

A WARRIOR LUNA'S AWAKENING

Trapped in You by Morrison Lee: Shadows of Our Love 351

Third Person's POV

+8 Pearls

By the time Lana realized Freya had gone missing, night had already fallen over the Capital.

She had been waiting at the apartment for hours, pacing restlessly across the living room floor. Freya's things were still where she'd left them—the half-folded jacket, the datapad glowing faintly on the table—but there was no trace of her scent. No message. No call.

Lana dialed her WolfComm again. No answer.

Her chest tightened. Something was wrong.

Without hesitation, she pulled up Kade's number. When he picked up, his voice was clipped with fatigue.

"Lana? What happened?"

"Do you know where Freya is?" Lana asked, trying to keep her voice steady. "She hasn't come back. I can't reach her."

Silence stretched on the other end, the faint hum of his pack's radio static filling the gap.

Then Kade said, low and grim, "I'll find her."

"Good," Lana breathed out. "Please do."

If anyone could track Freya down, it was Kade. His instincts were razor-sharp, his training from the Iron Fang Recon Unit unmatched.

An hour later, Lana arrived at the Capital Police Department. Kade was already there—lean, broad-shouldered, jaw set with the kind of cold fury only an Alpha-born could carry. Standing beside him was Victor.

Lana rushed over. “You said on the phone—Freya was taken by Silas Whitmor? What do you mean?”

Kade’s lips pressed into a tight line, his amber eyes dark with frustration. Before he could answer, one of the officers stepped forward.

“Miss Rook, we’ve reviewed the city surveillance feeds,” the officer said carefully. “Earlier today, Miss Thorne was seen entering Alpha Whitmor’s vehicle.”

“She met with Silas?” Lana blurted out, disbelief cutting through her worry.

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+8 Pearls

That didn’t make sense. Even if Freya had agreed to meet him, she would never vanish without a word.

Even if her WolfComm had run out of power, Freya was the type to borrow someone else’s or use a public terminal to let them know she’d be late.

“We also contacted Alpha Silas,” the officer continued. “He stated that Miss Thorne is safe and currently resting. He assured us she will reach out to you in the morning.”

Lana froze. The source of this content is FindN()vel.net

Resting?

At his place?

Her stomach twisted. The Freya she knew had no intention of getting back together with him— and Silas hadn't so much as visited her once when she was injured and hospitalized.

Something didn't add up.

"Give me Silas's number," Lana demanded. "I'll call him myself."

The officer shook his head apologetically. "I'm afraid we can't disclose personal contact information, Miss Rook. It's against regulation."

Lana's gaze darted to Victor Ashford, who had been quietly watching the exchange with his usual half-smile. She strode right up to him.

"You know him. You have his number."

"I do," Victor said, unbothered.

"Then give it to me."

He raised an eyebrow. "Why should I?"

Her temper snapped. "Because I'm your girlfriend," she said sharply. "Or have you forgotten that?"

Technically, she was—a temporary arrangement, one year, mutually beneficial. But it still counted.

Victor's smile widened faintly, amusement flickering in his eyes. "All right," he said, pulling out his device. He scrolled through his contacts, found Silas's number, and handed her the screen. "Be my guest."

For a moment, Lana just stared at him, torn between gratitude and suspicion. He was too calm,

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too willing.

But there was no time to think. She took the device and hit dial.

The line rang once before a low, smooth voice answered, "Victor?"

"It's Lana," she snapped. "Silas Whitmor, what the hell did you do to Freya?"

A pause—then his tone came, infuriatingly calm.

“Nothing. She’s simply exhausted. She’s asleep. I’ll have her contact you tomorrow.”

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+8 Pearls

“Tomorrow?” Lana’s voice rose. “No, tell me where she is right now. I’ll *go* get her myself.”

“I don’t believe I’m obligated to tell you that,” Silas replied, polite but firm.

“Silas, you-”

“It’s late,” he interrupted. “Let’s talk tomorrow.”

The call ended.

Lana stood there, staring at the darkened screen, her fingers trembling with anger. Then, with a growl of frustration, she nearly hurled the device across the room.

“Can’t we arrest him?” she demanded, spinning toward the officers. “He’s holding her against her will—this is abduction!”

The officers exchanged uneasy glances. One finally spoke. “The surveillance shows Miss Thorne entered Alpha Whitmor’s vehicle voluntarily. And... she’s an adult. There’s no legal basis for an abduction report at this time. Perhaps wait until morning—see if she contacts you.”

Meaning: there was nothing they could do. Not yet.

Kade’s jaw flexed, the muscles in his neck tense as iron. He knew the law as well as they did, but the wolf inside him was close to snapping. His voice was low, deadly.

“Fine. We wait. But if Freya doesn’t reach out by dawn, I don’t care who I have to go through— I’ll tear down the Whitmor estate myself.”

He turned and stalked out of the precinct, his boots echoing sharply against the floor.

Lana exhaled shakily, then turned toward Victor. “Have you and Kade found out where Silas took her?”

Victor slid his hands into his coat pockets. “No. We traced the vehicle through city cameras until it reached Silas’s apartment complex in the central district. After that... nothing.”

“Nothing?” she repeated.

“The rest of the footage was wiped,” he said calmly. “Cleanly. No trace of tampering. Whoever did it knew exactly what they were doing. Neither Silas nor Freya have been seen since.”

Lana’s blood ran cold. “Then she’s gone.”

“Not gone,” Victor murmured, eyes glinting with something unreadable. “Just hidden.”

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Third Person’s POV

“What is Silas Whitmor really after?” she muttered, worry shadowing her usually sharp eyes.

Victor leaned against the patrol car beside her, his voice calm and low.

“We’ll find out tomorrow. He said Freya would be in touch, didn’t he?”

Lana nodded, but the tension in her shoulders didn’t ease.

Victor glanced at her again. “It’s getting late. Let me drive you home.”

She hesitated for a moment, then nodded. They stepped out of the precinct together.

Victor held out his hand. “Your car keys.”

“You’re driving?” Lana raised an eyebrow. “What about your car?”

“I’ll have my driver pick it up.” His tone was casual, almost indifferent.

Lana gave a short laugh, tossing him the keys. “Right. I forgot. The Ashfords aren’t like the rest of us—of course you’d have a driver waiting.”

They got into her car. The engine purred softly as the city lights slid past the windshield, washing over Victor’s sharp profile. For a while, neither of them spoke.

Then Lana turned toward him. “What’s your relationship with Silas Whitmor like?”

Victor’s fingers tightened slightly around the steering wheel. “We’ve had some dealings. Nothing close.”

“So if Silas really did something to hurt Freya, and Kade went up against him... who would you help?” she asked quietly, eyes narrowing.

Victor’s lips curved into a faint smile, one without warmth. “Who do you think I’d help?”

