

## A WARRIOR LUNA'S AWAKENING

### Trapped in You by Morrison Lee: Shadows of Our Love 381

In the lobby of Ironhold Tower, tensions erupt as Jenny aggressively questions the honor of Freya's parents, provoking a sharp response. Before Jenny can finish her insult, Silas, the Ironclad Alpha, unexpectedly slaps her across the face with brutal precision, stunning everyone present. This rare display of public violence from Silas shocks the crowd and leaves Jenny trembling and bleeding, her arrogance replaced by disbelief.

Silas calmly warns Jenny that the Williams Pack's reputation and survival depend on respect and caution outside their own territory. When Jenny accuses Silas of having a connection to Freya, he coldly denies any personal feelings but makes it clear that he will sever all ties with the Williams Pack if they do not disown Jenny. This declaration threatens to blacklist the entire family from the Ironclad Coalition, causing panic and disbelief among those present, especially Parker.

Jenny lashes out, accusing Silas of acting out of love for Freya, but Silas denies this, stating he despises Jenny. He then leaves the room, with his assistant Wren following hesitantly, revealing a rare moment where Silas acts on principle rather than pure calculation. Freya reflects on Silas's respect for her fallen parents, soldiers honored by the Ironclad, understanding that his defense was rooted in loyalty to their legacy rather than personal affection.

As the situation settles, Freya prepares to face the consequences of the confrontation, determined to handle the fallout herself. Lana advises her to proceed with the upcoming bidding event, warning that the chaos could jeopardize their chances. Meanwhile, Jenny clings to Parker, desperate and fearful of the repercussions now threatening the Williams family's standing within the powerful Coalition.

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Freya's Perspective

“What martyrs?” Jenny spat, her voice sharp and grating, echoing harshly through the cavernous lobby of Ironhold Tower. “Don’t tell me your parents were some kind of noble heroes. If they were, they probably weren’t anything special. That so-called ‘martyr’ title? Who even knows if it’s real—”

Before she could finish, a sharp slap sliced through the air.

But this time, it wasn’t me.

It was Silas.

The Ironclad Alpha himself had closed the distance in a single, decisive step. His gloved hand landed with brutal precision across Jenny’s cheek, leaving a vivid red mark. The impact spun her halfway around, her heels scraping loudly against the gleaming marble floor as she nearly lost her balance. She caught herself just in time, bracing against a nearby column. A thin line of blood dripped from the corner of her mouth, stark and undeniable.

For a suspended moment, time seemed to freeze. Even the security guards stood motionless, breaths caught mid-air. I felt my heart seize in my chest, stunned alongside everyone else. Silas—the man who never raised his voice, who treated every encounter like a calculated negotiation—had just struck someone openly, in public.

Jenny clutched her cheek, trembling. “You—you hit me?” Her arrogance dissolved, replaced by raw disbelief. Fresh chapters posted on Find★Novel.net

Silas didn’t shout. He didn’t need to. His voice dropped to a low, deadly calm.

“Looks like the Williams Pack never taught you how to survive beyond your own walls,” he said coldly. “Out here, you learn to watch your words.”

Wren, Silas’s assistant, immediately stepped forward with a handkerchief. Silas accepted it with a detached grace, wiping his hand as if erasing something filthy. There was no sign of regret or hesitation—only the cold, measured precision that reminded everyone why the Ironclad Coalition both feared and respected him.

Jenny’s face flushed a deep crimson, a mix of fury and humiliation. “Mr. Whitmor,” she stammered, “you said earlier you had no connection to Freya Thorne!”

Silas's eyes flicked toward me briefly—a sharp, icy glance full of that mercury-grey chill—then shifted away. “That’s true,” he said evenly. “But that doesn’t give you the right to insult the dead of my homeland.”

His words hit harder than his hand ever could.

Jenny’s face drained of color. “You—you can’t be serious! I’m part of the Williams Family! I’m a guest of the Ironclad Coalition! You can’t just hand me over to the authorities—”

Silas’s gaze remained unwavering. “Unless the Williams Pack formally disowns you,” he said with frost in his tone, “the Coalition will sever all ties. From this day forward, any Pack or business that associates with the Williams will be blacklisted by the Ironclad.”

“What?” Parker’s voice cracked through the stunned silence, his composure visibly shaken. Even he hadn’t anticipated this.

Jenny looked as if the ground had opened beneath her feet. “You’re—doing this because of her?” she screamed, pointing a trembling finger at me. “You’re in love with that Thorne bitch, aren’t you? You’d destroy an entire family for her!”

A heavy silence fell like a blade cutting through the room. Every wolf froze.

Silas’s lashes flickered, his face as cold as ever. “No,” he said quietly. “I don’t love her.” His voice was calm, detached. “But I do despise you.”

Without another word, he turned and strode into Ironhold Tower, his long coat trailing behind him like a shadow.

Wren hesitated for a heartbeat before following, but I caught a flicker of surprise in his eyes. He had served Silas for years and knew better than anyone that the Ironclad Alpha never acted on emotion. Yet here he was, breaking his own rules for someone he claimed not to care about.

My heart tightened painfully.

I hadn’t expected him to defend me—especially not after how things ended between us on that cursed island. After all the harsh words we exchanged. And yet... he had stepped in, not for me, but for what my parents represented.

My parents—wolves of the Stormveil Pack, soldiers of the Iron Fang Recon Unit, their names forever etched in the Ashbourne Legion’s Hall of Martyrs.

He had stood up to protect their legacy.

Just as he had once bowed his head before their ashes. That reverence wasn't for me—it was in his blood, that old Ironclad honor, that unyielding loyalty to the fallen. For a fleeting moment, I almost forgot how to breathe.

Lana exhaled softly beside me, her voice barely a whisper. “Well damn. Didn't see that coming. The man says he's done with you, then goes full-on Alpha Fury over your parents.”

A humorless smile tugged at my lips. “He's always respected the dead,” I murmured. “Especially those who gave their lives for the Packs.”

Even as his heart had grown cold toward me, his respect for the fallen never wavered. That was Silas—unyielding steel and principle until the very end.

Lana nudged me gently. “You should still head inside, Freya. The bidding's about to start. You don't want SkyVex to lose the contract because of this chaos.”

“I know.” My voice came out softer than I intended. “I'll stay until the enforcers arrive. After all, I was the one who threw the first punch.”

She frowned. “You sure? I can stay—”

“I'm not a pup,” I interrupted gently. “I can handle this.”

After a beat, Lana gave a reluctant nod and strode toward the glass doors of the tower, muttering curses under her breath about entitled noble-born wolves.

I remained rooted in place, surrounded by the heavy silence that settled after Silas's departure. The air still held a faint trace of his scent—cold metal, cedar, and the promise of a brewing storm.

Jenny clung to Parker's sleeve, panic unraveling her voice. “You have to help me,” she hissed desperately. “You can't let him do this. If the Coalition blacklists the Williams, your father will destroy us both!”

## Conclusion

The charged confrontation left an indelible mark on everyone present, revealing the depth of Silas's complex loyalty and the fierce protection he holds for the memory of those who sacrificed everything. His unexpected defense of Freya's parents, though not born of love for her, underscored an unyielding code of honor

that transcends personal grievances. In this moment, the cold, calculating Alpha showed a rare glimpse of vulnerability tied not to passion, but to respect for legacy and sacrifice—a silent vow that some bonds are unbreakable, even amidst fractured relationships.

Freya stands at the crossroads of past and present, caught in the turbulent aftermath of this volatile exchange. The weight of her parents' legacy and Silas's stern justice presses heavily upon her, yet she remains resolute, ready to face the consequences of her actions with quiet strength. As the bidding begins and the world around her continues to shift, the shadows of love, loyalty, and loss intertwine, leaving her with a profound understanding of the sacrifices demanded by honor—and the price of survival in a world ruled by power and pride.

What to Expect in Next Chapter?

The tension left hanging in the air promises a storm of consequences that will ripple through the lives of everyone involved. Freya's unexpected defense by Silas, despite their fractured past, hints at deeper layers of loyalty and honor that bind them beyond personal grievances. As the Ironclad Coalition's power moves begin to unfold, alliances will be tested and old wounds reopened, forcing Freya to confront not just external threats but the lingering complexities of her relationship with Silas.

Meanwhile, Jenny's desperate pleas and the looming threat of the Williams Pack's blacklisting suggest a fierce struggle for survival within the wolf packs' intricate political landscape. Freya's resolve to face the chaos head-on, even at great personal risk, sets the stage for intense confrontations and emotional reckonings. The next chapter will delve into the fallout of Silas's actions and the fragile balance of power, leaving readers eager to see how Freya navigates the treacherous path ahead.

