

## A WARRIOR LUNA'S AWAKENING

# Trapped in You by Morrison Lee: Shadows of Our Love 371

Freya's POV

Wren stood at the edge of the stone dock, the sea wind heavy with salt and mist. "Alpha Silas instructed me to follow your command, Miss Freya. If you wish to leave the island, transport can be arranged immediately."

Leave? The word pierced through me like an arrow of cold wind. By our agreement, the Lunar Severance Phase still had two days left. Two days before I was meant to walk away free.

Woods Silas?" I asked quietly, though my voice trembled.

shirmor has already departed," Wren replied, lowering his gaze. "If you wish to stay, I'll arrange staff and niedies to remain on the island. You may treat it as a private retreat."

A bitter laugh escaped me. "That won't be necessary."

So he had truly gone. Silas had not only left without a word but had freed me before the appointed time. He meant to sever everything between us. No hesitation. No turning back.

Perhaps last night, under the blood moon, was our true goodbye.

I drew in a shaky breath, my chest tightening. Maybe it was better this way. Silas and I were like fire and frost-never meant to coexist. Now we were simply returning to where fate intended: separate paths, separate packs.

"Then, Miss Freya," Wren said softly, "what are your orders?"

"Take me back to the Capital," I answered.

“Understood.”

When the rotor blades chopper roared to life, I took one last look at the island—a place meant to heal, yet one that had witnessed my undoing. The flight took barely half an hour. I hadn’t realized how close this exile had been to the world I’d once called home.

During the return, I contacted Lana and Kade through WolfComm, letting them know I was coming back. The moment I stepped off the chopper onto the Capital’s landing field, I saw them waiting there.

“Freya!” Kade ran forward before I could say a word. He pulled me into a fierce embrace, his scent—smoke and pine—instantly grounding me. “You’re finally back.”

I lifted a hand and patted his shoulder lightly. “Didn’t I tell you over the call? I’m fine.”

He didn’t release me. His hold only tightened, as if the mere act of letting go might make me disappear again. “You say that,” he muttered, “but none of us knew what Silas might’ve done to you.” Read complete version only at [FindN\(\)vel.net](http://FindN()vel.net)

Behind him, Wren cleared his throat politely. “Miss Freya.”

I gave Kade’s back a reassuring tap, and he reluctantly stepped aside. Wren approached and inclined his head. “Now that you’ve safely returned to the Capital, I’ll report back to Alpha Whitmor.”

“Thank you, Wren,” I said quietly.

He turned and disappeared into the crowd.

Lana came up beside me, her sharp eyes glinting with curiosity. “Silas isn’t with you?”

I hesitated for a breath before answering, “We’ve separated. It’s over. There won’t be anything like this again.”

Lana arched an elegant brow. “Something must’ve happened on that island.”

kele’s paw clenched. “If he ever dares lay a hand on you again, Freya, I’ll make him pay.”

“There won’t be a next time,” I said firmly. Then, trying to redirect the conversation, I asked, “I saw on the Pack Council feeds that the Williams family has arrived in the Capital?”

“Yesterday,” Kade replied. As part of the Iron Fang Recon Unit, he was always well-informed. “If you want to see Parker, I can arrange it.”

“Please do. Thank you.”

Kade smiled faintly. “For you, Freya, nothing is ever trouble.”

His sincerity warmed me, even as guilt twisted in my chest. I knew his feelings-but to me, he was a brother, a comrade forged in battle, nothing more.

“Come on,” Lana cut in, linking her arm through mine. “Let’s get food first. It’s nearly noon.”

We ended up at an old Capital restaurant-a place famed for its Ironfang stew and charred venison. The air smelled of spice and woodfire. We ordered quickly, and halfway through waiting, Kade’s WolfComm buzzed.

“I need to take this,” he said, stepping away.

Lana leaned closer once he was gone. “So... you and Silas are really done?”

I lowered my gaze. “I think so.”

Her eyes narrowed, glinting with mischief. “Then what’s that on your neck? Don’t tell me that mark isn’t from him.”

I froze. My hand flew to my throat instinctively. Moonlight, no. It must’ve been from last night-Silas’s mouth against my skin, his touch bruising and desperate even as he told me to forget him.

Before I could answer, Kade returned, slipping his device back into his pocket. “What are you two whispering about?”

“Nothing,” I said quickly, tugging my collar up. My face felt hot.

He didn’t press, but his sharp eyes flicked to my neck-and lingered. He didn’t have to say anything. The faint mark spoke for itself, and every wolf knew what it meant.

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 372

Freya's POV

Kade's hand tightened around his chopsticks, his knuckles whitening with quiet restraint. Thankfully, the food began to arrive, filling the silence with the soft clatter of plates and the aroma of roasted meat and

herbs.

We are slowly, talking about what had happened in the Capital during my days of confinement on the island. Neither Kade nor Lana asked what had occurred between Silas and me-they were too perceptive, too respectful to touch that wound.

Learned the Bluemoon Pack's first and second branches have gone to war with each other," Lana said, sipping from her glass. "Caelum Grafton's suing Aurora for colluding with others to defraud SilverTech Forgeworks. She's scrambling for legal help, but no attorney in the Capital will take her case." Her gaze flicked toward Kade, amused.

Of course. The reason no one would take Aurora's case was sitting right beside me. His mother's family- the Ashfords-held half the city's legal network in their pocket.

"I used to think Caelum adored Aurora," Lana continued dryly. "Now look at them- blood and betrayal, like every tragic pack saga."

I said nothing. The mention of their names no longer stirred anything in me. Once, hearing them together would've sent fire through my veins. Now, it was only quiet.

Halfway through the meal, I excused myself to the washroom. The mirror above the sink reflected a pale, tired face-and the faint red mark along my neck.

My breath caught. Silas. That was his mark.

Flashes from the previous night flickered behind my eyes: his weight above me, the warmth of his breath against my skin, the desperation in his kiss. I pressed my lips together, hard. If there was a mark on my throat, then there were likely others-hidden beneath my clothes, unseen but felt.

Kade hadn't said anything earlier, probably hadn't noticed. But I couldn't walk around with that visible. Every wolf knew what such a mark meant.

I untied my ponytail, letting my dark hair fall over my shoulders. The strands brushed against my neck, hiding the crimson trace of what should never have been. The source of this content is [findnovel.net](http://findnovel.net)

As I turned to leave, voices drifted from the main hall. A familiar one froze me in place.

Parker.

He was walking in with a small entourage-among them, a blonde woman I recognized instantly: Jenny Williams. My stomach tightened. I hadn't expected to see them here, of all places.

I stepped forward before I could second-guess myself. "Mr. Williams," I called softly. "Could I have a word with you?"

Parker stopped mid-step. Jenny, of course, was the first to sneer. "Well, if it isn't Freya Thorne. What's

next, another little reunion game? Or are you hoping to cozy up to the Williams family this time?"

I ignored her venom and kept my gaze steady on Parker. "Just a few words. In private."

He studied me for a long moment, the storm-gray of his eyes unreadable. "All right."

Jenny's expression hardened. "You're not serious! You can't just-"

"She once took a bullet for me in D-country," Parker interrupted quietly. "I owe her at least a few minutes

of my time."

Jeany stepped closer, lowering her voice but not enough that my wolf ears couldn't hear. "If you walk away with her now, I won't lift a finger to save her. The one in the hospital."

Parker froze. His entire body went rigid.

Her. Lina. The only person Parker truly cared about-the one who'd once saved his life. I saw the pain flash across his face before he masked it with cold professionalism.

"Apologies, Miss Thorne," he said finally, voice low but firm. "I'm afraid I don't have time to talk."

"Typical," came another voice-Kade's, sharp as broken glass. He strode toward us, his presence alone enough to make half the restaurant fall silent. "So this is the Williams family's gratitude?"

I blinked. "Kade-what are you doing here?"

"You took too long. I came to check." His tone was mild, but the glint in his eyes was anything but. He turned to Jenny, his words laced with iron. "When your pack's daughter was kidnapped in D-country, Freya went into enemy territory to save her. She took a bullet in the shoulder and spent a day in a coma. And now you won't even let her speak to Parker for five minutes?"

He took another step forward, his voice carrying through the restaurant. "Tell me, Miss Williams-since when does a branch family member have authority over the heir of the main house? Or has the Williams legacy sunk so low that its head now takes orders from a cousin with a sharp tongue?"

Jenny's face blanched. The air in the restaurant shifted-wolves nearby were already watching, curious, murmuring. Even Parker looked uneasy.

Kade wasn't done. "Perhaps I should have a word with Chairman Everett Williams. I'd love to ask him whether this is the family's official stance-betray those who saved them and bow to manipulation from their own bloodline."

Jenny's composure cracked. Her lips parted, but no words came. She glanced around, noticing the eyes turning toward her, and panic flickered in her gaze. Whatever her status, she knew one thing: if word of this reached her uncle Everett-or the press-the fallout would be brutal, especially with the Whitmors preparing to sign a major contract with their family.

Her gaze darted to me again, and I caught a flicker of something-fear? Uncertainty? She must've remembered that in D-country, Silas Whitmor had been by my side.

The realization hit her hard. She forced a strained smile and tugged at Parker's sleeve. "Fine. Talk if you must. I'll wait in the private room."

With that, she turned and vanished down the corridor.

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 373

Freya finds herself alone with Parker in a private room of the restaurant, where she confronts him with the painful truth: he is actually her brother, Eric Thorne, though he has lost all memory of his past and their family legacy. Despite his cold and distant demeanor, Freya tries to reach him by reminding him of their shared history and offering proof through DNA results. She pleads with him to reclaim his identity and remember who he truly is.

Parker listens but remains skeptical and emotionally guarded. He reveals the trauma he endured in D-country, where he was abused and forced into harsh circumstances, and how he escaped with only Lina's care to rely on. Though he acknowledges Freya's efforts and the debt he owes her for saving him, he resists returning to the life and name of Eric Thorne. Instead, he clings to the identity of Parker Williams, the name tied to those who saved him.

