing at the symbol of the element of air etched on her ankle.

"Mine is there too," Shane whispered, his gaze fixated on the symbol representing the element of earth.

I, too, had my eyes locked on the symbol of fire.

Then, as if guided by an invisible force, our attention shifted to Ray. He appeared remarkably self-assured, not even bothering to glance at his ankle.

"The element of water is there as well," we spoke in unison, observing Ray's furrowed brow as he reluctantly stepped forward for a closer look.

"The four elements of nature, manifested as birthmarks on our necks, converge to form an anklet around her ankle," I finally grasped the significance. It signified that none of us were exempt from the truth that lay before us. However, Ray refused to acknowledge it, despite the indisputable evidence right in front of our eyes.

"She must have inherited it from that deceitful Zelene," Ray shook his head vehemently, his words clouded by confusion.

"Zelene doesn't possess a birthmark like that," I countered, prompting a sarcastic laugh from Ray.

"Of course you would know. You all had the privilege of seeing her naked, examining her body, and sleeping with her," Alpha Ray's suppressed emotions finally surfaced.

"We are facing a crisis here, Ray. It's not the time to vent your frustrations at us," Axel's voice boomed, his grip on his own hair tightening in despair.

"You're the ones in crisis, not me. I have no association with this abomination or her mother," Ray yelled, snatching the pen and paper to sign what he deemed as her death

sentence.

"Wait, are we really going to sign it?" Shane suddenly interjected, instantly silencing all of us, except for Ray, who had already signed the document.

"It's what needs to be done. I cannot be an uncle to such a monstrosity," Ray hissed, flinging the signed pages onto the table. They landed perilously close to the baby, and she responded with another bout of inconsolable crying.

We fell into an uneasy silence, our gazes fixed upon the infant as she raised her tiny hands, her eyes tightly shut, searching for solace.

"What is she trying to do?" Shane asked, his nose wrinkling in disdain.

"I believe she is seeking comfort," Axel surmised. Despite his apparent disinterest in the situation, Ray continued to observe her, awaiting the next development with a sense of anticipation.

"Then provide her with comfort so she stops crying," Ray's agitation was evident as he paced back and forth, his voice on the verge of escalation.

"I'm not touching her," Shane vigorously shook his head.

"Neither am I. Just the thought of how soft her skin is---" Axel gagged, making it clear that assuming any paternal roles was out of the question.

"Fine," I rolled my eyes, reluctantly extending my finger towards her. However, the moment our fingers made contact, I instantly regretted it. "Ew!"

As I complained, the others smirked, mocking my attempt to show kindness to a being they deemed a monster. After a few seconds, I decided to try a different approach and grabbed a pen, holding it out for her. This red pen held a lot of importance to me.

She was different from the usual pups, not necessarily special. But as her tiny, pointed fingers touched the pen, she ceased crying. Her fingers wrapped around it, pulling it closer to her chest. I couldn't help but notice that the pen carried my scent; I had been holding it from the other side. In that brief moment, we simply watched as she smiled gently and drifted off to sleep, clutching the pen tightly to her chest.

"Ahem!" I cleared my throat, suddenly realizing the gravity of what we were doing, and swiftly snatched the pen away. However, she remained sound asleep, undisturbed.

"We should sign," Shane said, his attention also wavering. I discreetly slipped the pen into my pocket, careful to avoid the side she had touched.

"Yes, we should," Axel agreed, extending the papers to Shane.

"You go first," Shane, who had been eager to sign just

moments ago, hesitated now, unwilling to take the lead.

"You're one second older than me," Axel fibbed, although we both knew that we were born on the same day, in the same year, hour, and even second, bearing distinct elemental marks on our necks.

"How about we--" I trailed off, feeling uneasy about making the suggestion.

"Go ahead and say it," Shane encouraged, as if he, too, desired a delay in making such a crucial decision.

"How about we wait and decide in a few days? It's not like the baby can wreak havoc on us while she's still an infant," I shrugged, attempting to sound nonchalant and avoid seeming peculiar for suggesting that we spare the baby's life.

"I mean--- the prophecy does claim that she will incite a riot once she turns eighteen," Axel chimed in, subtly introducing that information into the conversation.

"Admit it, you're all too cowardly to take action," Ray hissed, snatching his papers and tearing them apart. We all stared at him, silently judging. Even he seemed to be experiencing second thoughts.

"So, what do we do now? Leave the baby here?" Shane sighed with relief, grateful that we hadn't made a decision to kill our own child, at least not yet.

"We can't. What about-- her mother? Did she survive childbirth?" Axel surveyed the room, intentionally avoiding

eye contact.

Ray shifted uncomfortably and scoffed, taunting us. "She's alive and very cranky. She didn't even acknowledge my presence," I grumbled, recalling her insolent attitude towards me.

"As if she hadn't acknowledged you in other ways," Ray remarked once again.

"There's only one option. We have to bring her and the baby to the mansion, where we can keep a close eye on the 'monster' and watch for any signs," I proposed, attempting to formulate a plan. It seemed to be the most practical choice at that moment.

"What? Are you kidding me? That girl will never set foot on our property," Ray exclaimed as soon as he heard my plan.

"Ray! That baby isn't an ordinary child. She'll need someone to care for her, and I don't think it's wise to entrust her to just any nanny or she-wolf. They could potentially steal her and use her against us," thankfully, Axel seemed to support my idea, but it still failed to sway Ray.

His hatred for Zelene was too strong. Not that we didn't share the same sentiments, but at least we were thinking more rationally now.

"Then do whatever the hell you want. I'm out," Ray waved his hand dismissively and sprinted out of the room, no longer willing to assist us in this predicament.

"I hope we're not making a mistake by allowing that girl into our mansion," Shane whispered, causing us to exchange glances and ponder Zelene's other plans for us.

But for now, it was in our best interest to bring her along, as none of us wanted to care for that weird child.

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