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 382**

Parker struggles internally as Silas's ultimatum threatens the Williams family with severe consequences unless they disown Jenny completely. Once indifferent to Jenny's fate, Parker now realizes that only she can save Lina's life, creating a conflict between family loyalty and survival. He pleads with Freya to intervene on Jenny's behalf, but Freya coldly rebuffs him, reminding him of his true identity and the pride he once held for their family.

Soon after, enforcers arrive to take Freya into custody for her role in the altercation. At the precinct, Freya calmly gives her statement until Victor Ashford, a high-profile legal counsel, unexpectedly appears to represent her. Despite Freya's doubts about affording him, Victor insists on helping due to his connection with Lana, promising protection and hinting at his own personal stakes in the matter.

Tension escalates when Jenny's jealousy flares upon seeing Victor, but Parker restrains her, warning of Victor's legal power. Parker then apologizes to Freya, though she points out his apology is truly for their parents. Victor and Freya discuss Parker's denial of his past and their determination to bring him to honor their family legacy despite his resistance.

Later, Parker receives a cold call from his father, Everett Williams, demanding Jenny's presence. At the Williams estate, Everett delivers a harsh decree: Jenny is to be struck from the family registry immediately, severing all ties. Jenny is devastated, pleading against the decision, but Everett's judgment stands firm, casting her out and leaving the family fractured under the weight of duty, loyalty, and unforgiving tradition.

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From a Third-Person Perspective

Parker's lips pressed together tightly, forming a thin, pale line that betrayed the turmoil roiling beneath his calm exterior.

Silas's ultimatum lingered in the air like a death sentence—unwavering, final, and utterly unchallengeable. The Ironclad Alpha's words still echoed in Parker's mind with chilling clarity: "Unless the Williams Pack disowns her completely, the Coalition will sever every connection."

For the Williams family, who had long harbored ambitions to extend their influence into the Capital's territories and secure vital trade relations with Whitmor's Ironclad Coalition, this was no mere threat—it was a declaration of annihilation.

There was a time when Parker would have welcomed Jenny's exile, letting her drown in the consequences of her recklessness without a second thought. But that time had passed. Now, he needed her alive.

Only Jenny had the power to save Lina's life.

He turned toward Freya, studying her serene expression—too serene, perhaps—those golden-hazel eyes steady and unflinching, like a wolf bracing itself against an approaching storm. “Miss Thorne,” Parker began, his voice laced with quiet desperation, “Jenny barely said a word. She didn't mean to—surely this punishment is too harsh. If you would speak on her behalf to Silas Whitmor, the Williams family would—”

Freya's voice cut through his plea like a razor slicing through silk, cold and unyielding.

“If you don't want me to hit you again, Parker, stop talking.”

The room fell into a heavy silence, thick with tension and unspoken threats.

She stepped closer, tilting her head to look up at him, her tone dropping to a quieter, more measured timbre—too steady to be anything but sincere. “I'd hate for you to one day remember who you really are... and realize how deeply you'd regret uttering these words.”

Her gaze locked onto his, sharp and unwavering. “Because the man I once knew—the man you used to be—would sooner die than stand silently while someone insulted our parents.”

For a fleeting moment, Parker's breath caught in his throat.

Something ancient, fierce, and buried deep within his blood awakened—a fierce pride that pulsed beneath his ribs, aching to break free.

But just as suddenly as it came, that feeling shattered like ice cracking against stone, leaving behind only a hollow chill.

He turned away, jaw clenched tightly, as if afraid to confront the memories stirring within him.

—

Not long after, the enforcers arrived, their sleek black vehicles gleaming under the harsh glow of the Ironhold Tower's lights.

Freya surrendered without resistance—there was no point in fighting; by law, she was the one who had thrown the first punch. Parker and Jenny accompanied her to the local precinct, each prepared to give their statements.

Inside the sterile, dimly lit office, Freya sat across from a uniformed officer, calmly recounting the events of the confrontation. She seemed almost too composed, as if she had grown accustomed to conflict. The faint scent of iron and ozone clung to her skin—a lingering trace of adrenaline.

Midway through her statement, the door opened.

A tall man in a charcoal suit stepped inside, his badge catching the light briefly. “I’m Victor Ashford,” he announced smoothly. “Here to represent Miss Freya Thorne as her legal counsel.”

Freya blinked, surprised. “Victor? What are you doing here?”

His fees alone could bankrupt a small pack. There was no way she could have afforded him.

“Lana called me,” Victor explained evenly. “Said you were in trouble.”

Freya frowned. “You didn’t have to come yourself. You could have sent one of your firm’s lawyers.”

“She asked me personally. And I don’t delegate matters that concern her,” he said firmly, leaving no room for argument.

Freya tilted her head, studying him with a mixture of curiosity and skepticism. “I can’t afford you, Victor.”

He smiled faintly, though there was something unreadable in his eyes. “Consider it a favor. You’re her friend.”

She crossed her arms. “You and Lana have a professional relationship. You don’t owe her that much. Why go so far?”

Victor’s expression hardened. “She told you?”

“She did,” Freya replied simply. “I don’t know what’s really between you two, but don’t hurt her. And when your year is over—if she wants to leave—let her go.”



For a moment, Victor's eyes darkened with something deeper. His lips curled into a humorless smile. "Freya, you're assuming she's the one who might get hurt. But maybe," his voice dropped to a low murmur, "it'll be me."

And as for letting go—though he didn't say it aloud, Freya could feel the refusal in the quiet tension radiating from his wolf. He had no intention of releasing Lana when the time came.

Before she could respond, Parker and Jenny emerged from another room, having finished their statements.

Jenny's eyes blazed with venom the moment she spotted Freya. "You—"

"Don't," Parker snapped sharply, catching Jenny's wrist before she could step forward. "Do you want to spend the night in custody? The man standing beside her," he nodded toward Victor, "is Victor Ashford—the top legal counsel in the Capital. He could bury you under legal paperwork before dawn."

Jenny froze, her fury crumbling into stunned disbelief. "Victor... Ashford?"

Freya said nothing, simply watching as jealousy twisted the girl's expression.

It was almost amusing. Jenny couldn't fathom why powerful men like Silas or Victor would stand by Freya's side, even briefly. She couldn't grasp that it wasn't charm or beauty that earned their loyalty—it was something older, quieter: strength, dignity, bloodline.

Parker stepped toward Freya, his voice low and sincere. "Today... I'm sorry."

Freya met his gaze. "You're not apologizing to me," she said softly. "You're apologizing to our parents."

He flinched at her words, as if they had struck a deep chord within him—something like guilt, or perhaps a grief long buried. He said nothing more, turning away and leading Jenny out of the precinct.

Victor waited until they were gone before breaking the silence. "He's your brother, isn't he?"

Freya nodded once. "He is. He just doesn't want to remember." For more chapters visit [findnovel.net](http://findnovel.net)

Victor's brow furrowed slightly. "I've heard the story. You found him weeks ago. You're sure?"

“I’d stake my life on it,” Freya said, her voice trembling with quiet determination. “Whether he accepts Eric Thorne or not, I will bring him to the Hall of Martyrs. He will stand before our parents’ names—and he will remember.”

Outside, Parker’s car idled beneath flickering streetlamps.

The moment they climbed inside, his WolfComm device buzzed. He glanced at the caller ID. Everett Williams.

“Father,” Parker answered, his voice taut with tension.

“Is Jenny with you?” Everett’s tone was measured, cold.

“She is.”

“Bring her to me.”

There was no explanation, no warmth—only command.

Parker hesitated. “Understood.”

Once the call ended, Jenny turned toward him, panic flashing in her eyes. “He wants to see me? He knows what happened today, doesn’t he?”

Parker’s knuckles whitened on the steering wheel. “We’ll find out soon enough.”

She gripped her skirt so tightly her nails turned white. “I can’t be cast out, Parker. I just can’t!”

He said nothing, focusing on the road as he drove them through the night toward the Williams estate.

When they arrived, the grand stone manor loomed before them, its windows glowing faintly in the darkness. Inside, Everett Williams sat on a leather sofa, head bowed, prayer beads slipping through his fingers.

Neither Parker nor Jenny dared to break the heavy silence.

The stillness stretched long enough to feel suffocating. Parker’s gaze drifted to the beads—he remembered them from childhood. They were a relic Everett had brought back from a mountain monastery decades ago, after his sister disappeared. He had never once taken them off.

Finally, Everett's eyes opened—sharp, amber, like a predator who had already decided the fate of his prey.

His voice was calm, but carried the crushing weight of judgment.

“Prepare a statement for the press in the C-Region,” Everett commanded.  
“Effective immediately, Jenny Williams is struck from the family registry. From this day forward, all her actions bear no connection to the Williams Pack.”

