

# **Faking My Death to Escape My Alpha Chapter 3 - Chapter 3**

## **Chapter 3: Chapter 3**

I met his gaze steadily. "An Omega has no place in the main pack registry. I'm just... adapting to my new reality."

Anderson's expression turned distressed. "You'll always be my Luna, Rosalie. You have a place here in our pack."

I held his gaze. "As your future Luna, I should follow pack law. I won't bring shame to you as an Alpha."

He pulled me closer, voice thick with emotion. "You always think of me first. That's why you're perfect for our pack."

I suppressed a bitter smile at his performance. "Anderson, I want to leave the Healer's Den." His body tensed immediately.

"Absolutely not. You haven't healed enough. I won't risk it."

I tugged at his arm playfully, forcing a bright smile.

"But didn't you mention adopting a pup?" I made my voice small, worried. "Alpha pups are rarely abandoned. Will we be able to find one?"

It was the first time in five years I'd acted vulnerable with him.

Anderson's expression softened. "Don't worry. A friend of mine, another Alpha, died in a territory war two years ago. His pup is in the Pups' Warren. We can visit him."

He hesitated, then added, "I've been checking on the pup occasionally. Making sure he's cared for."

On the drive there, Anderson reached into the back seat and brought out a stuffed wolf toy.

He claimed he'd bought it specially for me, to cheer me up.

But the tag clearly stated "Suitable for pups ages 3-5."

I set the toy aside and closed my eyes, feigning a wave of pain.

This five-year deception needed to end.

At the Pups' Warren, I sat in the wheelchair, my burned body still too weak to walk.

A small boy, about three years old, immediately ran to Anderson.

"Daddy!" he cried, wrapping his arms around Anderson's legs.

Anderson's face flickered with panic before he quickly explained:

"Don't misunderstand. I sponsor this den. I've visited several times, and this pup... he's just attached to me. Calls every male visitor 'daddy.'"

I nodded, reaching out to touch the boy's cheek.

"He looks so much like you. If you hadn't explained, I'd think he was yours."

The boy had Anderson's exact storm-gray eyes. His small features echoed Shirley's.

"What's his name?"

"Rowan. He's... he's the one I thought we could adopt."

I stroked the boy's hair, noting how his scent carried traces of both Anderson and Shirley.

Even with my dulled senses, it was unmistakable.

Before Anderson could explain further, Rowan started crying, asking where his mother was.

Anderson's face went pale instantly. I could smell his fear-scent spike.

His eyes darted to me anxiously.

"It's fine," I said smoothly, forcing my lips into a gentle smile. "Go comfort him. He has strong Alpha blood—he'll make a perfect heir. His aura already shows such potential."

My words visibly relieved him.

Anderson hurried into the Healer's office with Rowan in his arms, the boy's small hands clutching his father's shirt with familiar ease.

I made an excuse about getting my burn medicine, lingering near the door.

Even with my weakened senses, I could smell Shirley's signature ice-blue eyes and cream-colored wolf from inside.

The pack members' voices drifted clearly through the gap.

"Why is Alpha Anderson pretending his own pup is an orphan? Those clothes are pure silk—worth more than my yearly salary. The moonstone buttons alone cost thousands! Who'd believe he's an orphan?"

"You don't get it. The Alpha has it all planned. This is the only way to make the pup his legitimate heir. Be smart and keep your mouth shut around Rosalie—she can't know."

"Of course Shirley is his true choice. They used to run patrol together, always volunteering for the night shifts. I knew they'd end up together! And now, alone in that office..."

Their knowing laughter made my chest tighten until I could barely breathe.

I moved closer to the door, and familiar voices became clear.

"How is he treating you?" Anderson asked softly.

"Fine enough. He's away on pack business mostly, which makes things easier. This way, he won't discover Rowan. He even talks about having pups with me." Shirley's voice held barely contained amusement.

Anderson's laugh was bitter. "Once Rowan is officially in the pack house, you won't have to worry. If you need anything, call me. I'll always provide for you both."

"Oh, I got you something. A Healing Moonstone. Cost me ten million, but it's worth it—it can heal any scar completely."

Shirley gasped as she opened the box. "Another gift? You've given me so many presents this year, my closet is overflowing! Rosalie would be upset if she knew."

She protested, but her hands eagerly cradled the stone.

Rowan cuddled against Shirley's side, nuzzling her neck in the instinctive way of pups with their true mothers. "Mommy! Mommy! Can we go home now?"

"What if Rosalie figures it out?" Shirley asked. "These burns... if she learns you gave me a Healing Moonstone..."

"She won't need it," Anderson said. "An Omega's scars don't matter to the pack."

Rowan's laughter echoed from the room—pure and happy, secure in his parents' love.

I didn't stand firmly enough, and the door swung open under my weight.