Freya is heartbroken by his rejection but senses the conflict within him. Parker's wolf instincts and his vulnerability show that he is deeply torn between his past and present selves. In a fleeting moment of connection, he almost reaches out to her but pulls back, offering only a card and a quiet promise that she can call on him if she ever wants something in return.

As he leaves, Freya is left with a mixture of sorrow and hope. The reunion she longed for has come with unexpected pain, as her brother walks away as a stranger named Parker Williams, while she remains the sister he cannot yet

remember. The chapter ends on a note of emotional complexity, highlighting the struggle between identity, memory, and family bonds.

Continue Regular Chapter Reading Below

### Freya's Perspective

Parker gave a single nod, and Jenny quickly excused herself from the corridor, her heels clicking briskly against the polished marble floor as she retreated. The sound echoed sharply, then faded into the background.

Kade shifted his gaze toward me, his voice dropping to a low, protective tone. "Do you want me to stay with you?"

I shook my head gently. "No, you should go back to the booth. I'll manage on my own."

Turning my attention to Parker, who stood beneath the soft glow of the silver lanterns that hung from the restaurant ceiling, I noticed the quiet intensity in his presence—like a wolf holding back an inevitable transformation. "Let's talk inside," I suggested, nodding toward a nearby private room that sat empty and bathed in gentle moonlight.

He responded with a brief nod. "Alright."

Together, we stepped through the door into the small, secluded chamber. As the door clicked shut behind us, the noise from the dining hall—the clinking of glasses, the faint hum of laughter—dissolved until all that remained was the charged silence between us.

I faced him squarely.

No, I faced my brother.

Eric Thorne.

Though he no longer remembered his own name or the Stormveil crest that marked our family's legacy, I held onto every fragment of our shared past. I recalled vividly the last time I saw him, standing tall in his uniform, sunlight glinting off his insignia before the border fires swallowed him whole.

"You've lost your memories," I began softly, my throat tightening with emotion. "But I can tell you who you were. Who you really are."



He tilted his head slightly, the faintest flicker of wolf instincts stirring beneath his calm exterior. “You’re saying I’m the brother you’ve been searching for. That I’m part of your family.”

“Yes,” I replied simply, my voice steady despite the ache inside.

A humorless smile ghosted across his lips. “And why should I believe you? Because you once took a bullet for me in D-country?”

His words hit like claws scraping across my skin. My chest constricted, and a burning heat rose behind my eyes.

He used to laugh when I cried, teasing me out of my moods by ruffling my hair. “Don’t be afraid, Freya,” he’d say, his voice warm like the summer sun. “You’ve got me. Your brother will always protect you.”

I’d grin back, full of youthful bravado. “Maybe one day I’ll protect you instead. But if I get hurt doing it, don’t be too moved, alright?” IF YOU WANT TO READ MORE CHAPTERS, PLEASE VISIT

He’d chuckle, flick my forehead, and warn me with a mock scowl, “If you ever get hurt for me, I’ll be furious. Remember—when danger comes, protect yourself first. Always.”

That promise now echoed in my mind like an old song playing faintly on a cracked radio—familiar, yet painfully out of reach.

“I have proof,” I said quickly, pulling my WolfComm device from my coat pocket. “DNA results. I made copies. If you don’t trust me, we can go to a new lab tomorrow. You’ll see for yourself.”

He leaned in just enough to glance at the glowing screen. His eyes scanned the data briefly, then lifted back to meet mine—cold, distant, unreadable. “So what if it’s true? What difference does it make?”

The calmness in his voice felt harsher than any anger.

“I want you to reclaim your identity,” I said earnestly. “You’re Eric Thorne of Stormveil—my brother, the rightful heir of the Thorne line. I can help you remember.”

For a long moment, he remained silent. Then his gaze dropped, his voice barely above a whisper. “I don’t remember who I was. All I know is D-country—the pain,

the fear. Every day was a fight to survive. I was beaten, used, forced into things that stripped away everything human in me. When I escaped, there was no family, no names. Only Lina.”

His tone softened slightly at the mention of Lina—the woman who had saved him, cared for him when the rest of the world turned its claws against him.

“I’ve been searching for you all this time,” I admitted, my voice trembling but relentless. “I imagined over and over how you might have survived, what you might have endured. But hearing it—from you—it hurts more than I ever expected.”

He looked away, his jaw tightening with unspoken pain.

“The Iron Fang Recon Unit never stopped looking,” I continued. “The Stormveil Council, our parents—everyone believed you’d perished in the border blaze, but you didn’t. You survived because you were strong. You were meant to come back.”

“Military?” he muttered as if the word itself was foreign to him.

“Yes,” I affirmed. “You were a soldier. You disappeared during a classified mission, right before the border fires engulfed the outpost. We never gave up on you, Eric. Not once.”

My voice cracked as I said his name.

“Father and Mother...” I swallowed hard. “Even their last message before they went abroad said: ‘Find Eric. Bring him home.’”

He raised a hand, cutting me off. “I’m not ready to be Eric Thorne.”

His words cut deeply, slicing through me.

“As for D-country,” he added quietly, “you saved me there. I owe you my life. If there’s any way I can repay that debt, tell me. Whatever’s within my reach, it’s yours.”

I froze in place. I had braced myself for disbelief, even anger—but not this quiet, resigned kindness.

“Why?” I whispered, barely able to meet his eyes. “Why reject who you are? You’re my brother. You have no blood ties to the Williams line. You don’t need to live under their name anymore, pretending to be one of them.”

He let out a low, mirthless laugh. “I know I share no blood with the Williams family. But the truth is, my life was theirs to save. I owe them that debt too. So I remain Parker Williams.”

His eyes locked onto mine, raw vulnerability hidden beneath the steel.

Even as he denied me, a flicker of guilt passed through his gaze. His wolf stirred uneasily, sensing my pain as if it were his own.

Then, almost imperceptibly, he reached out—a mere fraction of a movement—his hand hovering in the space between us. I thought he might brush my cheek, let instinct mend what memory had shattered. But he pulled back, curling his fingers into a fist.

“I can’t be what you want me to be,” he said softly. “But if you ever decide what you want in return, call me.”

He reached into his pocket and produced a card. The scent of crisp parchment mixed with cologne and the faint iron tang of moonlight filtering through the window. He slipped it into my hand.

Without another word, he turned, his footsteps slow but determined, and opened the door.

A rush of cool, sterile air from the hallway swept in.

I stood there, the card trembling between my fingers, the scent of my brother—the wolf, smoke, and regret—fading with every step he took away from me.

For years, I had dreamed of this reunion. But I never imagined it would hurt so much.

He had walked away as Parker Williams, leaving me behind as Freya Thorne—his sister, forgotten by his mind but never by his blood.

## Conclusion

The fragile bridge between Freya and Eric, once a symbol of hope, now trembles under the weight of lost memories and divided loyalties. Their reunion, steeped in pain and unspoken truths, reveals the complexity of identity and the enduring power of family bonds, even when fractured by time and trauma. Freya’s unwavering belief in their shared past contrasts with Eric’s hesitant refusal to

reclaim a life he no longer recognizes, underscoring the heartache of loving someone who is, in many ways, a stranger.

Yet, beneath the sorrow lies a quiet promise—a card exchanged, a door left ajar—that hints at the possibility of future reconciliation. Though Eric chooses to remain Parker Williams for now, the connection between them remains alive, fragile but unbroken. This chapter poignantly captures the tension between memory and reality, love and loss, and the enduring hope that even the deepest wounds may one day heal.

What to Expect in Next Chapter?

The next chapter promises to delve deeper into the fragile and complex bond between Freya and Parker, who is still grappling with the shadows of his lost identity. As Freya clings to the hope of rekindling the memories that once bound them, Parker's refusal to embrace his true self hints at an internal struggle that could either tear them apart or bring them closer in unexpected ways. The emotional weight of their reunion lingers heavily, setting the stage for moments charged with vulnerability and raw honesty.

Expect tensions to rise as Freya's determination to reclaim their shared past clashes with Parker's reluctance to abandon the life he's built under another name. The subtle gestures and unspoken words between them will reveal the depth of their pain and longing, while the presence of Lina and the mysterious Williams family add layers of complexity to their already tangled relationships. This chapter will test the limits of loyalty, identity, and forgiveness, leaving readers eager to uncover whether the bonds of blood can withstand the scars of betrayal and loss.

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 374

Freya is deeply troubled as she holds a card bearing the name Parker Williams, a false identity for her brother Eric Thorne, who once promised to protect her from darkness. The weight of his hidden identity and the distance growing between them causes her pain. Kade finds her lost in thought and reveals he saw Eric leave,

showing concern for both Freya and her brother. Freya explains Eric's desire to remain Parker Williams, possibly out of a sense of debt to the Williams family, despite knowing they are not his true blood relatives. Kade urges her not to lose hope as they prepare to return to Lana.

A tender moment unfolds when Kade helps Freya free her hair caught on his jacket, and he quietly probes about her relationship with Silas Whitmor. Freya confesses she has ended things with Silas, though she only sees Kade as a friend and comrade. Despite her rejection, Kade expresses his willingness to wait for her, showing a deep, loyal love that contrasts with the betrayal she experienced from Silas. Their interaction is charged with unspoken emotions, but Freya turns away before her heart can betray her feelings, leaving Kade watching her retreat.

Meanwhile, at the Williams manor, Everett Williams meets with Parker—Eric's assumed identity—who confirms he will remain Parker Williams, not reclaiming his true name. Everett coldly affirms that the Council and the family matriarch accept Parker as one of their own, emphasizing the importance of his new identity over his past. After dismissing Parker, Everett reveals a rare moment of vulnerability as he gazes at an old photograph of two children, likely Eric and Freya in their youth. He silently apologizes for failing to protect them, his grief and guilt breaking through his otherwise stern exterior.

Continue Regular Chapter Reading Below

Freya's gaze was fixed on the card she held, the printed name burning into her skin as if it carried a personal sting.

Parker Williams.

