

A WARRIOR LUNA'S AWAKENING

Trapped in You by Morrison Lee: Shadows of Our Love 361

Freya's POV

Ꞗꞗ (53)

H

Finished

The wind coming off the sea tasted like metal and rain. I stood between two Alphas—father and son—both bearing the same ruthless aura of dominance, both radiating tension so thick it made my wolf stir uneasily beneath my skin.

Cassian Whitmor's gray hair was disheveled from the fight, yet his smirk was sharp as ever, that cruel gleam in his eyes reminding me of the countless stories I'd heard about him—the Alpha who'd built the Ironclad Coalition on blood and broken oaths. And beside him, Silas stood rigid, his chest heaving, his eyes burning gold with restrained fury.

Their resemblance was haunting. Same jawline. Same violent pride. Only the coldness in Cassian's expression seemed to have aged into something far more venomous.

your

“Miss Thorne,” Cassian drawled, his tone a purr lined with malice. “If you're worried about safety, I assure you—I have the means to get you off this cursed island. And I promise, my son will never trouble you again.”

His words twisted inside me. Leaving... gods, of course I'd thought about it. Every night since I'd woken up on this isolated island fortress, my injured shoulder wrapped in bandages, my freedom dangling just out of reach. I wanted to leave. To find my brother in C-country. To get back to my life, my mission, my pack.

But then—Silas’s gaze caught mine. Those eyes... storm-bright, haunted, trembling just slightly, as if he feared my next breath might shatter what little was left between us. I saw in him a man torn apart—Alpha instinct fighting with something that might’ve once been love.

Cassian’s smirk deepened when I didn’t answer. “What’s the matter, little wolf? The words won’t come out? Or are you *too* afraid to admit you want out?”

I stayed silent.

Silas’s fingers twitched, as though he wanted to reach for me but didn’t dare. His jaw locked, the veins in his neck standing out against the tension simmering through his frame.

“Well?” Cassian pressed, his voice slicing through the salt-heavy air. “Your decision, Freya.”

I finally drew a breath and said quietly, “I don’t need your help, Cassian. I’m staying.”

For a moment, even the waves seemed to still.

Both men stared at me—one in disbelief, the other in something dangerously close to awe.

Cassian’s brows shot up. “Staying?” he repeated, his tone incredulous. “You mean to tell me

16:49 Tue, Nov 4 M..

:

B

53

Finished

you’d rather remain caged on this forsaken island than accept my help? Don’t tell me you enjoy being someone’s pet canary.”

“I’m healing.” I replied evenly. “When I’m recovered, Silas will let me go.”

Cassian threw his head back and laughed. It was the sound of a predator mocking his prey. “You really believe that, girl? You think an Alpha like my son would ever let go of what he’s claimed? Do you even know what Whitmors do when they’re abandoned?”

Silas’s growl rumbled low and dangerous. “Enough.”

But Cassian ignored him. He stepped closer, his tone almost gleeful now. “He’ll trap you here, Freya. Break your legs if you try to flee. Threaten what you love. And if that fails—he’ll use the oldest chain there is. A child.”

“Stop!” Silas roared, his voice cracking through the air like lightning.

Cassian turned to him, grinning like a demon who’d found an open wound. “Did I hit a nerve, son? You think I don’t recognize myself in you? You can cage a wolf, but you can’t cure its nature. You’ll do exactly what I did. You’ll make her bleed for loving you.”

“Enough!”

The shout ripped from Silas’s chest, raw and pained. His eyes glowed gold, claws threatening to break skin.

Cassian only smirked wider. “You see? I was right. You-

I didn’t even think.

“”

My body moved before my mind caught up, fury surging through every muscle. I pivoted, lifted my good leg, and kicked Cassian square in the ribs.

The impact sent him sprawling several feet back. He hit the dirt with a grunt, stunned.

For a heartbeat, the world was silent—save for the pounding of my pulse.

Both men stared at me.

Silas’s expression was pure shock, his rage evaporating into disbelief. Cassian looked up at me with a twisted grin of disbelief and faint respect. Official source is [find\(N\)ovel.net](http://find(N)ovel.net)

“If my shoulder weren’t injured,” I said coldly, stepping forward, “I’d make sure you couldn’t walk for a week. Maybe longer.”

Cassian coughed, pressing a hand to his side where I’d kicked him. His breath came ragged. “You... dare to strike me?”

16:49 Tue, Nov 4 M..

...

(53)

B

Finished

“I’ve done it before,” I said flatly, “and I’ll do it again. You call yourself a protector, but all I a coward hiding behind threats. You think your son is you, but he’s not. He may be broken, yo -but he’s not you.”

Cassian laughed—loud, unhinged, bitter. “Not me? Oh, you naive thing. He’s worse. Every shadow I planted in him will one day bloom into something darker. He is my legacy.”

My patience snapped. “Then you’d better pray that legacy ends with you.”

The faint smirk vanished from his face.

“I’d suggest you leave,” I warned, my voice low and steady. “Because if you stay another minute, I will kick you again—and trust me, I won’t miss twice.”

Cassian’s eyes narrowed, the air around him brimming with restrained violence. But something flickered there—wariness, maybe even intrigue. Slowly, he straightened, dusted off his jacket, and spat blood onto the sand.

“You’ll regret this,” he said, gaze flicking between Silas and me. “Both of you.”

◦

4.5K

1

313

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.

Trapped in You by Morrison Lee: Shadows of Our Love 362

Freya's POV

Z(53)

Finished

The helicopter blades cut through the misty sky until they were nothing but a whisper, fading into the horizon. I stood still, watching until even the faintest glimmer of its metallic shell disappeared beyond the cliffs. Only then did I turn to Silas.

"Let's go," I said quietly.

He didn't move. I'd only taken two steps when I realized he was still standing where I'd left him —frozen, like he'd forgotten how to breathe. His amber eyes locked on me with a dazed sort of disbelief, as if I'd done something impossible.

"What is it?" I asked, moving closer.

His lashes trembled, and for a moment, I saw something raw in his gaze—relief, shock, hunger. He looked at me like a man seeing sunlight after years underground.

"You didn't leave," he rasped.

"No," I said simply. "I didn't."

His throat bobbed. "Why?"

I shrugged lightly. "Because I can't stand your father."

He blinked once, twice—and then, without warning, he pulled me into his arms.

The movement was sharp, desperate. His strength surrounded me, his scent—iron, smoke, and the wild tang of sea air—pressing into my skin. Yet even in that urgency, he was careful. His hand hovered just above my left shoulder, avoiding the injury he'd spent nights tending.

