Chapter-28*A She-Wolf To Toy With*

Axel Leon:

Ever since I discovered the chance that Yuna might be both blind and deaf, I couldn't find any peace.

A sense of restlessness gripped me so tightly that staying home for the night became impossible.

I chose to head out for a match when Jessica's messages started flooding my phone.

The very last thing I wanted was to argue with her, which seemed to be the trend lately.

Our dynamic had shifted. Or perhaps I should say, I had changed.

I had seen Jessica as a friend for some time, but then after the heartbreak, she convinced me to accept her as my girlfriend to help me move forward.

Nevertheless, I hadn't truly moved on.

"Yes?" I answered her call wearily, perched in my car on the street, anticipating my turn to step into the ring."Do you know what happened at the mansion today?" she began, her voice choked with hysterical sobs.

"Jessica! What's wrong? Why are you so upset?" I questioned, utterly perplexed. She seemed to be gasping and crying as if she had lost her wolf.

"I went to the mansion to see you," she said with a sniffle, pausing as a hiccup interrupted her. "And can you believe who I ran into? I crossed

paths with Zelene," she cried out, and I lowered my head, shaking it slowly.I wished I had personally informed her or asked her father to break the news. Now she had learned about it in the most distressing manner.

"And explain to me, why am I discovering this about her just now, and not weeks ago when she returned to your lives?" she interrogated, causing me to release a tired sigh in response.

"I thought your father might have discussed it with you," I fibbed, aware he hadn't. Otherwise, she would've bombarded my phone with messages until I divulged everything.

"Well, he's already received his scolding. Now it's your turn," she spat from the other end.

"Not only did you bring her back and now have a child with her, but do you know what else occurred?" she persisted, her questions becoming tiresome, reminding me why I never wanted to date her.

She threw herself at me, claiming it would make my ex jealous and provoke her into wanting me back. But then she completely disregarded our arrangement and acted as if we were genuinely in a relationship.

She even got her father involved when I attempted to break things off with her.

"Jessica, I'm waiting for my turn to fight. Can we discuss this some other time?" I leaned my head back against the chair and let out a sigh.

I had just learned that my daughter might have a lifelong visual impairment, and this girl was needlessly creating drama.

"No! You have to hear me out. Zelene physically confronted me," she

murmured and scoffed, causing me to sit up straight in my chair and furrow my brow.

"You two had a physical altercation?" I asked, taken aback. This wasn't the path I wanted things to take.

For Zelene to resort to violence, something significant must have occurred. Or perhaps there was an aspect of her personality that I had remained oblivious to?

"No! She attacked me. I didn't even provoke her. She spotted me and pounced, her nails digging into my skin. Thankfully, my father showed up just in time and rescued me," she sobbed hysterically from the other end. I remained stunned that Zelene had acted in such a manner.

"Did Mom find out about this?" I inquired, genuinely worried. My mother had given Zelene permission to be at the mansion after a lot of consideration. If Mom were to discover that Zelene had laid a hand on the Royal Gamma's daughter, her reaction would be intense.

I shook my head at the notion. How had Zelene landed herself in such a mess?

'We need to return home to ensure Mom doesn't punish her harshly,' I communicated with my wolf, who was silently absorbing my thoughts.

'You still care about her? Even after what she's put us through?' I anticipated Axe's objection. I couldn't fault him. He seemed to be emotionally stirred whenever her name came up.

It felt peculiar that, despite everything, I couldn't erase the memory of her being my first crush.

"Yes, she discovered what occurred and requested Zelene to apologize.

But can you guess what transpired next?" Jessica's incessant chatter continued. It was one thing after another. I'm not sure what gave her the impression that I was invested in her gossip, but to be completely honest, I was growing weary of her antics.

"Your brother showed up. Shane appeared and unleashed his anger on all of us," her words finally caught my attention.

I straightened up, focusing intently as I narrowed my gaze into space.

"He was furious with her for mistreating Zelene. He even went so far as to threaten my father, while your mother was left speechless by his actions," every word she spoke stirred an unsettling feeling within me.

I couldn't stand for anyone to disrespect my mother, especially not for someone like Zelene who had shown little regard for any of us, while our mother had been a constant source of care and support.

"Shane disrespected Mom?" I inquired once more, my confusion regarding his behavior still unresolved.

"He did. Your mother was on the verge of tears. I understand he yelled and threatened my father as well, but your mother—Axel! Lady Jewel has cared for you guys as if you were her own sons. Why would Shane treat her like this?" Jessica's words struck a chord of agreement.This situation shouldn't have escalated to this extent.

The realization that Shane had changed within a mere span of weeks and seemingly forgot the agony Zelene had inflicted on me shattered my heart.

I nodded to myself as my gaze settled on the announcer, who gestured for me.

"Look, I have to go. I'll handle this matter and also offer an apology to your father on her behalf," I spoke softly, empathizing with Jessica's situation.