The letters shimmered faintly beneath the warm glow of the amber lantern, each curve and line of ink feeling like a sharp blade slicing through her heart.

Yet, that wasn't truly his name.

He was Eric Thorne.

Her brother—the boy who once vowed he would never let the shadows consume her.

Her vision blurred momentarily. The subtle scent of wolfsteel mingled with the chill drifting in from the half-open window. The distant murmur of voices from the Silverveil Lounge faded away, swallowed by the ache growing deep within her chest.

Suddenly, a voice pierced through the haze.

“Freya.”

She turned to see Kade standing just inside the doorway, his tall silhouette filling the frame. His storm-grey eyes were clouded with concern, while beneath his skin, his wolf remained silent but alert.

“You didn’t go back to the booth?” she asked softly, surprised.

He shook his head. “No. I stayed outside. I saw him—Eric—leave. Thought I’d check on you.”

A bitter smile tugged at Freya’s lips. “He doesn’t want to be Eric anymore. He wants to stay Parker Williams.”

Kade’s brow furrowed, his voice deepening with worry. “Did he say why?”

“Maybe...” She hesitated, eyes dropping again to the card. “Maybe he feels like he owes them something. He told me his life was saved by the Williams family—even though he knows they aren’t his blood.”

Kade clenched his jaw. “Or maybe there’s something else—something he can’t bring himself to say yet. We’ll figure it out.” His tone softened, a quiet promise hanging between them. “Don’t lose hope just yet.”

Freya nodded faintly, the need to uncover the truth burning inside her—the secret that tied the Williams family to her brother, the invisible chains that kept him from remembering who he really was. “Let’s go back. Lana’s probably waiting.”

As she turned, her long silver-black hair brushed against her shoulders—and caught on one of Kade’s jacket buttons.

“Hold on.” He gently gripped her arm. “Your hair’s caught.”

Freya froze, cheeks flushing with embarrassment. “Ah—sorry.” She stood perfectly still, feeling his fingers carefully working near her shoulder to free the delicate strands from the silver clasp.

“You usually wear it tied up,” he said quietly as he worked, the warmth of his breath grazing her temple. “What happened?”

“The tie snapped,” she replied quickly, fabricating a small excuse. “It’s nothing.”

“Is it?” His voice deepened, almost unreadable. His gaze drifted to a stray lock of hair that slipped down the side of her neck.

There, just above her collarbone, a faint mark bloomed—an unspoken reminder of something she wasn’t ready to explain.

“Freya,” he murmured softly, his voice low and steady. “Tell me the truth. Have you really ended things with Silas Whitmor?”

Her hand paused at the edge of her cloak. Silence stretched between them before she finally whispered, “Yes. It’s over.”

He studied her intently, the dim light catching in his eyes like liquid silver. Then, simply, he said, “Good.”

She blinked, startled by the quiet finality in his voice. When she turned her head too quickly, the hair tugged painfully against the button still holding it captive.

“Careful,” Kade murmured, steadying her. “It’s not free yet.”

Freya inhaled slowly, forcing herself to remain calm. “Kade.” Her voice gained strength. “Don’t waste your time on me. I see you as a friend, a comrade, a brother-in-arms—but not someone I could ever love.”

“I know.” His tone held no bitterness. “You’ve said that before.” Then, softer, “But I also told you I can wait. I have time, Freya. You didn’t plan to fall for Silas either, did you? Some things change.”

Her chest tightened, words failing her for a moment.

He finally freed the last strand of hair, but instead of letting it fall away, his fingers lingered—brushing the silken lock, lifting it slowly to his lips. He pressed a tender kiss to it, reverent, as if sealing a vow.

“Kade—” Her voice caught in her throat. She stepped back quickly, the strand slipping free from his grasp.

He looked up at her then, eyes steady and unwavering, the wolf burning fiercely beneath the surface. “Silas broke your trust,” he said softly. “But I won’t.”

For a moment, Freya found it hard to breathe. The scent of iron and smoke from the hearth wrapped around them, heavy with all the things left unspoken. She saw the truth in his gaze—not infatuation, but a fierce, loyal devotion.

The kind of love that waited silently, unyielding as the moon.

Before her heart could betray her, she turned away. “Let’s go,” she whispered.

He didn’t follow immediately, but she could feel his eyes lingering on her back long after she stepped into the hall.

—

Upstairs, in the presidential suite of the Williams manor, the air was noticeably colder—filtered through marble and glass, too sterile to carry the scent of a wolf.

Everett Williams sat behind his broad mahogany desk, his face unreadable. Across from him stood Parker, rigid and composed, his eyes calm and every trace of emotion carefully concealed.

“I heard from Jenny,” Everett said finally, his voice sharp and cold as frost. “A woman named Freya Thorne came to see you today.”

“Yes,” Parker replied evenly.

“She said that in D-country, she called you ‘brother.’ Why is that?”

“Because she believes I’m her brother, Eric Thorne,” he answered after a pause. “But to me, I am—and will remain—Parker Williams.”

Everett’s lips curved into a smile devoid of warmth. “Good. Whether you were once Eric Thorne or someone else, it doesn’t matter. The Council recognizes you as a son of the Williams line. The old matriarch wants it that way, and so it shall be.”

“I understand.”

“Then that’s the end of it.” Everett’s voice hardened, final. “You may go.”

Parker inclined his head, turned, and left the room. His footsteps echoed softly against the marble floor, gradually fading down the corridor.

—

Once the door closed behind him, Everett leaned back in his chair and exhaled slowly. For a long moment, he stared at the dark screen of his WolfComm before unlocking it. A single image filled the display—a photograph yellowed with age.

Two children.



A boy of seven or eight, holding the hand of a small girl barely four years old. Both smiled brightly, sunlight tangled in their hair, the world around them simple and full of promise. Find the newest release on [FindNovel.net](http://FindNovel.net)

Everett's cold facade faltered. His eyes darkened with grief born from years of silence and guilt. His fingers brushed the boy's face on the screen.

"I'm sorry," he whispered, voice cracking like brittle glass. "I should have protected you. It's my fault you were lost."

His voice softened further, barely audible now. "Forgive me. Forgive your brother."

#### Conclusion

The chapter delicately unveils the tangled emotions binding Freya and Kade, their unspoken feelings simmering beneath a veneer of friendship and loyalty. Freya's guarded heart and Kade's steadfast devotion paint a poignant portrait of love waiting patiently in the shadows, underscored by the pain of past betrayals and the fragile hope of healing. Their connection, marked by gentle touches and quiet confessions, offers a tender counterpoint to the turmoil surrounding Freya's brother and the secrets that threaten to unravel their world.

Meanwhile, the cold, calculated atmosphere of the Williams manor contrasts sharply with the warmth of Freya and Kade's interaction, illuminating the heavy burden of identity and sacrifice carried by Eric—now Parker. Everett's sorrowful reflection on lost innocence and fractured family ties adds a layer of melancholy and regret, deepening the emotional resonance of the chapter. Together, these intertwined threads explore the complexities of loyalty, love, and forgiveness, leaving readers suspended in a moment of fragile hope amidst the lingering shadows of the past.

#### What to Expect in Next Chapter?

The next chapter promises to delve deeper into the tangled web of identity and loyalty that binds Freya, Kade, and Eric—now Parker Williams. As Freya grapples with the painful truth of her brother's chosen path and the secrets that keep him tethered to a life he no longer fully claims, the emotional stakes rise. Kade's unwavering devotion and quiet strength offer a glimmer of hope, yet the tension between friendship and something more lingers palpably in the air, hinting at unresolved feelings and difficult choices ahead.

Meanwhile, the chilling atmosphere within the Williams manor hints at darker forces at play, with Everett Williams's cold authority and hidden regrets casting long shadows over the unfolding drama. The weight of past mistakes and unspoken guilt threatens to unravel carefully constructed facades, setting the stage for revelations that could shift alliances and challenge loyalties. Readers will find themselves on edge, eager to see how these intertwined fates will collide and what sacrifices will be demanded in the pursuit of truth and redemption.

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 375

Kade drives Freya and Lana back to Lana's new high-rise apartment after a tense evening. Though the storm outside has calmed, Freya remains uneasy. She thanks Kade quietly, who reminds her to take her time considering something he previously mentioned. After Kade leaves, Lana immediately presses Freya about what Kade wanted her to think over, teasing her about a possible romantic interest. Freya dismisses the idea, explaining she just ended things with Silas and is focused on finding her brother Eric, who now calls himself Parker and refuses to accept his true identity.

The conversation shifts to Eric/Parker's strange choice to cling to a pack name he doesn't belong to, which confuses both women. Freya is determined to uncover the truth and not lose her brother again. As Freya retreats to shower, Lana begins tidying up but is interrupted when Victor unexpectedly arrives. His commanding presence immediately unsettles Lana, who tries to keep her distance despite his intense advances. Victor's provocative behavior escalates quickly from teasing to a forceful kiss, overwhelming Lana with a mix of panic and desire.

Victor carries Lana toward her bedroom despite her protests, pushing boundaries she thought she had established. Lana worries about Freya overhearing, but Victor threatens to reveal himself to her. Lana struggles with the complicated feelings Victor stirs in her—he is neither mate nor lover, yet uniquely capable of unraveling her defenses. As Freya's footsteps approach, Lana instructs Victor to stay put, tension thick in the air as secrets and emotions collide in the confined space of the apartment.

Continue Regular Chapter Reading Below

### From a Third-Person Perspective

Kade was behind the wheel, driving Freya and Lana back to the sleek high-rise apartment that Lana had recently acquired. Outside, the storm had finally settled into a quiet drizzle, but inside Freya, a tight knot of unease remained firmly lodged in her chest.

As they pulled up to the building's entrance, Freya spoke softly, her voice calm yet tinged with a subtle tremor. "Thanks for tonight, Kade." She tucked a loose strand of hair behind her ear, her fingers shaking just slightly. "Get some rest when you get home."