“You didn't go,” he whispered, his voice shaking as he buried his face against the side of my neck. “You really didn't go.”

His words were muffled, almost childlike, as though he couldn't believe them himself. The tremor in his arms gave him away; the Alpha of the Ironclad Coalition was trembling.

I didn't push him away. Maybe I should have. After all, we'd already ended things. Whatever bond had once existed between us had been burned to ashes. But feeling his heartbeat against mine—uneven, frantic, too human—I couldn't bring myself to break that fragile contact.

Maybe it was pity. Maybe it was something else.

Not enough distance, Freya, I told myself silently. Not enough courage to be cruel.

16:49 Tue, **Nov 4** M...

53

Finished

He stayed like that for a long time, until the tension finally left his shoulders. When I felt him breathe normally again, I spoke softly, “Alright. Let's go inside.”

He hesitated, then nodded and released me. The moment his arms fell away, a faint chill crawled across my skin, as if the wind had slipped in where his warmth had been.

When I started toward the cabin, I noticed the scrape along his knuckles—red, raw, slightly swollen. I reached out without thinking and caught his wrist.

“Your hand,” I murmured. “You should put some salve on that.”

He looked down at me, his gaze

unreadable. “Okay.”

Inside, the room was quiet except for the low hum of the generator. He found the first-aid kit, pulled out a jar of antiseptic, and began treating the cuts himself. The faint sting of alcohol filled the air.

“Anywhere else?” I asked, crossing my arms.

He hesitated. “A few places hurt, but I’ll live.”

“I saw how hard he hit you,” I said, my tone sharper than I intended. “You might have bruised ribs. Sit down.”

When he didn’t move fast enough, I added, “Now.”

Something flickered in his eyes—amusement, maybe—but he obeyed. He tugged his shirt off without protest, the fabric catching briefly on his shoulder before it slid free.

My pulse jumped.

Bruises marred his chest and abdomen, dark marks blooming beneath pale skin like violent ink stains. He’d taken more hits than he’d admitted.

“Turn toward the light,” I said, stepping closer.

He obeyed again, the muscles in his back shifting under his skin. I reached out, my fingers brushing over one of the bruises. His body tensed at the contact, not from pain, but from the

nearness.

“If it hurts too much, say something,” I told him.

“I’m fine.”

I pressed a little harder, testing bone alignment the way my mother—Myra, the military medic—had taught me years ago. My time in the Iron Fang Recon Unit had left me with enough field

16:49 **Tue**, Nov 4 ...

training to know what a fracture felt like.

H

Timated

His skin was warm beneath my palm, his breath unsteady. But when I applied pressure along his ribs, he didn't flinch.

"Any sharp pain?" I asked.

He blinked, like he'd forgotten how to speak. "No."

"Then your ribs are intact. Just bruises." I stepped back and nodded toward the salve. "You'll live."

Silas's gaze lingered on me. There was something in it—something heavy, quiet, unreadable.

"You really think I'm not like him?" he asked suddenly. His voice was low, uncertain.

I met his eyes. "You're not."

A strange, almost boyish look crossed his face—relief and disbelief tangled together. "I'm not him," he murmured again, as if trying to convince himself.

He leaned back, the faintest smile tugging at the corner of his mouth. "You didn't leave with Cassian. You might regret that one day."

"Maybe," I said. "But not now. Not yet."

His expression shifted, the light dimming behind his eyes. "You still don't trust me, do you?"

I hesitated. "I hope you'll keep your word, Silas. That when the time comes, you'll let me go." Official source is

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.

Trapped in You by Morrison Lee: Shadows of Our Love 363

Third Person's POV

Freya hadn't truly believed him. Not completely.

-

35

Finished

"I didn't believe you," she said quietly, her voice carrying through the villa's quiet. "I just took a gamble that this time, you wouldn't lie. That when the time comes, you'll really send me back." She looked up at him, calm but resolute. "Silas, I hope this time I haven't bet wrong."

Silas gave a faint, crooked smile - the kind that didn't reach his eyes. "And if you win that bet," he murmured, "will you ever be willing to trust me again?"

-

Freya's gaze didn't waver. "Trust isn't something you win by chance. It's something you earn or lose." She paused, then stepped back. "I'll find something to read in the study. You can tend your wounds yourself."

She turned and walked away before he could answer.

Silas lowered his head, his breath unsteady. His hand came up, fingers brushing the spot where she had touched him moments ago. The warmth still lingered there - faint but unmistakable, like a ghost of contact his skin refused to forget.

He should have been glad. She hadn't chosen to leave with her father's envoy. She had stayed.

But instead of relief, a hollow ache spread through his chest - sharp and consuming, as though something inside him was tearing itself apart. It told him what he already knew deep down: that once you miss your chance, no amount of strength can bring it back.

Later that night, the quiet was broken by the faint buzz of Freya's WolfComm.

She glanced at the caller ID- Lana.

"Freya, you won't believe this," Lana's voice came through, fast and excited. "The Williams family is coming to The Capital."

Freya blinked. “What?”

“Who else?” Lana huffed. “Yes, the Williams family from C-country. And Parker’s among them. They’re coming because of a new business deal with the Whitmors.”

—

Freya straightened, frowning. “The Whitmors? Working with the Williams family?”

“That’s what I said,” Lana replied. “Apparently, the Whitmors were the ones to extend the invitation. They want to discuss cooperation, and of course the Williamses said yes. They’ll be arriving in The Capital in a few days. Guess that means you don’t have to fly to C-country after

21:46 Wed, Nov 5

all.”

:

35

Finished

Freya’s mind churned. Could this really be coincidence? The Whitmors suddenly inviting the Williams family right before she was supposed to travel abroad to meet them?

Lana hesitated for a beat, then added, “You don’t think Silas set this up, do you? Just so you wouldn’t have to go?”

Freya shook her head, though Lana couldn’t see it. “That kind of partnership would involve major investments. It’s too large a move to make just to keep me from traveling.”

“Maybe for normal people,” Lana said wryly. “But we both know the Whitmors aren’t normal. The whole pack knows that family runs on obsession, not reason.”

Freya didn’t respond. The truth was, she couldn’t rule it out. Silas Whitmor had always been the

close. kind of Alpha who’d bend an empire just to keep one promise – or one woman –

“And let’s be honest,” Lana continued. “You keep saying you’ve broken things off with him, but the man literally chartered a private jet from Deepmoor just to fetch you. Then he locked down an entire private island for you two. That doesn’t look like someone who’s accepted the end.”

Freya’s chest tightened. “Lana-”

“Fine, fine,” Lana interrupted, laughing softly. “I’ll stop teasing. When are you coming back?”

