

## Chapter -26\*The Horny Alpha Mate\*

Zelene Sallow:

"What do you mean when you say she can finally see?" I asked, tears blurring my vision. I couldn't believe he said that.

"Nothing. I was just mentioning----" he tried to come up with an excuse, but the way he avoided my gaze suggested that he knew something I didn't.

"Shane! Tell me," I insisted, holding his gaze without breaking eye contact.

"I—I mean, not just me. The others also noticed that Yuna doesn't respond to voices or follow our hand movements. So we thought maybe she might be----" he trailed off, realizing I had broken down as soon as I grasped everything.

I sat down with Yuna, sobbing uncontrollably, while snapping my fingers around her.

They were not entirely wrong, though.

How could I have missed this before?

My heart felt like it had stopped beating, and my breaths seemed insignificant. It was as if someone had drained all hope and energy from me.

"I don't think she's blind. Oscar was the one who suggested it," Shane clarified, raising his hands as he observed me crying.

I wasn't sure if he even cared. Perhaps it was better for them if the child they called evil couldn't see.



"Stop crying, look, there is some color in her eyes now," he leaned over, holding my hands to uncover my face, making me look at him, and then down at my daughter.

My sobs subsided when I realized he wasn't making it up. There was indeed a little color in her eyes.

"Don't touch me," I quickly pulled my wrists free and grunted, "Don't pretend like any of this affects you. You'd rather have her blind--" I rambled incoherently until he groaned, silencing me.

"I'm not a monster," he replied defensively.

"Did it hurt that bad? Imagine calling a child a monster," I retorted, sniffing as I was still in tears.

"I didn't call her a monster. It was in the prophecy," he explained aggressively, using numerous hand gestures and a harsh tone.

"But you didn't care. You didn't defend her. I understand that you all hate me, but what has she ever done to you? A father should protect his child, no matter what. Yet you guys were the first ones to point a finger at her and label her a monster," I muttered, unafraid to remind him of how they acted when they first saw her.

Obviously, he fell silent now. He could tell that I had overheard everything when they were determining her fate.

"By the way, I would have taken her to the hospital," he remarked as he walked away.

"After your mother had given you permission," I argued with a scoff, gently patting my little daughter's chest.

"I did stand up for you today. I took a stand, even when I knew it upset my



mom, and now I'm wondering why I did that," he sighed and flopped onto the bed, his arms spread out and his legs hanging off the edge.

"Already regretting it?" I mumbled, not sparing him any taunts.

"Zelene! If you don't shut up now, I'll be damned if I—" he groaned, letting his alpha ego take another hit.

"Kick me out?" I rolled my eyes at the obvious threat.

"I'll silence you in some other way," his tone shifted, and he breathed heavily. Fearfully, I turned my head to him and watched him raise his head from the bed, looking at me intensely.

"Do you want to know the ways to silence someone?" he raised his brow, playfulness evident in his voice.

His single gesture had turned my cheeks red, and I quickly looked away, not wanting him to kiss me. But his mere talk about it confused me. After all, they hate me with all their might. The thought of touching me or considering me their mate disgusted them.

"You became quiet so quickly," the disappointment in his voice didn't bother me. He must not think how desperate I am for his touch.

"What happened? Already imagining something?" he persisted, trying to make me feel uneasy.

"Can you just be quiet?" I groaned softly, hoping he would stop.

"Why don't you silence me yourself?" he retorted, and I gasped, staring at his face in disbelief.

Was he so horny that every conversation had to turn into something sexual for him?



"Don't give me that look, or I might end up making a mistake," he whispered, causing me to gulp nervously. I closed my eyes to avoid meeting his gaze.

"I still want to go to the Royal library," I insisted once again, but my gaze remained on Yuna.

"I'll get you access," he replied calmly, not making a fuss about it or mentioning asking his mom.

He was back to lying like a dressing spread on salad. Firstly, he was huge, and then he didn't realize it either.

I stood in my spot, lost in thoughts while looking at my daughter, when I heard Shane call Oscar and ask him to come to our room.

Oscar was in charge of the Royal library. This raised my hopes. Lately, Shane had been acting slightly different, showing concern and affection not only for me but also for my daughter.

However, I couldn't help but wonder what game he was playing.

"Yes?" Oscar's arrival pulled me back from my pool of thoughts.

"Is she okay?" Oscar asked Shane instead of me upon seeing the dry blood on my dress.

"She got into an altercation with Jessica. Her father arrived and hit her," Shane sat up in bed, his head down, and his fingers itching through his scalp as he delivered the information to his brother.