Kade leaned casually against the car door, locking his steady gaze on her. "Alright," he replied, his tone serious but gentle. "But about what I said earlier—take your time to think it over, Freya. Don't feel pressured to answer me right now. Take as long as you need."

Freya gave a small nod, deliberately avoiding his eyes. After one last lingering look, Kade slid into his car and pulled away, the soft growl of the engine fading into the night's quiet.

No sooner had he disappeared than Lana edged closer, her amber eyes sparkling with curiosity. "So," she whispered conspiratorially, "what exactly did Kade want you to think about?"

Freya's cheeks flushed, and she answered a bit too quickly, "Nothing."

Lana raised a skeptical brow. "Nothing? Don't tell me he asked you to consider being with him."

Freya sighed, a faint smile tugging at her lips. "You really don't miss a thing, do you?"

"Of course not," Lana grinned playfully. "Come on, Freya. Kade's not a bad option. He's loyal, intelligent, and dangerously handsome. The golden boy—and the only one who dares to talk back to his commander. Around everyone else, he's sharp as a blade, but with you, he's like a puppy waiting for your command."

Freya shook her head, her expression serious. "I just ended things with Silas. I can't... not right now. Finding my brother has to come first."

Lana's tone softened. "Speaking of that—didn't you meet him tonight? Eric, I mean. Or... Parker, as he's calling himself now?"

Freya's chest tightened painfully. "Yes, I did. I showed him the DNA report, but he said that even if it's true, he'd rather remain Parker Williams."

Lana frowned, confusion knitting her brows. "That makes no sense. Eric was never the type to chase wealth or power. He lived for duty, for family. Why would he cling to the name of a pack he doesn't even belong to?"

Freya's voice dropped to a whisper, heavy with resolve. "I don't know. But I intend to find out."

Her eyes darkened, a storm brewing within—the unmistakable mark of a Bloodmoon wolf. "Now that he's back in the Capital, I won't lose him again."

Lana offered a sympathetic smile. "You should rest first. You've been through so much today."

Freya nodded, exhaustion finally washing over her like a wave. "I'll take a shower."

She disappeared into the bathroom, the steady sound of running water filling the otherwise silent apartment. Lana began tidying up, but midway through, the doorbell rang unexpectedly.

Frowning, she wondered aloud, "Who could that be at this hour?" Maybe Kade had forgotten something. She opened the door—and immediately froze.

Victor was standing there.

Her heart skipped a beat. He wore a dark shirt that clung to his well-built frame, the collar casually loosened. His eyes gleamed like tempered steel beneath the pale moonlight.

"Victor?" Lana whispered, her voice catching. "What are you doing here?"

"Why didn't you come find me?" His voice was low, rough, and undeniably commanding. Before she could respond, he stepped inside, closing the door behind him. One hand slid behind her head, pulling her backward until her back pressed against the cold wall.

Lana's pulse surged. "Why would I come looking for you? I had nothing to—"

“Nothing?” His lips brushed against her ear, his breath cool and steady. “Did I not leave an impression that night?”

Her face flushed fiercely. “You mean the night you nearly broke my back? No, not at all. Your ‘technique’ was... average.”

Victor’s eyes glittered with dark amusement, a sly smile tugging at the corner of his mouth. “Average, huh? Then tell me, whose technique would you rate higher? I’d love to... study.”

Lana shot him a sharp glare. “Try the nightclubs. Plenty of experienced partners there. Maybe the great Victor Ashford could learn a thing or two.”

That earned her a low, guttural growl. He caught her chin between his fingers and bit her lower lip—not hard enough to break skin, but enough to make her gasp. “You really shouldn’t provoke a wolf if you can’t handle the bite.”

“Victor—” she began, but her protest was cut off by his mouth crashing onto hers. His kiss was fierce and consuming, his scent—a potent mix of iron, cedar, and smoke—wrapped around her like a silent command. She struggled, pushing against his chest, but he only deepened the kiss, leaving her breathless, her body trembling from the heat that bloomed beneath her skin.

“Stop—Victor, I—can’t—breathe—” she gasped between kisses, her voice thin with panic and something else she refused to name.

Finally, he pulled away, his breath ragged. “Then let me practice,” he murmured, his thumb gently brushing her swollen lip. “You said I wasn’t good enough, didn’t you? I learn fast.”

Her eyes widened in disbelief. “You’re insane.”

Before she could react, he lifted her effortlessly, carrying her down the short hallway toward her bedroom.

“Put me down!” she hissed. “Victor, I swear, if you—”

“Too late,” he said simply. The rightful source is [Find1Novel.net](http://Find1Novel.net)

Lana froze as he nudged the bedroom door open with his shoulder. Her heart pounded wildly. This man was pure chaos incarnate. Every boundary she had set—distance, control, dignity—crumbled in his presence.

“Victor, put me down right now!” she whispered harshly. “Freya’s here—she’ll hear—”

From inside the bathroom came Freya’s voice. “Lana, I’m done! Should I leave the heat on for you?”

Lana nearly choked on her breath. “N-No! It’s fine!”

Victor smirked against her neck. “Freya’s back, huh?”

“Yes, and if she sees you—” Lana whispered, panic rising in her voice.

He tilted his head, amusement fading to something sharper. “Then maybe I should say hello.”

Her blood ran cold. “No! Don’t you dare.”

He studied her face intently. “You don’t want her to know about me,” he said softly. “Why is that? Embarrassed? Or am I just your secret pastime?”

Lana swallowed hard, his words striking too close to the truth. The reality was, she didn’t know how to define whatever existed between them. He wasn’t her mate. He wasn’t her lover. Yet somehow, he was the only one who ever made her feel... undone.

“Victor, it’s not like that,” she whispered.

“Isn’t it?” His voice dropped to a quiet rumble that stirred something uneasy within her wolf. “You keep your distance, keep me hidden. Yet you tremble every time I touch you.”

Lana looked away, a tangled mix of shame and anger twisting inside her. “You’re impossible.”

He chuckled darkly. “Maybe. But you don’t seem to mind.”

Freya’s footsteps echoed faintly down the hall as she headed back to her room. Lana tensed, her voice dropping to a whisper. “Just stay here until she’s gone.”

## Conclusion

The chapter delicately captures the tension and unresolved emotions swirling between the characters, highlighting the complexity of their relationships. Freya’s internal struggle, torn between her past with Silas and the present uncertainties

with Kade, reveals her resilience and determination to prioritize family above all. Meanwhile, Lana's encounter with Victor stirs a potent mix of desire and apprehension, exposing the vulnerabilities beneath her guarded exterior and the magnetic pull that defies simple definitions.

Amidst the quiet storm outside and the charged atmosphere within the apartment, the characters stand on the cusp of change, grappling with loyalty, identity, and the boundaries they've set for themselves. The chapter leaves us suspended between longing and restraint, underscoring the intricate dance of love and power that shapes their intertwined destinies.

What to Expect in Next Chapter?

The next chapter promises to delve deeper into the tangled web of emotions and loyalties that bind Freya, Lana, and the men who orbit their lives. As Freya grapples with the weight of her recent decisions and the haunting mystery of her brother's true identity, the tension between duty and desire will become even more pronounced. Meanwhile, Kade's steady presence may offer a semblance of calm, but the unspoken questions hanging between them suggest that the path ahead will be anything but simple.

Lana's encounter with Victor ignites a volatile spark, one that threatens to shatter the fragile boundaries she's tried so hard to maintain. His unpredictable intensity and their charged history will force her to confront feelings she's long buried, setting the stage for a confrontation that could change everything. As secrets begin to surface and alliances shift, the next chapter will test the strength of their bonds and reveal just how far each of them is willing to go when love and danger collide.

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 376

Victor is stunned to see Lana, the woman who once pursued him relentlessly, now acting as if she wants to escape from him. Once fearless and determined to win his love, Lana now appears tense and distant, a stark contrast to the woman who

broke through his defenses before. This shift unsettles Victor deeply, making him question whether her love was ever genuine or if it has simply faded away.

The tension between them escalates when Victor suddenly bites Lana's neck, a gesture that is both possessive and punitive. Lana protests, worried about being overheard by Freya, but Victor insists on asserting his dominance and their relationship status. He demands that Lana call him every day and follow strict rules about fidelity and transparency, which she reluctantly agrees to despite feeling constrained.

Their interaction is charged with a mix of desire, frustration, and unresolved emotions. Victor's intense feelings for Lana resurface powerfully, revealing a primal hunger that he thought he had suppressed. Meanwhile, Lana is caught between resisting and giving in, torn by her conflicted emotions and the complicated dynamics of their relationship.

As Freya's voice interrupts them, Lana quickly covers up the situation, but the underlying tension remains thick. Victor's warning not to run from him again highlights the fragile balance of control and vulnerability between them. Lana's hesitant response shows her inner struggle, hinting at the complex bond that still ties them despite everything.

Continue Regular Chapter Reading Below

Victor had never imagined that the woman who once pursued him with relentless determination would one day regard him as someone she desperately wanted to escape from. The woman who had fearlessly chased him, unwavering and bold, was now standing before him, her eyes filled with impatience, as if she couldn't wait to wash her hands of him.

Once, Lana had been the one chasing him, breaking through his guarded walls without hesitation. She had refused to accept rejection, fighting tooth and nail until he finally gave in, until he called her his own. But now, in the dim light of the apartment, she seemed eager to flee, her body tense, her gaze distant.

That realization cut deeper than he cared to admit.

Could her love have been so fleeting?

Had it truly vanished this quickly, leaving nothing behind but cold distance?

The memory that haunted him returned unbidden: Lana laughing among a group of young male models, their toned bodies pressing close around her, one of them—



her so-called “friend”—pouring her a drink. The image sent a chill through Victor’s veins, a wave of unease that settled heavy in his chest.

Was this the reason? Had she grown bored of him? Did she see him as outdated, dull compared to those bright-eyed, golden-skinned boys?

“Victor, put me down—” Lana’s voice sliced through his spiraling thoughts, but she cut off abruptly as his lips descended onto the curve of her neck.

It wasn’t a kiss.