“Two days,” Freya said. “If he keeps his word.”

Lana’s tone softened. “Then I’ll be waiting. The Capital feels too quiet without you.”

—

After the call ended, the silence returned only broken by the rhythmic crash of waves outside the window. Freya sat on the bed and unlocked her WolfComm again, her fingers hovering before she started searching the news.

It didn’t take long. The feeds were already flooded with it: Whitmor Industries announcing a partnership proposal with Williams Armatech on clean-energy vehicle production. The Whitmors were moving into the electric vehicle sector, and the Williams family – one of the continent’s largest battery producers – was their first choice of supplier.

It was a massive opportunity. No wonder half the tech world had turned its eyes toward The Capital.

Freya scrolled through one of the headlines.

Everett Williams, Head of the Williams Family, to Arrive in The Capital for Strategic Talks.

Her gaze lingered on the accompanying photograph – a man in his sixties, with sharp features,

21:46 **Wed, Nov 5**

420

Finishery

hair streaked silver and posture straight as a blade. Time had added lines to his face, but nothing could dim the aristocratic calm in his expression. His eyes were piercing – the kind that saw through lies with a single glance.

Even now, dressed in an immaculate suit, Everett carried an aura that was more Alpha than corporate. Refined. Dangerous. The kind of man who'd command a pack with a word.

Unmarried his whole life, yet never whispered to have taken a male partner either. To the public, he was an enigma – a man who seemed immune to love itself.

And now he was coming to The Capital, with Parker Williams at his side.

If Freya truly meant to acknowledge Parker as family, as blood, she would have to face Everett too. There would be no avoiding it.

Across the city, Lana tossed her phone onto the passenger seat and sighed. “Two days,” she muttered. “Fine. Two days.”

She checked the time, lips curving into a grin, and started the engine.

–

away from her apartment, The city's night lights rippled across her windshields she drove – straight toward the place she knew she shouldn't be going. The exclusive private lounge gleamed like a den of wolves in silk. When she walked in, the manager immediately straightened.

“Miss Rook,” he greeted, polite but cautious.

“I want to see Duke,” she said flatly.

His brows lifted. “You're asking for him again?”

“Consider it a preference,” Lana replied, her smile edged like a blade. Get full chapters from [find♦novel.net](http://findnovel.net)

He hesitated. “Word around The Capital is that you're Victor Ashford's girlfriend. If he finds out you're here with someone else...” The manager trailed off, voice uneasy. “You know how the Ashfords are. Not the kind of wolves one crosses lightly.”

Lana leaned on the counter, her perfume laced with wolf musk you'd better make sure he doesn't find out."

-

confident, defiant. "Then

The manager studied her for a long moment before sighing. "You're playing with fire."

Editorial Board

Trapped in You by Morrison Lee: Shadows of Our Love 364

Third Person's POV

Finished

In the heart of The Capital, power ran thicker than blood—and among the city's four dominant law circles, none held greater sway than the Ashford lineage. Rumor said that crossing Victor Ashford meant spending the rest of your life tangled in lawsuits and whispers of ruin.

But Lana didn't care for rumors.

"He won't find out," she said coolly, her voice sharp with impatience.

Across from her, the club manager hesitated. "Miss Rook... Alpha Victor specifically instructed us not to take your bookings anymore. No male models, no private escorts."

Lana's expression froze. "He said what?"

The irritation flared in her chest like static before a storm. Victor Ashford might have been her contractual partner, but lately, his control over her personal life was tightening like a silver collar. "We're not even truly together," she muttered. "He doesn't get to dictate who I meet."

"I'm sorry," the manager stammered. "If we let you see him—"

“I just want to talk to Duke,” Lana cut him off, eyes narrowing. “That’s all. I’m not hiring him.”

The manager wrung his hands. “Please understand, Miss Rook. If Alpha Victor finds out, this establishment could lose its license. He... doesn’t take disobedience well.”

Before Lana could snap back, a commotion broke out across the marble hall. A male voice rang out—desperate, defiant. “I’m not for sale! I only serve drinks here!”

Then came the shrill reply of a woman: “If you’re not selling, what are you doing in this place? Tonight, you’re mine! Drag him back—money isn’t an issue!”

A young man stumbled out of a private suite, panic carved into his features. Two burly guards and a jeweled woman pursued him. His shirt was torn, his breathing ragged.

Lana’s eyes widened. Duke.

“Duke!” she called.

The

young man froze mid-step, eyes darting to her. Recognition flickered through the fear clouding his gaze.

“Don’t be afraid.” Lana stepped forward, slipping between him and the oncoming guards. Her stance carried the quiet dominance of a wolf who’d seen battlefields far less civilized than this

21:46 Wed, Nov 5

club. “He’s with me.”

M

(35),

Finished

The jeweled woman—clearly of wealth—stopped short, chin lifting. “He’s mine tonight. Step aside before you regret it.”

Lana turned her gaze to the manager. “Your club’s selling people now?”

The man paled. “N-no, of course not. But if both parties consent-”

“Does he look consenting to you?” Lana’s tone was a low growl, wolf scent prickling faintly in the air.

The woman scoffed. “If he refuses, I’ll make sure he never works in The Capital again. I’m from the Vane family.”

At that, Lana’s lips curved—not kindly. “The Vanes?” she repeated, her voice dipped in dangerous amusement. “Then perhaps you’ve heard of Victor Ashford.”

The woman stiffened. “You-You’re with him?”

“His girlfriend,” Lana said simply. “Want me to call m and tell him you harassed my friend?” She waved her WolfComm idly, the blue light reflecting off her manicured claws.

“You’re friends with a male model? When Victor finds out, you’ll be the one in trouble,” the woman sneered.

Lana tilted her head. “He already knows Duke. In fact, he’s met him. Should I call him right now, see whose name he erases first?”

The silence between them was sharp and heavy. Finally, the woman clicked her tongue, eyes flashing with fury, but she turned on her heel and stalked away, her guards trailing like scolded

pups.

As the scent of her perfume faded, Lana turned back to Duke. “You alright?”

He exhaled shakily. “I... think so. Thank you.”

“Good. Then come with me. I want to talk.”

He blinked. “Talk?” His confusion was honest—and tinged with fear. In his world, “being taken out” by a client rarely meant talking.

Seeing it, Lana softened her tone. “Relax. I’m not that kind of woman. Just dinner. Or midnight noodles, if you prefer.”

The manager stepped forward again, sweating. “Miss Rook, please—”

21:46 Wed, Nov 5

A3

35 Get full chapters from FindNovel.net

Finished

But Lana was already guiding Duke toward the door, her grip firm but protective. “He’s off the clock. Bill it to my name.”

