

## Chapter 2

Over the days, Ciara grew increasingly brazen, emboldened by the belief that I was too gullible and oblivious to their schemes.

In the past, she would only rendezvous with Zane when I was out, but now, even my presence at home didn't deter her in the slightest.

Her excuses varied wildly—from boasting about new dishes she had learned to claiming she had discovered powerful supplements.

Eventually, she announced her grand plan to leave her role as the pack doctor to open a private hospital at the territory crossing points, revealing this ambition to me only for the sake of securing my financial support.

I was painfully aware of Ciara's true intentions with each visit: she was there to check on Simon and to indulge in her affair with Zane.

Yet, I never turned her away. I welcomed her with warmth and offered help whenever she asked, playing the role of the oblivious wife.

Zane reveled in this dynamic, convinced that I remained unaware. Whenever Ciara stepped into our villa, he could barely contain his grin, and sometimes, perhaps caught up in the thrill of it all, he would flirt with her right in front of me, as if he no longer feared I would catch on and sever our bond, leaving him with nothing.

Simon grew fond of Ciara, interacting with her more closely than he did with me. A room was even arranged for her, a place where she could stay the night if she "accidentally" lingered too long, making the journey back to her own home seem unsafe in the dark.

Life continued in this unsettling rhythm until the day arrived for Simon's final test after years of training. Ciara, ever the concerned figure, came to our home on the day the scores were released.

When Simon received an F, Zane's expression darkened. "Why did you fail? What were those extra training classes for?"

Unfazed, Simon shrugged. "What's the big deal? I don't need to fight as long as you and Mom are around. Plus, I'm supposed to inherit your position as pack leader, right? I'll just give orders."

Zane cast a glance at me, gauging my reaction. At my silence, he pressed on. "Even so, fighting skills are crucial. What if someone challenges you for the Alpha role? With your current laid-back attitude, your mother wouldn't feel comfortable letting you run the pack."

Ciara echoed his sentiment, adding, "Exactly. Simon, while it's true you're destined to inherit control from your mother, you still need to master some skills. Otherwise, how will the other pack members respect your commands?"

Seeing through their charade, I smiled faintly and declared, "It's alright. I'll groom some Beta wolves and warriors to help Simon take charge of the pack smoothly when the time comes. It might take a few years, but the investment is worth it as long as Simon can handle pack matters effortlessly. He is my son, after all. He will be the next leader."

At my words, all three of them flashed pleasant smiles, momentarily caught in their web of deceit.

I grinned inwardly, silently mocking their assumption that they could outwit me.

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