Jenny's breath caught in her throat, her face draining of color until it was as pale as paper. “No... please—Alpha Everett, you can't—”

### Conclusion

This chapter delicately unravels the complex web of loyalty, pride, and sacrifice that binds the Williams family, revealing the deep emotional scars that simmer beneath their stoic facades. Parker's internal struggle, torn between duty and a newfound compassion for Jenny, highlights the painful cost of honor in a world ruled by unyielding power. Freya's unwavering strength and quiet dignity stand in stark contrast to the harsh judgments and cold threats surrounding them, embodying the resilience needed to face such relentless storms.

As the chapter closes, the weight of exile looms heavily over Jenny, underscoring the brutal consequences of choices made in the shadow of family and legacy. Yet amidst the tension and heartbreak, there remains a fragile thread of hope—woven through Freya's determination and Parker's silent torment—that promises redemption and remembrance. The characters' intertwined fates continue to pulse with raw emotion, leaving the reader suspended between despair and the possibility of reconciliation.

### What to Expect in Next Chapter?

The next chapter promises to delve deeper into the fractured dynamics within the Williams family, as Jenny faces the devastating consequences of her exile. The emotional weight of Everett's decree will ripple through the pack, forcing characters to confront loyalties, betrayals, and the painful cost of power. Parker's internal struggle between duty and compassion will become even more pronounced, setting the stage for tense confrontations and difficult choices.

Meanwhile, Freya's role as both protector and mediator will be tested, especially with Victor Ashford's unexpected involvement adding layers of complexity to the unfolding drama. The delicate balance between past grievances and present alliances hints at simmering conflicts that could either mend or further fracture

the bonds between these intertwined lives. Readers will be left wondering how far each character is willing to go to safeguard those they love—and what sacrifices they might have to make in the shadows of their shared history.

Florence

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## Trapped in You by Morrison Lee: Shadows of Our Love 383

Everett confronts Jenny with cold disappointment after learning that her actions have put the Williams Family in jeopardy. He reveals that Jenny's insult toward Freya's parents, revered martyrs in Ashbourne, has provoked a serious backlash from Silas, threatening the family's political and financial alliances. Despite Jenny's protests that her curse was minor, Everett dismisses her excuses and orders her to return to C-Country, effectively casting her out and ending her influence within the family.

Jenny is devastated by Everett's decision, realizing that exile means losing everything—her status, reputation, and protection. She pleads with Parker to intervene with Silas, believing that as Freya's brother, he could convince Silas to retract his threats. However, Parker expresses doubt about his ability to sway Silas and reminds Jenny of the complicated dynamics between them, including her past attempts to manipulate him by claiming he was her brother. Jenny coldly warns Parker that if she is cast out, Lina, someone he is loyal to and indebted to, will be at risk.

Parker agrees to speak with Freya but demands that Jenny ensures Lina's safety in return. He leaves Jenny shaken and fearful, grappling with how quickly her position has unraveled due to Freya's existence and Silas's retaliation. Jenny's desperation and anger highlight the intense power struggles and fragile loyalties within the Williams Family.

Meanwhile, at SkyVex Armaments Headquarters, Lana checks on Freya after her encounter at the Iron Fang Recon Unit precinct. Freya reveals that she might face medical compensation but nothing more severe, and Lana warns that Jenny's reckless behavior will likely force the Williams Family to expel her to avoid scandal. Lana also questions Freya about her breakup with Silas, noting that his

extreme actions suggest lingering feelings despite his claims of no longer loving her. Freya, however, feels uncertain and lacks the confidence to trust Silas or their relationship after recent events, marking a painful emotional turning point for her.

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Everett sat motionless for a long, heavy moment, his face as unyielding as carved granite. When he finally broke the silence, his tone was eerily calm—so calm, in fact, that it sent a colder shiver through the room than any outburst might have.

“So, what you’re saying is,” he began, prayer beads slipping slowly through his fingers in a deliberate rhythm, “that because of your mistake, you expect the Williams Family to turn against the Whitmore Coalition and abandon our investments in the Capital markets?”

Jenny’s breath hitched sharply.

She had always known her worth wasn’t measured in power, influence, or political leverage. Still, hearing Everett speak so bluntly struck her like a whip across the back.

“That Silas is targeting us intentionally!” Jenny burst out, her voice trembling with frustration. “If he wasn’t, why would he make such a big deal? I only cursed Freya’s parents a little. How could that possibly justify this kind of retaliation?”

Everett emitted a cold, humorless sound—something between a scoff and a suppressed laugh.

“I’ve already had Victor verify it,” he said quietly. “Freya’s parents were revered martyrs of Ashbourne. And you insulted the martyrs of this land. Tell me, Jenny—did you really expect the entire Williams Family to suffer the consequences for your actions?”

His gaze sharpened, hard and unforgiving like a wolf’s.

“You don’t need to stay here any longer. Go back to C-Country.”

Back to C-Country?

Jenny froze, her heart pounding.

Returning now would mean losing everything—her status, her reputation, her place within the Williams Family. Once cast out, she would be scorned by the elite circles of C-Country. Even her own parents wouldn't be able to shield a daughter who had become political poison.

Her voice wavered as she spoke.

“Uncle Everett, I—”

“Go.” His eyes closed, signaling the end of the conversation. The only sound left was the slow, steady turning of the prayer beads in his hand, echoing in the vast presidential suite.

Jenny bit her lip hard, swallowing the lump in her throat as she turned stiffly and walked away, Parker trailing behind her.

The moment the doors clicked shut, she whirled around, eyes blazing with desperation.

“I can't be cast out! I just won't! You have to make Silas take back what he said. No matter what, you have to fix this for me!”

Parker looked at her with a mixture of disbelief and exhaustion etched on his face.

“And what power do you think I have to make Silas take anything back?” he asked quietly.

Jenny clenched her fists tightly. “Silas is doing this because of Freya! You should talk to her—you're her brother, aren't you? She listens to you!”

Parker exhaled a short, humorless breath, not quite a laugh.

“Aren't you the one who kept insisting I wasn't her brother? That I was yours instead?”

Jenny went pale instantly.

She had said that. Too many times.

Not out of affection for Parker—no. She wanted him firmly anchored within the Williams Family. As long as he held influence here, she could manipulate and rely on him. And if her timing was right, she could even bear his child, using their offspring to seize even more power.

After all, even though she came from a minor branch, she still carried the Williams bloodline. Parker had none of that lineage, making him far easier to control.

Her voice dropped to a cold, reckless whisper.

“If I’m cast out of the Williams Family... then Lina can forget about surviving.” A cruel gleam lit her eyes. “That woman you’re so loyal to—she saved your life back in D-Country, didn’t she? Without her, you would have died. You owe her everything.”

Parker’s lips pressed into a thin, pale line.

Lina...

When he had woken in a strange land with no memory, no past—only pain—Lina was the one who stayed by his side. She fed him, protected him, and guided him through the fog of nightmares that haunted him.

She was the first person he remembered.

The one person he could never, would never abandon.

“I’ll talk to Freya,” he said at last, his voice low and steady. “But you will make sure Lina survives. No matter what.”

Without waiting for her reply, Parker turned and walked away, leaving Jenny trembling, her breath uneven with a mixture of fury and fear.

How had everything fallen apart in just one day?

How had her position in the Family crumbled so violently?

It was all because of Freya.

If Freya hadn’t existed, Jenny wouldn’t be facing expulsion, humiliation, or ruin.

She dug her nails into her palms until the pain was sharp and real.

—

At SkyVex Armaments Headquarters

When Lana returned to the company’s towering operations center, Freya was already back from the Iron Fang Recon Unit precinct.

“How are you?” Lana asked immediately, concern clear in her voice. “What did the precinct say?”

“With Victor there?” Freya replied with a small shrug. “Nothing serious. They admitted I had good reason to strike first. At worst, I’ll have to pay medical compensation. It’s Jenny who should be worried.” NEW NOVEL CHAPTERS ARE PUBLISHED ON [findnovel.net](http://findnovel.net)

“That’s true,” Lana said, exhaling slowly. “With what she pulled today, the local authorities will definitely come after her—and the Williams Family can’t afford that kind of scandal. If they want to keep their foothold in the Capital, they’ll have no choice but to expel her.”

She paused, glancing sideways at Freya.

“Freya... did you really break up with Silas?”

“Do you think I’d lie about that?” Freya answered quietly. “You heard him yourself today. Silas said he doesn’t love me anymore.”

“But if he truly didn’t love you,” Lana countered, “would he really go this far? He openly challenged the Williams Family for your sake. If they refuse to back down, this could spiral into a full-scale conflict between two major alliances. Even if the Whitmore Coalition wins, they’ll suffer losses.”