Once outside, the chill of night brushed against their skin. Lana’s car—a sleek black vehicle with silver-etched runes visible only to lupine eyes—waited by the curb. They climbed in.

“What do you want to cat?” she asked as she started the engine.

“Anything,” he murmured, voice still unsteady.

She smiled faintly. “Then noodles. Something simple.”

They drove through the sleeping edges of The Capital until they reached a narrow alley lined with old brick. A small noodle bar glowed dimly under the warm yellow of paper lamps. It wasn’t glamorous—just familiar.

Duke paused at the doorway, staring. The place hadn’t changed. Not the chipped counter, not the scent of broth and scallions. He remembered coming here once—years ago—with her. Before everything fractured.

They sat at a corner booth, and the owner, an elder woman with sharp eyes, recognized Lana immediately. “Two bowls of the house special?”

Lana nodded. “Triple seafood.”

When the woman disappeared into the kitchen, Lana leaned her elbows on the table. “Does that kind of thing happen often?”

Duke blinked, caught off guard. “You mean... at the club?”

She nodded.

He shook his head. “No. First time. I only started a few weeks ago. Needed the money.”

Lana studied him quietly—the tension in his shoulders, the faint wolfish pulse beneath his skin, like someone who had learned to suppress instincts in a world that preyed on the weak.

“Still running from the past?” she asked softly.

He looked up, startled. “You always did see too much,” he said.

“And you always did underestimate me,” she replied with a ghost of a smile.

The steam from their noodles curled upward, blending with the faint city hum outside. In that small moment—two wolves bound by old debts and unspoken grief—the world felt quieter.

But somewhere across the city, a phone buzzed to life in Victor Ashford’s penthouse.

21:46 Wed, Nov 5

:

H

Finished

“Sir,” came the voice of the club manager, nervous and trembling. “Miss Rook just took Duke out of the establishment. Should we—”

Victor’s voice, low and calm, cut through the line like a blade. “No. Let her run. If she crosses the line, I’ll be the one waiting when she does.”

His eyes shifted, pupils flaring gold in the dark.

Because in The Capital, even freedom had teeth.

Editorial Board

Trapped in You by Morrison Lee: Shadows of Our Love 365

Third Person’s POV

inished

“You still work in places like that?” Lana asked softly, her tone somewhere between disbelief

and sorrow.

“For coin,” he replied, the ghost of a smile cutting across his face. “After I left my family, no pack would take me. My mother’s ill. And this... this kind of work pays fast.”

There was no shame in his words—only a hard, brittle irony. His eyes, once bright with conviction, were dulled now, steeped in fatigue and quiet defiance. The boy who’d once stood up to lies and cruelty was gone, replaced by a man trying to survive in a world that didn’t care.

“I suppose I should be grateful,” Duke said, his mouth twisting. “Grateful I’ve still got the looks for it. Otherwise, I wouldn’t even be worth the sin.”

Before she could reply, the innkeeper arrived with two steaming bowls of venison stew. The smell was earthy and rich, laced with thyme and mead. Duke bent his head, eating quickly, grateful for something to fill the silence.

Lana watched him. Her chest ached—not from pity, but from remembrance. “If it’s coin you need,” she said quietly, “I can lend you some. No interest, no rush. But find something better, Duke. You don’t belong in shadows.” Follow current novels on FindNovel.net

He froze, spoon halfway to his mouth. The offer hit him harder than he expected. “I can’t take your—”

“You can,” she cut in, firm but kind. “You helped me when no one else would. When everyone else chose silence.”

The memory flooded between them like a tide. Years ago, she’d been a young wolf with no allies. Her father dead, her mother gone to another pack, and her stepbrother—her predator—protected by bloodlines and lies. The night he tried to force her, she fought, bled, escaped—but her stepmother had twisted every word, every wound. Only one witness had come forward. Only Duke.

He’d stood in the High Court, trembling yet defiant, rejecting the gold bribes offered to silence him. His testimony had sealed the predator’s fate—and spared Lana from ruin.

“If you hadn’t done that,” she said, voice trembling just slightly, “I would have lost everything. My freedom. My sanity. Maybe my life.”

He didn’t meet her eyes. “You don’t owe me anything, Lana.”

“I do,” she insisted. “And I intend to repay it. Send me your scroll—your work record. ”

21:46 Wed, Nov 5

This time, he didn’t refuse. “Thank you,” he murmured. Then, hesitating, “Lana... you’ve changed.”

She smiled faintly. “We all have.”

34

Finished

When the meal was done, she walked him to his quarters—a narrow lodging near the edge of the trade district, where the scent of smoke and sea salt mingled in the night air. Then she turned back toward her own keep, the wind carrying faint echoes of the pack’s distant howls. The moon was high when she reached her gate—and froze.

Victor was waiting there.

He leaned against her doorframe, a dark figure haloed in silver light. A half-burned cigarette smoldered between his fingers, its ember casting brief glints across his sharp, unreadable face. The Alpha looked every inch the storm he was rumored to be.

“You smoke now?” she asked, taken aback.

His voice was low, roughened by something that wasn’t just the smoke.
“Apparently, I do.”

C

The scent of ash and anger rolled off him in waves. He’d been waiting a while—long enough for the calm to burn out of him. His golden eyes met hers, sharp and cold.

“Tell me, Lana,” he said, each word deliberate. “Was I not enough? Did you have to find your satisfaction elsewhere?”

Her pulse spiked. She darted forward, covering his mouth with her hand before he could say more. The corridor walls had ears; the neighboring dens weren't far.

“Don't,” she hissed. “Don't say things like that out here.”

He gripped her wrist, prying her hand away with slow, measured strength. “Out here? Then inside, perhaps?” His voice dropped lower, darker. “I heard you left the Moon's Den with a younger wolf. The kind that works for coin. Tell me, Lana—was he better at pleasing you?”

Her eyes flashed. “Duke is my friend. Nothing more.”

“Friend?” His tone cut like a blade. “You have many of those, don't you? Or is that what you tell them when you tire of saying lover?”

Anger rose in her chest, fierce and unbidden. She unlocked the door, pushing it open with more force than grace. “Enough,” she snapped. “Get inside before someone hears you.”

call

He followed, silent and taut as a bowstring. The door shut behind them, sealing the night away. The air between them thickened, crackling with the unspoken—the bond that had once been stronger than blood, now strained to the edge of breaking.

21:46 Wed, Nov 5

34

Finished

“What satisfaction are you even talking about?” she said, trying for calm. “There's nothing between Duke and me.”

