

Chapter-22*Our Daughter Is Blind*

Shane Cage:

"Fuck me," Vienna said into my ear, waiting for my cock to overpower her. I'm delighted I put her on my contact list and brought her home.

She was the one I couldn't fuck the last time because of Zelene and her slobbering kid. But I was too horny tonight to stop.

I stretched my arm between her face and shoulder, seeking her nipple as my dick entered her vagina from behind.

"Ah!" That satisfying little moan she produced was also an indicator that my cock had fallen within the target.

I made little thrusts and heard her groan loudly as I licked her face and massaged her boob. I hadn't even started when the door burst open, letting in someone whose presence quickly jolted me.

I glanced back and dropped to my knees, shooting a furious glare at Zelene.

"Why the fuck didn't you knock?" I screamed, hastily grabbing the sheet to cover my groin. I noticed Zelene sparing a glance at Vienne before stepping back and starting to wail.

"What's going on?" I yelled angrily, wondering why she was barging into my room with her baby at this hour of the night.

"I'm sorry, it was a mistake," Zelene apologized, rushing out of the bedroom, leaving me clenching my fist in frustration.

"So, where were we?" Vienne turned around, lying straight now, and ran her hand over my abs, all the way down, and tugged at the sheet, exposing my cock.

She scowled as soon as she touched my cock. The entire interaction turned me off.

"Ouch!" she said jokingly. "However, no worries. I know how to fix this," she said as she moved over on her elbows, her hand gripping my cock and guiding it into her mouth.

I was simply not in the mood for some reason. Zelene's teary eyes continued to play before my eyes, and I became agitated and worried.

What was so essential to her that she came here without knocking?

"Ah! Umm! I believe that's it for tonight," I gently grasped her head and pushed her back, getting out of bed and searching for my shorts.

"Why? I'm still feeling aroused," she pouted, showing no intention of leaving the room.

"I'll call you again," I replied impulsively, my attention now fully on Zelene and Yuna.

Her sudden arrival here had to be for a significant reason. I needed to chase after her and find out what happened.


"You're such a tease," Vienne rolled her eyes, finally getting out of bed to get dressed.

"Do I have to leave? Can't I stay over for the night? We don't have to be intimate; we can just cuddle all night," she wrapped her arms around me from behind while I was busy fixing my shirt.

"Vienne, you can't stay here. My mother doesn't allow -- you know what? Next time, I'll book a hotel room for us. Tonight, I'll have my guard drop you home," I gently extricated myself from her embrace and put on my shirt, avoiding eye contact as I knew she was looking at me.

"Have a good night," those were the final words I said to her, and I held

the door open while she shot me a stern look.

Mom was right about not bringing these girls home. They start to act like they're my girlfriends. She reluctantly walked out of the room, and I followed her to the gate. A mere gesture to my driver indicated that he should drop her off somewhere. 

As for me, I didn't have time to guide him. I hurriedly paced around the hallway in search of Zelene. My quest came to an end when I heard faint whimpers emanating from the living room.

This behavior was uncharacteristic of Zelene. She wouldn't cry like this unless it was a seriously grave matter. When I entered the living room, she hadn't even turned on the lights, and I found her sitting on the carpet instead of the couch.

"Zelene!" Upon hearing my voice, she lifted her face, revealing her swollen eyes.

"What happened?" I promptly knelt in front of her, scanning her appearance. She seemed okay, but the way she clutched her daughter close to her made my heart skip a beat.

"She is not waking up," she finally spoke, and her words sent shivers down my spine.

Despite denying any emotional connection to the baby, her statement hit me harder than expected. "What are you saying? Give her to me," panic laced my voice as I swiftly took Yuna from her arms and examined her face. She was turning blue, but I could still detect her breathing.

"Get up and come to my room," I instructed Zelene, hurrying back to my room with Yuna cradled in my arms. I no longer felt repulsed by her pale skin; all that mattered now was her well-being.

Once in my room, I placed Yuna on my bed and watched Zelene sit beside her, crying her heart out.

"Axel!" I quickly called him to see if we could come up with a solution.

"Hm?" I assumed he was sleeping, but fortunately, he answered my call. "Get Oscar and come to my room," I ordered, sensing some resistance from his end.

"Why, what happened now?" he complained, yawning.

"The baby—she's dying," I uttered, and Zelene raised her head, her eyes wide with horror written all over her face.