“Don’t tell me you wouldn’t take Kade’s side—he’s family, isn’t he?”

“I wouldn’t help Kade,” Victor said evenly, “but that doesn’t mean I’d help Silas either. The Whitmors have deep roots in the Ironclad Coalition. If the Ashfords went head-to-head with them, there’d be a price to pay.”

Lana’s mouth twisted. “Typical lawyer. Always weighing consequences.”

Victor’s eyes flicked toward her, a glint of something unreadable in their depths. “But if Kade were truly cornered, if things reached the point of no return, the Ashfords would stand with him. Always.”

Lana sighed and looked away, pretending not to care. But inside, she knew that was his way—measured, strategic, never reckless.

If he wouldn’t even risk himself for his own nephew, what chance did she have?

“Tell me,” Victor said suddenly, voice breaking the silence, “if Silas really did something to hurt Freya... would you want me to step in?”

Lana's laugh was dry. "I know you won't. So I won't ask."

Relying on others was a luxury she'd long since given up. Years of clawing her way up from nothing had taught her that much—when the world turned cold, you survived by your own teeth and blood.

Victor's gaze lingered on her. "Lana, you didn't even ask me. So how do you know I wouldn't?"

She froze, eyes flicking toward him. "What do

you mean?" For original chapters go to [Find★Novel.net](#)

He kept his eyes on the road. "I said I wouldn't help for Freya's sake. But maybe... I would for yours."

For a moment, the sound of the tires against asphalt was the only thing between them. Then Lana gave a short, incredulous laugh.

"You're joking. You'd go against the Whitmors—for me?"

"No," Victor said quietly. "I don't speak for the Ashfords. But I can speak for myself."

His words were quiet, almost careless—but something in his tone felt like a vow. A promise whispered from deep within his wolf.

Lana stared at him, momentarily speechless. "Victor... are you saying you'd go against Silas because of me?"

He looked straight ahead. "You're my girlfriend."

Something stirred in her chest—an ache she couldn't quite name.

Because she was his girlfriend?

If this had been years ago—before everything, before their past—she might've melted at those words. Might've believed them.

But she remembered too well. The first time they dated, he'd looked her straight in the eye and told her she was just a way to pass the time. Nothing more.

To him, she had never been more than convenient. A fleeting distraction.

“Victor,” she said quietly, eyes fixed on the passing lights, “what does being someone’s girlfriend mean to you?”

He frowned, glancing at her. “What’s wrong? Did I say something I shouldn’t have?”

She turned her head away, her voice flat but trembling beneath the surface. “You didn’t say anything wrong. But I’m just your temporary girlfriend, aren’t I? Asking you to go against the Whitmors for someone temporary—that’s too much. I couldn’t bear that.”

Her words cut deeper than she intended. Two wolves from different worlds—they should never have crossed paths again.

Once, he had been the prince in her fairytale.

Now, he was the dragon guarding the ruins of what used to be her heart.

When Freya awoke, the world around her was blurred, the ceiling unfamiliar and pale under the dim light.

Where... am I?

Her pulse quickened. A faint warmth pressed against her from behind—an arm draped across her waist, a steady breath brushing against her neck. Her wolf stirred, every instinct snapping awake.

In a heartbeat, she rolled over, muscles tense, pinning the figure beneath her. Pain shot through her left shoulder, but her right arm moved on instinct—strong, precise, trained.

Her forearm pressed against the stranger’s throat.

And then—her breath hitched.

The face staring back at her was one she knew too well.

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Freya's POV

Silas Whitmor.

The realization hit like a jolt of lightning.

He didn't even flinch under my weight. His lips curved, soft and unhurried.
"You're awake."

My breath caught in my throat. He was lying in bed, wearing only a dark-grey sleep shirt, his silver hair a little tousled against the pillow. I stared, unable to process what I was seeing.

Why-why was I in bed with him? The last thing I remembered was being in his apartment... he'd offered me tea... and then-

"You drugged me," I said coldly, my hand tightening against his throat.

He didn't deny it. "Yes."

I blinked, momentarily stunned by his bluntness.

"It won't harm you," he added smoothly. "It just made you sleep for a while."

My pulse spiked. "Why would you do that?"

"Because I didn't want you to go to C-Nation," he said simply, as if that explained everything.

I stared at him, disbelief flooding through me. "You didn't want me to go, so you-what- poisoned me?"

His expression didn't waver. "You wouldn't have stayed otherwise."

"That's your logic?" My voice rose, sharp with anger. "You think I can't go just because you put something in my drink?"

"At least not until your shoulder heals." His voice was calm, almost maddeningly gentle. "Before that, you're not going anywhere."

I pushed off of him, disgust and confusion tangling in my chest. My feet hit the cold floor. "I'm leaving."

Silas sat up slowly, his posture composed as ever, eyes following me without a flicker of panic.

My bag was resting on a nearby couch. I snatched it up, unzipped it—passport, WolfComm, everything still there. At least he hadn't taken those.

Fine. I could call for help, get out of here, and never see him again.

I turned toward the door and stepped out—only to stop dead.

It wasn't a hallway I stepped into, but a wide corridor filled with sunlight. And at the far end—glass doors opened to a vast balcony, where an endless blue stretched beyond.

The ocean.

I froze. What? This content belongs to FindNovel.net

The Capital had no coastlines—no sea breeze, no waves. Yet here it was, the air filled with salt and the cry of distant gulls. I rushed to the balcony, my bare feet hitting the stone tiles.

And there it was—white sand, turquoise waves, and a fringe of dark—green jungle beyond.

No roads. No people. No movement, except the slow pulse of the tide.

A cold realization crawled up my spine.

“What is this place?” I whispered.

Behind me, footsteps approached—slow, deliberate, the quiet confidence of an Alpha who knew exactly what he was doing.

“This is an island,” Silas said, his voice smooth and measured. “Surrounded by sea on all sides. No way off except by ship or aircraft.”

I turned to face him. He was barefoot now, a loose shirt hanging open at the throat, his silver eyes gleaming faintly in the morning light.

“Take me back,” I demanded.

“Impossible,” he replied. “There are no ships docked here. No aircraft ready for flight.”

I stared, trying *to* read the truth in his calm expression. “You’re keeping me here?”

“Call it what you will.”

My heartbeat thundered in my chest. “You can’t-”

“I can,” he cut in softly. “Every three days, a helicopter drops supplies. If you need anything, I’ll

have it sent.”

I took a step back, realization dawning like a storm. “You planned this.”

He didn’t deny it.

“Right now,” he continued, “this entire island belongs to me. Which means—for the moment- there’s no one here but us.”

His words landed like a blow.

Just the two of us.

I backed away, my wolf snarling beneath my skin. “What do you want from me?”

“I told you,” he said quietly, stepping closer. “I want you to heal. That’s all.”