“Then what is he to you?” Victor asked, stepping closer, voice edged with a growl. “Another stray for you to fix? Another wounded wolf you can feel noble about saving?”

“Maybe he's someone who deserves a chance,” she shot back. “Not everyone has the luxury of being born Alpha.”

His hand moved before she could react, catching her chin, forcing her gaze up to his. The golden ring around his pupils flared—a telltale spark of dominance. “You think I don’t see through you?” he murmured. “You help him because you can’t help yourself. Because guilt makes you feel righteous.”

Her lips parted in protest—but he didn’t give her the chance.

Victor’s mouth crashed against hers, fierce and consuming. His grip tightened, pulling her against him as if he could erase the distance that had grown between them. She gasped against his lips, her protest breaking into breath and heat.

C

“Stop-” she managed between kisses, though her pulse betrayed her.

But he didn’t stop. The Alpha in him had surfaced fully, wild and wounded. His kiss deepened -frustration, longing, and something dangerously close to love tangled into one primal motion.

She struggled, half-heartedly at first, then harder, pushing at his chest until he finally drew back, both of them breathing hard. His eyes burned with something unreadable.

“You can lie to yourself, Lana,” he said hoarsely. “But not to me. I can smell the truth on you.”

Her hand trembled, caught between striking him and reaching for him. “And what truth is that?”

“That you still care,” he said simply.

Editorial Board

Trapped in You by Morrison Lee: Shadows of Our Love 366

Third Person’s POV

Lana’s breath caught as Victor’s mouth claimed hers-rough, demanding, almost punishing. His lips traced a fevered path down her jaw, across the delicate curve of her throat, his breath searing against her

skin.

“Victor-what are you doing?” she gasped, pushing at his chest. But his strength was a wall against her trembling hands.

“Going mad, perhaps,” he murmured against her neck, voice low and dangerous. “Or maybe I’ve simply lost my restraint.”

There was nothing calculated in him now, no trace of the disciplined Alpha the packs whispered about. Only the raw, feral instinct of a wolf who’d been denied too long. His scent-storm and smoke and pine resin-filled the air, choking her with memory.

He wanted to claim, to possess, to erase every trace of the distance she had built between them.

He shouldn’t have let her go all those moons ago. The thought sliced through him like a blade. If he’d known she would become the one ghost that haunted his every quiet night, he’d have bound her to him- heart, body, and soul-until the moon turned red.

Without warning, Victor bent down and swept her into his arms. “What-what are you doing?” Lana stammered, her pulse spiking as her body lifted effortlessly from the ground.

“What do you think?” His voice was a growl, half threat, half confession. “If you crave satisfaction so much, then I’ll be the one to give it to you. You won’t need to seek any other wolf again.”

He carried her into the chamber and threw her onto the wide bed, the furs rippling beneath her as she caught herself, startled and breathless. The firelight cast long, dancing shadows on the stone walls, reflecting the storm in his eyes.

“Victor, stop this nonsense!” she snapped, trying to keep her voice steady. “I don’t need any of that-you don’t need to-don’t take off your clothes!”

He paused for a heartbeat, then smiled—a sharp, humorless curl of his lips. “Don’t I?” He stripped off his jacket, the fabric falling soundlessly to the floor, then loosened his tie with deliberate slowness. The muscles across his chest flexed as he shrugged out of his shirt.

“Don’t,” Lana warned, pressing herself back against the headboard, her heart hammering. “If you come any closer-”

He leaned over her, bracing one arm beside her head. The bed dipped under his weight. “You dragged a male escort out of the Moon’s Den,” he said, his voice dark with accusation. “And I’m the one losing control? Tell me, Lana-what did you expect me to think?”

Her eyes flashed, fury sparking through her fear. “Duke is my friend! That’s all!”

“Friend,” he repeated, the word twisted in his mouth like something bitter. “You expect me to believe that?”

“I don’t care what you believe! You’re being irrational!” NEW NOVEL CHAPTERS ARE PUBLISHED ON findnovel.net

Victor’s gaze burned into hers, pupils dilating with something primal. “Am I?” His tone was mocking, but beneath it throbbed the sound of pain-real, deep, unhealed. “Then why do you tremble every time I Touch you?”

“Because you’re scaring me!” she snapped. “You’re not the Victor I knew-”

He cut her off with another kiss-hard, searing, and merciless. Her protest was swallowed by the heat of it, by the sheer force of his hunger. His teeth grazed her lower lip, sharp enough to draw blood.

“Stop-!” she gasped when he finally released her, tasting iron and salt. “You’re hurting me!”

But he only stared, eyes fever-bright. “Hurting you?” His voice broke on a laugh that wasn’t laughter at all. “Tell me, Lana, do you even know what you do to me?”

His hand found her jaw again, fingers firm but trembling now, his control fraying at the edges. She saw the madness behind his restraint-the torment of a wolf whose bond had never fully broken.

“Victor,” she whispered, her voice shaking, “this isn’t you. You can’t just—”

“Can’t what?” he murmured, leaning closer. “Can’t want you? Can’t remember the way you taste when you stop pretending you don’t want me too?”

Her breath hitched, fury and confusion colliding inside her. “I told you-I don’t want this! If you keep forcing me, I’ll-”

“You’ll what?” he said softly, his lips brushing hers again. “Call for help? Have the pack guards come drag me off? Do it, then. Let them see their Alpha lose his mind for a single she-wolf.”

Her throat tightened. "I will," she whispered, even though she knew she wouldn't—not yet, not when her heart still betrayed her with every thunderous beat.

He kissed her again—slower this time, still desperate, but now laced with something rawer, sadder. Each kiss felt like a plea he didn't know how to voice, a demand for something neither of them could give.

When he pulled back at last, her lips were swollen, tinged red from where his teeth had marked her. She pressed a trembling hand against her mouth, terrified he'd lunge forward again.

Victor's breath came ragged. "Will you still threaten to report me?" he said hoarsely. "Or have I proven my point?"

She glared up at him, eyes wide, one hand shielding her lips as if to guard them from another assault. "What's happened to you?" she whispered. "You were never like this before."

His expression softened—just a flicker, like moonlight passing through storm clouds. "Maybe you never really knew what I was."

"Don't," she said quietly, shaking her head. "Don't pretend this is about care. You're just angry that you can't control me."

"Control?" he echoed, almost smiling. "No, Lana. I don't want to control you. I just can't stand watching

10.00 pl

you look at another man."

