

## Chapter-8\*My Merciless Mates\*

Zelene Sallow:

I found myself bound in chains as they forcibly took away my baby, denying me the chance to even feed her once. Sitting against the wall, I could hear their voices discussing my daughter in the adjacent room. The mere thought of them speaking about her in such a derogatory manner shattered me into a million pieces. I couldn't fathom how any parent could describe their own child as a monster, as they did.

Suddenly, silence fell upon them. Having overheard their final plan, I knew what awaited me when the guard arrived to fetch me. The guard unfastened the chains that kept me tethered to the wall, gripping my arm tightly as he callously dragged me along, disregarding my weakened state. I struggled to keep up with him, fearful of stumbling. Eventually, he shoved me into a room where my daughter and the brothers, who were akin to monsters, awaited. Their scrutinizing gazes fixated upon me.

"Not yet!" Shane interjected, blocking my path as I attempted to rush towards the table to retrieve my daughter. He forcefully pushed me back against the wall.

"You will not touch the baby until you hear us," Axel stepped forward, jabbing his finger in my face, and proceeded to

deliver a vitriolic speech.

I stared at him, overwhelmed by revulsion as memories of that fateful night flooded my mind. How could they look me in the eye without a shred of guilt? They had robbed me of my life and concealed the truth of our mate bond, yet they led seemingly perfect lives, unburdened by remorse.

"We are sparing the life of your child, or should I say that thing, but only for now," Oscar, the neglected child of the group, hissed. Rage coursed through my veins, but I restrained myself from speaking for the time being.

"To hold her in your arms, perhaps even feed her, you must comply with our terms and sign some papers," Oscar continued, seizing the opportunity to take charge for the first time. As I raised my head to gaze at him, I noticed him surreptitiously scratching the birthmark on his neck—a stark reminder of the mark adorning my child's ankle. I then surveyed the others; they were busy rubbing their own marks, except for Ray, who had left upon hearing their plans to bring me to the mansion.

"No!" I vehemently rejected their demands, shaking my head vigorously at the notion of taking my daughter into the devil's den.

Oscar closed one eye, wincing in response to my defiance, his frustration evident in his tense demeanor. "Have you not heard the terms, you dim-witted bimbo?" muttered Axel, his jaw clenched, while Shane disapproved of my actions with

an exasperated eye roll.

"I will not go anywhere with you, and I certainly won't entrust my baby to you monsters," I muttered, devoid of any fear of their retribution or punishment. My only concern lay in my newborn's safety. The tremors that once plagued me now subsided, replaced by an unwavering resolve to protect my child.

"And so be it!" Shane gently pushed Oscar aside, taking his turn to address me. "It's settled then. We will take the baby away and deposit her into someone else's care until we decide when to discard her."

The evil, sarcastic grin that adorned Shane's lips signaled his awareness that his words would provoke a reaction from me. And indeed, they did. I impulsively lunged forward, but he effortlessly blocked my path, preventing me from reaching my child.

A firm grip around my waist forcibly separated me from my daughter before I could even hold her. Axel flung me against the wall once more, and I collapsed onto my knees, experiencing pain radiating from the left side of my body.

"How can anyone be so wicked?" I cried out, tears streaming down my face as I closed my eyes, consumed by anguish.

"Just as evil as you, I suppose. This is your karma for attempting to manipulate us and pit us against each other. You wanted to exploit our secret to your advantage, all while living a blissful life with our brother. Look at this child—this

is precisely what karma looks like," Oscar hissed, circling around me, his presence heightening my anxiety.

Though there was so much I wanted to say, every utterance held the potential to jeopardize my child's survival. It became painfully evident that they cared nothing for her well-being.

"And now, either you accept our terms or we'll do what's necessary to rid ourselves of this evil," Shane bellowed, his rage manifesting in the forceful slap he delivered to the wall, reminding us all of the baby on the table. It must have been jarring for them to realize that the child was indeed theirs.

In a state of hysterical sobbing, I had just given birth to a baby and endured unimaginable hardships. My mental health teetered on the edge, and now these power-driven, deranged alphas threatened to separate me from my child if I didn't comply with their demand to remain in their prison.

"I believe we should not have reconsidered," Axel's menacing words reached my ears, and I raised my head to meet their collective gaze. Arms crossed, a visible sense of pride etched on their faces, they stood united, glaring at me.

"You're right. We were kind enough to give this baby a chance," Oscar continued, his tone laced with sarcasm. "But when her own mother refuses to fight for her survival, what choice do we have?"