Freya’s gaze dropped to the floor.

Lana wasn’t wrong.

She knew that.

But knowing it didn’t make things any easier.

She no longer had the confidence to walk that path with Silas—to trust him, to trust their bond, to trust the future. Not after everything that had happened. Not after seeing the way he looked at her today—distant, unreadable, as if he had finally let go.

Conclusion

The chapter closes on a poignant note, capturing the heavy toll of fractured alliances and shattered trust. Jenny’s desperate struggle to hold onto her place within the Williams Family reveals the fragile balance of power and loyalty that



governs their world, while Everett's cold dismissal underscores the unforgiving nature of their society. Meanwhile, Parker's quiet resolve to protect Lina amidst the chaos adds a layer of quiet strength and complexity to the unfolding drama, hinting at the costs of loyalty in a world riddled with betrayal.

At the same time, Freya's somber reflection on her broken relationship with Silas deepens the emotional gravity of the story. Her internal conflict between hope and resignation mirrors the wider tensions threatening to erupt into open conflict, reminding us that love and loyalty are often entwined with sacrifice and uncertainty. The chapter leaves us suspended in this delicate moment, where trust is fragile and the future uncertain, yet the characters' choices continue to shape the shadows of their intertwined fates.

What to Expect in Next Chapter?

Tensions are escalating, and the fragile alliances that once seemed unbreakable now teeter on the edge of collapse. Jenny's desperate struggle to hold onto her place within the Williams Family reveals just how high the stakes have become—not only for her but for everyone connected to these powerful factions. As Everett's cold dismissal echoes in her mind, the looming threat of exile brings a new intensity to her ambitions and fears, leaving readers to wonder how far she will go to reclaim her standing and what sacrifices that will demand.

Meanwhile, the emotional rifts deepen as Freya grapples with the fallout from her broken relationship with Silas. His withdrawal and the icy distance between them cast a shadow over their intertwined futures, hinting at conflicts that could reshape alliances and loyalties. With Lana's insight highlighting the potential for a broader conflict, the next chapter promises to delve into the complexities of trust, betrayal, and the costs of power. Readers will be drawn into the unfolding drama, eager to see how these fractured bonds will influence the fate of the Williams Family and the Whitmore Coalition.

Florence

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Freya finds comfort in Lana's presence as they discuss the upcoming Whitmore Industries procurement bid results, which could lead to significant business opportunities if their design wins. Lana expresses confidence in their updated model, which has reduced costs, increasing their chances of success. However, Freya's thoughts are interrupted when her secretary informs her that Parker Williams, her brother, has come to see her, sparking a mix of shock and concern.

When Freya meets Parker, she confronts him about his intentions, suspecting he is there to plead for Jenny, a person who has caused family tension. Parker admits he wants Freya to help keep Jenny in the Williams family, despite past insults to their parents. Freya challenges his loyalty to their parents' memory, but Parker remains guarded, hinting at deeper secrets. Determined to reconnect and seek answers, Freya insists Parker accompany her to Ashbourne to visit their parents' resting place.

As they prepare for the overnight drive, Freya reassures Lana about their journey, emphasizing the importance of honoring their parents. During the drive, Freya shares memories of their childhood and family history, hoping to rekindle Parker's connection to their past. Parker listens quietly, his emotions hidden, and eventually asks why Freya left the military, a question she defers for another time. The chapter ends with a tense but hopeful atmosphere as they travel toward Ashbourne together.

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## Freya's Perspective

Lana gently placed her hand over mine, the familiar warmth of her wolf's scent offering a comforting anchor amidst the swirling tension. "Whatever decision you make," she said softly, "know that I'm with you, no matter what."

I let out a slow breath, feeling the tightness in my chest ease just a fraction.

Changing the subject, I asked, "By the way, when will the results for the Whitmore Industries procurement bid be announced?"

"In three days," Lana replied. "If SkyVex wins, we'll also get invites to the Whitmore Annual Summit."

That Summit wasn't just a typical corporate event.

It was the gathering place for every major supplier, influential figure, and allied company within the Ironclad Coalition. For anyone in business, it was the prime opportunity—both figuratively and literally—to forge new partnerships and alliances.

"I'm confident in our design," Lana continued, her tone steady. "Especially since we incorporated your updated model. The cost dropped by five percent. If Whitmore isn't completely blind, they'll choose us."

Five percent might sound insignificant, but in large-scale production, that margin could shift entire markets.

"I hope you're right," I murmured, trusting the work I'd poured my heart into. Still, the final call rested with Silas—the Ironclad Alpha I had just severed ties with.

Before I could let my thoughts spiral further, the door to the outer office creaked open. My secretary stepped inside, her expression professional yet cautious.

"Manager Freya," she announced, "someone's here to see you. He says his name is Parker Williams."

My entire body froze.

Lana nearly choked on her coffee, eyes wide. "Your brother?" she whispered in disbelief. "Parker's looking for you?"

"Send him to the conference room," I instructed Wren.

After she left, Lana leaned in close, a shadow of worry crossing her face. "Why now? Don't tell me he's here to plead for Jenny."

"We'll find out soon enough," I said quietly. [READ LATEST CHAPTERS AT find—novel.net](#)

When I entered the conference room, Parker was already standing by the window, his tall frame rigid. He looked the same as always—cold-eyed, unreadable—but there was something different in his scent, a tension that made my wolf bristle.

"You're here for Jenny," I stated without sitting down.

"Yes," he answered, voice steady but strained. "I hope you can forgive her this once. And I hope you'll convince Silas not to expel her from the Williams Family."

My wolf's hackles rose instantly.

"So she means that much to you?" I challenged. "Even after she insulted our parents—Arthur and Myra—you still want to protect her? Is that how little their memory matters to you?"

A flicker of emotion crossed his eyes—gone in an instant.

"She... can't afford anything to happen right now," he said quietly.

"Why not?" I pressed, demanding answers.

He fell silent, jaw clenched tight.

Of course. More secrets.

"If you want me to recognize you as my brother," I said coldly, "then you're coming with me."

"Where?" he asked, frowning.

"To Ashbourne. To the Legion's Hall of Martyrs," I replied firmly. "That's where our parents rest."

I grabbed my keys and bag.

"You lost your memories—fine. But do you at least remember how to drive?"

He hesitated, then nodded. "I can drive. Memory loss doesn't affect that."

"Good. We'll switch driving shifts. WolfComm navigation will guide us. If we leave now, we'll be in Ashbourne by tomorrow morning."

He didn't respond, but he followed me out, which said enough.

Before heading out, I stopped by Lana's desk. "I have to go to Ashbourne with Parker."

Her jaw dropped. "You're driving overnight across three territories with him?"

"Arthur and Myra worried about him their whole lives. Even if he's forgotten us, he should at least stand before their headstones and let them rest."

"But just the two of you? Aren't you worried about exhaustion?"

“It’s nothing,” I assured her. “I’ve pulled forty-eight-hour shifts on Iron Fang missions without sleep.”

She wisely chose not to argue.

Outside, my car waited under the soft glow of the evening streetlights.

I slid into the driver’s seat. Parker took the passenger side silently, a shadow slipping in beside me.

For several minutes, he said nothing. His aura was unreadable, which was strange for someone with a wolf’s senses.

“Ashbourne is our hometown,” I said at last.

His eyes flickered downward. “Is it?”

“Yes.” My grip tightened on the steering wheel as I merged onto the highway. “It was just the three of us and our parents. We lived there when we were young. Later, because of their work, we moved to The Capital—but we still came back to Ashbourne from time to time.”

I shared everything with him—small details, warm memories, bitter moments.

The memories flowed from me like water carving a path through rock.

Parker listened without interrupting, his posture stiff, eyes flickering with emotions I couldn’t quite read.

“Because of our parents,” I said softly, “you decided early on to join the Iron Fang or serve in the Army. You always wanted to protect people. To protect us.”

“And I...” My voice softened. “You were my role model. So after graduation, I enrolled in Halston Combat Academy and became a soldier too.”

He stared at me for a long moment.

“Then why aren’t you in the military anymore?” he finally asked.

The question hung between us, heavy and unspoken.

I inhaled deeply.

“That,” I said quietly, “is a story for another time.”

## Conclusion

The chapter closes on a poignant note, capturing the fragile threads of family, memory, and loyalty that bind Freya and Parker. Despite the distance carved by lost memories and past grievances, the journey to Ashbourne symbolizes a tentative step toward reconciliation and understanding. Freya's willingness to confront the shadows of their shared past, and Parker's silent acceptance, reveal the complex emotions that simmer beneath the surface—hope, resentment, and a lingering desire for connection.

