

## **A Warrior Luna's Awakening**

### **- Trapped in You by Morrison Lee: Shadows of Our Love 389**

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[ 2,087 words ]

##### Trapped in You by Morrison Lee: Shadows of Our Love 389 Summary

In Chapter 389 of “Shadows of Our Love,” Freya finds herself in a tense confrontation with Everett, a powerful figure from the Williams Family. In a moment of adrenaline-fueled defiance, she throws a pendant necklace at him, signaling her refusal to be intimidated. Despite her injured state, she quickly grabs her brother Parker and makes a hasty exit from the hotel suite, narrowly avoiding the guards thanks to Everett’s commanding presence. The chapter captures Freya’s determination and bravery as she navigates the dangers surrounding her.

Once outside, the atmosphere shifts to one of concern as Parker notices Freya’s reopened wound. Despite her attempts to downplay her injury, the bond between the siblings is palpable, with Parker expressing his worry for her well-being. Freya’s response to his concern reveals a deeper emotional connection, as she reassures him of her strength while also acknowledging their shared history. The scene highlights the themes of familial loyalty and the instinctive bond that persists even through trauma and memory loss.

As they seek medical assistance, Parker reveals his own struggles, particularly his commitment to help Lina, who remains in C-Domain. This moment of vulnerability allows Freya to empathize with him, showcasing her understanding of the burdens that come with family ties. Parker’s resolve to embrace his true identity as Eric adds another layer of complexity to their relationship, hinting at his desire to reclaim his past while also forging a new path.

The chapter culminates in a poignant moment of reconnection between Freya and Parker, where they share a familiar gesture that evokes memories of their past. Freya’s insistence on maintaining their bond, despite the challenges they face, reinforces the theme of resilience in the face of adversity. Meanwhile, Parker’s interactions with

Everett reveal an unexpected emotional depth, as Everett grapples with his feelings toward Parker, recognizing the young man's potential and strength.

In the end, the chapter encapsulates the struggle between personal identity and familial duty, as both Freya and Parker confront their pasts while navigating a complex present. The emotions are raw and layered, illustrating the intricacies of love, loyalty, and the fight for self-acceptance amidst the shadows of their intertwined lives.

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**\*\*Shadows of Our Love: Chapter 389\*\***

Freya took a step back, her heart racing, as she hurled the pendant necklace toward Everett. The chain glimmered in the dim light of the hotel suite, a fleeting spark against the shadows, before it landed squarely in his outstretched palm. She didn't linger to gauge his reaction; the adrenaline still coursed through her veins, her muscles quivering from the recent confrontation, and the pain of her reopened wound pulsed ominously beneath the tattered fabric of her shirt. Without a second thought, she turned on her heel, grasping Parker's wrist with a firm grip, and propelled him toward the exit.

The guards of the Williams Family instinctively shifted, their bodies coiling like springs ready to pounce, but Everett raised a hand, his authority radiating from him like a palpable force.

"Let them go."

Even in her injured state, Freya could sense the weight of his command, an Alpha's voice that brooked no dissent. The guards parted, allowing her and Parker to slip past them, the heavy door of the suite closing with a definitive thud behind them.

Once they stepped into the hotel's main lobby, a stark contrast to the tension they had just left, Parker's voice broke through the air, thick with concern. The lobby was bright and polished, the fragrance of imported wolfsbane flowers mingling with the cool air, a strange comfort amidst their chaos.

"Freya, your shoulder—your wound's reopened. You're bleeding too much. The concierge desk should have basic medical supplies. We need to stop the bleeding now."

"It's nothing serious," she replied, attempting to brush off his worry, even as blood trickled down her arm, warm and dark against her skin. Her wolf stirred restlessly within her, a reminder of her strength, even as it craved peace. "I'll heal."

"How could I possibly not worry?" Parker's voice trembled, the weight of his concern evident. "You're my sister."