Then, before I could react, his arms came around me—firm, steady, his scent enveloping me like smoke and storm metal.

“Freya,” he murmured, his voice low against my ear. “Once you’ve recovered, I’ll take you back to the Capital.”

I shoved at him, fury breaking through the daze. “So you’re imprisoning me until then?”

“Imprisoning?” He tilted his head slightly, his breath brushing my skin. “If that’s how you want to see it... then yes.”

The sound of my hand connecting with his cheek cracked through the air.

Silas didn’t move. The faint red mark bloomed against his skin, but his gaze didn’t waver.

“Freya,” he said softly, “does it hurt? Your hand, I mean.”

My chest heaved. “You-”

He caught my wrist before I could strike again. His fingers, warm and sure, closed around my palm, rubbing gently over my skin.

“If you want to hit me again,” he said, “use the other side.”

“Silas, you’re insane,” I spat, jerking free.

He gave a hollow laugh, the sound low and bitter. “I know. You’ve always known.”

He looked at me then, his eyes strangely empty—and yet full of something I couldn’t name. Obsession, maybe. Regret. Desperation.

A man lost to his own madness.

“Freya,” he said softly, “just heal. When you’re better, I’ll let you go. If you never want to see me again, I won’t chase you.”

I stared at him, breath trembling.

A part of me wanted to believe him. The other part—the wolf inside me—knew better.

Because Silas Whitmor wasn’t just an Alpha of the Ironclad Coalition.

He was the kind of man who would chain the moon if it meant keeping it close.

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Freya’s POV

I stared at him, my pulse thrumming in disbelief.

No longer chase me?

Did Silas really mean it—was he finally ready to let go of whatever bound him to me so fiercely?

“How long do you plan to keep me trapped on this island?” I asked, my voice quiet but edged with something sharp.

His gaze drifted to my left shoulder—the one that still ached when I moved too fast. “At your current rate of healing, about two weeks,” he said. “Maybe less, if you rest properly. I brought everything you’ll need. The medicines, the supplies... everything.”

Two weeks.

I swallowed hard, realizing that he had planned every detail of this—down to my recovery time. I could feel the weight of his obsession in every calm, deliberate word. Silas Whitmor, Alpha of the Ironclad Coalition, had always been the kind of man who saw obstacles as things to be controlled, not overcome.

Fighting him now would only drag us both deeper into chaos.

“Fine,” I said after a moment. “Two weeks. But I expect you to keep your word this time.”

His lips curved faintly. “I always do.”

I didn’t bother answering. Instead, I reached for my WolfComm on the side table and powered it on. The moment the signal returned, the screen lit up with a flood of missed calls and messages. Dozens of them. Most from Lana and Kade.

A small pang of guilt twisted inside me. They must have been frantic.

I tapped Lana’s name first.

“Freya? Freya, is that you?” Her voice burst through the speaker, high-pitched and trembling. “Oh, thank the Goddess—you’re alive! Where the hell are you? Did that bastard hurt you?”

Her questions came like a hailstorm, rapid and breathless. I had to pull the phone slightly away from my ear.

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“I’m fine,” I said, keeping my tone as steady as I could. “Really. Silas didn’t hurt me. He just... brought me to an island so I could recover.”

“An island?” Lana repeated, disbelief thick in her voice. “What island? Freya, what are you talking about?” The source of this content is Find_Novel(.)net

I glanced sideways. Silas stood a few feet away, arms crossed over his chest, watching me with that unnervingly calm expression. He didn't interrupt, but I knew he could hear every word.

"I don't know," I admitted quietly. "But he's not going to hurt me, Lana. I promise."

Silence hummed through the line for a moment, then Lana's tone softened. "Are you free to communicate?"

"Yes," I said truthfully. Silas hadn't taken my phone. He hadn't even stopped me from calling. Whatever twisted version of control he was exercising, it didn't seem to include cutting me off from the world.

"Then listen to me," she said firmly. "You text or call me every single day, no matter what. And if anything feels wrong—anything—you tell me. Do you understand?"

I couldn't help a faint smile. "I understand."

"One more thing," Lana added, lowering her voice. "You'd better call Kade soon. He's losing his mind. He nearly went to the Whitmor estate last night. Said he was ready to tear the place apart if he didn't hear from you."

A sigh escaped me. "I'll call him now."

When I ended the call, I barely had time to dial before Kade's voice erupted through the line.

"Freya? Goddess, where are you? Are you safe?"

"I'm safe," I said, leaning against the wall. "I'll be back in the Capital in two weeks."

"Silas took you, didn't he?" His voice was tight with restrained fury. "Tell me what he did. Did he threaten you? Hurt you?"

"No," I said quickly. "He didn't. He just... wants me to rest, that's all."

"Rest?" Kade's growl vibrated through the receiver. "He drugged you, Freya. He vanished with you. That's not concern—that's abduction!"

I closed my eyes, wishing I could reach through the line and calm him. "Kade, please. I don't want you doing anything reckless. I'll be fine."

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“Where are you?” he demanded. “I’ll come get you myself.”

“I” I hesitated, glancing at Silas again. Before I could answer, he crossed the **space between us** and gently took the phone from my hand.

“Kade Blackridge,” Silas said evenly, his deep voice vibrating through the small device. “

You can try to find her. But I’ll bet everything you have that, for the next two weeks, you won’t.”

“Silas Whitmor!” Kade’s snarl was sharp enough to pierce through the static. “If you hurt her- if you even lay a hand on her-I don’t care who stands behind you, not your Coalition, not your title-I’ll come for you myself.”

Silas’s gaze never left mine as he spoke again. “Hurt her?” His tone dropped to something dark, almost reverent. “Even if I die, I would never hurt her.”

The words hit me like a punch to the chest. My heartbeat stuttered painfully, and for a brief moment, the air between us felt impossibly still.

I reached out, taking the phone back from him with shaking fingers. “Kade,” I said softly, “I’m okay. Please don’t worry. Just... keep an eye on the Williams family and my brother, will you? I’ll handle things once I’m back.”

There was a pause. Then his voice came quieter, laced with anger he was barely holding back. “Fine. But if you go silent again, I’m coming.”

“I understand.”

When the call ended, silence fell heavy in the villa. The ocean roared softly beyond the balcony, waves licking the shore like restless wolves.

Silas watched me for a long moment before speaking. “He cares about you.”

I didn’t respond. The truth in his words hurt too much to acknowledge.

“He’s protective,” Silas continued. “But he doesn’t know how to keep you safe.”

“And you do?” I asked quietly.

His eyes softened, and for the first time since I'd woken up here, I saw a flicker of genuine pain. behind them. "No," he murmured. "But I'm trying to learn."

For a second, I almost believed him.

I turned away, staring out at the horizon. The sea shimmered beneath the afternoon sun—so deceptively calm, hiding depths that could swallow anything whole.