It was a bite—an act of punishment disguised as hunger.

“Victor—what the hell are you doing?” she hissed, trying to keep her voice low as he pressed her back against the door. His grip remained firm, unyielding. What had been a gentle cradle transformed into a cage; her feet lifted from the floor, her body trapped between him and the wall.

“What am I doing?” His voice was calm, almost too calm, but his eyes burned with a darker fire. “I’m your boyfriend. Isn’t this what lovers do?”

“Put me down before someone hears—”

“Then hold on,” he murmured, his breath warm against her skin. “Unless you want me to drop you.”

Her breath caught sharply, indignation flaring in her chest. “What do you even want?”

“You really don’t know?” His voice dropped lower, deep and quiet, his body pressing even closer so she could feel the solid heat radiating from him.

Lana stiffened immediately. She sensed the shift—the transformation from controlled restraint to something primal, dangerous.

“Don’t you dare, Victor. Freya’s right outside.” NEW NOVEL chapters are published on [findnovel.net](http://findnovel.net)

His lips brushed the shell of her ear. “We’re a couple. I’m sure Freya understands that sometimes couples lose control.”

“Victor, don’t—” she pleaded, cheeks burning with embarrassment. “If there’s anything else you want, anything beyond this, I’ll try to give it to you.”

His eyes gleamed with something fierce. “Anything?”

“I’ll... do my best.”

“Then call me every day,” he said flatly.

She blinked in disbelief. “That’s ridiculous.”

A sharp knock echoed from outside.

“Lana?” Freya’s voice drifted through the door. “Are you in there?”

Lana froze, her heart pounding painfully in her chest.

Victor leaned closer, his breath hot against her neck. “Why don’t we open the door just like this?” he whispered, his hand brushing the doorknob.

“Fine! Fine—I’ll call you every day,” she hissed quickly, clutching his wrist to stop him. Then, raising her voice, she called out, “I—I’m changing, Freya! What’s wrong?”

“Just wanted to tell you I’ll go to SkyVex with you tomorrow morning,” Freya said calmly from the hallway.

“Alright,” Lana replied. “Sleep early.”

“Will do. You too.”

The footsteps faded, leaving silence in their wake.

Lana exhaled shakily, her body trembling—part adrenaline, part anger.

Victor’s voice broke the quiet again. “And another thing. No more hiring male models. No flirting. No pretending you’re single when people ask. If anyone asks what we are, you tell them you’re my girlfriend.”

Her brows furrowed tightly. “That’s a lot of rules.”

“The first one’s reasonable,” he said, a hint of irony in his tone. “But the rest—”

“I can’t cheat,” she added pointedly, “and neither can you. No women. No late-night messages. No ‘work dinners’ with admirers.”

He met her gaze without hesitation. “Deal.”

She blinked, surprised at how easily he agreed.

“Then we’re done,” she said, attempting to wriggle free. “Now put me down.”

“Not yet.” He buried his face in the crook of her neck, inhaling deeply. His voice came out rough. “You smell like you’ve been running from me all night.”

“Victor, stop! You can’t go back on your word—Freya’s in the next room,” she warned, panic creeping in. “If she hears—”

“Then stop talking,” he murmured, voice frayed with restraint. “Because if you don’t, I might not stop this time.”

His tone was raw, low, and dangerous—the sound of a wolf barely holding the leash on his instincts. The air between them thickened, charged with a tension neither dared to name.

It had been years since Victor had felt this way. Years since desire had hit him so fiercely—a rush of heat and hunger so sharp it almost frightened him. He had thought that part of himself was long dead, buried beneath duty, control, and logic.

But with Lana, everything he believed he had buried clawed its way back to life.

The scent of her skin, the pulse fluttering beneath his lips—it was overwhelming. His body responded before his mind could intervene, wild and reckless, as if some primal part of him had been waiting only for her.

Was this madness a symptom of his mind?

Was he broken—unable to want anyone else after she had left him once before?

Or was it simply her?

The woman who could strip him of reason, tear through the armor he had built, and reduce the Alpha to a creature ruled by instinct.

Only her.

She was both his wound and his cure.

The reason he burned—and the only one who could extinguish the fire.

He pressed his forehead against hers, chest heaving, his voice a rough whisper against her lips. “Don’t run from me again, Lana.”

Her eyes flickered, torn between defiance and something softer. “Then don’t give me a reason to.”

### Conclusion

The chapter closes on a raw and intense moment between Victor and Lana, where the fragile balance of their tumultuous relationship is laid bare. Victor’s fierce desire and possessiveness clash with Lana’s impatience and longing for freedom, revealing the deep emotional scars and unresolved tension that bind them. Despite the conflict, there remains an undeniable connection—one that is as dangerous as it is magnetic, underscoring the complexity of their love and the power it holds over them both.

In this charged exchange, themes of control, vulnerability, and the struggle for trust come to the forefront. Victor’s demand for commitment and Lana’s hesitant acceptance highlight their shared fears of abandonment and betrayal, yet also their unwillingness to let go. The chapter leaves us with a poignant sense of a love that is both a cage and a sanctuary, a fierce flame that threatens to consume them but also offers the possibility of healing if they can find a way to face their demons together.

### What to Expect in Next Chapter?

The next chapter promises to delve deeper into the fragile and volatile dynamic between Victor and Lana, as their tangled emotions continue to surface with raw intensity. The simmering tension between them is bound to escalate, revealing cracks in their relationship that neither can easily mend. As Victor’s possessiveness clashes with Lana’s desire for freedom, readers can expect a complex exploration of love, power, and vulnerability that will test their bond to its limits.

Meanwhile, the presence of Freya just outside the door adds an extra layer of suspense, hinting at the challenges the couple will face in keeping their private turmoil hidden from the outside world. The delicate balance between secrecy and exposure may force both Victor and Lana to confront uncomfortable truths about themselves and each other. Emotions will run high, and choices made in the heat of the moment could have lasting consequences, leaving readers eager to uncover what lies ahead for this fiercely passionate, yet fragile, connection.

### 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 377

Lana stands frozen, overwhelmed by Victor's intense presence as he stands close enough for her to hear his uneven breathing. After a tense silence, Victor releases her and gently helps her up, asking softly if she truly no longer likes him. Lana's response is cold and distant; she explains that someone like Victor, the Alpha's chosen heir and a prominent figure, is beyond her reach and that she was once just a distraction to him, much like she feels she is now.

She lays out the terms of their one-year contract plainly, agreeing to be the obedient, convenient girlfriend but refusing to continue their physical relationship, emphasizing that such intimacy should only exist between people who genuinely love each other—a love they both lack. Victor's anger surfaces at her refusal, but when he admits he might be willing to love her, Lana dismisses the idea bitterly, reminding him that if he had loved her, it would have happened years ago.

Their conversation reveals the painful history between them: Lana's past persistence to make him love her, Victor's initial detachment, and the lingering emptiness she left behind after walking away. Victor admits to feeling jealousy and the painful truth that he never truly let go of her, especially after seeing her with another man. Despite this, Lana insists on ending their relationship cleanly after the contract expires, a desire Victor finds increasingly difficult to accept.

As Victor leaves without another word, Lana is left alone, her body still charged from his presence and the unresolved tension between them. Just as she tries to push her thoughts away, she is startled to find Freya standing in her living room, watching her intently, adding a new layer of complexity to the night's events.

Continue Regular Chapter Reading Below

Lana remained perfectly still, too afraid to make a single move.

Victor stood so close that she could hear the faint rasp of his breathing—slow, uneven, barely under control. The tension between them stretched out in the silence until, finally, he released her and helped her back onto her feet.

“Lana,” he said softly, his voice low and rough, almost hoarse, “do you really not like me anymore?”

Her body tensed, and she quickly looked away, her face hardening. “Someone like you, Victor—the Alpha’s chosen heir, the shining star of the Capital’s legal world—how could I ever afford to like you?”

He frowned, confusion flickering across his features. “What exactly do you mean by that?”

A bitter laugh escaped her lips, sharp and short. “It means that men like you have always been surrounded by women since you were old enough to shift. I was just the one who chased you the hardest back then. Maybe you thought I was amusing—a convenient distraction, someone to pass the time with. A shield to keep the others at bay.” Her lips curled in a bitter smile. “Just like now.”

Victor’s body stiffened.

She wasn’t completely wrong. At the beginning of their relationship, that was exactly how things had been.

But now, it was different.

“In this one-year contract we agreed on,” she said evenly, her voice stripped of emotion, “I’ll do everything you want. I’ll be the obedient, convenient girlfriend you expect. But that’s all. I don’t want—or expect—anything more. And from now on, I hope... those things won’t happen again.”

His eyes darkened, shadowed with something unreadable. “Those things?”

Lana hesitated for a moment before pressing her lips together firmly. “Sleeping together. I don’t want to do that anymore.”

Her voice was steady, but her racing pulse betrayed the turmoil inside. Still, she forced the words out. “Once or twice is one thing, but I’m not going to keep going down that road. No matter how good you look, or how tempting you are—it’s not worth losing myself in something so fleeting.”

“You don’t want to be with me?” His tone was low, heavy with anger barely concealed.

“Physical things should only happen between people who truly love each other,” Lana said firmly. “We’re just bound by a contract, Victor. You don’t love me, and I don’t love you.”

He studied her silently for a long moment, then asked quietly, “And if I told you I was willing to love you? Would you love me back?”

Lana stared at him like he’d just told a cruel joke. Her laugh was sharp and humorless. “Victor, don’t do this. If you were capable of loving me, you would have done it years ago—when we were still together. Not now, after everything is over.”

Her smile was bitter and resigned. “Besides, I already told you—I can’t afford to like a man like you, let alone love you. So please, stop pretending.”

Victor’s face hardened, the air between them growing cold and tense like frost creeping over glass. He hadn’t expected to say those words himself, to bare his feelings so openly—and he certainly hadn’t expected her to cut them down so mercilessly.

He remembered years ago when she’d clung to his arm, laughing with those bright, reckless eyes. “Victor, I’m your girlfriend. Can’t you love me, just a little?”