Freya froze, the impact of his words striking her like a physical blow. They were simple, stripped of pretense, yet they resonated deeply within her—an instinctive truth that transcended the barriers of memory. In that moment, warmth blossomed within her, something familiar and aching old.

Even with three years of his memories stripped away, Parker still felt that connection. He still reached for her, his hand guiding her toward the concierge desk. A female staff member appeared swiftly, her movements efficient and gentle as she retrieved gauze and antiseptic foam. She worked with a practiced ease, rewrapping Freya's shoulder with a care that spoke volumes.

The tear wasn't deep; her earlier burst of strength had been driven by adrenaline and the primal instincts of her wolf, not recklessness.

Only when the bleeding slowed did Parker let out a breath he hadn't realized he was holding.

"Freya... don't ever do that again," he murmured, his voice low and serious. "Charging a full circle of guards alone—you could have been seriously hurt."

"Today was an exception," she replied, her tone steady and unwavering. "If I hadn't acted, Everett would never have taken me seriously."

"You were too impulsive. If Everett truly decided to come after you—"

"He won't." Freya's gaze sharpened, determination igniting within her. "And even if he did—this is the Capital, not C-Domain. The Williams Family doesn't get to run wild here."

A faint, wry smile danced on her lips. "Besides... your intel about what he cares about helped."

Parker's expression tightened, a mix of frustration and concern etched on his features. "So you risked your life to rip off his pendant?"

"It worked, didn't it?" Freya shot back, her eyes softening as she regarded him. "But what about you? What will you do now?"

Parker fell silent, the weight of his thoughts heavy in the air.

"Lina is still in C-Domain," he finally said, his voice barely above a whisper. "The Williams Family is covering all her treatment, and she still needs Jenny's marrow for stabilization. For now... I can't leave."

"I understand." Her heart ached with empathy; Freya knew the burden of a sibling's life better than anyone.

Parker continued, his voice quiet but resolute.

"And Everett's mother... she's a good woman. A painful past, but good. I won't break the promise I made. I'll help her stabilize, help her accept who I really am—Eric."

Freya blinked in surprise.

Parker... willing to embrace the identity he had lost?

His voice grew firmer, a newfound conviction threading through his words.

"Once the Williams Family finishes negotiating their trade agreement with the Whitmore Group, I'll return to C-Domain, settle everything, and come back—not as Parker, but as Eric."

Freya felt her throat constrict, emotion swelling within her.

For a fleeting heartbeat, she could see the brother she remembered—the one who had always stood between her and danger, who had shielded her with his body, who would gently touch her head when they parted ways.

“Alright,” she whispered, her voice steady and filled with resolve. “I’ll wait for you.”

Her smile—soft, steady—seemed to unlock something deep within Parker. He reached out, almost instinctively, his hand rising toward her head.

Just like before.

But then, his hand froze mid-air, suspended in uncertainty.

“What’s wrong?” Freya frowned, concern flickering in her eyes.

“Nothing,” he muttered, attempting to retract his hand.

But Freya wouldn’t let him.

She guided his palm to the crown of her head, allowing him to feel the familiar shape, the warmth that had always been a source of comfort.

“No matter what happened,” she said quietly, “you are my brother. You always touched my head when we said goodbye. Always.”

Parker stilled, and in that moment, he felt it—the echo of a memory coursing through him, a muscle-deep recognition that resonated within his very bones. A flicker of a thousand past gestures, a warmth that transcended time.

This wasn’t mere imagination.

This was real.

Later, after Freya had departed from the hotel, Parker found himself back in the presidential suite.

Inside, Everett stood by the window, the old pendant clutched in one hand. The aged photograph within—depicting a little girl no older than three—rested gently against his palm.

Without turning, Everett's voice broke the silence.

"You're back. I thought you might leave with her."

"I made a promise," Parker replied, his voice steady. "To pretend to be part of the Williams Family for the old woman's sake. I won't break that. I'll help her accept my real identity as Eric. And after the negotiations here are done... I'll return to C-Domain."