Amidst the tension of corporate battles and personal conflicts, the chapter gently reminds us that healing often begins with facing difficult truths together. Freya's steadfast resolve and Parker's guarded presence underscore the enduring power of family ties, even when fractured. Their drive through the night is not just a physical journey, but an emotional passage toward confronting what was lost and what might still be reclaimed.

## What to Expect in Next Chapter?

The next chapter promises to delve deeper into the fragile and complex relationship between Freya and Parker as they embark on their journey to Ashbourne. The tension simmering beneath their words hints at unresolved past wounds and secrets that could either mend or further fracture their bond. As they confront the ghosts of their shared history, readers can expect emotional revelations that challenge their perceptions of family loyalty and forgiveness.

Meanwhile, the looming Whitmore Industries procurement bid and the potential invitation to the Ironclad Coalition's Annual Summit continue to cast a shadow over Freya's personal struggles. The interplay between corporate ambitions and intimate family drama sets the stage for conflicts that could ripple across both spheres. With Freya caught between loyalty to her brother, her past with Silas, and her own aspirations, the stakes have never felt higher or more personal.

## 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 385

Freya reveals to Parker that their parents died while he had disappeared, leaving her alone and forcing her to leave active duty and marry, though not to the right man. She explains that her mate was Caelum, the Alpha of the Silverfang Pack, but their marriage ended five months ago because he was a poor partner who never met her needs. Parker struggles with this revelation, showing concern and anger on her behalf.

Freya reflects on the deep bond she once shared with her brother Eric, who has now lost his memories and is living as Parker Williams. She expresses her unwavering love and loyalty to Eric, hoping he will reclaim his identity and not regret his lost memories. Their journey continues as they drive toward Ashbourne, where Freya intends to visit the Ashbourne Legion's Hall of Martyrs to honor their deceased parents.

At the memorial, Freya recounts the tragic death of their parents during a mission three years ago, emphasizing the profound impact it had on her and the vow she made to find Eric and bring him home. Parker shows signs of emotional turmoil, revealing his internal conflict and fear, especially concerning his relationship with a woman named Jenny, who may be manipulating him.

Freya confronts Parker about Jenny, sensing that he might be protecting her under duress or manipulation. This confrontation highlights the tension between Parker's current identity and the principles Eric once stood for, as well as the fear that Parker has betrayed those values. The chapter ends with Freya demanding to know what Jenny has done to him, underscoring the emotional and psychological struggle Parker faces.

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### Freya's Perspective

"Because you disappeared," I said softly, my voice barely above a whisper. "Our parents died, and I was left all alone."

Even now, uttering those words caused a tightness to grip my throat, making it hard to breathe.

Arthur and Myra had carried so many dreams for us—hopes we never quite fulfilled. Their deepest regret, before their final mission with the Iron Fang Recon Unit, was that neither their son nor daughter had found a partner or started a family. When they were gone... I made a decision. I left active duty and got married.

Just not to the right man.

Parker spun toward me abruptly. “Your mate wasn’t Silas?”

“No.” I exhaled slowly, trying to steady myself. “His name was Caelum. He was the Alpha of the Silverfang Pack and the head of SilverTech Forgeworks. We severed our bond five months ago.”

Parker hesitated, his voice thick with unspoken questions. “Did he... treat you badly?”

I let out a bitter, humorless laugh. “I was only his second choice—the fallback when what he truly wanted slipped away. He wanted too much, and the things I needed... he could never provide. Three years of marriage, but it was nothing more than my own private illusion. So I ended it.”

Parker’s jaw clenched tightly. “A man like that... doesn’t deserve you.”

A faint smile tugged at my lips. “If you were the brother I remember—the Eric who never let anyone hurt me—you’d be threatening to break Caelum’s jaw about now.”

His lips pressed into a thin line, and his shoulders stiffened. “Freya... what if I never recover my memories? Will you still call me your brother?”

I looked at him—not Parker, the stranger wearing my brother’s face, but the man who, piece by piece, instinct by instinct, still felt like Eric.

“My brother,” I whispered, “was the one person in this world—besides our parents—who loved me unconditionally. From the moment I was born, he protected me. He would have traded his life for mine without hesitation. And I would do the same for him.” This content belongs to

A sharp ache settled in my throat.

“A man like that—if he ever regains his memories—should never wake up one day regretting the choices he made while he was lost.”

I held his gaze firmly.

“So instead of asking whether I’ll still recognize you... maybe you should ask yourself whether you want to be Eric, or if you want to remain Parker Williams forever.”

A heavy silence filled the car.



When we pulled into a quiet service station on the road to Ashbourne, I stepped out to refuel. The cold night air bit into my skin—crisp, sharp, and clean. Sliding back into the car, I tossed Parker the keys.

“You’re driving the next two hours,” I said.

He nodded. “Okay.”

We swapped seats.

The moment his hands gripped the wheel, a painful twist curled in my chest.

Even without his memories, the way he held the steering wheel, the subtle tilt of his wrist, the way he leaned into each turn—it was all exactly the same. Eric had been the one to teach me how to drive. I still remembered his hands guiding mine—steady, confident, patient.

Now those very hands were in front of me again, belonging to a man who didn’t know me.

By the time we arrived in Ashbourne, the moon was sinking low, casting a soft silver glow over the quiet world.

“Let’s find an inn for the night,” I said as I opened the car door. “Tomorrow morning, we’ll go to the Ashbourne Legion’s Hall of Martyrs.”

My foot barely touched the ground before Parker spoke.

“How did they die?”

He wasn’t asking as Parker.

He was asking as Eric.

I turned back toward him.

“Three years ago,” I began slowly, “they were deployed overseas with the Iron Fang Recon Unit. Their convoy was ambushed. They died protecting each other. When their bodies were recovered, they were still locked together. The medics couldn’t separate them.”

My breath hitched.

“But the Legion honored them. They were cremated together abroad and flown home.”

Parker’s voice wavered. “Did... did anyone go with you to receive their ashes?”

I clenched my fingers at my sides.

“There was no one.”

The memory of that day cut through me like cold steel—the silent airfield, the weight of the urns in my arms, the officer’s voice breaking as he offered his condolences.

Parker’s voice cracked. “Freya... I’m sorry.”

“I wasn’t alone,” I said softly. “The Iron Fang Recon Unit stood with me when the plane arrived in the Capital. And when we brought our parents home to Ashbourne, the Legion honored them. So many people came to pay their respects.”

My eyes lifted to meet his.

“But when I stood before their memorial stone that day, I made a vow. As long as I live, I will find you. I will bring you home. I will take you to see them—so they can finally rest.”

Parker’s lips trembled. He opened his mouth, but no words came.

“Your disappearance,” I continued, my voice low and steady, “was the one regret they carried into death. They planned to search for you after that mission. But fate never gave them the chance.”

“Freya...” The name caught in his throat.

“You are Eric. Son of Arthur and Myra. Scion of Stormveil’s fifth branch. A warrior of Iron Fang. My brother.”

I leaned forward.

“You have always been principled. You have always stood between our family and harm. If anyone insulted our parents, you would never tolerate it.”

I held his gaze.

“So tell me—does a man like that really want to beg mercy for someone like Jenny?”

The words hit him like a blow.

I could feel it—the sharp intake of breath, the tremor in his aura, the way his wolf recoiled.

He pressed a fist to his forehead, jaw clenched so tightly it looked like it might crack.

“I—” His voice broke. “I don’t know what’s happening to me.”

“Unless,” I said quietly, “Jenny is holding something over you. Unless she’s using you. Unless there’s a reason you feel forced to protect her.”

His eyes snapped up to mine.

For the first time since I found him, I saw fear.

Not fear for himself—

But fear that he might have betrayed everything he once believed in.

“Parker,” I whispered, “look at me.”

He did.

“What did she do to you?”

Conclusion

The chapter gently unravels the complex tapestry of Freya and Parker’s intertwined pasts and presents, revealing the deep wounds left by loss and the fragile hope that lingers in the spaces between memory and identity. Freya’s vulnerability shines through her confession of a broken marriage and the heavy burden of carrying her parents’ unfulfilled dreams. Yet, her unwavering commitment to her brother—whether he is Parker or Eric—speaks to the enduring strength of familial love and the fierce determination to heal what has been fractured. The quiet moments in the car, the shared silence, and the tender yet painful recognition of familiar gestures underscore the emotional weight of their journey together.

As the night deepens and the moon casts its gentle glow, the chapter closes on a note of poignant uncertainty and cautious hope. Freya's plea for Parker to confront the shadows that bind him hints at the difficult path ahead, one that will demand courage, truth, and the courage to face painful betrayals. The themes of loyalty, identity, and the search for truth resonate deeply, reminding us that even in the darkest moments, the bonds of love and family can guide us toward redemption and understanding. This chapter leaves us suspended between past sorrows and future possibilities, holding tightly to the fragile promise of reunion and healing.