“We agreed—dating doesn’t mean love,” he had replied then, detached and practical.

“That’s fine,” she’d said, determined. “You like me enough to date me. I’ll make you love me one day.”

Back then, he found her naivety almost amusing.

He hadn’t realized that her persistence—the way she filled every silence, the warmth she brought into his cold, calculated world—would linger with him long after she left.

At first, she had been nothing more than a pleasant distraction.

Until she walked away.

Only then did he notice the emptiness she left behind—the way other women failed to capture his attention, the way her name haunted the edges of his mind. He told himself it was pride. Just wounded pride.

But when he saw her again—walking into a hotel with Kade, laughing like she'd never begged him to stay—that's when the truth hit him.

The jealousy. The sharp sting of it. The realization that he had never truly let her go.

"Don't forget," Victor said suddenly, his voice low and cutting, "you were the one who came after me first."

Lana met his gaze coolly. "And didn't I already agree to be your contracted girlfriend for a year? I'll do that much. But when the year is over, I want us to end this cleanly. No mess. No drama." This text is hosted at Find[N]ovel.net

"End cleanly?" he repeated under his breath, narrowing his eyes.

She nodded firmly. "Exactly."

But behind Victor's calm exterior, something dark and stubborn flared. End cleanly. That was no longer what he wanted. Not when every time he saw her, his control threatened to unravel.

He didn't say another word. Without another glance, he turned and walked away.

As the door clicked shut behind him, Lana exhaled a long, shaky breath. Her body still burned with the afterglow of his presence, the shadow he left lingering in the room. The air smelled faintly of him—wolf musk, rain, and danger.

Why had he come here so late at night?

Surely not just to see her face.

"Forget it," she muttered to herself, running a hand through her hair. "Don't think about it."

She locked the door behind her, then spun around—and froze.

Freya stood in the living room, her amber eyes locked onto Lana.

Conclusion

The chapter closes on a fragile yet resolute note, capturing the complex emotions that tether Lana and Victor together despite their fractured past. Lana's determination to maintain control over her heart and boundaries stands in stark contrast to Victor's hidden vulnerability and unspoken longing. Their interaction is



charged with a bittersweet tension—both haunted by memories and the unfulfilled possibilities of what could have been, yet bound by a contract that demands distance and emotional restraint.

This moment of confrontation highlights the themes of love’s painful ambiguity and the struggle for self-preservation within complicated relationships. While Lana insists on a clean break after their contractual year, Victor’s silent turmoil hints at a deeper conflict between his desires and his need for control. The chapter leaves their story suspended in a delicate balance of hope and heartbreak, underscoring the enduring shadows of their love.

What to Expect in Next Chapter?

The next chapter promises to deepen the emotional turmoil between Lana and Victor, as their fragile arrangement faces new tests. With Victor’s unexpected confession and Lana’s resolute boundaries, the tension between them simmers just beneath the surface, threatening to boil over. The lingering question remains: can they truly keep their relationship confined to a contract, or will the unresolved feelings and past wounds pull them into a more complicated and painful dance?

Meanwhile, the sudden appearance of Freya hints at fresh complications that could disrupt Lana’s carefully maintained balance. Her presence raises questions about loyalties and hidden motives, adding another layer of intrigue to an already charged atmosphere. As secrets and emotions collide, readers will find themselves drawn into a web of desire, pride, and vulnerability that refuses to be ignored. The next chapter will undoubtedly explore how these intertwined relationships evolve, leaving everyone wondering who will emerge stronger—and who might finally break.

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 378

In this chapter, Lana is startled to find Freya awake late at night and quickly realizes that Freya knows about Victor Ashford’s visit. Lana nervously admits to Freya that she and Victor are pretending to be a couple for a year, insisting there

is nothing romantic between them. Freya questions the arrangement, worried about what might happen if Victor refuses to end the pretense, but Lana dismisses the concern, confident Victor won't fall in love with her.

The next morning, Lana and Freya arrive at SkyVex Armaments, where Freya is already busy with work despite not having fully recovered. Freya is determined to oversee a crucial contract bid involving drone parts with the Whitmor Group, even though Lana warns her that Silas Whitmor will be present. Freya insists on attending, viewing it as strictly business and refusing to avoid Silas indefinitely.

At the Whitmor Group tower, Freya unexpectedly encounters Parker Williams and his sister Jenny. Jenny mocks Freya for clinging to her brother, while Parker denies any connection despite Freya's previous DNA test. Lana, witnessing this tense exchange, recognizes the resemblance between Parker and Eric Thorne, understanding the emotional weight of Freya's long search for her brother. Freya appeals to Parker's past promise to repay her for saving his life and urges him to come with her for their parents' sake, even if he doesn't remember her as a sister. The chapter ends with a flicker of recognition in Parker's eyes, hinting at a fragile connection.

Continue Regular Chapter Reading Below

A Warrior Luna's Awakening

From a Third-Person Perspective

"Freya," Lana whispered, startled by the sudden movement. "What are you doing awake at this hour?"

Freya tilted her head slightly, a faint glimmer of curiosity in her eyes. "That was Victor Ashford, wasn't it?"

Lana's heart skipped a beat, a flush creeping up her neck. "You... you knew?"

"I saw you escort him out of your room," Freya said calmly, though beneath her composed exterior, her wolf stirred restlessly. "I didn't want to intrude, but I needed to make sure you were okay."

Rubbing the back of her neck awkwardly, Lana replied, "He just... stopped by, that's all."

Freya raised an eyebrow, her gaze sharp. "You and him..."

“Nothing like that,” Lana hurried to clarify. “It’s just a temporary arrangement—a year of pretending to be a couple. After that, we go our separate ways.”

Freya studied her closely, her eyes searching for any hint of doubt or deception. “And what if he refuses to end it after a year?”

Lana snorted softly, a hint of disbelief in her voice. “Please. He’s Victor Ashford. You really think he’d suddenly fall in love with me?”

Freya said nothing. She understood better than anyone how the future often defied all logic and expectations.

—

The following morning, Lana and Freya arrived side by side at SkyVex Armaments, the sleek, glass-clad company that rose proudly at the edge of the Capital’s industrial district. The sun’s early light reflected off the towering spires, casting long shadows across the bustling plaza.

Freya, already deep into her work, had just returned to the office, where stacks of project files and digital tablets awaited her attention.

“You still haven’t fully recovered,” Lana cautioned gently, concern evident in her voice. “Don’t push yourself too hard.”

Freya, eyes scanning through a series of reports, responded without looking up, “I’ll manage. There are new contracts coming in, and I need to keep tabs on my brother’s situation in the Williams territory. Kade promised to help with the investigation, but I’m not just going to wait for answers.”

As she sifted through the digital ledgers, a particular entry caught her eye. “Hold on... SkyVex is bidding on a drone parts contract with the Whitmor Group?”

Lana glanced up, nodding. “Yeah. It’s a three-way bid scheduled for tomorrow. I’ll be attending with the junior representative—you don’t have to come if you don’t want to.”

Freya’s eyes narrowed. “But drone development falls under my division. If we win, I’ll be overseeing production. I need to be there.”

Lana hesitated, biting her lip. “But... Silas Whitmor will be present.”

Freya’s gaze remained steady, unflinching. “This is business. He won’t make it personal. Besides, this is the Capital—I can’t avoid him forever.”

—

The next day, they arrived at the imposing Whitmor Group tower, its steel and glass façade gleaming in the midday sun. The scent of cold metal and quiet authority lingered in the air, a reminder of the Ironclad wolves' intimidating presence.

What Freya hadn't anticipated was running into Parker Williams and his sister Jenny in the same corridor.

Jenny's face twisted into a sneer the moment she saw Freya. "Freya Thorne," she spat, her voice thick with contempt. "You've got some nerve showing up here. Still clinging to my brother, are you? Didn't he make things clear the last time?"

Freya met Jenny's glare with icy calm. "You know exactly who he is—and who he isn't."

The insult landed hard. The Williams siblings stiffened, their expressions hardening.

Lana, standing quietly beside Freya, paled. She had met Eric Thorne before, and the resemblance between him and Parker was impossible to ignore. Seeing it up close, the weight of the truth hit her harder than any words could.

"Eric...?" she breathed, barely audible.

Parker's expression remained unchanged. "My name is Parker Williams." This update is available on [FindNovel.net](https://findnovel.net)

"But Freya ran the DNA test—"

"I never took any such test," Parker interrupted sharply, his tone cold and clipped.

Lana looked helplessly at Freya, understanding the years her friend had poured into searching for her brother—the countless borders crossed, records scoured, whispers chased.

Freya stepped forward, her voice steady but gentle. "You once told me I saved your life—that you'd repay me however I asked."

Parker hesitated, the hardness in his eyes flickering. "I did."

“Then come with me,” Freya urged softly. “For the sake of our parents. You don’t have to call me sister. You don’t have to remember anything. But they deserve that much from you.”

For a long moment, silence stretched between them, broken only by the low hum of the tower’s lighting and the subtle shifting of wolves adjusting their stance.

Then, in Parker’s eyes, something flickered—a brief, dangerous glimmer of memory, almost within reach.

## Conclusion

This chapter delicately explores the complex emotions entwined in loyalty, identity, and the fragile bonds of family. Freya’s steadfast determination to confront the shadows of her past, despite the cold resistance she faces, reveals a profound courage and an unyielding hope for reconciliation. Lana’s quiet support and growing understanding add layers of warmth and compassion, highlighting the strength found in friendship amid uncertainty.

The tension between the characters underscores the painful yet necessary journey toward truth and healing. As Freya reaches out to Parker, the flicker of recognition suggests that even fractured connections hold the potential for renewal. The chapter closes on a note of cautious optimism, reminding us that love and forgiveness often emerge from the most unexpected places, even when trapped in the shadows of our past.