"What? Jessica's father laid a finger on her?" Oscar almost whispered, as if he couldn't believe it.

"And they were forcing her to be at Jessica's feet. It was a whole mess,



and I can't believe Mom was a part of it," Shane continued to whisper, not noticing that I was listening to them.

"What the hell! Since when did we start doing that?" Oscar remained shocked, and I secretly rolled my eyes at them for not remembering how I was dragged out of their mansion and had shoes thrown at me.

"Everything is fine for now. I arrived in time and stopped that whole 'pat Jessica's ego' thing," Shane replied before getting off the bed.

"I actually called you here for something else," he then told his brother in the softest tone, "she found out about her daughter's possible blindness and deafness." Hearing those words again made my heart burst open.

I clenched my fists but managed to calm myself down. He said he could see some color; maybe she would be able to see soon?

"Oh! How?" Oscar asked curiously.

"I don't know. She must have noticed it herself," Shane lied, not wanting to get entangled in the mess that was actually my fate playing with me once again.

"Now she wants to visit the Royal library to learn more about Yuna," the way Shane called her name, not referring to her as a weresin, was the first time I ever felt him humanizing my baby.

I waited patiently for Oscar's response. It was clear that Shane wanted to help, but I couldn't say the same for Oscar. As the silence thickened, my hopes began to fade. But then Oscar responded very tenderly, "Let's go then."

I didn't wait for Shane to call my name; I had heard the decision, and I



was satisfied. I instantly got up from my spot and carried Yuna in my arms. The two brothers watched me and then looked at Yuna.

"How about I hold her?" Shane paused, seemingly seeking for my approval.

He might have been prepared for that, as Oscar quickly glanced at him with a quizzical expression.

"It's fine. I'm holding her," I replied, nodding my head in gratitude for his attempt to assist.

"You are still badly injured, Zelene. You might drop her," Shane walked up to me and took Yuna out of my arms, without showing any revulsion.

Tears welled up in my eyes at the sight, but I held them back quietly.

I had no desires for myself, but I desperately wanted my daughter to be accepted by her fathers.

The way she is, she is unique and will need a powerful father to protect her from all the harm that might come her way.

Oscar remained silent, while Shane and I proceeded towards the library.

After a few seconds, Oscar caught up with his brother, while I lingered a few steps behind them.

Oscar's gaze remained fixed on Shane, undoubtedly pondering why his brother was holding Yuna.

The Royal library was located in the mansion's basement. With Oscar's help, we obtained access without any difficulties. As we descended the stairs, I couldn't shake off the uneasiness about what I might uncover about weresins.



"Here!" Oscar gestured towards the array of shelves before me.

The library was vast, and it was no surprise that all the spell books and prophecies were concealed here.

"Thank you," I expressed my gratitude to Oscar before heading towards the categorized shelves. Preparing myself for an extensive reading session, I gathered my hair in a ponytail.

I perused through several shelves of prophecies until Oscar decided to join me.

"Go for W or F," he suggested, leading me to the next set of shelves.

Yuna remained calm in Shane's arms, so I wasn't concerned about her.

As we arrived at the F shelf, we came across a particular book titled 'Frosters and the Shared DNA Twins.'

"Twins?" I furrowed my brow, puzzled by the mention of twins in the title.

"Yuna had a twin?" Oscar observed and inquired.

"No!" I replied with certainty, shaking my head to emphasize my response.

"Hm, let's see what it's about," Oscar whispered, drawing closer and gently touching my hand as he reached for the book. 1

His touch caught me off guard, and I involuntarily gulped before pulling my hand away from his.

We settled around a small round table nestled between the shelves, sitting quite close to each other. I wasn't sure why he wanted to read it



with me, but I couldn't object, considering he was the one who granted me permission to access the library.

He had pulled his stool so close that I could feel his breath on my neck as he buried his head to read.

I started shuffling through the pages, but I noticed that the table of contents had something red smeared on it, making it difficult to read.

In haste, we flipped through the pages, searching for any mention of the weresin.

Before we could even decide what to read, I noticed some torn pages and decided to investigate their content first.

"Here! It says," I pointed my finger at the bottom of the page before the torn section and read it out loud, "The twins will share DNA and a series of duplicate events. Only one of the babies will carry the weresin, the other will-----," I paused as the subsequent pages were missing.

Silence fell between us. Oscar and I exchanged a glance before he spoke, "It's not about Yuna. They are talking about you and your twi-----n."

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