Two weeks. That was what he'd said.

Two weeks to heal.

Two weeks trapped on an island with the Alpha who once swore he'd never let me go.

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Third Person's POV

After Freya ended the call, Kade stared at the WolfComm in his hand. His fingers curled into a fist, and without thinking, he slammed it onto the desk with a force that rattled the surface.

Kade had always been a force of nature. Nothing had ever seemed capable of defeating him. Even when his father had thrown him into the military, where he had faced harsh trials and countless obstacles, he had never felt truly powerless. If someone struck him, he struck back- always.

Except three years ago. The memory of that powerless moment when he learned that Freya had married someone else still lingered, raw and bitter. He had thought that sensation, that deep, gnawing helplessness, would never return.

But now... it had returned, slithering through him with an intensity he had thought long buried. The link to the origin of this information rests in Find_Novel(.)net

He knew Freya had been taken by Silas Whitmor, yet the Alpha's cunning had erased every trace of her whereabouts. He didn't know where to start looking. Not the Ironclad Coalition estate, not the remote operations sites, nothing. Every lead dissolved into nothing.

Whitmore... Silas Whitmor...

Even though Silas claimed he would not harm Freya, the unease coiled in Kade's chest like a wolf in a trap. The thought of waiting for two weeks while Freya recovered, vulnerable and isolated, was unbearable.

No. He would not wait. He would find her. He would bring her home.

Meanwhile, on the island, Freya had accepted that confrontation with Silas would not serve her. The Alpha had taken extreme measures to secure the island, but she was not entirely helpless. Her WolfComm and satellite links were still functional, though her location had been masked

as's manipulations.

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Aside from that, the island was eerily empty—just Silas and Freya, with automated systems taking care of cleaning and basic maintenance. The perimeter was clear of any boats or aircraft, as Silas had shown her during a guided tour. Unless someone arrived from outside, or she attempted the impossible by swimming across open sea, she was stranded.

Her shoulder injury made self-care difficult, and Silas insisted on assisting. The wound, a gunshot grazed into her back shoulder, was awkward to reach. Freya had reluctantly allowed him to tend to it.

In the living quarters, Freya lowered the strap of her shirt, exposing the raw, reddened skin of her left shoulder. Silas's long, elegant fingers traced the wound with the precision of someone

who had handled the injured countless times before.

“Does it hurt?” he asked softly, his voice a low murmur that seemed to wrap around her **senses**. “Not much,” she replied. “Just... if you’re going to apply the ointment, do it quickly

Her words faltered abruptly. Something soft pressed against the wound—something warmer than her own skin. It took a second for her to process that Silas was kissing the injury.

“Silas Whitmor, what are you doing?!” Her instinct was to push him away, to assert control over her own body, but his hands held her firmly, unyielding.

His lips lingered on the wound, gentle yet deliberate, as if he were touching a delicate relic, something fragile that could break under a careless hand. Freya narrowed her eyes, her wolfish instincts bristling.

“We—this isn’t right,” she hissed. “Don’t force me.”

Her shoulder ached, but if a fight had erupted between them, Freya knew she would not necessarily lose. She felt her heartbeat accelerate, her fangs unconsciously pressing against her bottom lip.

“Sorry,” he whispered, almost reverently.

Her body froze, but his voice continued in her ear, soft and remorseful:

“I’m sorry... I was late. I couldn’t protect you in time... I’m sorry... sorry...”

Freya pursed her lips, steadying her emotions. “There’s nothing to be sorry for. This wound... it isn’t your fault.”

Her eyes darkened with unspoken emotion. “If I had reached you sooner, you have been hurt. I would have—”

Out

She didn’t know the depth of his anguish, the terror that had clawed at him when he saw her collapse in Kade’s arms, blood soaking through her white shirt. For a fleeting, infinite moment, the world had seemed to vanish for Silas. He had feared she would die before he could even touch her again, feared he would never hear her voice, feel her warmth, or meet those eyes that always saw through him.

And yet, here she was.

“Thank you,” Freya said suddenly, surprising herself. “Thank you for everything you did in Deepmoor City. But... we are no longer together. You have no obligation to protect me. My injuries... you don’t need to apologize for them.”

For a heartbeat, his gaze softened, and he released her. Relief surged through her as she

exhaled quietly, ready to move.

“Wait,” Silas said, holding up a hand. “Don’t move. The ointment isn’t applied yet. **Let me** finish.”

This time, he approached with solemn purpose. His hands worked carefully over the wound, applying the salve, wrapping gauze, and securing it with gentle precision. Once finished, he adjusted her clothing, fastening buttons with meticulous care..

Freya watched him, noticing the subtle tension easing from his fingers. She couldn’t help but ask, “How... how are your fingers?”

Three of his fingers had been brutally broken the day they ended their relationship. She had seen the damage, had seen the pain in his face.

“They’re healing,” he said, his voice quiet but confident. “In a few more days, they’ll be fully functional. The doctors said there won’t be any lasting damage.”

She nodded, relief washing over her. The faint glimmer in his eyes told her that, despite everything, he appreciated her concern.

“Then that’s good,” she murmured.

Silas’s amber gaze flickered with something almost imperceptible—a flash of happiness, perhaps, that she cared enough to ask.

“What would you like for dinner tonight?” he asked, his tone casual, though the intensity in his eyes suggested he cared more than she could imagine.

Freya tilted her head slightly, watching him, realizing the strange, precarious balance between their roles on the island. The Alpha, the captor, the man who had terrified her and saved her in

e same heartbeat... was also the only one she could rely on right now.

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Florence

Florence is a passionate reader who finds joy in long drives on rainy days. She's also a fan of Italian makeup tutorials, blending beauty and elegance into her everyday life.

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Freya's POV

I shrugged lightly. "Anything is fine," I said, watching Silas move through the kitchen.

On this island, every meal was prepared by him personally. Ingredients were flown in by helicopter, fresh and carefully selected. Watching him in a simple apron, hands busy with pots and pans, stirred memories I hadn't realized I still carried. I could almost see us back in the apartment in Deepmoor City, the months we had lived together—him always experimenting in the kitchen, clumsy at times, but with that persistent care that made even burnt toast feel like a feast.

Back then, after my parents passed away abroad, I had felt the world collapse in a single night. I was left with nothing—no family, no home, no anchor.

Even my marriage to Caelum Grafton had never truly given me a sense of belonging. Those three years were filled with a persistent feeling of being out of place, a guest in my own life.

But those few months with Silas... they had been different. For the first time since the world had taken everything from me, I had felt like I had a home again, even if only in the fleeting moments he had smiled at me, touched my hand, or brewed me a cup of tea in the early morning hours.

If only... if only Silas had been honest about the events surrounding my brother back then. If he had told me everything instead of keeping secrets, perhaps trust could have survived. Perhaps our bond could have endured. But the world was never kind enough to offer "ifs" and "maybes."