## What to Expect in Next Chapter?

The next chapter promises to delve deeper into the fragile and complex ties that bind Freya and Parker, stirring emotions long buried beneath layers of denial and pain. As Freya reaches out to a brother who may not be ready to accept her, readers will witness the delicate dance between hope and hesitation, loyalty and resentment. The tension between them is palpable, hinting at unresolved conflicts that could either heal old wounds or deepen the chasms between their fractured family.

Meanwhile, Lana’s growing unease around Victor Ashford and the precarious nature of her arrangement adds another layer of intrigue. With the looming business negotiations and the ever-present threat of past entanglements resurfacing, the characters find themselves navigating a labyrinth of personal and professional challenges. The next chapter will explore how these intertwined relationships test their resolve, forcing them to confront truths they might rather avoid.

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 379

In this chapter, Parker is confronted with the painful reality that Freya might be his sister and that their parents, long thought absent, are buried in Ashbourne. The revelation stirs a complex mix of emotions in him—confusion, sorrow, and a deep ache—yet his erased memories leave him detached, unable to fully accept or remember his past. Freya implores him to pay respects to their parents, emphasizing the suffering they endured waiting for him, but Parker coldly refuses, insisting he is just Parker Williams, no more.

The tension escalates when Jenny harshly mocks Freya's parents, provoking a fierce reaction. Freya slaps Jenny and warns her not to speak ill of their parents again, asserting their honor and the sacrifices they made. The confrontation turns physical as Freya violently strikes Jenny, drawing the attention of security. Despite the aggression, Parker intervenes, stopping Freya from further violence and urging restraint, highlighting his internal conflict and the emotional distance growing between him and the sister who remembers their shared past.

Freya is left heartbroken and shocked by Parker's defense of Jenny, the very person who insulted their parents. This moment underscores the gulf between the Parker she knew and the man he has become after losing his memories. The chapter ends with a poignant scene of fractured family ties, where loyalty, grief, and identity clash amid the harsh realities of their lives.

Continue Regular Chapter Reading Below

From a third-person perspective

In that moment, Parker's complexion drained until his face was nearly ghostly pale.

Parents.

The word struck him like a sudden bolt of lightning, searing through his mind. If Freya truly was his sister, then somewhere out there, his parents must exist—or at least had once existed. Yet, she had said to pay respects.

Pay respects.

The phrase weighed heavily on him, implying that they were no longer alive.

His heart faltered, then pounded painfully within his chest—slow and sharp—like something deep inside him instinctively acknowledged a truth his conscious mind refused to accept.

“Where... are they buried?” The question escaped his throat in a rough, broken whisper.

“In Ashbourne,” Freya replied softly, her voice barely above a murmur.

Parker’s mouth opened as if to speak, but no words came out.

“Don’t,” Jenny hissed suddenly, gripping his arm before he could finish. Her tone dropped to a dangerous whisper, audible only to him. “If you go with her now, I swear, I won’t save Lena when we get back home.”

His hand clenched into a trembling fist.

His memories had been wiped clean—everything before the Iron Fang Recon Unit’s last mission erased. Even if Freya’s story was true, even if those people had once been his parents, he had no recollection of them. No warmth, no faces, no trace. Official source is Find★Novel.net

And yet—

His chest ached.

The pain was so intense it felt like his ribs might shatter. Waves of regret, sorrow, and an unexplainable guilt surged through him, each wave stronger than the last.

“The Williams family’s time in the Capital is limited,” he said stiffly, forcing his voice to steady. “I’m afraid I won’t have the chance. Miss Thorne... perhaps you can suggest another way for me to repay you.”

Freya stared at him, disbelief widening her eyes.

“You won’t even pay respects to your parents?” Her voice trembled with emotion. “Do you have any idea what they went through when you disappeared on the border? They waited for years—years, Parker! The last call they made before they... before they died, they were still asking about you. Don’t you think they deserve at least a moment of peace?”

His whole body trembled. The ache in his chest deepened, spreading like wildfire through his veins. Even his wolf stirred uneasily inside him, pacing, growling, confused by a grief that felt older than memory itself.

He fixed his gaze on her, jaw clenched so tightly his words came through gritted teeth. “I told you—I’m Parker Williams. Nothing more.”

Freya’s eyes dimmed. For a long, heavy moment, she struggled to breathe. She wasn’t sure if what she felt was disappointment or grief.

Her brother—the one who had once called their parents heroes, who had joined the military because of them, who had sworn to protect their name—would never have spoken like this.

If the old Parker still existed somewhere inside that man, she thought, hearing their parents were gone would have shattered him. He would have fallen to his knees. He would have gone to their graves without hesitation.

But that man was gone.

“You really don’t remember anything,” she whispered.

Jenny’s voice cut through the tense silence like a poisoned blade. “You look pathetic right now, Freya.” Her tone dripped with scorn. “Your parents—what were they again? Soldiers? Martyrs? Do you really think people like them are worth my brother’s time? Maybe they were so desperate for someone to visit their graves they sent you begging all over the Capital—”

Slap!

The sharp sound cracked through the air. Freya’s palm had already struck Jenny’s face, hard enough to make the other woman stagger back.

Jenny’s eyes widened in shock. “You—how dare you—”

“Why wouldn’t I dare?” Freya’s voice was low, icy, and dangerous.

Her parents’ names were sacred. Untouchable.



They had given their lives for their people, for the packs now sneering behind polished marble walls. They were heroes—her heroes—and no one had the right to insult them.

“My parents,” she said, her voice cold enough to freeze the air, “are not names you get to speak.”

Something shifted in her presence.

Her wolf flared—wild, ancient, silver-gold light flickering behind her eyes. The scent of frost and iron seemed to radiate from her skin.

Jenny froze for a heartbeat. The air around Freya pulsed with dominance—the kind of power born from blood and grief, the kind that made weaker wolves instinctively lower their gaze.

But Jenny was not one to bow to anyone.

She squared her shoulders and spat back, voice trembling with fury, “So what if I talk about them? Your parents raised a savage, didn’t they? Guess that tells me all I need to know about what kind of people they were—”

Bang!

Freya’s boot slammed into Jenny’s stomach. The force sent her flying backward into the gleaming wall of the SkyVex Armaments headquarters. She crumpled to the ground, gasping for air.

Security guards stationed nearby had already started rushing toward them, drawn by the commotion.

“You—you vicious bitch,” Jenny wheezed, clutching her ribs. “You think you can do this to me and get away with it? I’ll make sure you pay for this!”

Freya advanced slowly, her footsteps deliberate, her shadow stretching long across the stone plaza.

Her voice, when she spoke, was soft—but every word was like a razor’s edge.

“Remember this,” she said firmly. “If you ever—ever—speak ill of my parents again, I’ll strike you once for every word. Say it twice, I’ll hit you twice. Say it a hundred times, I’ll break you a hundred times.”

Jenny’s lips curled into a sneer. “You filthy mutt, your parents—”

Freya's hand rose again, ready to strike, but before she could, a firm hand caught her wrist midair.

It was Parker.

She froze, eyes wide with disbelief.

If the brother she remembered—the real Eric Thorne—were here, he would never have stopped her. He would have hit the girl himself. Harder.

“It's enough,” Parker said quietly but with authority. “Jenny was wrong to speak that way. But she's unarmed. You don't need to hit her again.”

Lana, who had been standing nearby, couldn't hold back any longer. “Unarmed? Are you kidding me? Freya's your sister, Parker! Your sister! How can you defend—”

But Parker's gaze never wavered from Freya.

“Don't hit her again,” he repeated, a faint tremor betraying the turmoil raging inside him.

For a moment, the plaza fell silent except for the soft rush of wind weaving between the towering buildings.

Freya looked at him, her heart twisting—not with anger, but with something colder, sharper—something like grief. The wind caught strands of her dark hair, carrying the scent of winter pine and iron rain.

If she hadn't seen it with her own eyes, she wouldn't have believed it.

Her brother—her proud, stubborn, fearless brother—now stood between her and their enemy, defending the very girl who had just spat on their parents' graves.

Conclusion

The chapter closes on a poignant and painful crossroads, where the bonds of family are tested by memory, loss, and conflicting loyalties. Parker's struggle to reconcile the ghost of a past he cannot remember with the harsh reality presented by Freya leaves him emotionally fractured, caught between the echoes of a life erased and the present demands of survival and allegiance. Freya's fierce devotion to their parents' legacy and her unyielding defense of their honor reveal the depth

of her grief and the strength of her convictions, even as it drives a wedge between her and Parker.

In this charged moment, the fragile ties that once united them show signs of strain, underscored by Jenny's bitterness and the simmering tension between all three. Yet beneath the anger and pain lies a shared, unspoken sorrow—a yearning for connection and understanding that remains just out of reach. The chapter captures the raw complexity of family fractured by secrets and silence, setting the stage for the slow, painful journey toward healing and truth.

What to Expect in Next Chapter?

The next chapter promises to delve deeper into the fractured bonds between Parker, Freya, and Jenny, as the tension between loyalty and resentment reaches a boiling point. Parker's internal struggle will become even more palpable as he grapples with the fragments of a past he cannot fully recall, while Freya's fierce devotion to their family legacy threatens to ignite further conflict. The emotional stakes are high, and the fragile alliances may soon be tested in ways none of them anticipated.

Expect the atmosphere to grow heavier with unresolved grief and simmering anger, as old wounds are reopened and new cracks begin to form in their relationships. The delicate balance of power and trust between these characters is on the verge of collapse, and every choice they make could push them closer to a breaking point. As secrets linger just beneath the surface, the next chapter will challenge the characters to confront not only their past but also the uncertain future that awaits them all.

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 380**

Freya confronts Parker with intense anger, vowing to strike Jenny again for disrespecting their parents. Parker firmly intervenes, refusing to let Freya harm Jenny, who is a Williams and his sister. Freya's frustration boils over as she punches Parker, accusing him of protecting the very person who insulted their

family. Despite the pain, Parker does not retaliate but looks at Freya with a hint of guilt. Jenny mocks Freya, belittling her lineage and declaring that no one will support her against the powerful Williams family.

