



## Chapter-21\*You Will Never Be Her Father\*

Zelene Sallow:

I returned home to find my daughter, Yuna, sleeping on the couch.

"Are you alright? You were gone the whole day," Mom gently held my hand and then furrowed her brows, "why do you look so under the weather? Are you running a fever?" she asked as she hurriedly placed her hand on my forehead.

"I am fine. Maybe it's because I ran around a lot," I asserted, taking a seat on the couch beside Yuna while my mother pulled over a small chair to sit facing me.

"You transformed?" she looked horrified at my statement.

"Yeah! But don't worry, the brothers were there to keep an eye on me," I sighed wearily, feeling a peculiar ache in my body.

"Huh? Did they catch sight of your wolf?" it was as if something changed in my mom. She had always warned me not to transform in daylight or in front of anyone. I guess she didn't want me to get picked on because of my white wolf.

White wolf!

And then a realization struck me. I raised my head, and our eyes locked in an intense gaze.

"Am I a Froster?" I asked, only to shake my head immediately, feeling perplexed.

"Exactly. You are not one of them," Mom replied with a smile, "it's just that white wolves are often mistaken for---," she started to explain, but I couldn't help but question everything.



"But I have never read about any other white wolf. There is only one, and they are called Frosters," I said, feeling agitation taking over me.

My wolf's color had always been different, and my mother used to attribute it to a medical condition. However, now that I had given birth to a weresin, I couldn't help but wonder if one had to be a Froster herself to give birth to their kind.

"You're overthinking," Mom gently patted the back of my hand and then took a deep breath, pretending to watch Yuna.

"Do you know anything about my birth parents?" I asked, noticing a slight shift in her body language. She straightened her back and took a deep breath as if buying time before responding.

"Those who left you at our door are no longer your parents. Don't worry about them," her responses were evasive, as if she was deliberately trying to act clueless and avoid answering my question.

"Today, some people in the woods attacked me," I recounted the bizarre incident, and it still sent shivers down my spine. The way that lady pressed her hand on my belly and spoke those ominous words remained etched in my mind.

I was fiercely protective of my daughter, and just hearing that woman mention her made me feel uneasy.

"You were attacked in the woods? Why didn't you tell me earlier? Are you hurt anywhere?" mom immediately got down on her knees in front of me, cupping my face in her hands to search my eyes before scanning my body.

"That woman said Yuna belongs to them and that they should be feeding and taking care of her," I made sure to maintain eye contact with her. Now that I wasn't so oblivious to the reality around me, everything seemed suspicious.



The fact that I was an orphan, left at the doorstep of an omega a couple of years ago, made me consider the possibility of being related to the Frosters.

"But how can I find out about my parents without any assistance? My mates wouldn't care, and even if they did, they'd never attempt to contact the Frosters or want to learn about them," I sighed, feeling helpless.

"She---well, don't worry about it. It must have been some weird, crazy lady. The woods are filled with such people," Mom almost seemed to zone out while trying to calm me down. Her reaction was almost hysterical as she kept rubbing her face in her hands and wearing a wide smile.

"You're just scared of everything," she playfully tapped me on the shoulder, laughing as if I'd cracked a joke.

I was stunned by her reaction. There had to be something peculiar about it, but before I could delve into the conversation and inquire about what she was hiding from me, Ray walked into the room, scoffed at my mother, and pointed a finger at her, gesturing towards the door. I despised how he asked her to leave without even excusing himself.

My mom nodded and hurriedly left the room, closing the door behind her.

"You saw what happened today?" Ray initiated the conversation himself.

"I'm not in the mood to argue with you, Ray. Your girlfriend shifted into a rare kind of wolf and attacked me. But if you have something to add, spare me," I rolled my eyes as I rushed to finish speaking. I loathed every second of being in his room.

"Really?" he scoffed, turning to face me.

"She transitioned because of you. Can you imagine the pain she felt when she saw you in my room?" he yelled, leaving me bewildered.



"Why is everything my fault?" I yelled back, fed up with his accusations and mood swings.

"You---," he began to point his finger at me, but I silenced him because this time I had something to say to him.

"No! Her! Her wolf was not normal. How is it that you saw her wolf but didn't question her, and then one look at your own daughter---and you declared her a monster!" I screamed at the top of my lungs, tears streaming down my face as anger consumed me.