B

Finished

He cupped her cheek, and this time his touch was almost gentle. "Don't seek anyone else," he murmured. "If you need something, come to me. I'll give you everything you crave. I'll make you remember why no one else will ever be enough."

Her face flushed scarlet, caught between rage and humiliation. "You're insane," she hissed. "You don't even know what you're saying!"

“I know exactly what I’m saying.” He dropped his voice to a whisper near her ear, his breath hot and unsteady. “You were happy last time, weren’t you? You melted beneath me, just like now.”

Her mind flashed back to that night—to the chaos, the whiskey, the scent of his skin and her own weakness. It had been supposed to mean nothing—a drunken mistake between ex-lovers bound by old debts. But he had turned it into something else, something dangerous.

She’d woken sore, breathless, and ashamed of how much she’d wanted him.

“That was an accident,” she said quickly, forcing the memory back. “And it’s not happening again.”

He smiled faintly, tilting his head. “And if I want it to happen again?”

She stiffened. “Then you’ll prove yourself the fool I never thought you were. You’re an Alpha, Victor—you know the laws. Force me, and you’ll face the Council yourself.”

For a moment, silence filled the room—thick, heavy, electric. Then he straightened, expression unreadable. The fury that had driven him seemed to falter, replaced by something hollow and cold.

“Always the threat,” he said quietly. “Always ready to bite when cornered.”

Lana’s pulse still raced, but her voice held steady. “And you should remember that before you ever try this again.”

6.8K

(

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.

Trapped in You by Morrison Lee: Shadows of Our Love 367

Third Person's POV

Under the cold silver light of the moon, Lana stood frozen, her pulse a wild drum beneath her skin.

Victor's voice was soft, too soft the kind of low, dangerous calm that curled like smoke.

"I'm not the sort of male who needs to force anything," he murmured, his breath ghosting against her cheek. His lips brushed her ear, a teasing touch that sent a shiver down her spine. "Lana... are you sure you don't want this? You used to look at me like you couldn't wait to pin me down. Always saying you wanted to make me obey you. What changed?"

His tone, rough and low, melted into the thick scent of night dominance.

Lana's whole body went rigid.

-

- cedar, musk, and his wolf's restrained

For the love of the Moon, he was using his charm again that intoxicating mix of voice and scent she could never defend against. He knew her weaknesses too well. The bastard.

"Lana," he said again, the name rolling off his tongue like a dark promise. "I've never let anyone else take the lead with me. Never. That chance was yours alone. Tell me, do you still want it?"

Her throat worked soundlessly. The golden light from the firepit threw his form into relief - the fine line of muscle, the coiled tension of a predator holding himself back. He was all sharp grace and quiet power, the kind of male who could ruin someone with a look.

And yes, gods help her, he was built exactly to her taste.

She swallowed, trying to keep her mind clear. But every breath she took drew more of his scent, more of that dizzying warmth that made her wolf stir restlessly beneath her skin.

"Lana," he whispered, his voice a low growl now. "You really don't want to?"

Her reason cracked like thin ice.

When he tilted his head, the strong line of his throat caught the light, his pulse beating just beneath his skin – and then he brushed his throat against her lips, deliberately.

The control she'd been clinging to snapped.

With a low snarl, Lana surged forward, flipping him beneath her in one quick motion. The furs beneath them rustled as she straddled him, eyes burning gold. "Victor," she said, voice rough, "tonight, you'll do what I say."

A smile touched his lips

–

slow, satisfied, wolfish.

"Fine," he murmured. "Your call."

But the glint in his eyes said everything: as long as she only wanted him, he'd let her have all the control

she wanted.

1/

He'd let her think she'd tamed him.

–

As she moved over him, claiming him with fierce, unsteady need, he lay back and watched her the lines of her face lit by moonlight, the tremor of her body, the fire that still burned for him despite all the and wounds between them.

If he'd known she would haunt him this way, he thought, he'd never have let her go in the first place.

But fate had brought her back, and though it was late, it was not too late.

years

When at last she fell asleep, breath soft and shallow against his chest, Victor sat up quietly. He looked down at her the wild, stubborn wolf who had once belonged to him and a shadow crossed his eyes. IF YOU WANT TO READ MORE CHAPTERS, PLEASE VISIT find@novel.net

-
-
“Don’t make me find out you’ve been hunting two trails, Lana,” he murmured.

Far away, under the same moon, Silas woke with a strangled gasp.

Darkness pressed around him – heavy, absolute. His chest heaved, sweat clinging cold against his skin.

The nightmare lingered like the taste of iron on his tongue.

He had taken the sleeping draught before bed, yet it hadn’t kept the dream at bay. The same dream, the same voices.

“Silas, my son... you will become just like me.”

“No! You’re his son- you’ll turn into the same monster! I should never have borne you!”

The voices tore through his skull like claws, his father’s deep and cruel, his mother’s trembling with hatred and fear. Blood always blood – filled his vision. The moon turned red, and no matter how he ran, it followed.

Stop.

Please, stop.

-

He jerked upright, eyes wide, chest aching with the remnants of panic. The chamber was still, the only sound his ragged breathing. The scent of sweat and fear filled the air – his own.

A nightmare. Again.

He turned his head toward the bed.

Freya still slept, her face calm, touched by silver light spilling through the heavy curtains. There was peace in her expression, the kind that felt distant to him

-

- like sunlight glimpsed from the bottom of a well.

She had once told him, gently, "You're not your father, Silas. You never will be."

But even as he watched her now, he felt the old doubt creeping back.

Was it really possible to escape blood? To outrun a legacy carved into his bones?

Finished

He pressed a hand to his temple. The pain throbbed, deep and familiar.

If the day ever came when I became what he was...

Would Freya still look at him with that same calm, steady gaze? Or would she see only a monster?

The thought twisted something inside him.

Silas rose quietly from the bed, careful not to wake her. The floor was cold beneath his bare feet as he made his way through the darkened hall.

He stopped in front of the washroom's mirror.

The man who stared back looked almost spectral faintly glowing along his collarbone.

—

skin pale, eyes shadowed, the mark of his bloodline

The reflection mocked him. His father's eyes. His father's jaw.

Silas turned on the tap, and icy water gushed over his hands, then his face, spilling down his neck and chest. The shock grounded him a jolt back into the present.

—

Still, the memory clung. Cassian's visit earlier that day had stirred something deep, something he'd buried long ago.

The past had teeth, and it had found his scent again.

When he finally stepped out of the washroom, dressed and composed, he froze. Freya stood by the doorway, her long hair loose, her expression unreadable in the moonlight.

He blinked. “Did I wake you?”

Her voice was quiet. “Not exactly. I don’t sleep deeply.”

