

Remorse Consumed My Mate And My Son After They Snatched The Wealth From Me

Author: Florence Shaw

Chapter 1

Around the seventh month of my pregnancy, I overheard a conversation between my mate, Zane Andrews, and Ciara Phillips, the she-wolf I had taken in out of compassion after her family was brutally slaughtered by rogues.

In a sultry, flirtatious tone, Ciara purred, “Zane, my love, if your wife discovers that the fertilized egg I planted in her womb isn’t truly hers by blood, she’ll be devastated—perhaps to the point of despairing suicide, don’t you think?”

Zane snorted, his voice dripping with disdain at the mention of me. “It’ll work for us if she simply dies from heartbreak. Damn it. I can’t shake the worry that she might sever our bond and leave me with nothing. Let’s keep this under wraps until our child inherits all her assets. Only then will we reveal the bombshell, plunging her into darkness.”

Ciara giggled, praising Zane for his cunning.

My claws itched to lash out, but I held back, knowing the time for confrontation wasn’t yet. My heart sank as their betrayal cut deep. Years ago, I had defied my pack elders’ warnings about Ciara being a potential threat, taking her in and grooming her into our pack’s doctor, funding her education out of sheer empathy.

Now, I regretted every moment of my kindness. To think that my mate, who had once begged for my protection for his fragile pack, had the audacity to betray me. If not for my support, his pathetic pack would have crumbled long ago, leaving him nursing his wounds in a dark corner, fretting over survival.

After a long moment of contemplation, I made my decision. I would feign ignorance to their schemes and play along by giving birth to Ciara’s baby.

Two decades passed. Ciara’s child grew up, bearing the name Simon Andrews. Aware of their treachery, I still transferred all my assets to him.

Once the paperwork was completed, Ciara boldly approached me in front of the entire pack, a maternity DNA test in hand. With a smug smile, she declared, “Leia Holland, look at this! I am Simon’s biological mother. Leave him alone from this moment on and don’t disrupt my time with him.”

Without missing a beat, Simon threw divorce papers at my face, asserting, “Sever your bond with my dad this instant. You may have given birth to me and raised me, but I will transfer \$200 monthly for you to live on.”

I replied with a calm smile, “Alright.”

“Honey, aren’t you supposed to be overseeing the training sessions in person? Why are you still in the study?” Zane approached with a cup of drink, his tone deceptively gentle as always.

I quickly locked my computer screen and looked up at him, forcing a smile. “Simon’s tutor mentioned he’s been coughing a lot lately. I just contacted the pack doctor to arrange a check-up for him tomorrow.”

Seemingly moved, Zane ruffled my hair with a tender smile. “Sweetheart, you’re such a devoted mother. Whenever Simon feels unwell, you worry endlessly. I’m sure he’ll rise to your expectations and lead the pack to greater heights in the future.”

With a slight smile, I gazed into Zane’s eyes and replied, “That’s just what a mother does for her child.”

Zane beamed at me. “Honey, having you as my mate lifts a great weight off my shoulders. I’m so lucky to have you by my side.”

I silently scrutinized his mock affection.

I had been with Zane for three years, and this year marked the seventh anniversary of our bond. During these ten years, he had feigned attentiveness, caring for me whenever I felt slightly unwell. Though I managed all household expenses, he still managed to surprise me with modest gifts. At that time, the worth of those gifts didn’t matter, and his thoughtful gestures meant the world to me.

During our intimate moments, Zane would hug me tightly, claiming to love me until the end of time, as if letting go would mean losing me forever. He had expressed a desire for a child, and with his sheepish confession of fertility issues, I had endured the agony of IVF.

Had I never overheard his conversation with Ciara, I would have remained blissfully unaware of his acting skills, all his facades merely a means to snatch away my assets.

Just then, Simon’s cheerful voice rang out from the living room. “Ciara, you finally made it!”

I rose from my seat and exited the study.

Ciara walked in and scooped Simon into her arms, planting a kiss on his cheek—her movements smooth and practiced. “Simon, my boy, did you miss me?”

As she spoke, Ciara finally noticed me leaning against the doorframe. Her smile faltered, and a flicker of unease crossed her eyes.

Zane quickly interjected, “Honey, there’s a training session for our son that invites parental involvement. I thought you might be too busy, so I didn’t mention it. I asked Ciara to help instead.”

At this, Ciara hastily set Simon down, her fingers fidgeting like a guilty pup caught in mischief. “Yeah... that’s it. That’s the story. Leia, I’ve been so grateful for your help that I’ve been thinking about how to repay you. When Zane called and mentioned he needed assistance, I jumped at the chance to come over.”

Her flustered demeanor triggered a memory of the day I delivered Simon. Ciara had arrived at the hospital, feigning concern while she paced the corridor alongside Zane, her anxious energy palpable as I summoned every ounce of strength to bring our son into the world.

When Simon finally entered the world, Ciara rushed over, her hands enveloping him tightly, her eyes glistening with unshed tears. The nurse, raising an eyebrow, had asked, “May I know your relation to this pup? You seem more excited than his mother!”

At that time, Ciara had been momentarily speechless, her eyes darting around as if searching for an escape, a reaction mirroring her current flustered state.

Snapping back to the present, I noticed the cracks in Zane’s and Ciara’s less-than-stellar performance.

Meeting Ciara’s gaze, I let the silence stretch, and she hurriedly added, “I just find Simon so adorable that I couldn’t resist kissing him. You wouldn’t get mad at me for that, would you?”

I smiled faintly, masking my true feelings. “Of course not. I’m just busy with pack matters, and juggling work and family can be tough. I can’t thank you enough for helping with Simon.”

Zane and Ciara exchanged a sigh of relief, a subtle action they assumed went unnoticed by me.

Simon bounded over, his bright eyes sparkling with curiosity. “Mom, are you off to handle pack business, or are you joining Dad and me for the training session?”

I ruffled his hair affectionately. “And how would you like me to choose?”

Without hesitation, he replied, “You should take care of pack matters while Ciara and Dad join me for the training session!”

Wary of Simon’s words stirring any suspicion within me, Zane quickly scooped him into his arms, adding, “Honey, it seems our son is quite thoughtful, not wanting to add to your workload. He always respects your efforts in leading the pack and even asked me not to disturb your work.”

Ciara chimed in, “Exactly. Leia, you’ve done an incredible job raising such a considerate pup.”

I nodded, smiling at Simon. “Then have it your way.”

As Simon jumped with glee, tugging at Zane’s and Ciara’s hands, they rushed out the door, the picture of a happy family.

I couldn’t help but smirk at the scene. Once they were gone, I turned back into the study, my heart steadying as I prepared to finish what I had started.