"Wait, what the heck?" Axel exclaimed before I heard him rushing out of the door. I hung up because I knew he would come here after fetching Oscar.

"Why did you say that? She's not dying, right?" Zelene innocently gazed at me, hoping for some reassurance to ease her worries.

"She's turning blue, and her heartbeat is irregular," I felt an immense burden of guilt, having to tell a mother that her child's condition was critical.

"No! That can't be. We can get her help. We should take her to the hospital," she whispered, appearing fragile and vulnerable.

"Zelene! My mom wouldn't allow us to take her to the hospital," I approached her, sitting in front of her on the bed to make her understand that it wasn't an option. If anyone spotted this child, they would quickly inform the pack members, and it would cause unrest.

"What? Are you going to wait for your mommy to decide whether your child should get help or die?" something in Zelene switched, and she looked at me with so much anger that it caught me off guard.

"What's going on?" Oscar and Axel rushed into the room, voicing their concerns in unison before their eyes fell upon Yuna.

"I don't know," I said as I got up from the bed, allowing them to deal with Zelene's anger. Her emotions towards me caught me off guard, and I couldn't comprehend why it hurt so much. I felt a sense of incompetence creeping in.

Axel and Oscar leaned over Yuna, examining her, and then turned to me with the same worried expression I had earlier.

"Let me call my mom; she must know what to do," Zelene insisted, and without delay, I handed her my phone. She made the call, pulling over to the side, and pacing anxiously while speaking with her mother. I figured her mother would know what to do since she had experience with little babies.

Nevertheless, we found ourselves in a difficult situation. If her mother suggested taking Yuna to the hospital, we would face scrutiny for not complying.

"What do you think happened to her?" Oscar whispered cautiously, making sure Zelene couldn't hear us.

"Maybe the Moon Goddess found out that we aren't addressing the issue with the weresin, and she decided to intervene," Axel suggested, and we fell into a contemplative silence as we looked at the child.

Though she was different, she was still an innocent baby. How could someone harm a child and believe it was an act of justice?

"What should we do?" Oscar asked, recognizing that Zelene wouldn't easily let go of the situation. Can we blame her? After all, this is her baby. No mother would stand by and watch her daughter die without demanding immediate care.

I could sense hesitation from my brothers as well. It was as if we were unsure how long we could bear to witness the baby's suffering.

"Let me see what I can do," Axel straightened his back and made a call on

his phone. Given that he had access to information about the wolves, he might also know someone knowledgeable about infants.

"Got it," he hung up and turned to me. "We need to pat her on the back," he explained.

His words baffled me. I stared at his face, clueless about what he meant by "pat on the back."

"Wait, you're saying we're going to pat her on the back for dying? Seriously, that's too much," Oscar complained, and Axel vehemently shook his head.

Axel frowned at us, then took the baby and turned her upside down. My heart almost stopped as I checked if Zelene was still not watching.

"Dude, don't do it!" I almost raised my voice, gripping my hair in disbelief, thinking my brother had lost his mind. But before I could snatch Yuna from his hands, he began patting her back rather vigorously.

Clearly, Yuna wasn't a regular child, but Axel's unconventional method worked. Yuna began crying loudly, and we shared a triumphant glance, smiling in relief.

"Fuck yes!" I couldn't help but exclaim, "See! Just like her papa, she's so strong," my words escaping before I could think. My brothers looked at me with scrutiny, making me feel self-conscious.

"Anyway, she's fine now," Axel wrapped her back in her blanket, and we watched as she cried and raised her hands.

"Umm! Where is Zelene? I think she's looking for comfort," feeling awkward and unsure of what to do, I decided to let the mother take care of her child. We all stood awkwardly around her while she sought comfort.

"Here, I know what to do," Oscar pulled his favorite pen out of his pocket

and held it up for her instead of using his finger. Surprisingly, she held the pen and instantly stopped crying.

"Phew!" I breathed a sigh of relief, attempting to calm my nerves, but as I did, she opened her eyes, and I noticed something else.

When Oscar held the pen up for her, she almost didn't seem to see it.

This made me curious, and I decided to try something. I held my fingers above her and moved them, noticing how she didn't react at all. A strange pang of sorrow rushed through my body.

And then, another shock struck me, "Guys! I think Yuna is blind."

The revelation stunned them. They gulped before leaning over her. It was evident with her white retinas. I couldn't understand why we hadn't noticed it before, but it was clear now. Yuna wouldn't respond to sounds or make any noises.

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