Chapter-27*He Kissed Me So Gently*

Zelene Sallow:

"You never mentioned having a twin," Oscar and Shane trailed behind me after an exhaustive search for weresin-related materials in the vast library.

"It's unbelievable that such a crucial subject has only one surviving book, and even that one was mostly destroyed," I murmured, rolling my eyes at the two of them.

Shane was still clinging to Yuna, and I was growing impatient with him.

"But the book stated—," Oscar interrupted, darting in front of me and blocking the entrance to Shane's bedroom.

"Move! It's been too long, and I need to feed Yuna," I groaned, feeling irritated, and only then did he step aside.

Finally, I could cradle my daughter and sit down on the couch when I noticed the two of them shamelessly standing there, completely disregarding my need for privacy.

"Could you please give me some space?" I objected, and Shane slapped his forehead for being thoughtless, turning his back along with his brother.

It was incredibly annoying to have them hovering around while I fed my baby.

"Listen, I want to make it clear that I don't have a twin, alright? The book's reference could pertain to anyone or anything. I'm not the sole person with a white wolf, and my daughter isn't the only weresin out

there," I said dismissively, recalling Vera.

Her wolf didn't resemble a typical one; it appeared more like a mere animal, a ferocious one. I couldn't help but think about the stories I had heard of some werewolves transforming into full wolves permanently. They were called NightWisps.

As I observed her wolf, those tales came rushing back to my mind.

"What do you mean by that?" Shane inquired, still facing away alongside Oscar. The two were so large that they blocked out the light.

"I caught a glimpse of Vera's wolf," I shrugged, while still tending to my daughter.

"Oh! Her wolf is unique, but it's not malevolent," Oscar promptly defended his friend, and that annoyed me.

"Wow! So when it's about your friend, you rush to defend her, but when it concerns my little daughter—sorry, OUR daughter—is she suddenly a monster?" I emphasized the word "our," watching their bodies tense up.

"Vera's wolf attempted to kill me, and yet she's considered not evil, while my infant daughter merely breathes, and suddenly she's labeled a monster. Talk about hypocrisy," I muttered, clenching my jaw in frustration.

No matter how hard I try to forget what they did, those memories will always linger in the back of my mind.

"Listen! What Vera experiences is different. She's not allowed to roam freely. She takes wolfsbane to control herself, and on full moon nights, she's even chained up," Shane tried his best to explain it to me.

"You can come up with all these excuses," I scoffed, not interested in hearing them defend Vera.

"It's not as if we've harmed Yuna. Initially, we were going through the motions of signing the papers because we were told it was necessary to protect all werewolf kind. However, we had a change of heart. That should indicate something about our connection with her," Oscar began talking, trying to make himself sound good by emphasizing the minimal effort he had put into caring for Yuna.

"Oh, of course! I'm so grateful that you go through the trouble of getting things for her, only to drop them on the floor for me to fetch," I acknowledged, recognizing that I was still harboring bitterness towards them, making it hard for me to appreciate their small acts of kindness.

"That was in the beginning. Everyone was acting out. Shane did some hurtful things too," Oscar defended himself, giving Shane a slap on the back, causing his muscles to tense up at the mention of his name.

"Don't bring me into this. I've improved a lot," Shane grunted, retaliating with a hit of his own.

I couldn't believe these two were grown adults, bickering like children. Despite that, I must admit that Shane had been acting considerably differently and more understanding than the others.

"Are you finished? Because we need to discuss a few things," Shane grew impatient, but by this point, I had reminded myself of how they treated me, and I was no longer interested in whatever they wanted to talk about.

"I'm done, but I'm feeling sleepy now," I said, and as soon as they turned away, I gently put Yuna down, stretching my body and letting out a yawn.

"Doesn't what you read shake you a little?" Oscar asked, receiving a prompt elbow from Shane, who gestured to lower his voice since Yuna was sleeping.

"No! I don't have a twin, and neither does my daughter. So, I don't want to waste my time on that," I argued, waiting for them to walk away so that I could finally take a peaceful nap.

The two seemed to have no other purpose than to be fixated on the twin theory, and I simply didn't have the energy to deal with it—at least not right now.

I had plans to talk to my mother soon, but she hadn't returned home yet.

"Fine. Go and sleep on the bed with Yuna," Shane mumbled under his breath, as if he didn't want Oscar to pay too much attention to his request. However, Oscar noticed, and he turned around completely to stare at his brother.

"I'll head to my room as well," Oscar uttered, glancing at Yuna before hesitating, seemingly unsure of what to do. However, the presence of his brother seemed to halt his steps.

"Cool, good night!" Shane said, observing Oscar as he left.

"Go," Shane repeated, insisting that I should take the bed.

"I'm fine here," I replied, settling down on the floor. I waited for Shane to leave, but when he didn't, I sensed that he had something else in mind.

Suddenly, he moved quickly, getting close to me and grabbing my arm, pulling me up to face him.

"Hey! Let me go," I muttered, grunting and immediately trying to break

free from his grip.

"I'm not touching you," he quickly raised his hands, showing that he had let go of my arm, but he remained standing very close to me.

"I said I don't want to sleep in your bed," I muttered, "I don't want either of you to accuse me of trying to seduce you."

My comment was a reaction to what they had said about me in the past, and I wanted to avoid any potential misunderstandings.

"Don't be stubborn. Go sleep in bed. Do you want Yuna to lay uncomfortably on this couch?" he hunched over and whispered in my face, his eyes scanning my features before fixating on my lips, and I noticed him gulp nervously.

At that moment, feeling flustered, I quickly averted my gaze from his face and turned my head to the side. Shane rubbed the back of his neck, appearing guilty in response to my discomfort.

I gave myself a nod, then gently picked up Yuna and carried her to his bed, settling in beside her. It felt awkward being in such a comfortable bed after such a long time. As I lay down and my head touched the soft pillow, tears started to well up in my eyes.

Shane settled himself on the couch, adjusting awkwardly because of his large frame not fitting well on the furniture.

As I sobbed into the pillow, I became acutely aware of how much I had matured at just nineteen years old. I didn't care about my own feelings or whether I was getting enough sleep. My entire world now revolved around my daughter. But amidst taking care of her, I couldn't help but feel a deep sense of loneliness. There was no one to take care of me, and

that realization saddened me.

"Are you crying?" His whisper came just as my eyes were closed, tears streaming down on his pillow. Startled, I didn't open my eyes.

"Don't worry, I'm sure she will be able to see soon," Shane whispered, and I could feel his body moving closer, wrapping his arms around me from behind.

I hugged myself tightly as he laid behind me, surprising me with his unexpected closeness. At first, I was stunned, almost frozen, considering all the complaints I had about him. Yet, in that moment, all I really wanted was someone to offer comfort, to stay beside me and reassure me that 'everything will be fine.'

"As for Yuna!" he whispered, now even closer. "I will make sure no harm comes her way."

Those words were exactly what I needed to hear. For some reason, he had decided to provide me with the best comfort just as I was about to doze off.

Thankfully, that was all. He got up immediately after his comforting words, possibly sensing that I was shaking. The idea of getting intimate with someone triggered a flashback of the severe punishment I had faced the last time.

He walked to the other side of the bed and settled in, bending over to gently kiss Yuna on the head.

It was a big shock, and I couldn't quite grasp how I felt about it. He paused for a few seconds, and then he leaned forward, hunching down to plant a tender kiss on my head.

My heart did a flip inside my chest as I clutched onto the sheets tightly while he moved away to settle on the couch.

With the night ending with my baby's father promising to protect her, I fell asleep peacefully for the first time in a long while.

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