Chapter-29*He Will Always Pick Her*

Zelene Sallow:

Upon waking up, I realized I was alone in the bedroom with Yuna. It was hard to believe I had slept through the entire night like a baby, aside from a few hours when I had to tend to Yuna. But overall, it was the best sleep I'd had.

"Hey!" I smiled at Yuna, but the reminder of her condition slowly erased my smile. The bedroom door opened simultaneously, and a maid walked in, carrying a tray loaded with food. The mere sight of it caused my stomach to growl.

"Alpha Shane isn't in the room," I quickly informed her as I watched her place the tray on the bed.

I didn't want them to later accuse me of letting the food get cold when I could have informed them that he wasn't in the room.

"I know. He had asked me to leave food for you on his bed," the maid said as she continued arranging the items on the bed table. I was taken aback. Not just by his actions, but also by the realization that I was restricted to eating only what was provided for the maids. But now he had instructed the maid to bring me the same food that the royals were having.

"If you require anything else, please inform me," she said, and after I nodded, she exited the room.

'Why do you think he's doing all this? Does he want something from us?' I asked Zey, my gaze fixed on the food, making my mouth water.

'What could we possibly offer him?' Zey countered.

'I'm not sure. Maybe a confession? Maybe he wants to force me to admit that I made a mistake by sleeping with all of them?' I kept my eyes on the food in front of me as I continued to voice my concerns.

'It's not as if they care. Our confession doesn't matter. They've already labeled us as guilty,' she was right once again. Still, I couldn't simply trust his actions.

After he kicked me out of the pack and never bothered to check on me, now he was behaving as if he had loved me forever. Even the one who used to have feelings for me doesn't care anymore.

'Let's eat. We can think about all of this later,' Zey advised, and I could sense that the aroma of food had already reached my nose, making my stomach rumble.

It was the most satisfying meal I'd had in so long. In fact, it was the first time I had eaten so well. I didn't even wait to chew; I devoured all the pancakes, moved on to the hash browns, finished the plate, and then moved on to tuna sandwiches.

"Ahhh! I'm so full," I complained while rubbing my belly.

Moving was becoming difficult, and I suddenly remembered that I needed to call my mother. But at the same time, I recalled that I had lost an old blanket in Ray's room – a blanket my mother had brought for Yuna from our childhood home. I could only imagine how challenging it must have been for her to convince her ex-husband to let her take those items.

I decided to head to Ray's room and retrieve the blanket before Yuna noticed it was missing and started crying for hours. Moreover, since it was almost 10 am, I assumed Ray would be out.

Hurrying out of the room, I only had to take a few steps to reach his room. Unfortunately, my bad luck seemed to shine right in front of me when I collided with a rather unsettling member of the mansion.

The one who hadn't yet become officially an alpha king's Luna, but I knew I had to get used to seeing her.

"Who's there?" Vera questioned before turning around, and despite my intention to escape, she spotted me. "Ah, Zelene!"

The expression on her face, as she saw me entering her mate's room, reminded me of the woods where she had attacked me.

"I lost Yuna's blanket in here," I explained, my head down as I moved towards the couch, hoping to avoid eye contact to prevent any potential argument. Yet, it seemed she was seeking one, so she approached and positioned herself behind me.

"Are you referring to this?" Her voice from behind me caused me to turn around and look at the blanket she was holding.

"Oh yes! I must have forgotten it—" I had barely reached out for it when she dropped it on the ground and deliberately stepped on it.

"Did you truly believe you could walk into the mansion and have every brother swooning over you?" She locked eyes with me, masking her tone with both animosity and judgment.

I felt a surge of anger. She could hurt me, but to take away my daughter's comfort was crossing a line.

"Huh! Says the one who had her eyes on another she-wolf's mate," I muttered, standing my ground.

She gave a sarcastic smirk, as if confirming something to herself. "Ah, I see you're gaining some confidence. What's the matter? Is that monstrous child of yours giving you some sort of reassurance?" Her bitter tone was enough for me to let out a small laugh.

Seeing me laugh at her seemed to wipe the smirk off her face.

"Monster? Let me ask you something, Vera. What is your wolf?" My words seemed to pierce her ears like a haunting melody, as her eyes brimmed with tears, whether from anger or other emotions.

"I wouldn't dare do that to someone Alpha Ray loves," she pointed her finger at her chest, a clear warning for me to avoid going down that path.

I offered her a smile and glanced around. That's when I spotted the glass vase, a new addition to the room's decor.

"I brought that for Alpha Ray. You see, he appreciates what I do for him. I treat him well. I changed his room's decor and color scheme, and he liked it. Something you couldn't manage," she shrugged, her fingers grazing the glass vase.