What to Expect in Next Chapter?

The next chapter promises to delve deeper into the tangled web of Freya and Parker's fractured relationship, as the shadows of forgotten memories and hidden motives loom larger. Freya's unwavering determination to reclaim the brother she once knew will be tested as Parker grapples with the haunting uncertainty of his identity. The emotional weight of their shared past, combined with the mysterious influence of Jenny, sets the stage for a confrontation that could either bridge the gap between them or widen it irrevocably.

As the story unfolds, expect the tension to rise with every hesitant word and lingering glance. The ghosts of their parents' sacrifices continue to cast a long shadow, reminding them both of the legacy they must uphold. Freya's vow to bring Eric home is more than a promise—it's a beacon of hope in a world where trust is fragile and loyalties are questioned. The next chapter will challenge their bonds, forcing them to confront painful truths and make choices that could alter the course of their intertwined destinies.

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 386

In this chapter, Parker finally breaks his silence, revealing that there is someone he must save—Lina, a woman whose health is failing. Freya, caught off guard by this revelation, recalls her past investigations into Parker's disappearance and the mysterious woman who helped him survive. Parker explains that Jenny, whose

stem cells match Lina's, is crucial to Lina's survival, meaning if anything happens to Jenny, Lina will die.

The tension between them is palpable as Parker admits the truth and suggests Freya should rest. They spend a restless night at a roadside inn, and at dawn, Parker brings flowers to their parents' graves. Despite his lost memories, Parker's primal connection to their parents—Arthur and Myra—stirs deep emotions of grief and guilt within him. The visit to the Hall of Martyrs is a solemn moment where Parker kneels and pays respects in a ritualistic manner, showing his deep, instinctual bond to his heritage.

Parker apologizes for not returning sooner and for not being there when Freya brought their parents' ashes home. He also expresses regret over having to protect Jenny, despite the slander against their parents connected to her. Freya reassures him that Lina saved Parker's life and promises to try to get the charges against Jenny dropped, revealing her past relationship with Silas and the end of her chapter with Caelum. Parker vows to find his own way if Silas won't listen, while Freya remains determined to try to help. The chapter ends with a mix of hope, unresolved tensions, and a deepening bond between Parker and Freya.

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### Freya's Perspective

When Parker finally broke the silence, his voice came out rough and strained, as if he had been dredging up words from the depths of a frozen lake.

"I... there's someone I have to save," he rasped. "Jenny can save her."

I stood still, caught off guard.

For a moment, the fierce forest-wolf inside me paused, my breath caught halfway in my chest. Flashbacks of old intelligence reports raced through my mind—the fragments of information I had painstakingly gathered about Parker's disappearance, the mysterious woman in D-land who had aided his survival, the one who had followed him to C-country after the Williams Family took him in.

A woman whose health was failing. A woman whose name...

"Freya?" Parker's brow furrowed as he noticed my sudden silence, confusion flickering in his eyes.

My voice was barely above a whisper. "The person you need to save... is it Lina?"

A faint, painful smile tugged at the corner of his lips—not the confident grin of the brother I once knew, but something fragile and worn. “Yes. I have to save her.”

I wasn’t shocked. Not really. If Parker had found out years ago that I’d taken a sample of his DNA for testing, he would have guessed I’d dug deep into everything—his past, his timeline, the handful of people closely connected to him.

Lina was one of those people. A woman in long-term care, her condition deteriorating. And now...

“How do you think Jenny can save her?” I asked cautiously. “Jenny isn’t a healer.”

Unless—

The realization hit me like a sudden wave.

“Jenny’s stem cells match Lina’s.”

It wasn’t a question.

“It’s a match,” Parker confirmed quietly. “If Jenny gets kicked out of the Williams Family, if anything happens to her... Lina dies.”

Silence settled between us, heavy and suffocating, thick with unspoken emotions.

Eventually, he let out a slow breath. “You wanted the truth. That’s it. It’s late. You should rest.” THIS CHAPTER IS UPDATE BY Find1Novel.net

There was nothing more to say.

We climbed out of the car, found rooms at a small roadside inn, and slept fitfully for a few restless hours.

At dawn, I stepped outside just as Parker approached, holding two small bouquets of pale yellow mountain daisies.

I blinked in surprise.

He shrugged, an embarrassed smile flickering across his face. “I can’t show up empty-handed.”

Them.

Arthur Thorne and Myra—our parents.

Even without his memories, something primal stirred in Parker's wolf whenever I mentioned them. The night before, when I told him they had died three years ago during an overseas mission, and that I had gone alone to retrieve their ashes, the grief that swept over him wasn't a product of memory.

It was instinct. Deep in his blood.

And guilt.

So heavy it weighed down his shoulders like cold iron.

I said nothing, unlocking the car door.

We drove in silence toward Ashbourne Legion's Hall of Martyrs.

The morning air was sharp and biting, mist curling low around the aged stone memorials. As we stepped onto the sacred grounds, the scent of pine mingled with the earthy aroma of old stone and a faint trace of lingering moon-magic. The atmosphere was solemn, ancient, and strangely comforting.

I carried my flowers; Parker carried his.

We stopped before the twin markers—Arthur and Myra. Our parents. Warriors of the pack. Heroes.

I took a steadying breath. "Dad, Mom... I brought Parker."

My voice trembled despite years of training to control it.

"He's alive. He's lost his memories, but I believe he'll remember everything someday." I gently laid my daisies on the grave. "You can rest easier now."

Beside me, Parker stared at the black-and-white etchings of their faces—stern, proud, unyielding. The kind of wolves who had forged the Iron Fang Recon Unit, who raised children to stand tall even when the world crumbled around them.

For years, Parker had believed he was alone.

But here was the undeniable truth, carved in stone.

And I saw something within him fracture—quietly, without a sound, but forever.

He turned toward me. Then back to the gravestones. Then—

“Dad. Mom.” His voice broke. “I’m back. And... I’m sorry.”

I spun to face him sharply. “What are you apologizing for?”

“For not coming back sooner,” he whispered. “For not being here with you—” His gaze shifted between me and the graves. “—when you went to bring them home.”

His eyes flickered with pain.

Suddenly, he dropped to his knees, his spine straight, shoulders squared like a soldier presenting arms.

Then—

Thud. Thud. Thud.

Three deep kowtows—forehead pressed to cold stone, the echoes ringing through the silent hall.

Instinctual. Ritualistic. Born of the wolf.

I swallowed hard.

After a long moment, Parker rose.

“And I’m sorry,” he added, voice rough, “that even though someone slandered Mom and Dad... I still have to protect her.”

Jenny.

He waited, almost bracing himself, as if he expected me to call him a monster.

I turned back to our parents’ memorial, then looked at him.

“Lina saved your life,” I said softly. “Repaying a life debt... I get that. I’ll talk to Silas about dropping the charges. I might be able to get the police to dismiss the case.”

Parker’s eyes widened in surprise. “You’ll try?”

“Lina saved you,” I said firmly. “That means she saved our family. I want her to live too.”



Relief washed over him, but confusion followed. “But... Silas. You really dated him?”

“I did,” I admitted simply. “After the Lunar Severance Phase with Caelum ended, I... tried again. With Silas.”

I no longer flinched when I said Caelum’s name. That chapter was closed—ashes scattered to the wind.

Parker stared at me. “You were with him?”

“Briefly,” I said. “But it’s over. For good.”

He exhaled slowly. “If Silas won’t listen to you... I’ll find my own way.”

“I’ll still try,” I assured him. “But it might not work. And...”

## Conclusion

The weight of the past and the uncertainty of the future hang heavily between Freya and Parker, yet beneath the shadows lies a fragile thread of hope. Their shared grief for their parents and the unspoken bonds of family begin to bridge the chasm that memory loss and betrayal have carved. In this quiet moment of vulnerability, they find a tentative understanding—one that acknowledges pain but also the possibility of healing, forgiveness, and protection for those they hold dear.

As dawn breaks over the sacred grounds, Freya’s resolve to fight for Lina’s life and Parker’s quiet acceptance of his role within their fractured family hint at a new beginning. Though the path ahead is fraught with obstacles and lingering doubts, the chapter closes with a gentle promise: that love, loyalty, and courage will guide them through the darkness, binding their fragmented hearts in the hope of reunion and redemption.

## What to Expect in Next Chapter?

The next chapter promises to delve deeper into the tangled web of loyalties and sacrifices that bind Freya, Parker, and those they hold dear. As Parker grapples with the weight of his past and the fragile hope of saving Lina, tensions are bound to rise—not only from external threats but from the emotional turmoil simmering beneath the surface. Freya’s determination to protect her fractured family will be tested, especially as the shadow of Silas looms large, threatening to unravel the fragile peace they are trying to forge.