I noticed Silas's amber eyes flick toward me, sensing my gaze from the open kitchen. I lowered my eyes, hiding the sudden mist rising behind them. My hands held a new issue of a scientific journal—one he had clearly placed among the books in the study, carefully curated. These weren't random selections; he had known exactly which titles would catch my interest. A wolf with intellect and taste, I thought with a faintly ironic smile.

"Dinner will be ready soon," he called out, the timbre of his voice calm but commanding, echoing in the open-plan space.

Moments later, he returned with five dishes and a soup. For two people, it was far more than necessary, yet every dish reflected my preferences—simple yet flavorful.

"Try it," he urged.

I picked up a piece with my chopsticks and took a cautious bite. My eyes widened slightly. "It's.... surprisingly good. Better than your usual attempts," I admitted.

Silas chuckled softly. "I took lessons. If I hadn't improved, there would be a problem."

I blinked, trying to reconcile the image before me. The Alpha of the Ironclad Coalition, the man whose word could topple empires, had spent time learning how to cook? He didn't need to. Thousands of chefs would have offered their skills without question.

"Surprised?" he asked, smirking knowingly.

"A bit. Why bother?" I asked, curiosity piqued.

"You once said that if my father were alive, he would cook for my mother whenever he could. You said you wanted a husband who could do the same for you," he said softly, eyes fixed on

mine.

The weight of his words pressed down on me. Memories of idle conversations, casual confessions, and dreams I had once shared seemed to hang in the air between us. I inhaled slowly. "My father never lied or deceived my mother. They trusted each other completely, their lives entwined until the very end. They protected each other with everything they had."

Silas's jaw tightened slightly. "Freya... I would give you my life if it would make you trust me again. Would that be enough?"

I shook my head, lowering my gaze to the food. "I don't need your life, Silas. And I won't blindly trust again, not now, not after everything."

He pressed his lips together, eyes shadowed with a storm of emotion I could not name. The words hung unsaid between us. Latest content published on findnovel.net

Night fell, and I found myself in the same bedroom as Silas.

"Don't you have your own room?" I asked, surprised.

"There's only one bedroom here," he said simply.

I paused, stunned. A villa with only one bedroom? I started toward the sofa. "Then I'll sleep there."

"Why not together?" he asked, gently taking my hand.

I frowned. "We're not suited for that."

"In Deepmoor City, it was fine, wasn't it?"

"That was only because I owed you. And I made it clear—it was temporary. That was back then. Now, you've forced me to stay on this island. I owe you nothing," I said firmly.

He smiled faintly, almost teasing. "Fine. I'll sleep on the sofa." He grabbed a pillow and blanket, placing them neatly, then picked up a bottle of pills and tipped several into his palm.

I froze, heart thudding. "What's that?"

"Just something for insomnia," he said, voice calm.

I pulled the bottle from his hand and examined it. Unlike the ones I had seen in Deepmoor, this bottle's labeling warned no more than five tablets at a time. Yet there were clearly more than five in his hand.

"You're planning to take all that at once? Are you trying to kill yourself?" I demanded, eyes wide with alarm.

Silas met my gaze evenly, unwavering. “I need sleep. There’s nothing fatal here,” he said quietly, but the intensity in his amber eyes made me instinctively back away.

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Florence

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Trapped in You by Morrison Lee: Shadows of Our Love 357

Third Person’s POV

Silas’s tone was calm, but the darkness in his eyes betrayed exhaustion.

“How could I possibly throw my life away?” he said quietly. “Once your wounds heal, I’ll get you off this island. I still need this life for that, don’t I?”

Freya frowned, her gaze fixed on the handful of pills in his palm. “Then why take so many at once? The label says the dosage shouldn’t exceed five tablets.”

“Five does nothing for me,” Silas replied flatly. “If I’m taking them, it’s because I want to sleep, not because I want to die.”

She hesitated, studying him. The dim light caught the silver strands in his dark hair, the sharp planes of his face. There was something different about him now—less of the Alpha who commanded soldiers, more of a man quietly unraveling.

“Your insomnia still hasn’t improved?” she asked softly. “Did you see a doctor after returning to the mainland?”

He gave a dry laugh. “Of course. Changed prescriptions too. Still no difference.” Then his eyes lifted to hers, calm but piercing. “Why? Are you worried about me?”

Freya pressed her lips together, saying nothing.

“You don’t need to worry,” he continued in that even, detached voice. “My body’s built up a tolerance. I need higher doses for it to work. I’ll be fine.”

Before she could stop him, he tilted his head back, about to swallow the pills. Freya's reflexes kicked in—she caught his wrist midair, fingers tightening around his skin. “Silas,” she said sharply, “Isn't it true that when you hold my hand, you can sleep without needing these?”

His eyes narrowed slightly. “Are you pitying me?” he countered. “If I said yes—if I admitted that your touch calms the chaos—would you stay here tonight? Would you hold my hand and make sure I sleep?”

Her breath caught. The question hung heavy in the air between them. She hesitated, her instincts warring—wolf and woman, empathy and pride.

But before she could answer, Silas spoke again, voice low but steady. “Could you keep pitying me forever, Freya?”

She froze, uncertain of what he meant.

He smiled faintly, a bitter edge twisting his lips. “Because if your pity ends the moment you leave this island, then what difference does it make? Whether I take fewer pills or more, it all ends the same way.”

With that, he gently pried her fingers away, swallowed the pills, and chased them down with a swallow of water. Newest update provided by findnovel.net

Freya turned her head, unable to watch. He had insisted on keeping his distance, and she should have felt relieved. But as she listened to the sound of him setting the glass down, her chest grew heavier, as though something deep inside her had cracked and refused to mend.

Outside, the sea wind howled against the glass walls, the waves striking the cliffs below like a heartbeat. The island, isolated and untamed, mirrored the silence stretching between them—two wolves caught in the same cage, neither daring to move closer nor farther away.

Meanwhile, across the city of The Capital, laughter filled a private lounge at one of the most exclusive clubs.

“Lana, you don't look too happy tonight,” one of the women teased, swirling a glass of wine.

“Yes, didn't you just secure a new contract?” another chimed in, her diamond necklace catching the light. “That project was a goldmine! You should be celebrating, not brooding.”

Lana Rook smiled politely, her gaze sweeping over the faces around her. They were all high- ranking matriarchs or business elites within the Capital's social scene—wolves who had sharpened their fangs behind silk and perfume.

When she had first clawed her way into this circle, she'd done everything it took—charm, cunning, compromise. She didn't particularly enjoy their company, but in business, clients came first. Every alliance had to be tended like a fragile flame.

"Yes," Lana said smoothly, raising her glass. "We did close the deal. I'll count on you all to support us in the future. Tonight's drinks are on me."