I was already plagued with shame for getting caught up in an affair with Zelene on that cursed night while I was still with Jessica, and now this additional complication."Okay!" She abruptly ended the call. I could only imagine the turmoil she must be going through after discovering I have a child with Zelene.

I exited my car with a surge of pent-up energy and a boiling anger that was ready to be unleashed on anyone standing against me today.

I strode rapidly towards the designated street, where an open fight was about to unfold. There, some prisoners were in chains, serving as spectators to witness the entire combat.

The moment I stepped into the middle, a hushed silence fell over the crowd.Of course, I wasn't exactly popular among them.

I was accustomed to winning fights and receiving no cheers. The inmates secretly hoped that one day, one of them would be the one to take me down.

A massive, bulky man with a portion of his face revealing his wolfish features stepped into view. He stretched his neck, emitting a growl as he readied himself to engage in combat.

Amidst the chaotic backdrop of a bustling street, tensions soared, reaching their boiling point as we squared off in a ferocious confrontation. The atmosphere was electric with anticipation as I unleashed a relentless barrage of punches on the wild opponent. With each strike, the crowd winced, anticipating the impact.Nevertheless, the

other fighter, undeterred by my hits, rose to his feet and began launching punches in my direction.

My movements were fluid and precise, expertly evading each punch with a remarkable finesse. Amidst all the concerns that weighed on me, my focus remained unbroken, centered on the ache that had gripped me upon learning about my daughter's condition.

As the massive man's frustration mounted, his strikes became more erratic and desperate. However, despite his intense efforts, not one of his blows found its mark. Slowly, I capitalized on his growing weariness and overreach, striking with lightning-like speed and impeccable accuracy. The man, bewildered and battered, eventually crumbled to the ground. Having taken not a single hit, I emerged as the victorious fighter.No one cheered for me, but a girl on a building clapped to show she was happy about my win.

I walked forward and lifted my head before leaving the street.

I didn't know that some she-wolves liked watching these fights for fun.

"They're just jealous, you know," the girl jumped down from the building and came to my car. Leaning against the door, she crossed her arms over her chest.I had to wait a few minutes to get the next fight schedule from the announcer. So, I was stuck dealing with her.

"You were really good in there," she complimented, seeming confidently at ease.

"I didn't know someone was interested in - - -," I began to say, but she clicked her tongue and wagged her finger at me.

"You mean a she-wolf. Why not? Can't a she-wolf like fights?" she

questioned, flipping her blue ponytail and adjusting her leather gloves.

I got a clear look at her outfit, which clearly showed her interests. She wore a leather top and pants, had a backpack on, and her blue hair was up in a high ponytail.

"You can call me Vee, by the way," she said, extending her hand for a handshake.

"I'm—," as I started to introduce myself, she moved closer and took my hand, whispering in my ear, "Who doesn't know Alpha Axel?"

I stood still as she pulled back, a wider smile on her lips now.

"I guess you're going somewhere. Would you mind dropping me off?" she asked, adding before I could respond, "We could grab some beer on the way to celebrate your win." She walked over to the passenger side and raised an eyebrow at me.

"You're quite stubborn, aren't you?" I managed to string together a complete sentence. Somehow, she seemed like a good distraction for the moment.

We went to a bar and took a seat, downing our drinks. She had been giving me odd looks the whole time.

There was something in her gaze that hinted she might want more, but I could have been mistaken.

For my part, that was the extent of my interest – someone to have drinks with, nothing beyond.

My suspicions were confirmed when she gradually extended her hand across the table, aiming to hold mine. I quickly pulled my hand away.

"I apologize if I gave you the wrong impression," I mumbled with a sigh.

"No worries. At least you joined me for a drink," she responded, taking the rejection gracefully. She even tried to lighten the mood by joking, taking the bottle, and taking a direct swig from it.

"You seem upset. Even during your fight, you didn't toy with the guy before finishing him off in a few minutes," her comments struck a chord with me. It was as if she had known me for a while, though I'd never seen her before.

"Don't give me that look. I've been a fan for some time. You usually let your opponents get a few hits in, making them believe they might actually win before you crush their hopes. But tonight was different. You seemed to be channeling your anger," she was right. There was a lot of pent-up anger inside me, stemming from the time she betrayed me and chose my brother over me.

Now, with a daughter who held so much resentment towards me, I hesitated to show any affection. It was a complex situation, especially considering I had once contemplated signing her death papers.

"I think I should head home," I decided, the conversation with Jessica echoing in my mind. It made me wonder if Shane still believed me, or if doubts about Zelene's innocence were beginning to arise in his mind.

"Keep my number, in case you're in the mood one day," she jotted down her number on a napkin, adding a lipstick kiss mark, and handed it to me.

With my mind preoccupied by many thoughts, I stashed it in my pocket and exited the bar.