She had felt him leave. Heard the water. And something in her gaze she already knew.

The ghosts in his head weren’t silent tonight.

—

concern, but not pity – told him

Finished

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.

Trapped in You by Morrison Lee: Shadows of Our Love 368

Freya’s POV

The night air inside keep was heavy with salt and storm. I couldn’t sleep. Something in me—instinct or worry—kept stirring until I finally threw the covers aside and went downstairs. The stone floors were cold beneath my feet, the torches burned low, and the scent of rain drifted in from the sea.

When I reached the lower hall, I saw Silas coming out of the bathing chamber, water still clinging to his hair. Steam followed him into the corridor, and his shirt clung damp to his shoulders.

“You took a shower? At this hour?” I asked quietly.

He glanced at me, voice low. "Nightmare. I was drenched in sweat. The water helps."

He moved to pass me, but something made me stop him. "Wait."

I stepped into the chamber he'd left, found a clean towel hanging near the basin, and came back to him. "Your hair's still wet. The air here is thick with damp-you'll catch cold."

He didn't take the towel. Instead, he bent his head toward me, tall frame lowering until his forehead almost brushed my shoulder. For a heartbeat, he looked less like the Alpha of the Ironclad Coalition and more like a tired wolf waiting to be tended.

I hesitated, then sighed and covered his head with the towel, my fingers working through his hair, rubbing gently until it was half dry. He stood utterly still beneath my hands, the muscles in his neck shifting faintly as he breathed.

When I was almost done, his voice came quietly, close to my ear. "I want a drink. Will you sit with me for a while?"

"It's the middle of the night," I said. "Why the sudden urge?"

"Couldn't sleep," he answered. "Thought a little firewine might help."

"Do you often drink when you can't sleep?"

A faint shake of his head. "Not often. Just tonight."

I finished with his hair and set the towel aside. He crossed to the bar in the corner of the hall, uncorked a bottle of dark amber liquor, and poured himself a glass. Before I could speak, he threw it back in one gulp.

"Silas-" I reached out, but too late.

He smiled faintly, eyes glinting in the firelight. "Relax. A few drinks won't break me." He poured another.

This time, I pressed my fingers over the rim of the glass. "You shouldn't drown yourself like this. It's bad for you."

Something flickered in his gaze-something sharp. "So you do care," he said softly. "Just like you did today, when you checked my wounds." His eyes darkened. "Freya, are you sure you don't care at all?"

I hesitated. “If I said I didn’t, that would be a lie. I still care... but I’m trying to let it go. One day, I will.”

Before I could finish, he leaned forward. The kiss barely brushed my lips—light as a breath, quick as a spark—but it froze me in place.

“Don’t say it,” he whispered against my mouth. “If you keep talking, I’ll start to think I deserve every bit of this misery.”

I stepped back, heart pounding, trying to steady myself. “Was the Williams project you handed over to Parker a coincidence?” I asked suddenly. “Or did you do that on purpose—so he’d come to the Capital?”

His expression shifted, calm but unguarded. “If I said yes, I did it on purpose... would it matter?”

“Why?”

His answer came without pause. “Because of you. I wanted you close, not wandering from border to border on dangerous assignments. I thought—if you worked here, you could rest. And maybe...” His voice lowered. “Maybe you’d see I’m not the same man you left.”

For a moment, I couldn’t find words. It was the first time he’d spoken his mind so plainly—his calculations laid bare, his intentions stripped of disguise.

I turned away. “Two days from now, you’re supposed to take me back to the mainland. I expect you to keep that promise. And after that—when we meet again—you can call me Freya. Or Thorne. Nothing else.”

The light in his eyes dimmed. “So this is another no?”

I said nothing.

When I started up the stairs, his voice broke the quiet. “No matter what I do, you’ll never come back to me, will you?”

I stopped halfway, hand on the railing. “Silas, you shattered my trust once. Do you know how hard it is to rebuild something like that?”

He took a slow step toward me. “If I knelt right here and begged—if I gave you everything I own, even the Whitmor name itself—you still wouldn’t take me back?”

“I never wanted any of that,” I said quietly.

His gaze turned shadowed, almost feral. “Then who do you want?”

“That’s my business.” I exhaled, turning to leave. “If there’s nothing else, I’m going back to bed.”

“Freya.” His voice stopped me cold. “I could break the deal.”

I turned sharply. “What?”

He stood at the foot of the stairs, eyes burning like molten amber. “I could keep you here. Lock every gate on this island. We’d stay-just the two of us-until you remembered how to love me. Until you believed me again.”

The darkness in his tone chilled me more than the sea wind. I met his gaze steadily. “So that’s it? You’re

Finished

telling me I’ve lost the gamble?” Follow current novels on [Find*Novel.net](#)

He started forward, each step echoing against stone. “You can stop me anytime,” he said. “All you have to do is say you still believe in me. Say you’ll try again.”

For a moment, I couldn’t breathe. The air was thick with his scent-storm and steel, the raw scent of dominance barely leashed.

But I held my ground. Because love, when twisted by possession, wasn’t love anymore.

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.

Trapped in You by Morrison Lee: Shadows of Our Love 369

Silas’s POV

“We’re not suited. I can’t trust you completely.”

Those words cut deeper than any blade I'd taken in battle. I told myself she'd calm down, that she just needed time. But when she looked at me again—steady, unflinching—I saw it. The wall. The one she'd built between us.

And then she said it, quiet and merciless: “You really think this island can keep me here?”

That was the moment I realized she knew. She knew about the wards I'd placed on the gates, the guards I'd doubled near the docks. She wasn't afraid. She was daring me to try.

I laughed, though it came out hoarse. “Complete trust?” I repeated. “Tell me, Freya—who in this world can trust anyone that completely?”

Her eyes didn't even flicker. “My parents could. They trusted each other without question. I told before—that's the kind of love I want.”

you

That hit me harder than I expected. I remembered her telling me that years ago, long before everything between us broke. And I had scoffed at it then, too arrogant to believe such a thing existed.

But now, standing before her, all I could think of was how she'd looked that day we first met—steady, composed, carrying that quiet fire inside her that made me want to destroy and worship her at the same time.

“I told you what I wanted from the beginning,” she said. “You knew.”

“Yes,” I said, my voice low, raw. “You did. And I can give it. I can learn to. I can tell you every scheme, every calculation. I'll strip away every secret I've ever had—if that's what it takes. But must one mistake damn me forever?”

Her lashes trembled, but she didn't look away. “Silas, what we had is over. I just want you to keep your word. Two days from now, take me back to the mainland. Don't destroy the last shred of faith I have left in you.”