Everett finally closed the pendant, his fingers curling protectively around it.

He turned to Parker, studying him intently, a myriad of emotions flickering across his face.

Three years.

Three years of living under the same roof.

Three years of guiding him, teaching him, watching him grow.

Parker wasn't his son.

Yet, Everett felt an instinctive, inexplicable bond with him—something akin to pride, an Alpha recognizing the potential within a cub destined for greatness.

Parker had lost his past, yet he absorbed every new skill with an eagerness that was nothing short of remarkable. His growth was astonishing—his composure, his strategic mind, his adaptability. He navigated the intricate web of the Williams Family's internal affairs with an ease that belied his age.

Everett admired him.

Respected him.

And, though he would never voice it aloud, there were moments when he felt as if the boy truly belonged to him.

A flicker of an unreadable emotion crossed Everett's eyes.

"The girl," he murmured, almost to himself, "she's far more dangerous than she appears."

But his voice wasn't filled with anger.

It sounded... conflicted.

And perhaps, just a little impressed.

Conclusion

In the aftermath of their tumultuous encounter, Freya and Parker stood on the precipice of transformation, both individually and in their relationship. Freya's fierce determination to protect her brother had driven her to confront the very source of her pain, showcasing her resilience even in the face of danger. As she navigated the complexities of her emotions—her bond with Parker rekindled, yet shadowed by the weight of their past—she found solace in their shared understanding. Parker's acceptance of his identity as Eric marked a pivotal moment, not just for him, but for Freya as well. Their connection,

once fragmented by loss and memory, began to mend, revealing an unbreakable thread that bound them together as siblings despite the trials they faced.

Meanwhile, Parker's resolve to embrace his past, even as he remained tethered to his new life, highlighted the profound journey of self-discovery he was undertaking. The promise he made to the old woman and to himself signified a commitment to healing, both for him and for those he loved. As he stood in the suite with Everett, the recognition of their shared bond hinted at a deeper complexity in their relationship—one that transcended mere duty and ventured into the realm of familial affection. The shadows of their love, fraught with challenges and misunderstandings, began to dissipate, revealing the potential for a new dawn. In this moment of vulnerability and strength, both Freya and Parker took their first steps toward reclaiming their identities and forging a path forward, united by the indomitable spirit of their love.

What to Expect in Next Chapter?

In the next chapter of *\*Shadows of Our Love\**, readers can expect the tension between Freya and Everett to reach a boiling point. With the pendant now in Everett's possession, the stakes are higher than ever. What secrets does the photograph hold, and how will it impact the fragile balance of power among the Williams Family? As Freya grapples with her own wounds—both physical and emotional—she must also navigate the complexities of her bond with Parker. Will she be able to protect her brother while confronting the ghosts of their shared past? The shadows of their history loom large, and the revelations that await could either strengthen their connection or tear them apart.

Meanwhile, Parker's resolve to embrace his identity as Eric will be tested as he delves deeper into the Williams Family's affairs. As negotiations with the Whitmore Group unfold, alliances will shift, and hidden agendas will come to light. Will Parker be able to maintain his promise to Everett and the old woman while staying true to himself? The choices he makes could alter the course of their lives forever. Expect emotional confrontations, unexpected alliances, and the resurgence of buried memories that threaten to change everything. The next chapter promises to be a whirlwind of action, emotion, and revelations that will leave readers on the edge of their seats, eagerly anticipating what lies ahead for Freya and Parker.

Florence

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

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## **Trapped in You by Morrison Lee: Shadows of Our Love 390**

[ 2,040 words ]

### Trapped in You by Morrison Lee: Shadows of Our Love 390 Summary

In Chapter 390 of “Shadows of Our Love,” Freya returns home to find her friend Lana anxiously awaiting her arrival. Lana expresses her frustration over Freya’s late return and the fact that her communication device was off. Freya reveals that she met with Everett, the Alpha, and recounts the tense encounter, where she defended herself against his threats and took a pendant from him. Lana is shocked by Freya’s bold actions, but Freya remains calm, emphasizing that she did what was necessary to protect herself.