Expect a stirring exploration of trust and resilience, where alliances might shift and the true cost of saving a loved one becomes heartbreakingly clear. The delicate balance between duty and desire will challenge both Freya and Parker, forcing them to confront painful truths and make choices that could redefine their futures. With the echoes of the past haunting their every step, the next chapter will leave you wondering just how far they are willing to go to protect the family they're rebuilding.

Florence

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## Trapped in You by Morrison Lee: Shadows of Our Love 387

Freya stood motionless, her breath caught in a tangled web of sorrow and remorse as she faced the cold stone emblem marking the final resting place of her parents within the Ashbourne Legion's Hall of Martyrs. The early morning wind swept harshly across the cliffside memorial, carrying with it the faint, metallic scent of ancient battles and sanctified blood that lingered like a ghost from the past.

Her eyes dropped to the carved runes etched deep into the stone, bearing the names of Arthur and Myra—her father and mother—valiant warriors of the Stormveil Pack's Fifth Branch, steadfast guardians of the northern frontier.

Her voice was barely a whisper, yet the pain threaded through it cut sharper than any blade she had ever known.

"I'm sorry... for everything. And I'm sorry, Mom and Dad."

Despite the venomous slurs hurled by Jenny Williams against her parents, despite the relentless efforts of the Williams girl to drag her family's honor through the mud, Freya found herself bowing her head in quiet submission, forced to endure the weight of disgrace alone, pleading for a peace that tasted bitter and hollow on her tongue.

It was a humiliation she neither deserved nor wanted.

Still, she knelt there, shoulders heavy with the burden, isolated in her grief.

When Freya and Parker finally emerged from the Hall of Martyrs, the sun was already dipping behind the jagged ridges, casting long shadows across the landscape. Together, they made their way to their armored WolfComm rover, preparing for the long journey back to The Capital.

Halfway along the winding forest road, Parker's communicator buzzed sharply with the unmistakable triple-pulse signal of a Williams Family priority call.

He answered without hesitation.

Moments later, the color drained from his face, his expression tightening with unease.

Ending the call, Parker turned to Freya.

"Everett... he wants to see us as soon as we get back to the city."

Freya blinked, surprise flickering in her eyes. "Us?"

"Yes," Parker replied, his face unreadable. "He wants to see you, too."

A low growl stirred beneath Freya's skin, her wolf responding instinctively to the tension, a cold fire igniting in her veins. Yet she inhaled deeply, forcing herself to remain composed.

"That's fine. I was going to meet him eventually."

Her gaze sharpened as she looked at Parker. "But what about you? Which identity will you present to Everett? Parker or Eric?"

Parker was silent for a long moment, the weight of his thoughts pressing down on him.

When he finally spoke, his voice was steady but carried the heaviness of old wounds.

"Back then... the Williams matriarch saved my life. Without the treatment she arranged, I wouldn't have survived more than a month. My illness was too far gone."

Freya listened quietly, shadows from the forest flickering over his face.

"But later," he continued, "the old matriarch became convinced I was Everett's son. Maybe because when Everett was young, he and I looked almost identical."

Freya's brow furrowed sharply.

"But you're not. A single blood test confirmed that."

"Yes," Parker said, tightening his lips. "The Williams Family knew the truth. All of them. But no one dared tell her. She had already lost her daughter years ago. Her mind... it wavers between clarity and confusion. Revealing the truth would have shattered her completely."

Freya exhaled slowly, absorbing his confession.

"So you became Everett's illegitimate son," she said quietly.

Parker nodded once.

"I agreed to it. The Williams Family saved me—I owed them that much. Until the matriarch's final breath, I remained Parker."

And later, when Lana fell ill, when the medical expenses piled relentlessly, when he needed the Williams resources—he clung even tighter to that identity.

Only now did Freya truly understand why her brother refused to reclaim the name Eric Thorne, despite the DNA evidence proving otherwise.

Why he continued living as Parker Williams, even though it tore at him from within.

By the time their rover rolled into The Capital, night had fully descended, wrapping the towering skyscrapers and skybridges in a cool silver glow under the moonlight.

Inside the penthouse suite's grand receiving hall, Everett awaited them.

The man embodied the rumors perfectly—cold as a blade kissed by winter, yet encased in the polished grace of a seasoned statesman. He stood before the panoramic window, city lights shimmering off the runic bands encircling his wrists.

When Freya stepped inside, Everett turned slowly toward her.

"So, you are Freya," he said, his voice calm but sharp. "I heard what happened in D-country—that you saved Parker's life and took a bullet for him. I've wanted to meet you ever since."

Freya lifted her chin, her wolf's gaze steady, unwavering.

Up close, Everett bore an uncanny resemblance to Parker—especially in the eyes. Anyone would have assumed a father-son connection.

But truth remained truth.

“I didn’t save him for your family,” she replied firmly. “I saved my brother. That’s all.”

Everett’s eyes narrowed slightly.

“Your brother?”

“You know very well,” Freya said without hesitation, “that he is Eric—son of Arthur and Myra. My brother.”

Everett’s gaze shifted toward Parker.

“And you—do you present yourself as Eric or Parker?”

Parker drew a slow, steady breath.

“I am Eric Thorne. Son of Arthur and Myra. Brother to Freya.”

He placed a hand over his heart. “Even without my memories, this truth remains unchanged.”

Everett’s expression darkened perceptibly.

“So you intend to live as Eric.”

“I will repay what I owe the Williams Family,” Parker said with quiet resolve.

“Until the matriarch’s last breath, I will remain Parker in her presence. But only in hers.”

Freya’s chest tightened at his words.

He had pieced together fragments of his past through her—snatches of childhood, moments of laughter and loss—and once the truth settled within him, he could no longer force himself to live as someone else’s son.

His parents had died still searching for him.

They had left this world carrying that sorrow deep within their bones.

Everett's fingers clenched tightly around the prayer beads he carried.

"Only in her presence? So outside, you would openly reclaim the identity of Eric?" His voice sharpened. "Do you think she lives in isolation? The moment you take back the Thorne name, she will know." This update is available on [findanovel.net](https://findanovel.net)

"Then we will find a way," Parker said softly. "Some method... to assure her I am still Parker. For her sake."

Everett's eyes flicked to Freya.

"I had hoped," he said, lowering his voice, "that you would accept the Williams Family's gratitude. We can offer you fifty million credits—a small token of thanks. But if you refuse..."

His tone shifted—smooth as velvet, yet as sharp as a predator's fang.

"...then things may become far more complicated."

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 388

In Chapter 388 of "Trapped in You" by Morrison Lee, Freya finds herself in a tense confrontation at the Williams estate, where Everett Williams raises his hand, signaling a shift in the atmosphere. The presence of enforcers surrounding her amplifies the sense of danger. Freya's wolf instincts awaken, urging her to defend herself, as Parker expresses alarm at Everett's intentions. Everett, maintaining a calm demeanor, reveals his ruthless nature, stating his willingness to eliminate problems to protect his family, which ignites a fierce determination within Freya.

As the tension escalates, Freya boldly confronts Everett, refusing to let Parker be stripped of his identity. She asserts her own connections and stakes, demonstrating her strength and resolve. Despite Everett's dismissive attitude,

Freya's confidence grows, and she makes a daring move to fight her way through the guards, fueled by her wolf's ferocity. The physical struggle intensifies, and Freya's determination to carve a path for herself and Parker drives her forward, even as she sustains injuries.

In a surprising turn, Freya manages to seize Everett, locking him in a chokehold, demanding to be heard. The standoff reveals the underlying tension and simmering anger within Everett, who warns her of the consequences. Freya's calculated move to take a locket from around his neck reveals a personal connection to his missing sister, heightening the stakes of their confrontation. The photograph inside the locket serves as a poignant reminder of family ties and loss, prompting Freya to draw parallels between their motivations.

Freya's declaration of her own family's tragic history and her unwavering determination to protect her loved ones resonates deeply in the charged atmosphere. She asserts her strength, making it clear that she is not to be underestimated. The chapter culminates in a powerful exchange, where both characters understand the lengths they are willing to go for their families, setting the stage for a potential clash of wills. Freya's fierce declaration that she will not break solidifies her resolve as a formidable opponent, embodying the spirit of the Stormveil wolves.

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**\*\*TITLE: Trapped in You by Morrison Lee: Shadows of Our Love 388\*\***

**\*\*Chapter 388\*\***

**\*\*Freya's POV\*\***

The pulse of my heart echoed like a war drum behind my ribs as Everett Williams raised his hand.