I couldn't keep all this bottled up anger inside me for much longer. It wasn't fair that nobody was talking about Vera's wolf.

"Her wolf is nothing compared to---," he started to point his finger at Yuna, and as he tried to get closer, I stepped between them and gave him a threatening nod.

"Nothing like hers? Why? Is Vera's wolf some friendly pet?" I hissed, "she attacked me. When I looked into her eyes, I didn't see any hint of humanity. So why is she being protected while my daughter is subjected to hatred?" I yelled, getting face to face with him.

"Don't you feel guilty for not even trying to know your daughter? How can someone carry so much hate inside them that they're avoiding their own child?" I was interrupted by a loud scoff from him.

"She's not my child," he shook his head vigorously.

"Really? You don't remember fucking me in that bathroom on our engagement dinner?" It broke my heart to recall that night, which meant so much to me, yet he didn't even remember it. Was it truly that insignificant?

"I don't know what you're talking about, but this is not my child. We did---we did it, and I'll forever remember it as a disgusting memory because hours later, you spread your legs for my brothers and let them use you



like a whore -- " I couldn't take it any longer. His hurtful words made me want to shut him up.

In the heat of the moment, I raised my hand and slapped him, instantly realizing my mistake and stepping back.

A scary silence engulfed us until I whispered, "She is your daughter."

He had his face turned away, not moving a muscle until he heard my words.

"No!" he uttered, "this child is not mine."

"Then why did you allow me in your room? Your mother said that only the fathers are allowed to keep her in the room so that they can help her grow up with light in her heart," my lips quivered, and tears streamed down my face as I covered it instantly with my hands. Why was I begging this man to accept her as his daughter? He didn't deserve her, as he had done nothing for her and shown no affection towards her.

"I didn't ask for it. It was you who kept claiming it's my baby. So don't blame it on me, and don't cry in front of me. I feel nothing towards your tears," he hissed, causing me to uncover my face from my hands and nod to myself.

He had truly moved on.

Even if I could prove to him that this baby was his, he wouldn't accept her.

I started laughing at the realization that I had been fighting a losing battle. He was a cold-hearted man who had cheated on me.

"What? Am I funny to you?" he said bitterly, moving closer to me, his eyes locking with mine as I smiled at him.

"You are! You're a clown, Ray!" I took a deep breath and spoke, watching as he straightened his posture and put on a straight face. He was



offended.

"Now, even if you begged me to let you be her father, I wouldn't allow it. I'm glad it's clear that at least you're not her father," my voice carried so much pain as I told him all that.

"I don't care," he gulped and muttered, secretly turning his eyes to the other side.

"Good. Then I will leave your room now. Since neither I nor my daughter is your responsibility anymore," I stated firmly and walked over to hold my daughter in my arms. Carrying her, I made my way toward the door, pausing only to turn and look at him. He hadn't moved from his spot, "good luck with your life. You wanted to have a mate of higher status, anyway."

With those words leaving my lips, I left the room with Yuna in my arms. I didn't know where to go at this time of night, as my mother had left the mansion. She told me she would be spending the night out with her friend, so all the maid's rooms were either locked or occupied. I sat in the hallway on the cold floor, even when I could have sat in the living room.

Knowing Lady Jewel would get upset if she found me on her couch, I decided to stay in the hallway instead.

Once again, loneliness engulfed me. No matter what I did, I always ended up feeling alone. But this time, it was Yuna that worried me the most. If anything were to happen to me, who would love and care for her the way I do? I held Yuna in my arms and tried to wake her up to feed her because she had been sleeping ever since I arrived. I began to worry when, no matter how hard I tried, she wouldn't wake up.

"Yuna?" I gently shook her, noticing that she didn't even move her eyelids.

Then I began to notice her cheeks turning red, and her body felt cold.



"Wait! What's going on----Are you sick, my child?" I was reduced to tears almost immediately. I held her tightly and got up on my feet, looking around to see where I could possibly get some help.

Lady Jewel would never let me take her to the hospital, and the guards would follow her instructions. So, I had to ask one of the brothers for help.

With that in mind, I rushed upstairs again, trying to open the very first door that came into my view.

To my surprise, it was Shane's bedroom. And what I saw while holding my ill daughter in my arms made me let out a loud gasp.

"Why didn't you fucking knock?" he screamed, pulling back from a blue-haired girl and quickly covering his torso.

The girl was getting fucked down by him and I seemed to have ruined his fun night.



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