

Chapter -18*Warm Embrace Of Alpha Oscar*

Zelene Sallow:

"No!" I began to squirm and wriggle, desperately trying to free myself from the woman's grasp.

"That child is in danger out there. She belongs with us; we will provide the care she needs to grow and survive," the woman murmured persistently, her hands firmly holding my face. With unwavering pressure on my cheeks, she forced my lips to part, allowing someone behind her to pour a bitter liquid into my mouth.

I gurgled and attempted to protest, but she sealed my mouth shut and maintained her grip, ensuring that I swallowed it down. Even as I choked and coughed, she held me still, refusing to let go until she was certain I had consumed the concoction.

"Get the hell away from her!" A voice suddenly resonated, filling me with an immediate sense of relief. It was a feeling of security that washed over me as I witnessed Shane and Oscar emerge from behind the woman. Others quickly gathered around her, protecting her simultaneously. As if her purpose had been fulfilled, she released her hold on me.

I turned around, placing my hands on the ground, and closed my eyes as I coughed. The chaos surrounding me erupted like a volcano, with Shane and Oscar fiercely attacking the others.

Amidst the tumult, I caught a glimpse of the woman making her escape, blowing a whistle that prompted her men to disengage from the confrontation and follow suit.

Shane and Oscar had dealt with a significant number of their adversaries, but their primary concern remained my safety. When the robed men



began to scatter, Shane and Oscar didn't pursue them. Instead, they sprinted straight toward me, their sole focus.

"Hey!" Oscar exclaimed, gripping my hands and gently helping me sit up. Without wasting a moment, he enveloped me in a warm, comforting hug.

Meanwhile, Shane kept a watchful eye on the retreating figures disappearing into the woods. When he finally returned, he found me in the arms of Oscar.

"What did they do to her?" Shane inquired, swiftly kneeling in front of me and placing his hand on the back of my head. His touch was unexpectedly gentle as he tenderly patted my head. Realizing that someone had come looking for me, my emotions overwhelmed me, and tears streamed down my face.

"Um, why is she crying? Did they hurt her?" Shane's voice revealed his panic as he tried to pull me away from Oscar.

"Let her breathe. She's crying because you're holding her too tightly," Shane interjected, his tone changing as he addressed Oscar. It seemed something had shifted within Shane, as he suddenly raised his voice in response to Oscar's statement. I quickly broke free from the embrace, wiping away my tears with my hands.

"She wasn't crying because of me. Didn't you see what they were doing to her? They must have harmed her," Oscar argued, his voice filled with indignation as he hissed at his brother.

Now that I was no longer in Oscar's embrace, Shane firmly grasped my wrists and gently urged me to uncover my face.

"Let me see," he requested, studying my features intently. I couldn't



recall ever being this close to him before. His eyes anxiously scanned my face before drifting down to my body, likely noticing the claw marks.

"Who clawed you?" Shane inquired, tenderly cupping my face in his hands. In those brief moments, I was too stunned to respond. It didn't feel like these were the same individuals who despised me. They appeared genuinely concerned.

"She is clawed?" Oscar slapped Shane's hands away, freeing my face, and hurriedly stepped forward, inspecting the wounds.

"It was Vera!" I finally gathered myself and decided to speak up. The two fell silent, and then Axel unexpectedly appeared.

"Did you find---oh! You two found her," he remarked, seemingly having searched for me in the woods as well. His eyes briefly met mine before he averted his gaze and frowned at my injuries.

"Vera clawed her," Shane informed Axel, observing his reaction closely.

"Where was Ray when she was hurting you?" Oscar inquired. I noticed that whenever Axel entered the picture, the brothers would distance themselves from me. There was something about my interactions with Axel that I couldn't quite comprehend. He would often make remarks assuming I should understand, despite my lack of knowledge about their world.

"He arrived a little later," I replied, attempting to rise to my feet. I nearly stumbled, but Axel swiftly moved behind me, providing support to steady myself.

It struck me as peculiar how Shane and Oscar exchanged a glance when Axel touched me. Feeling unsettled, I instinctively wriggled myself out of Axel's grasp and positioned myself between the brothers, hoping to



discern their next course of action.

"Ray informed us that he had lost track of you because he was preoccupied with Vera--" Axel began to explain how they had discovered my absence, but I scoffed and cut him off.

"And his priorities were evidently clear," I nodded to myself as a realization washed over me. I recalled that on the night I slept with these three, Ray had left me feeling upset to chase after Vera and escort her home. It had always been that way.

I had been blind to the red flags, consumed by the illusion of love and happiness that came with having a mate.

"Well, we did find you, didn't we?" Shane interjected, snapping his fingers in front of my face with a hint of irritation.

