

Chapter 3

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As I tutored the carefully selected Beta wolves and warriors, I always took Simon along, demonstrating how to handle various situations. His lack of interest in learning didn't faze me. I played along, deepening his belief in my "sincere" desire to pass my assets to him one day.

One day, a conflict arose over trespassing, necessitating the Alpha's presence to resolve the issue. Such chaos typically took longer than a few days to settle. I seized this opportunity to send Simon to test his skills, entrusting the task to him while placing my hopes entirely on the Beta wolves and warriors I had personally trained and dispatched to assist him.

Zane, visibly reluctant to part with Simon, accompanied him to the airport, refusing to let go of him. As expected, Ciara showed up to see Simon off, dragging along several hefty suitcases filled with clothes and snacks—anything but weapons or books, focused solely on ensuring his comfort during the next few months.

Together, Ciara and Zane offered Simon reminders to take care of himself, fully aware that he wouldn't exert himself at all. As Simon boarded his flight, their eyes remained glued to the departing plane until tears welled up in their eyes, prompting a reluctant turn back.

With Simon gone, Ciara's visits became noticeably infrequent, while Zane began to venture out more often, returning home each time with a look of exhaustion etched on his face. When I probed him about his frequent outings, he offered vague explanations about gatherings with pack members or exercising to maintain his skills.

Eventually, when Zane's excuses ran dry—since it was clear he practically lived elsewhere—he would lament his longing for Simon, subtly accusing me of being cold for sending our son off to handle pack matters, despite being the one who had eagerly pushed for Simon's ascension.

Often, with a dramatic sigh, he would declare that his yearning for Simon was so overwhelming that he couldn't bear to stay idle, fearing he might do something he would regret.

I feigned ignorance of the cheap perfume lingering on him and comforted him with a smile. "It shouldn't be long before Simon comes back. By then, it will be the family of three again."

With a smirk, Zane replied, "Yeah, family of three."

Four months later, the chaos was finally resolved, and Simon returned home.

Unsurprisingly, Ciara appeared at my villa, eager to join Zane and me in picking him up. The moment they laid eyes on Simon, they rushed over to embrace him tightly, overwhelmed with emotion.

Once the trio had their moment of warm reunion, Simon approached me, a proud smile on his face. "Mom, I'm back! I successfully quelled the turmoil there and proved my strength to you. When will I become the new head of the pack?"

I inwardly scoffed. Successfully? Hardly! All the heavy lifting had been done by the Beta wolves and warriors I had sent along with him.

Yet, outwardly, I smiled at Simon, masking my true feelings. "You're eager, aren't you? Rest assured, I've organized a gathering of the entire pack. I will announce you as the new head then."