The conversation shifts as Freya reveals her need to take a day off to visit Whitmor Tower and speak with Silas about Jenny, a woman who saved her brother Eric. Freya explains that Jenny is in dire need of a marrow transplant due to her blood cancer, and the Williams Family is preparing to abandon her. Despite Lana’s concerns about Freya’s soft-heartedness, Freya is determined to protect Jenny for Eric’s sake, revealing the emotional weight of her decision.

As Freya arrives at Whitmor Tower, she faces a cold reception from Silas, who refuses to meet her despite her insistence that her visit is personal. Their strained relationship is evident as Silas reminds her of the boundaries she had set between them. Feeling rejected, Freya reaches out to Wren, Silas’s aide, seeking a brief moment with Silas to

discuss the life-and-death situation regarding Jenny. Freya's determination to save Jenny for Eric highlights her internal conflict and the complexities of her feelings towards Silas.

The chapter concludes with Freya standing in the stark, imposing environment of the tower, grappling with her emotions. The tension between her past with Silas and her current mission to save Jenny underscores the stakes involved. Freya's resolve to prioritize her brother's savior over her own feelings reflects her deep sense of loyalty and love for her family, setting the stage for the challenges she must face ahead.

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**\*\*Shadows of Our Love: Chapter 390\*\***

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

As I finally swung the door of my temporary home open, the moment felt electric. Lana practically leaped at me, her energy palpable, a whirlwind of concern and frustration.

"Freya! Moon above, you're just getting home now? You mentioned you started driving back this morning! Even a human courier could have made it here faster! And your WolfComm was off! I was this close to filing a missing-person report with the Iron Fang Recon Unit!"

Her relief washed over me, an overwhelming wave that left me breathless. I took a deep breath, peeling off my coat as I stepped inside, the familiar scent of home wrapping around me.

"I made a stop along the way," I replied, my voice steady. "I went to meet Everett."

Lana froze mid-sentence, her expression shifting from worry to shock. Her eyes widened as I recounted every detail of my encounter with the Alpha—how I had stepped into his presence, how I had locked his throat with my elbow, and the moment I had ripped the pendant from him.

When I finished, she let out a long, incredulous whistle.

"So you actually locked the old man's throat? Freya, he's the head of the Williams Family! The backbone forged by their Alpha! And you just tore off his pendant!"

"I wasn't about to sit there and let him decide my fate," I said, my voice calm, almost flat. "He cornered me. I had to fight back."

"Cornered you? Freya, he threatened you! You should have punched him through a wall," Lana exclaimed, her anger bubbling over as she began to pace the room. "If I had been there, I would have bitten him myself!"

A quiet agreement resonated within me, my wolf echoing her sentiment.

I shook my head firmly. “He saved my brother once. I won’t hurt him unless it’s absolutely necessary.”

What I didn’t voice, the unsettling truth that gnawed at my insides, was how eerily similar Everett looked to Parker. The same brow line, the same shape of the eyes—it was like staring at an older version of my brother. A ghostly reflection of Eric trapped inside a man who was never truly one of us.

Lana’s fury ebbed away as she finally sank into a chair, the tension in her body easing.

“Alright... what now? You’re safe, and that’s what truly matters.”

“I need to take a day of leave tomorrow,” I announced, the weight of my decision heavy in the air.

She blinked, clearly taken aback. “Leave? Why? Are you hurt? Did he hit you? Did the guards hurt you? Freya, swear to the Moon—”

“I’m fine,” I interjected, raising a palm to calm her. “I need to go to the Whitmor Tower. To see Silas.”

“Silas?” Her voice shot up an octave, disbelief etched across her features. “Why him?”

“To talk about Jenny.”

“Jenny? What did she do this time? Didn’t Silas already declare he’d strip her from the Williams Family registry?”