With a single, deliberate motion, the atmosphere within the grand Williams estate shifted, the shadows themselves seeming to grow darker and more menacing. From the dimly lit stone hallways emerged a dozen enforcers, their broad shoulders and combat-ready stances exuding an air of authority and intimidation. Each of them was steeped in the unmistakable scent of Silverfang steel and unwavering loyalty.

And just like that, they surrounded me.

The wolf within me surged to the forefront, its instincts bristling just beneath my skin, ready to defend, ready to fight.

I refused to take a step back.

Parker's voice, laced with alarm, broke through the tension beside me. "Everett, what are you doing?"

Everett's expression remained largely unchanged, his scholarly facade—gentle voice, calm demeanor—cracking just enough for the predator lurking beneath to surface.

"I'm merely demonstrating," he said softly, "how effortlessly the Williams Family can eliminate a problem when the need arises."

The intensity of his kill intent radiated from him, cool and calculated, like a blade poised at the throat, ready to strike.

I swept my gaze across the encircling guards, feeling the weight of their presence, before meeting the cold, calculating eyes of the so-called head of the Williams Family.

"So, this is your resolve? You truly intend for Parker to be stripped of his name forever?"

"You misunderstand my intentions," Everett replied, his tone deceptively light, almost compassionate. "I simply protect what is dear to me—my mother and my sister." His eyes gleamed with an icy devotion that bordered on obsession. "For them, I would raze cities to the ground. I would obliterate entire Packs. I would sever bloodlines. So, I advise you not to test my patience, child."

Child.

The term struck a chord within me, a bitter irony.

Because the heat surging in my chest felt anything but childish; it felt like the unyielding Stormveil blood that refused to bend, to crawl, to submit.

"You have people for whom you would lay down your life," I said, my voice steady, almost soothing. "I understand that. Truly. But I have the same."

My breathing became more measured, the Wolf within me mirroring that steadiness. "You want Parker to repay the Williams Family's debt? Fine. But not by



erasing his very essence. Not by forcing him to live a life cloaked in a false identity.”

“Reasonable words,” Everett remarked, his tone dismissive. “But tell me—”

His gaze swept over me, a flicker of disdain evident.

“—what qualifications do you believe you possess to negotiate with me?”

Qualifications?

A smile crept onto my lips.

And in that moment, I acted.

I surged toward him, propelled by explosive speed honed through my rigorous training with the Iron Fang Recon Unit—a speed that took the Williams guards by surprise, especially from a woman who bore the scent of the Bloodmoon Pack’s diplomatic branch.

They rushed at me, dozens of boots echoing against the polished stone, their bodies colliding with mine in a chaotic frenzy.

Parker reached out, desperation etched across his face, but three guards swiftly restrained him, pinning him down with brutal efficiency.

I didn’t look back.

I fought.

Not for victory; that wasn’t my goal.

What I needed was a path.

So I exchanged blows recklessly, every step fueled by my wolf’s ferocity and my own simmering rage. My left shoulder ripped open, an old wound beneath my jacket bursting forth, hot blood cascading down my arm, but pain was a distant thought in this moment.

One guard fell. Then another.

I slipped between two more, evading a strike, driving my elbow into a throat, and continued my relentless advance.

My vision narrowed to a tunnel.

My wolf howled in exhilaration.

And then—I broke free.

Everett's eyes widened in shock as I lunged forward, wrapping my arm around his throat, locking him in a chokehold that was both precise and powerful. His guards froze, instincts screaming at them not to make a move.

Everett himself appeared momentarily stunned, caught off guard.

I tightened my grip.

“Now,” I panted, “am I qualified to speak?”

He exhaled sharply, a sound devoid of humor. “You dare to hold me?”

“If I truly wanted to harm you,” I replied, my voice steady, “you’d already be on the ground.”

He didn’t argue.

Yet beneath his calm facade, I sensed a simmering anger—sharp and toxic—waiting to erupt.

“You move one inch,” one of the guards warned, voice laced with menace, “and we won’t let you leave this place alive!”

“I said I will release him.”

And with that declaration, I did.

At the very moment my free hand shot downward, ripping the pendant from around Everett’s neck.

A chain snapped.

An old, oval locket landed in my palm.

In an instant, the expression on Everett’s face transformed.

The man who had threatened to bring the world to its knees now stood frozen, fury draining the color from his knuckles.

“That,” he growled, a low, dangerous tone, “is not something you can touch. Return it.”

But I had already opened the latch.

A faded photograph stared back at me—a girl, perhaps three years old, her bright eyes shining as she smiled shyly at the camera. The edges of the picture were yellowed with age, a relic of the past—no copies, no backups, no digital scans.

It was a once-in-a-lifetime photograph.

The only one that remained.

“Don’t—” Everett’s voice cracked, raw and desperate. “Don’t you dare damage that. I warn you— for my sister, I will hunt you to the ends of this earth.”

His sister.

The one who was missing.

The ghost that the Williams Family still whispered about in hushed tones.

And this—this fragile photograph—was his last tangible connection to her.

In that moment, clarity washed over me.

I closed the locket gently and lifted my gaze to meet his, the weight of understanding heavy in the air.

“You cherish your family,” I said softly, my voice steady. “Good. Then hear me when I say this.”

I stepped closer, blood still dripping from my shoulder, my wolf snarling fiercely beneath my skin.

“Eric is the only family I have left. My father, Arthur Thorne, and my mother, Myra, died without ever finding him. Their ashes rest in the Ashbourne Legion’s Hall of Martyrs, and the last wish they had in this world was to bring their son home.”

Everett’s jaw tightened, the muscles visibly clenching.

“For my family,” I continued, my voice unwavering, “I can be just as ruthless as you.”

A profound silence enveloped the hall.

The guards remained motionless.

Parker held his breath, the tension palpable.

Even the air felt thick with the scent of iron, blood, and the impending clash of war.

I tightened my grip on the chain.

“You threaten me, Everett? Then understand this perfectly: I am not prey. I am not disposable. And I will not break.”

My voice dropped to a chilling whisper.

“If you’re willing to destroy everything for the people you love—then know this: so will I.”

The wolf within me lifted its head, eyes blazing with fire.

And in that moment, Everett finally understood that Stormveil wolves were never meant to kneel.

## Conclusion

In the heart of the Williams estate, amidst the chaos and the shadows, Freya stood resolute, embodying the fierce spirit of her lineage. The confrontation with Everett had transformed her from a mere negotiator into a warrior, fueled by the weight of her family’s legacy and the desperate need to protect those she loved. With blood dripping from her shoulder and the locket of Everett’s sister clutched tightly in her hand, she had not only fought for Parker’s identity but had also laid bare the shared pain of loss that bound them all. The tension in the room shifted, the air thick with unspoken understanding, as Freya’s declaration of strength rang true: she was not just a pawn in their game; she was a force to be reckoned with.

As the echoes of their confrontation faded, Freya realized that this moment marked a pivotal shift in her journey. No longer would she be defined by the shadows of others, nor would she allow fear to dictate her actions. With her wolf howling in solidarity, she had forged an unbreakable bond with her own resolve, standing tall against the oppressive weight of Everett’s threats. The battle was far from over, but in that moment of clarity, she had not only reclaimed her power but had also ignited a spark of hope for Parker and herself. Together, they would

navigate the treacherous path ahead, united by their shared determination to protect their families and carve out their own destinies amidst the shadows of their love.

What to Expect in Next Chapter?

**\*\*What to Expect in Next Chapter?\*\***

As the tension in the grand hall reaches a fever pitch, the stakes have never been higher for Freya and Parker. With the fragile locket in her possession, the lines between ally and enemy blur even further. The revelation of Everett's sister adds a layer of complexity to their confrontation, hinting at a deeper, more personal conflict that could unravel the very fabric of the Williams Family. Will Freya's bold move to confront Everett ignite a war between their families, or will it serve as the catalyst for an unexpected alliance? As secrets unfold and loyalties are tested, readers can anticipate a whirlwind of emotions and thrilling revelations in the next chapter.

Moreover, the dynamics of power are shifting. Freya's fierce declaration of her own family's tragedy resonates with the weight of her determination, and it becomes clear that the battle is not just for Parker's identity, but for her own survival and the legacy of the Stormveil wolves. Will she be able to leverage her newfound understanding of Everett's vulnerabilities to forge a path forward, or will her defiance provoke a retaliation that could cost her everything? The conflict is poised to escalate, and the next chapter promises to delve deeper into the shadows of their love, revealing hidden truths that could change the course of their fates forever. Prepare for a gripping continuation that will leave you breathless and eager for more.

Florence

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The Novel will be updated first on this website. Come back and continue reading tomorrow, everyone!