"Thank you," I said, acknowledging what they likely expected from me. It was ironic how the brothers who had once despised me were now displaying some semblance of decency in taking care of me, while the one who had professed to love me had evidently moved on completely.

"Why don't you transition and heal before going home?" Oscar suggested, receiving nods of agreement from the others.

"I think it's a good idea. Take off your clothes," Shane proposed, seemingly oblivious to the fact that I would feel extremely shy transitioning in front of them. Instantly, my cheeks flushed crimson.

It wasn't solely about being naked, but shifting in front of an alpha carried its own pressures. You had to be mindful not to display too much vulnerability, as alphas could be judgmental. And here I was, being asked to transition not only in front of the alpha kings but also my mates.



Aware of my own insecurities and hesitations, I knew my wolf was nowhere near as powerful as theirs.

"Don't phrase it like that," Axel interjected, shaking his head at Shane, cautioning him to choose his words more carefully.

"What? It's not like we haven't seen her naked before--" Shane's words trailed off, realizing he had made things incredibly awkward. I rubbed my elbow, avoiding eye contact, feeling even more self-conscious.

"We were drunk, and we don't remember anything," Oscar swiftly interjected, reminding everyone that it would be a different experience altogether.

"And don't forget, tonight is a full moon, and she is our mate--" Axel, who had experience as a street fighter and devoted significant time to learning and teaching about werewolf strength, possessed a deeper understanding of our wolf nature.

"What about that?" Shane shrugged, leaving me bewildered as to his intended meaning.

"If we witness our mate naked and transitioning into her wolf form----our wolves would feel compelled to join her," Axel struggled to explain, met with our dumbfounded stares.

"So what? We'll just take a run around and come back. It'll be beneficial for her since our wolves can take care of hers," Oscar proposed, with Shane nodding in agreement, absorbing the suggestion.

"Guys! That's not how it works after a run. It leads to----mating!" Axel clarified, using more explicit terms. The two gasped in astonishment, while I turned away, my back facing them.



"You're so shameless. Why would you say that?" I heard Oscar whisper to Axel, followed by an exasperated grunt.

"So she can't transition?" Shane questioned, clearly perplexed.

"She can, but we should take a small amount of wolfbane to prevent our wolves from emerging," Axel revealed, reaching into his jacket and providing a bottle of liquid wolfbane. Hastily, I turned back towards them and vigorously shook my head in refusal.

"I'm not transitioning in front of all of you," I declared. I couldn't comprehend why they simply assumed I would allow them to witness my wolf form. As an omega, we tend to be shy when it comes to revealing our wolves to individuals more dominant than us.

Our wolves were uncomfortable because they knew they would face judgment.

"That's out of the question. It's not like this is your first time transitioning," Axel asserted. I met his disapproving frown and narrowed gaze as he expressed his discontent with my refusal to comply with his decision.

"Not in front of you," I reiterated confidently. In response, I noticed Oscar and Shane exchange eye rolls as if they believed they had caught me in a lie.

"Do you want to go home weak and unable to take care of Yuna?" Axel's voice resonated with frustration, his hands resting on his hips. He knew exactly how to get me to listen.

"Fine, then," I relented, realizing the importance of ensuring I was in good condition to care for my daughter. I conceded defeat.



"Turn around," I muttered, observing them avert their gazes. They could be so irritating, not even granting me their backs.

Taking measured steps backward, I positioned myself in their path, vigilant in case those who had attacked me were still lurking nearby. As I gradually removed my sweater, I noticed Axel's muscles tense up, my scent likely permeating the surroundings.

Continuing to undress, I discarded my shirt, bra, and bottoms with a steady hand. Kneeling on the ground, I allowed Zey, my wolf, to take over. The transition itself wasn't particularly difficult or remarkable.

As my hands turned white and red veins began to illuminate beneath my skin, a series of cracking sounds echoed through the air. A distorted howl escaped my transformed lips, and in my blurred vision, I noticed the brothers now staring at me intently, their attention fully captured by the sight of an omega shifting.

As Zey, my wolf, emerged and took over, I closed my eyes tightly, trying to endure the pain that accompanied the transition. Amidst the agony, their voices reached my ears, sending shivers down my spine.

"What is this?" Shane's voice held a mix of confusion and astonishment.

"Her wolf was fossil black, how is it white now?" Axel expressed genuine concern, a deviation from his earlier assumptions about my wolf's appearance. His certainty, though unexpected, left me perplexed. It was as if he had known me for years.

The words lingered in my mind, stirring a sense of fear and uncertainty. What did they truly know about me? And how could they be so sure that my wolf was fossil black when it wasn't?