Lana steps in to defend Freya, warning Jenny that the Williams' influence does not intimidate them in the Capital. The tension escalates as guards arrive, unsure whom to side with. One guard advises Freya to apologize to Jenny, citing Jenny's prestigious family connections. Freya refuses, her protective wolf rising again, refusing to apologize to someone who does not deserve it. Just then, a convoy of black vehicles arrives, and Silas, the Alpha of the Ironclad Coalition, steps out, his presence commanding and distant.

Jenny immediately appeals to Silas for help, accusing Freya of assault and humiliating their honored guests. Parker tries to downplay the situation as a misunderstanding, but Jenny insists on pressing charges, threatening to use medical reports and surveillance footage as evidence. She also insinuates a relationship between Silas and Freya, which Silas coldly denies, delivering a harsh blow to Freya's heart. Silas orders the guards to call the police, signaling that the matter will be handled by authorities, much to Jenny's satisfaction.

Lana challenges Silas for siding with the Williams, reminding him of the provocation, but Silas remains indifferent. Jenny gloats over the situation, confident that Freya's fate is sealed. Parker is caught in the middle, torn between his sister and Freya, but remains silent. Freya, undeterred, warns Jenny that insulting the names of fallen heroes is a serious crime in the Capital, implying that Jenny's disrespect could have severe consequences. The chapter ends with Freya standing firm, her fury burning quietly as Jenny's confidence wavers.

Continue Regular Chapter Reading Below

### Freya's Perspective

"I've told you before," I hissed, my fists trembling tightly at my sides, the tension in my muscles barely contained. "Every time she disrespects my parents, I'll strike her once. She still owes me one more blow."

Parker's voice sliced through the chilly air, calm yet edged with steel. "I won't allow you to lay a hand on her again."

A wild, desperate edge crept into my reply. "And what if I have to?"

"She's a Williams," he said firmly, stepping between Jenny and me. "You don't get to touch her whenever you please."

His body formed a shield, standing protectively in front of her—never me. For a moment, I felt the air tighten around my chest, breath catching in my throat.

He was doing this for \*her\*.

The same girl who had spat venomously at our parents' names.

A fierce, white-hot rage kindled deep inside me, my wolf's fury rising like a crashing tide, claws scraping beneath my skin. Before I could stop myself, my fist flew forward, crashing hard into his abdomen. The shock jolted through my knuckles, searing into my bones.

"They were our parents!" I shouted, my voice raw with pain and fury. "They gave you life! You know who you are, Parker—I see it in your eyes, I feel it in your soul. How can you stand there, shielding the one who mocked them? If they watch from the Moon's embrace, if their spirits see this right now, how can they ever find peace?"

My voice cracked on the last word. The world blurred around me, vision swimming with tears I refused to shed.

Even if my brother had lost every memory of himself—even if the Iron Fang Recon Unit's final mission had wiped his past clean—I could forgive that. I could forgive his confusion, his silence, his denial.

But this... this was unforgivable.

He didn't block my blow. He didn't flinch until the pain sunk deep into his gut. I saw the breath leave him in a sharp exhale, but he didn't retaliate. Didn't even raise a hand in defense. Instead, he looked at me—his eyes dark, stormy—and for a fleeting moment, I thought I glimpsed a flicker of guilt there.

Jenny's shrill voice shattered the fragile moment. "You hit him?!" She clutched her reddened face, voice rising with hysterical triumph. "You're finished, Freya Thorne! The Williams will never let this slide!"

She laughed then, a cruel, victorious sound that scraped against my nerves. "He's the only son of the Williams patriarch. And you? You're nothing but a stray from some broken branch of the Stormveil Pack. Do you honestly believe anyone will stand with you?" Chapters first released on [findnovel.net](http://findnovel.net)

Before I could respond, Lana stepped forward, her voice fierce and low, her own wolf stirring beneath her skin like a coiled storm. "You think the Williams

intimidate us? This isn't your Dominion anymore—this is the Capital. Watch your tongue, girl."

Jenny sneered, undeterred. "And what, that makes it any less true? She hit me! Everyone saw it!" She gestured wildly toward the SkyVex Armaments guards gathering nearby. "You all witnessed it! She attacked me and her so-called brother—go ahead, tell them! Tell them what you saw!"

"Yeah," Lana spat back, "and they heard you insult her parents, didn't they? The martyrs of the Legion's Hall? You don't think that counts for anything?"

The guards exchanged uncertain glances, caught between us, unsure where to place their loyalties.

One of them, older and more cautious, cleared his throat and spoke carefully. "Miss Thorne... maybe it's best if you apologize. This young lady—she's a Williams. Everyone in the Capital knows her family's connection to the Ironhold Consortium. You don't want to make enemies you can't handle."

"Apologize?" I turned slowly toward him, my voice dropping to a cold, deadly whisper. "To her?"

My eyes locked onto Jenny's, the wolf inside me awakening again—icy, sharp, fiercely protective. "She doesn't deserve my apology."

Jenny's face flushed a deep scarlet. "You—"

Before she could finish, the rumble of engines filled the courtyard.

A line of sleek, black vehicles rolled to a stop at the entrance, their polished surfaces catching the pale winter sunlight. The guards immediately straightened, forming two precise rows.

The car doors opened.

When he stepped out, my entire body froze.

Silas.

His presence sliced through the air like a blade—elegant, composed, and terrifyingly distant. Clad in black, the same shade as his wolf's eyes, the Alpha of the Ironclad Coalition—the man whose scent haunted my dreams—stood just a few paces away, yet felt unreachable, like a world apart.

We had been alone together on an island just days ago, close enough to feel the pull of the bond we both tried so hard to deny. And now, he couldn't even bring himself to meet my gaze.

"Alpha Whitmor!" Jenny called out instantly, her voice soft, sweet, and calculated. She rushed forward, tears glistening in her eyes in a pathetic display. "You have to help us. This woman—she attacked me and Parker right here! We were honored guests of the Williams family, and she humiliated us like this. Surely you won't ignore it?"

Parker's jaw clenched tightly. "It was a misunderstanding," he said quietly.

"Misunderstanding?" Jenny shot him a venomous glare. "She nearly broke my ribs! She punched you! I'll have a medic examine the injuries—there will be reports. Evidence. And you," she pointed accusingly at me, "think you can hide behind a last name and a temper?"

Then she turned back to Silas, her voice dripping with poisonous curiosity. "Wait... you're not protecting her, are you? You and this Freya Thorne don't have some kind of relationship, do you? That would be... interesting."

Silas's gaze finally met mine. His silver-gray eyes were colder than I had ever seen them.

His voice was steady, precise—each word cutting deep. "I have no relationship with her."

The words landed harder than any physical blow, shattering something inside me.

Jenny's smile widened, triumphant and sickeningly smug.

"Good," she said sweetly. "Because she's about to learn exactly what happens when someone crosses the Williams family in public."

"Silas," Lana snapped beside me, unable to keep her frustration in check. "You're not seriously going to side with them, are you? You know why Freya hit her—what that girl said about her parents—"

"I don't care to hear it," Silas said coolly. "Guards, call the police. Let the authorities handle this."

"Yes, sir."

Jenny practically radiated with satisfaction. “Perfect. And there’s surveillance, right? Cameras must have caught her attacking me and Parker. That should be enough to prove everything.” She locked eyes with me, smiling like a predator ready to strike. “You’re finished, Freya.”

Parker frowned deeply. “Jenny, that’s enough. Don’t make this worse.”

“Enough?” she snapped back. “I’m your sister, Parker! You’re supposed to protect me, not her.”

The silence that followed was suffocating. Parker froze, his hand twitching at his side, but he said nothing.

I met Jenny’s triumphant gaze, my voice low and steady. “You think this is over? You really don’t understand the laws of the Capital, do you?”

Her smile faltered, uncertainty flickering behind her eyes.

“You just insulted the names of those who died for the packs,” I said, each word burning with quiet fury. “In the Capital, that’s not just an insult—it’s a crime. You mocked martyrs, Jenny. Do you even know what that means?”

Her face paled, but I didn’t relent.

“You think you can hide behind a family name,” I whispered, “but even the Moon Goddess turns away from those who dishonor the dead.”

## Conclusion

The charged confrontation between Freya, Parker, and Jenny lays bare the deep fractures within their tangled loyalties, where family ties clash with bitter resentments and unspoken pain. Freya’s fierce defense of her parents’ honor reveals the raw vulnerability beneath her anger, a desperate attempt to hold onto the legacy she cherishes despite the growing distance between her and those closest to her. The tension ripples through the courtyard, exposing the fragile alliances and simmering conflicts that threaten to unravel everything they thought unbreakable.

As Silas’s cold dismissal seals Freya’s isolation, the weight of her defiance stands stark against the calculated cruelty of the Williams family’s machinations. Yet beneath the storm of accusations and threats, a quiet strength pulses within her—a refusal to bow to injustice or forget the sacrifices made in the name of loyalty and



love. In this crucible of pain and betrayal, Freya's spirit remains unyielding, a beacon of fierce resilience amid the shadows cast by the past.

What to Expect in Next Chapter?

Tensions reach a boiling point as Freya confronts not only the Williams family but also the very foundations of loyalty and honor that bind them all. The arrival of Silas, the enigmatic Alpha of the Ironclad Coalition, introduces a chilling new dynamic—his cold dismissal of Freya's connection to him leaves her vulnerable and isolated just when she needs strength the most. As accusations fly and alliances are tested, the fragile balance between power and pride threatens to shatter, leaving everyone uncertain of where their true loyalties lie.

In the next chapter, expect the simmering conflict to escalate, with Freya facing the full weight of both legal and personal consequences. The emotional stakes deepen as Parker's silence speaks volumes, and Jenny's triumph might be more precarious than it seems. With the eyes of the Capital's guards and the looming presence of the Ironhold Consortium watching, every word and action could tip the scales toward reconciliation or ruin. The shadows of past sacrifices and present betrayals will intertwine, revealing just how far each character is willing to go for family, honor, and survival.

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.