Shane shrugged his imposing shoulders, his bulging biceps threatening to burst through his shirt. "Let's get it over with,

then," he declared, unwrapping his crossed arms. "Finish her."  
"

My heart leaped into my throat, choking me, as Oscar nodded in agreement. "No! Wait!" Succumbing to their manipulation, I fell to my knees, hands raised in a desperate plea for mercy. "Don't kill her. I'll go wherever you take me."

In that moment, I despised myself, but I would do anything to ensure her survival.

"Please!" I mustered the courage to request, my voice trembling, before the group of men I despised most.

"Huh!" Shane chuckled, mocking me for thinking I had any say in my own or my child's fate.

"Finalize the papers and bring her to the car," Oscar commanded as he stepped forward to depart.

"You do it, I'm finished here," Axel made it abundantly clear that merely being in the same room as me and my child had already overwhelmed him. Oscar frowned at his brother for commanding him to stay behind with me.

"Let's not allow her the satisfaction of witnessing us fight over her," Shane pointed at me, a factor that barely registered in my thoughts. Their lives held no significance to me. Slowly, I rose to my feet, determined to reach my daughter without provoking them.

As I approached her, I cradled her in my arms and held her close. Despite the tears that stained my cheeks, a smile

played on my lips.

"Desperate for someone's affection, I see," Oscar whispered, once again mocking my daughter's appearance.

"Let's go, then," Shane snapped his fingers and lingered behind as Axel and Oscar positioned themselves in front of me. They still harbored fears of my escape, but I had no other sanctuary where I could safeguard my daughter.

Filled with a potent mixture of hatred and determination, I walked behind them, my daughter nestled in my embrace. It was bound to be a nightmarish journey, and no apologies would ever soften my heart. I made a solemn promise to myself.

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## Chapter-9\*Making Out In Front Of Me.

Zelene Sallow:

I found myself confined to a separate car, accompanied by guards and gunmen. Apparently, it was too overwhelming for the brothers to share a compact space with me or my baby.

'Are you there?' I inquired, expecting my wolf to have awakened by now.

'Ah! I didn't know what to say,' she responded, feeling guilty for her prolonged silence. We had been on the road for three hours, so the pack mansion was just around the corner.

'For now, let's focus solely on our baby. Have you thought of a name?' I managed a smile despite the pain. I couldn't ignore the mistreatment awaiting me once I arrived at the mansion. But, in this moment, I wanted to dwell on finding a beautiful name for my child before gloomy thoughts took over.

'Remember, Ray wanted to name his daughter Meera,' she reminded me, and suddenly, it struck me.

'Huh! Meera sounds a lot like Vera. How did I miss that before?' I scoffed, turning my head to gaze out the window, my eyes welling up.

'I see it now,' Zey muttered.



After a few moments of staring outside, a smile graced my lips as I declared, 'Yuna!'

'I'm naming her Yuna!'

'That's a lovely choice. She truly is a Yuna,' Zey seemed content. My little Yuna was fast asleep after I had fed her.

They had let her go hungry for hours, but I made a promise to myself that she would never suffer like that again.

Soon, the mansion came into view, and my heart sank once more. Despite its luxurious appeal and lavishness, the pristine white mansion failed to ignite any intrigue within me.

As I stepped out of the car, prompted by Shane, I noticed a smirk playing on his lips.

"Well, well, well. You've finally made it into the mansion, you sly thing," he shook his head, a sarcastic smile accompanying his words.

"Nothing is more terrifying than a whore's ambitions," Axel commented, taking the lead.

I refrained from interrupting them. The truly frightening aspect is not the act of dreaming itself, but rather the lack of control over one's own tongue. Words possess immense power, capable of both serving as a formidable weapon and causing destruction to others.

Those very words would haunt them when they eventually



realize how wrong they were about me. Thus, I allowed them to spew their hateful remarks without intervening.

"Now you'll stay in the servant quarters. Only emerge when we summon you," Oscar panicked as we entered the mansion. It seemed he had failed to seek his mother's permission beforehand. As soon as I was shown into a small room, I overheard their discussion about what to disclose to their mother.

"She will be furious," Oscar lamented.

"She's returning in three days. Let's devise a plan until then," Shane suggested.

Observing the room, I noticed its modest contents: four walls, a compact bathroom, and a single bed at the center. It would have sufficed for me alone, but it was inadequate for a newborn baby.

"It's still better than not having you in my arms," I murmured to Yuna, gently placing her on the bed. Despite being labeled as ugly and subjected to various derogatory names, I couldn't see it. She was undeniably adorable.

"Oh no! I need diapers and other essentials," I scolded myself for neglecting to request these items from the brothers. However, I found myself unable to ask them, caught in a battle of egos.