"Generous as always, Lana," one of them laughed. "Oh, and rumor has it a new batch of models just arrived at the club tonight. Shall we take a look later? You might find someone who catches your eye."

Normally, Lana would have joined in the banter, maybe even entertained herself by appraising the new blood. But tonight, her heart wasn't in it. She could only think of Freya—taken by Silas Whitmor to that isolated island, completely cut off from the outside world.

Freya had called once, assuring her she was fine, that Silas hadn't hurt her. But Lana didn't believe it. Not entirely. She knew what Alphas like him were capable of when they wanted control.

Still, business was business. Worrying about her friend wouldn't change anything tonight. She

forced a smile. "All right, let's see them," she said.

Moments later, the door opened and a line of young men entered the room, each of them handsome in their own way—polished, eager, and slightly nervous under the collective gaze of wealthy patrons.

Lana leaned back, glass in hand, disinterested—until one of them caught her eye. Her brows furrowed slightly, an unconscious sound escaping her lips. "Huh?"

The man looked up, startled by her attention.

"What is it, Lana? See someone you like?" one of the women teased, following her gaze. "There—go sit by Miss Rook. Introduce yourself."

"You

The young man hesitated but obeyed, walking toward her with an awkward smile. “Good evening, Miss Rook. My name’s Duke,” he said softly. “Nice to meet you... and all the ladies here.”

Duke.

The name hit her like a memory she hadn’t expected. There had been another man, years ago, with the same syllable in his name—the one who had helped her when no one else did. Could this be him? Or was it just coincidence?

The others noticed her distraction and laughed. “Our Lana looks smitten! Go on, Duke, pour her a drink. Don’t be shy.”

He quickly filled her glass, his hand steady but his eyes uncertain.

Just outside the half-open door, Victor Ashford passed by with a few acquaintances, the low hum of conversation surrounding them. One of the men slowed, peering through the crack.

“Hey, Victor,” he murmured, “isn’t that your girlfriend in there?”

Victor stopped. His amber eyes flicked toward the room. Through the sliver of open space, he caught a glimpse of Lana—her hand resting on a glass of wine, her expression unreadable as a stranger poured her a drink.

Something primal and possessive flared in his chest, low and dangerous, like the rumble of a wolf warning its rival to back away.

The night had just turned colder.

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Trapped in You by Morrison Lee: Shadows of Our Love 358

Third Person’s POV

Victor narrowed his eyes, the golden flecks in his irises catching the dim light of the corridor. From where he stood, he could see into the half-open door of the private lounge. Inside, Lana was seated on a velvet sofa surrounded by laughter, glittering glasses, and a row of handsome young men pouring drinks.

Beside him, Velda spoke in a low, mocking voice. “Well, look at that. The room’s full of male models. Don’t tell me the one serving her wine is one of them. I never thought Miss Rook liked to spend her nights this way. Who knows what her private life really looks like-”

“Have you said enough?” Victor’s voice cut through the air like a blade.

Velda’s words died instantly on her tongue. The others standing near Victor fell silent too, their gazes dropping to the marble floor. Even in The Capital’s elite circles, no one dared to cross the Ashford heir when his tone carried that quiet, dangerous weight.

—

From inside, laughter swelled again. Lana sat still amid the noise, her gaze fixed on the man before her. Duke that was what he’d called himself. The name tugged something deep in her memory, stirring an image of another night, years ago — a streetlight, the scent of rain, and the man who had pulled her out of danger with bloodied hands.

If not for him, she wouldn’t be sitting here today.

And yet, of all places, of all circumstances, fate had chosen this moment for them to meet again – her dressed in silk and diamonds, him in the black uniform of a lounge escort.

Because she hadn’t accepted his drink, Duke’s hand trembled slightly, his expression turning awkward. Someone in the room chuckled.

“Oh, looks like our Lana doesn’t fancy him. Come on, sweetheart, don’t waste our time. If Miss Rook doesn’t like you, move along.”

Duke gave a tight smile and turned *to* leave. That movement jolted Lana out of her daze. She reached forward, took the glass from his hand, and lifted it to her lips. The liquid burned down her throat, sharp and sweet.

The room erupted in approving laughter.

She set the glass down, meaning to say something possessive dominance, sliced through the noise.

but a voice, cold and edged with

“Drinking without me, Lana? As your boyfriend, shouldn’t I at least be invited?”

The entire room froze. Lana’s back stiffened. Slowly, she turned her head.

Victor stood in the doorway. His tall frame blocked the light from the hall, casting his shadow across the marble floor. The faint silver gleam of his cufflinks glinted like a predator’s fang. His

locked onto her. those sharp, commanding eyes

eyes

–

For a heartbeat, her breath caught.

–

What in the moon’s name was he doing here?

Especially with that storm brewing in his gaze.

“Wait–hold on,” one of the women gasped, recognition dawning. “Isn’t that Victor Ashford? The lawyer from the Ashford line?”

“Lana, you didn’t tell us your boyfriend was him! The Ashfords practically run The Capital’s legal division.”

“Seems Miss Rook knows how to pick them well,” another teased, laughter thin with envy.

Lana forced a laugh that sounded more brittle than she intended. Under Victor’s steady gaze, something inside her twisted uncomfortably. Why did she feel guilty? They weren’t even a real couple. It was a contract — nothing more.

She cleared her throat. “What brings you here?”

Victor’s gaze flicked to Duke, who still stood nearby, his posture tense. Then his attention returned to Lana. “Did you enjoy your drink?”

“Uh... not yet,” she said carefully, glancing at the half-finished glass on the table.

Without breaking eye contact, Victor picked up the glass. He raised it to his lips and drained it in a single motion. “Now it’s finished.”

The room fell into a heavy silence.

Before Lana could react, he grabbed her wrist and pulled her to her feet. “We’re leaving.”

She blinked, startled. “Wait-Victor, I’m still—”

Her protest vanished as he guided her

—

no, dragged her

—

out of the lounge,

Outside in the corridor, the group that had come with Victor earlier stood frozen. Velda’s lips curled in a scornful smile. “Wow. Didn’t expect you to be the type to hire male escorts behind his back, Lana. If I were Victor’s girlfriend, I’d never lower myself like that.”

Lana’s temper flared. She remembered this woman

—

the Beta’s daughter who had openly

214

flirted with Victor at a previous gathering. Straightening her shoulders, Lana shot her a defiant look despite the firm hold on her arm.

“Too bad, Velda,” she said coolly. “You’re not his girlfriend. I am.”

Velda’s cheeks flushed crimson. “You-

Victor's voice broke in, calm but commanding. "We're leaving." He didn't spare Velda another glance. Turning, he led Lana down the hall, his hand wrapped securely around her wrist.

Velda stood seething as the elevator doors closed.

"Rare sight, seeing Victor lose his composure," one of the men murmured once the couple disappeared from view.