Then she turned, walking toward her room.

Something inside me snapped.

“Freya,” I said, following her. “Freya, wait.”

She didn't stop. So I caught up, reached for her, and before I could stop myself, I pulled her

against me.

"Silas, what are you doing?"

My body moved before reason could interfere. I pressed her down on the bed, caging her there, her heartbeat hammering against mine.

"This isn't over," I said, voice rough, half broken. "You and I-we don't end like this." NEW NOVEL chapters are published on findnovel.net

Her eyes widened in shock, her lips parting as I kissed her-desperately, clumsily, greedily— like a man drowning in his own hunger.

Her scent flooded my senses-moonlight and stormfire-and the feel of her skin beneath my hands made every instinct roar to life. I wanted to stop, to breathe, but the thought of her slipping away again drove me half mad.

She struggled beneath me, pushing at my chest with her uninjured arm. "Silas-stop!"

But I couldn't. Not yet. I needed her to understand-to feel what I felt.

Then pain bloomed across my jaw.

A sharp, echoing crack.

Her hand.

I froze.

Freya was trembling, eyes blazing with fury and something close to heartbreak. "Silas," she said, her voice shaking, "don't make me hate you."

For a moment, I couldn't breathe.

My hand went to my face where she'd struck me, heat spreading across my skin. No one had ever hit me like that-not since I was a boy. But the slap didn't hurt half as much as her words did.

Hate.

That word burned through me like silver through flesh.

“Would you stop hating me,” I whispered, “if we had a child?”

Her expression froze.

I could hear my own voice, low and hoarse, saying words I didn’t even recognize as mine. “If we had a child, you’d stay. You’d want to give them a family. You wouldn’t walk away from that,

would you?”

Because Freya-the woman who spent her life saving others-would never abandon her own blood. I knew her too well.

“Freya,” I said, a spark of madness flickering through the fog, “you care so much about family. You’d never let a child grow up without one. Without a father.”

She stared at me, horror dawning in her eyes. “Do you even hear yourself?”

“Of course I do.” My voice cracked. “If that’s what it takes to keep you here-then yes, I’d do it. I’d give you everything. Even if it meant-”

Even if it meant crossing a line I swore I never would.

She moved before I could finish, shoving at my chest with a force that made my ribs ache. Her eyes burned with tears she refused to let fall.

“Silas,” she said, voice trembling, “you’re not saving us. You’re destroying what’s left.”

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.

Trapped in You by Morrison Lee: Shadows of Our Love 370

Freya’s POV

The sound of the slap echoed through the room-sharp, ringing, final. My palm stung, but I didn't regret it.

"So that's what you've become, Silas?" I asked, my voice cold, trembling only from fury. "Are you planning to be like your father? And make that child live the same life you did?"

The words struck him like a blade. His body went rigid, eyes widening, all color draining from his face.

For a long, awful heartbeat, he didn't move.

Like his father.

I hadn't meant to cut so deep, but the truth was merciless-and maybe he needed to hear it.

He'd always sworn he was different. That he'd never become the kind of man who broke others to keep them close. But a moment ago, the look in his eyes, the desperation in his touch-it was the same sickness. The same darkness his father once carried.

"You..." His voice shook. "You're not like my mother. You wouldn't choose death like she did, right?"

My heart twisted, but I didn't flinch. "No," I said quietly, coldly. "I wouldn't. But if you try to force me, I will end it in my own way. I'll take that child away. I'll disappear. You'll never find

us."

His throat moved, but no sound came. He just stood there, trembling-this man who once commanded armies, who ruled the Ironclad Coalition like an unshakable Alpha, now looking small, fragile, broken.

He knew I wasn't bluffing.

And for the first time, I saw the terror in his eyes wasn't anger-it was the realization of what he'd almost done.

"You really hate the idea of being with me again that much?" he whispered. His voice cracked, raw with disbelief. His gaze searched mine, desperate, pleading, dying. "Freya, tell me... is it really that impossible?"

“I don’t hate you,” I said. “But I will never be with someone who tries to take away my choice. Whether I have a child, whether I stay-those are my decisions. Silas, I am not your

mother. And you... you must stop trying to be your father.”

He closed his eyes.

And then came the sound-his laughter. Low at first, then hollow, unhinged. A laugh that didn’t belong to a man anymore, but to something cornered, something collapsing in on itself.

I could almost see the memory behind it-the lash of a belt, the echo of his father’s voice

just another name for control. calling him useless, the small boy who learned that love wa

When he finally opened his eyes again, they were empty.

“Fine,” he said quietly. “You win. I won’t touch you again. I won’t beg you. You want to leave? Then I’ll make sure you leave. You said it yourself-bridge to bridge, road to road. We’ll go our separate ways.”

He stood, his back turned to me, and walked out of the room.

The silence that followed was deafening.

For a moment, I just stood there, my breath shaking. Then I collapsed back against the bed. Relief should have come-it should have. If he hadn’t stopped, I would’ve had to fight him harder, maybe harder than my body could handle with my shoulder still torn from the last mission.

But what filled me instead was something far more dangerous-an ache.

The look in his eyes before he left-the hollow, defeated look of a man who had lost more than love-haunted me.

I hated that part of me still cared.

By the time I pushed myself up, the house was silent again.

When morning came, Silas was gone.

The storm had passed, leaving the island washed in a pale, salt-tinted light. The air smelled of rain and iron.

Downstairs, the dining hall was empty, but the table had been set. There was coffee still warm in the pot, bread toasted, eggs slightly overcooked. It wasn't the staff. No one else would dare enter my wing of the keep.

It was him.

Silas had made breakfast.

The smallest, stupidest gesture in the aftermath of a night that nearly broke us both.

I looked around, searching for any sign of him, but there was nothing. Just the faint scent of his cologne and the lingering aura of his wolf, fading like smoke.

He was avoiding me.

I sat down, forced myself to eat a few bites, but the food turned to ash in my mouth. My gaze drifted toward the window-and that's when I saw it.

A helicopter.

Parked on the private helipad just beyond the cliffs. This chapter is updated by FindNovel.net

My pulse stumbled.

A helicopter meant contact from the mainland. Rescue. Or trouble.

Cassian wouldn't come without warning, and Silas never allowed unannounced guests.

I stood abruptly, the chair scraping back, and ran for the door.

When I burst into the courtyard, the wind whipped my hair across my face, and the sound of the rotor blades sliced through the morning air. But no Cassian. No Whitmor guards.

Just one figure, stepping out from the shadow of the hangar.

"Wren?" I called, startled. "What the hell are you doing here?"

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.