I had a feeling she might retaliate in some way, especially after she had wrecked a significant portion of his decor the other day. However, it was the other remarks she made that really bothered me. She seemed to have always been at the forefront of his thoughts, catering to her preferences and likes.

"Right!" I nodded, picking up the vase to inspect it. I observed her smirk growing wider, likely taking pride in having presented him with something expensive.

At that moment, I let the vase slip from my grasp, and it crashed to the

floor, shattering into pieces.

"Ah!" She emitted a small yelp and hastily stepped away from the broken glass. Then, she lifted her head, locking eyes with me, her glare filled with fury.

"How dare you," she shouted, but before she could advance towards me, I snatched a piece of glass from the floor and aimed it at her.

"Do anything, and I won't hold back. Let's see how many times your wolf can emerge before it consumes your human side, leaving you nothing more than Alpha Ray's pet," I yelled, my voice resolute, as I stooped to retrieve my daughter's blanket. She had pushed too far this time.

I observed her heavy breathing and tears welling in her eyes. That's when Ray stormed into the room, having heard the commotion. My hand was bloody from the sharp glass, but I still held it, poised to protect myself.

She took a step back as she noticed him entering, scanning the area around us.

"Look at what she's done. She shattered my gift," she didn't wail or make a scene, but her voice was laden with emotion.

"Thank you for bringing her back. Now I have a constant reminder in front of me that I'm just another monster," her voice faltered, yet she maintained her composure.

"What's happening here, and why are you holding that?" Ray's voice dripped with anger as he seized the glass from my grip. Drops of blood fell to the floor as Vera scoffed.

"She's calling me a monster," she pressed on, tears gathering in her eyes.

"Vera! It doesn't matter what she says. I know who you are, alright? You're not a monster. You're my mate," Ray turned swiftly towards her, cradling her face in his hands, trying to make her see his sincerity. She didn't break down, though.

"I'll go now," she murmured, gently removing his hands from her face before stepping away from us, visibly trembling as she exited the room.

Mixed emotions swirled within me as I observed Ray slap his forehead in frustration before fixing his gaze on me.

"Why did you say that to her?" he raised his voice, his frustration evident. "And the fact that you were threatening her—," he continued, referring to me holding the shard of glass towards her.

"I did that to protect myself. It should be clear that I did it in self-defense, or she would have attacked me," I argued, suppressing my own emotions as they seemed insignificant.

"Of course, she'd be angry. You broke her gift. Do you even know how much it's worth?" he continued to shout, disregarding the blood trickling from my palm.

"Are you guys going to pay for the damages?" he yelled, attempting to step closer and intimidate me further, only to find that I wasn't retreating.

"And what's that?" His gaze landed on the blanket, but he likely wouldn't recognize it since he had never given his daughter the attention he bestowed on Vera.

"This is my—" I was cut off as he snatched it from my grasp.

"Is this Vera's?" he inquired before unfolding it and realizing its identity.

"Give it back to me!" I raised my voice, realizing I needed to be assertive since he wasn't inclined to listen.

I reclaimed the blanket and stared at him, my eyes filled with tears.

"Go ask your mate why she stepped on your—my daughter's blanket. She's not as innocent as you think," it pained me to have to remind him that she wasn't flawless either, though I knew it likely wouldn't matter to him. In his eyes, I would always be the one at fault.

"You broke her vase. What else did you expect from her?" he scoffed, and as his words caused me to take a step back, observing his face with a judgmental glare, he cleared his throat and added, "I'll have it cleaned."

He extended his hand, indicating that I should hand over the blanket, but the damage had already been done. There was no way he could ever clean what had become tainted between us.

"No need. I'll leave and try to find a way to repay for your precious vase," I responded, my voice cracking, indicating that I understood he valued the vase more than he did Yuna and me.

"No need. I don't need you to beg my brothers for money," his words were a clear jab.

I didn't plan to stick around and listen to his mockery. Instead, I exited the room and found his secretary stationed outside, engrossed in a phone call.

"He's looking for a female werewolf to accompany him to a strip club. Can we arrange that?" he inquired on the call, immediately capturing my attention.

It brought back memories of the remarks Ray had made when I first

arrived. A prominent figure was coming to the pack to seal a deal, and Ray wanted a female werewolf to accompany him.

It seemed like an ideal opportunity for the moment. If I had been presented with such an offer before, I might have been judgmental. But now, in my time of need, I was beginning to comprehend the experiences of other girls who resorted to such a challenging occupation.

So, that was the plan. I positioned myself beside the man and listened as he provided specifics to the club owner. Now I knew where to turn to.

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