—

"Tell me about it. I've worked with him for years the man's always calm, controlled, never lets emotion show. Guess Miss Rook really gets under his skin."

Velda bit down on her lip hard enough to taste blood. In her eyes, Victor had always been untouchable — disciplined, elegant, the kind of Alpha who could command an entire courtroom with a word. Seeing him act possessive, jealous even, for someone like Lana Rook a nouveau-riche socialite from the outer packs made bile rise in her throat.

—

What does he see in her? she thought bitterly. She's beneath him. I'd be better. I'd never humiliate him like that.

Back in the lounge, the wealthy women recovered from their shock and began whispering again.

"Did you see that? I can't believe Lana managed to land Victor Ashford."

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"He's practically royalty in The Capital's circles and everyone thought he was uninterested in

women."

—

"Guess she proved them wrong. If she's really his girlfriend, she's secured her future."

"Lucky girl," someone muttered.

At the far end of the table, Duke stared down at the empty glass Lana had left behind. Her lipstick marked the rim, faint but unmistakable. His jaw clenched as he turned the glass slowly

in his hand.

So it was her.

The girl from that night – the one he’d saved years ago when she was cornered and terrified, her scent laced with moonlit rain and blood. He remembered her trembling voice, her thank- you whispered between gasps of shock. He hadn’t expected to ever see her again, let alone like

—

this laughing among wolves in silk gowns, claimed by a man whose aura could crush most Alphas in the room.

But as he set the glass down, a small, bittersweet smile tugged at the corner of his mouth.

Lana Rook had survived. She’d risen. And for now, that was enough.

Outside, the night over The Capital was sharp with winter wind. Victor’s grip on Lana’s wrist had loosened, but his expression was still unreadable. She wanted to speak

to tell him he was overreacting – but something in the tension of his shoulders silenced her.

—

The streetlamps caught the silver in his eyes, hinting at the beast within, the Alpha that the

courtroom never saw.

“Next time,” he said quietly, his voice low with restrained fury, “you tell me where you’re going before I have to find out like that.”

Lana looked up at him, defiant and unafraid. “And if I don’t?”

For a moment, the air between them felt electric something neither of them wanted to name.

—
charged with dominance, pride, and

Then Victor exhaled slowly, the edge softening in his eyes. “Then I’ll just have to remind you who you belong to.”

Lana’s pulse fluttered, half from anger, half from something else.

The night swallowed their silence, leaving only the echo of footsteps and the faint scent of wolves lingering in the cold city air.

Florence

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Trapped in You by Morrison Lee: Shadows of Our Love 359

Third Person’s POV

Victor drove through the quiet midnight streets of The Capital, his jaw tight, his wolf simmering beneath his human mask. The city’s neon lights flashed across his windshield like restless fire each pulse matching the rhythm of his anger.

In the passenger seat, Lana sat rigid, her pulse racing, her scent sharp with defiance and confusion. The silence between them crackled like static until the car rolled to a stop outside Victor’s private apartment a sleek, steel-gray tower that overlooked the sleeping skyline.

The moment they stepped inside, Lana spun toward him, yanking her wrist free from his grasp.

“Why did you bring me here? I want to go home!” Her voice trembled with both anger and unease as she reached for the door handle.

But before she could touch it, Victor’s hand caught her arm and pulled her back.

In the next breath, she found herself pinned against the wall. The force wasn't brutal, but it was absolute – the kind that came from a man used to being obeyed. His breath brushed her ear, low and rough.

“Why so eager to run back?” he murmured. “You didn't look so busy back at the lounge.”

The mention of the lounge lit a spark in her eyes.

“Do you have any idea what that was? I was there with friends, Victor! You storming in like that – you made it look like something it wasn't!”

“Something it wasn't?” His tone turned glacial. “Should a man just smile while his girlfriend flirts with a pack of hired models?”

Before she could reply, his lips grazed her ear- not in tenderness, but in punishment. His teeth caught her earlobe, drawing a small gasp from her. Lana shivered despite herself; her ear had always been a weak spot, and he knew it too well.

“Victor, what the hell is wrong with you-”

“What's wrong,” he interrupted darkly, “is watching my mate take a drink from another man like it meant something.” His voice dropped lower, vibrating with restrained fury. “Tell me, Lana – was he better to look at? Or do you think he'd satisfy you more than I can?”

Her stomach twisted, heat and anger colliding. “You're insane,” she hissed.

His eyes gleamed, pupils dilating in the dim light–the faintest glint of silver betraying his wolf.

“You're lucky,” he said, voice dangerously calm. “You only took a drink from that man. If you'd gone further, I wouldn't have stopped at a bite.”

He drew back slightly, tracing his tongue over the small mark he'd left, a possessive growl curling at the back of his throat. The imprint was shallow–but unmistakably his.

Lana glared at him, her pride refusing to bend. “And what if I did hire one of them? We're a contract couple, Victor. You don't own me.”

His gaze darkened, voice a low snarl. “So you still plan to find someone else?”

Chapter 359.

+5 Free Com

10x...

A tremor of instinct warned her if she said yes, things would spiral fast. Victor wasn't a man to be challenged lightly. He was an Alpha by nature, power honed beneath civility.

Still, something reckless inside her rose up. She tilted her chin, eyes burning with defiance.

"You want to prove you can satisfy me? Then show me. Strip. Take off every piece of that perfect Alpha control you're so proud of?"

For a heartbeat, silence stretched. Then his lips curved—not in amusement, but in promise.

"Fine."

Her eyes widened as he reached for his shirt and began unbuttoning it, piece by piece. The man who had always looked composed, untouchable, now stood before her – shedding restraint like a second skin.

One item. Then another. Then another.

The air thickened between them, laced with heat, challenge, and something too primal to name.

By the time she found her voice again, he was inches from her, his hand lifting her chin. His eyes had softened, but the threat in his tone hadn't.

"During this arrangement, whatever satisfaction you want – I'll give it to you. But if you ever touch another man again, Lana..." His fingers tightened just slightly, dominance flaring through his scent. "You'll regret it."

She swallowed, unable to tell whether the shiver that ran through her came from fear

–

Across the ocean, the wind carried the scent of salt and storm over Silas's private island.

or something far more dangerous. Get full chapters from find*novel.net

Freya stood on the balcony of the villa, her gaze drifting toward the endless sweep of blue horizon. Five days. It had been five days since Silas brought her here – five days since her world had shrunk to sea, sky, and silence.

If not for the captivity – for the mission she had yet to complete – it could have been paradise. The sea breeze, the rhythmic crash of waves, the stillness that came with being forgotten.

A soft rustle of fabric pulled her from her thoughts. A warm weight settled around her shoulders a gray sweater, carrying his scent: smoke, pine, and something wild.

“Careful,” Silas said quietly from behind her. “The sea wind’s sharp today.”