"I must do it for her," I sighed, conveying my apologies to Yuna through my remorseful gaze.

Leaving the room and entering the main area would prove awkward. Steeling myself with a deep breath and motivating myself for Yuna's sake, I ventured out, traversing the hallway until I reached the foyer. 1

The moment I stepped in, I noticed Ray standing at a distance, his eyes darkening upon spotting me. He slowly withdrew his hands from his pockets, as if preparing for a confrontation.

"You spent the entire day elsewhere and came home only to tell me you're tired," a girl dressed elegantly in black entered my line of sight, her back turned towards me. I easily recognized her fiery orange hair and distinctive deep voice—Vera Rudd! She had been Ray's childhood best friend and harbored a deep infatuation for him. Finally, she had him.

Ray gazed at me momentarily before turning his attention to her, donning a forced smile.

"I am tired, but that doesn't mean I can't spend time with you," he placed his hands on her shoulders and locked eyes with her affectionately.

"Really?" she seemed taken aback by his response.

"Of course. You hold a special place in my heart, Vera. I will always make time for you," his voice took on a seductive tone.

My restless fingers tensed upon witnessing his display of love and affection toward her.



Before she could utter another word, he cupped her face, silencing her with a kiss.

I knew I should have departed and shielded my eyes from witnessing that scene, but I couldn't tear myself away. I wanted to witness how effortlessly he had deceived me, making me believe he loved me and had never considered Vera in any romantic sense.

For an instant, his gaze flickered towards me before he passionately pressed his lips against hers once again, deepening the kiss.

A tear trickled down my cheek while watching him make out with her.

He continued to shove his tongue down her throat while passing me a secret glance here and there.

It felt as though I were witnessing someone burning my lifeless body. Standing there, consumed by misery, I realized his intention was to inflict suffering upon me. To think that my daughter didn't even have diapers while her father engaged in intimate encounters with someone in the foyer, it was bizzare.

"Fuck!" I grunted in frustration, berating myself for granting him the satisfaction of devouring my soul from the inside out.

As I hurriedly made my way back, I unintentionally collided with Oscar, who appeared taken aback by my presence in

the mansion.

"What the fuck are you doing here?" he hissed, gripping my arm and hastily guiding me to the servant quarters, ensuring we remained unseen.

Once inside the room, he swiftly locked the door behind us. It was ironic how he had managed to shower and change into a black shirt, while my world had frozen in time since I stepped foot into this room.

"Didn't you hear what we told you? Stop wandering around as if you own this place. What were you trying to accomplish? A princess mansion tour? This place is not your home," he continued, berating me in hushed tones while pacing back and forth.

There was no trace of empathy in his heart for me or Yuna.

"Perhaps you should have first asked me why I was out there, instead of resorting to name-calling," I finally managed to utter a coherent sentence, defying my usual inclination to cry and stumble over my words.

He halted his pacing, intimidated by my sudden display of courage. With hands on his waist and a tapping foot, he shot me a menacing glare.

"I have a newborn baby with me, and you guys abandoned us here without any necessities," I blurted out, observing his expression change.

"Everything you need is here. What else could you possibly

require?" he retorted, shrugging indifferently.

"The baby requires numerous things," I hissed in response.

"Oh! Hmmm! Fine. Ugh!" He stretched his neck as he brainstormed what to do next. "Pick her up. I'm going to fucking take you to a mall so you can get everything you need for a week. And then, for heaven's sake, don't leave the room until you run out of supplies again," he reluctantly made a decision.

Knowing that Yuna required a multitude of items, I wordlessly cradled her in my arms, observing him summon the courage to leave the mansion with me without arousing suspicion.

It felt peculiar to essentially tail him while he dashed far ahead, maintaining a safe distance between us.

He instructed me to sit in the backseat while he dismissed the driver and took the wheel himself. The awkward silence enveloped us, punctuated only by the hum of the car engine, until we arrived at the mall's parking lot.

"Not many pack members are at the mall today due to the new movie release at the cinemas. So, I suppose we should be alright," he remarked, not bothering to glance in my direction. He stood outside the car while I struggled to exit with Yuna.

I had never cared for children or witnessed the care of a newborn baby before, so I found myself feeling rather

bewildered.

We entered the mall, and immediately, a sense of dread washed over me.


"Go ahead, get what you need," he gestured towards the aisles, observing my confusion.

"For heaven's sake, please tell me you have some idea of what a baby requires," he sighed wearily, his tone exuding exhaustion. It was evident that shopping with him would be quite challenging.

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