

Chapter -19*Her White Wolf*

Oscar Reese:

We watched in awe as she transformed into her magnificent white wolf, and an immediate realization dawned upon us. Of course, she had to be a white wolf. In order to give birth to a weresin, her wolf had to possess that rare characteristic.

Could this mean she was a foster? It seemed highly probable, but then why on earth was this crucial information kept from us? My gaze then turned to my own brother, a seasoned trainer who had unmatched knowledge of wolves. His decision to become a street fighter was primarily driven by his belief that he could take on any adversary and mete out punishment for their crimes.

But how did he miss such a vital detail?

"I will go and follow her," Shane mumbled, raising an eyebrow at Axel, who seemed oblivious to the flaw in his judgment. I was at a loss for understanding how this had occurred and what to say to Axel.

"Ahem!" I cleared my throat, intending to intervene, but Axel was already poised to defend himself.

"I have no clue how this happened," he stated confidently, refusing to acknowledge any wrongdoing in his assessment of her.

I realized that if Axel's credibility was shaken, it would have significant repercussions, placing him at the center of all blame and accusations.

"For now, let's just follow her," I suggested, not wanting to confront Axel in the absence of others. Only I truly understood how it felt to be constantly judged and questioned for every action.



We traced her scent and found her howling freely in the mountains. Having seen a froster before, I was aware of their reputed power and fearsomeness.

However, as I observed her, she looked unexpectedly fragile and harmless.

'Of course, she does. She is our mate. We are meant to look past her flaws,' Os commented, prompting me to shake my head at his remark.

'There are no feelings involved. I am only concerned because if Axel—' I couldn't finish my sentence, as even contemplating that possibility was emotionally challenging.

'He lied to all of you?' Os finished the question for me.

'I don't know. I don't believe he is capable of lying about something like this. I mean, what would he gain from it?' I shrugged, my gaze fixed on Zelene as she playfully ran around.

'Maybe revenge? She hurt him, and he wanted to hurt her back. He managed to get her kicked out of everyone's life after she had done the same to him,' I gulped as I recalled that particular claim made by Axel.

I decided to remain present and focused, avoiding getting lost in my thoughts while keeping a watchful eye on her from a distance. We all just stood there, silently observing her. I wasn't entirely sure what emotions my brothers were experiencing, but I found myself in a state of confusion.

She appeared innocent and at times even genuine, yet I couldn't ignore the possibility of her being deceptively clever, given her froster heritage.

After a few hours of running around, she seemed to grow tired and gradually lay down, transitioning back into her human form. I averted



my gaze as Axel brought some clothes for her.

He left them on the ground, and all of us turned away from her. While it was a common occurrence for us to see everyone naked, with her, it felt somewhat uncomfortable and unusual.

"Thank you," I heard her soft whisper after she had finished dressing, prompting me to turn around and face her.

"We should take you home. Your daughter must be missing you," Shane said, his gaze awkwardly avoiding us.

"She's just a baby; she doesn't realize her mom is away," I replied, rolling my eyes at him and correcting him while gently scolding him for trying to be too clever.

"Actually, I know this better than you because I've spent time with her," Shane retorted, placing his hands on his waist and engaging in an argument with me. "She can feel the scent or amora!" he added.

"You mean aroma?" Axel chimed in, scratching his neck while Shane scoffed at him.

"Whatever, but I know she can feel it," Shane persisted before turning to Zelene, attempting to seek her support. She watched us with an enigmatic expression, her thoughts hidden from us.

"I am going home," she announced, choosing not to participate in our conversation. As she walked past Shane, she paused briefly to add, "My daughter will be missing me."

Shane took the lead, and Axel and I stayed close to her. We didn't believe she would run away, but we were concerned that whoever had attacked her might come back.



In the midst of our conversation with Axel, I had noticed something unusual happen to her, but at that moment, our focus was firmly on the situation with Axel.

She sat in the car, and soon our journey back home began. I couldn't help but notice that her eyes had lost their sparkle. It wasn't that she wasn't beautiful; even when she was acting maliciously, I must admit she possessed remarkable beauty. The shine I referred to was the glow of happiness.

She gazed out the window with a lifeless expression, and it left me wondering: what if--- what if what she said was true? How would we reconcile everything if she turned out to be just as much a victim as we were?

Could it be possible that she was drugged too?

I shook my head, not wanting to be swayed by uncertain thoughts. Axel's statement had convinced us that she wasn't a victim and that her intentions from the beginning were to ruin us.

Once we arrived at the mansion, she didn't wait around and hurriedly ran to Ray's bedroom, where her daughter might be.

"Axel, we need to talk," I knew Shane wouldn't let the matter rest. Axel nodded, and we made our way to the study, avoiding everyone who crossed our path. We even rushed past our mother and Hans in the living room, determined to have a private moment.

Once inside the study, Shane firmly shut the door and faced Axel, crossing his arms over his chest.

"You know what I'm going to ask you," Shane muttered, his jaw clenched, but it was a conversation that needed to happen.



"You think I lied?" Axel quickly pointed a finger at his chest, arguing in his defense.