Freya turned to face him. Even after nights of broken sleep, he still carried himself like an Alpha – composed, vigilant. But the shadows beneath his eyes betrayed the truth. He hadn’t rested properly since they arrived.

“Did you sleep at all?” she asked.

His smile was brief. “Enough.”

She didn’t believe him. Silas was a Alpha, and men like him didn’t admit weakness. Not even when it clawed at them.

Just then, the low thrum of rotor blades sliced through the tranquil air. Freya lifted her head.

A helicopter was approaching from the east, the metallic gleam of its frame catching sunlight.

“Is that a supply drop?” she asked. Food and essentials were often airlifted here from the mainland island, she had never seen one arrive this close.

though in all her days on the

Silas’s gaze tracked the aircraft, expression unreadable. “Maybe,” he said softly. “Or maybe not.”

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Trapped in You by Morrison Lee: Shadows of Our Love 360

Third Person's POV

The thunder of rotor blades broke the island's fragile calm. The sound was wrong too close, too sudden, too heavy.

Silas's golden eyes narrowing as the helicopter cut through the clouds and began its descent toward the clearing near the shore. For a moment, his pulse stalled. He hadn't called for supplies today. No flight had been scheduled.

That aircraft wasn't one of his..

And whoever was on board... had found them.

His expression hardened in an instant. Without a word, he turned and sprinted down the stairs, the wolf within him surging toward the threat.

Freya stood frozen for a breath, confusion and instinct battling in her chest. She had seen Silas angry before—calm fury simmering beneath his command—but this was different. The air around him had shifted, charged with a primal tension that made the hair on her arms rise.

She glanced toward the distant helipad, the machine's blades kicking

up waves of sand and salt.

Who could it be?

No one was supposed to know where they were.

The thought struck cold through her. Then, without hesitating, she followed him.

Down the marble staircase, through the open foyer, her bare feet barely touched the floor. By the time she stepped outside, Silas was already crossing the yard, his figure sharp against the blazing sunlight.

The helicopter had landed. The roar of the engine faded into the restless whisper of the sea.

And from its open hatch stepped a man Freya had seen before—tall, silver-haired, with the unmistakable authority of an Alpha who had commanded armies.

Cassian Whitmor.

Silas stopped dead in his tracks. The name alone was enough to chill bloodlines. Cassian—his father, the former Alpha of the Ironclad Coalition. A man once powerful enough to move fleets, now exiled and presumed under guard for crimes against the High Council.

Silas's voice dropped to a growl. "You shouldn't be here."

Cassian smiled faintly, his tone deceptively pleasant. "And yet here I am. Took quite a bit of effort to get out of that little arrangement you put me in."

Silas's jaw tightened. He knew exactly what that meant—his father's escape had burned every hidden bridge and spy he'd once placed in the Coalition's ranks. The clean-up would be brutal.

"What do you want?" Silas asked, voice like steel drawn thin.

"To help," Cassian said simply, spreading his hands. "I heard you've brought a certain young woman to this island. Freya Thorne,

wasn't it? Daughter of the Stormveil Pack's Fifth Branch. You've kept her hidden here, even from your own men. No visitors. No comms. Only air drops. Sounds less like protection and more like captivity."

Freya's breath caught. He knew too much.

Silas's eyes darkened. "Watch your words."

Cassian tilted his head, amused. "Then tell me, son—what is it you're doing here with her? Keeping her close so she can't run back to Caelum Grafton and his Silverfang allies?"

Silas took a step forward, his Alpha aura pulsing with warning. "Say what you came to say, and leave."

"Oh, I intend to leave," Cassian replied, his tone smooth as ever. "But not without giving Miss Thorne a choice."

He shifted his gaze past his son's shoulder, directly toward her. His eyes, the same storm-gray as Silas's, softened.

"Freya," he said evenly, "you don't belong here, do you? If you wish to leave, I can take *you*. Right now. No more locked gates. No isolation."

Silas spun around. Freya stood a few paces behind him, the wind tugging at her hair, her eyes wide but steady.

"Father," Silas warned coldly, "if you don't turn back now, don't expect me to remember we share blood."

But even as he said it, his hand found Freya's, and his grip trembled—not from weakness, but from fear. Fear that she might actually say yes.

Cassian's laugh was quiet and sharp. "Blood? You forfeited that bond when you caged me like an animal. You think I'd expect mercy from a son who learned cruelty at my knee?"

He turned to Freya again, voice softening. "You see? The Whitmors always confuse loyalty with possession. I can free you, child. You only have to take my hand."

"You're not taking her anywhere!" Silas's roar split the air, the wolf in him rising. His aura slammed outward, pressing against the clearing with invisible force.

Cassian's eyes glinted. "We'll see."

Then, without another word, Silas lunged.

Father and son collided like thunder meeting stone. The impact shook the sand beneath their feet. Silas swung first, his fist Shing against Cassian's jaw. The older Alpha staggered but recovered fast, blocking the next blow and countering with a brutal Hook that sent Silas reeling a step back.

Freya stood frozen, heart pounding, as the two men fought – Alpha dominance against Alpha experience. The air shimmered with heat, scent, and fury.

Cassian's strength, though weathered by age, was fierce; he moved with the precision of a soldier who had survived too many wars. But Silas was younger, faster, driven by something raw and desperate.

Every strike echoed through the clearing. Every growl reverberated off the cliffs.

Freya's eyes darted toward the helicopter. The engine was still running, its blades turning lazily in idle.

If she could reach it, she could escape this madness.

She clenched her jaw. Cassian might be injured but she had flown before. She could take that chopper herself,

But the sight before her rooted her in place.

Cassian faltered. Silas's next punch connected hard, sending the older Alpha sprawling across the ground.

The world fell silent but for the crash of waves.

Silas stood over him, chest heaving, his knuckles bloodied. Yet Cassian only smiled up at him, his mouth curling in dark

amusement.

"What's the matter?" Cassian asked softly. "Did I touch a nerve?"

"I told you," Silas said, his voice low and lethal, "you're not taking her."

Cassian wiped the blood from his lip and gave a small, almost pitying laugh. "Then maybe you should ask her what she wants. She's not a possession, Silas. She's not a prize for the strongest wolf."

He pushed himself to his feet, swaying slightly but still defiant. "There are three of us here. You. Me. And her. And unless I'm mistaken, she may prefer the Alpha who offers her freedom."

He looked to Freya again, his gaze steady. "What do you say, Freya? Will you come with me?"

Two pairs of eyes – father and son – burned into her at once, waiting.

The helicopter's blades hummed in the background, a promise of escape... or disaster. READ LATEST CHAPTERS AT findnovel.net

And Freya stood between them – between bloodlines, between power, between wolves whose hatred could ignite a war.

The wind shifted, carrying the scent of salt and iron. The next word out of her mouth would decide everything.

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