“He wants her expelled,” I replied quietly, feeling the gravity of the situation settle over us. “But right now... she can’t be.”

Lana’s gaze pierced through me, demanding clarity. “Freya. Explain.”

“My brother’s savior,” I breathed out, the words heavy with emotion. “The woman who shielded Eric with her own body... she has blood cancer. She needs Jenny’s marrow. Without Jenny, she won’t survive. And the Williams Family is preparing to cast her aside because Silas is putting pressure on them.”

So yes, as absurd as it seemed, I had to protect Jenny.

For Eric.

His savior is my savior, too.

Lana fell into a contemplative silence, the weight of my revelation hanging in the air before she finally sighed. “You’re too soft-hearted. But... I get it.”

That night, sleep eluded me. My wolf paced restlessly beneath my skin, a bundle of nerves. Each time I attempted to close my eyes, visions of Parker brushing his fingers through my hair swirled in my mind, confusion and instinct mingling in his expression. Eric was still in there, somewhere, waiting for the chance to wake.

The following morning, I arrived at Whitmor Tower, the tallest structure that pierced the heart of the Capital. Its walls were a striking blend of steel, blackstone, and reinforced moon-glass, the Ironclad Coalition’s insignia gleaming proudly above the entrance.

I approached the reception desk, where a staff member greeted me with a polite bow.

“I’d like to meet Silas,” I stated firmly. “I’m here on a private matter.”

“If you don’t have an appointment,” she replied with a practiced smile, “the chairman won’t be available.”

I lowered my gaze, my heart racing as I tapped my WolfComm. My finger hovered over Silas’s contact for a heartbeat longer than I intended before I finally pressed call.

The line rang, a steady pulse of hope and anxiety. Just as I began to doubt he would answer, his familiar voice sliced through the silence.

“What do you want?”

His tone was as sharp as winter steel, a stark contrast to the warmth it once held for me.

“Yes,” I replied softly, my heart pounding. “I need to see you. I’m downstairs... in the lobby of your tower.”

“If it’s business,” he shot back coldly, “use the proper channels.”

“It’s not business. It’s personal.”

His silence stretched, colder than his words.

Then he finally spoke, “Do we still have anything personal between us? You were the one who wanted clear lines—your path, my path, no crossing. And you were right. There’s no reason for us to meet.”

With that, the call ended, leaving me staring at my screen, my breath caught in my throat. A bitter, humorless smile tugged at my lips.

I was the one who had severed our ties.

I was the one who insisted we keep our worlds apart.

And now, here I stood, once again in his world, asking for his help.

I exhaled slowly, scrolling to another contact—Wren, Silas’s aide. It had been ages since I last called him, back when I briefly served as Silas’s guard during the Coalition’s summit. My finger hesitated for just a moment before I pressed call.

He answered almost immediately.

“Freya?”

“Hello, Wren.” My voice softened, tinged with urgency. “I... need a favor. Could you let me know when Silas might have time today? I tried calling him, but he refused to see me.”

Wren inhaled sharply. “Chairman Silas has two meetings today. Both are long.”

I knew what that meant—intense, political battles between Alphas and economic leaders, hours of stone-faced discussions with no breaks, no chances to slip through.

Still, I steadied my voice, determination rising within me.

“I just need one moment with him,” I insisted. “A short one. It’s important. Life-and-death important.”

“I can’t promise anything,” Wren said honestly. “But... I’ll see what I can do.”

“Thank you.”

As the call ended, I stood there, surrounded by the cold shimmer of moon-glass pillars, the hum of drones patrolling above, and the metallic scent of silver-forged steel in the air.

Silas was somewhere above me—Alpha of the Ironclad Coalition, a man feared by nations, a wolf whose presence had once felt like a storm wrapped around my heartbeat.

Now, he wouldn’t even look at me.

My wolf bristled faintly, not in anger, but in something far more complicated—pride wounded, instinct unsettled, and my heart tightening in a way I didn’t want to acknowledge.

But I straightened my back, forcing myself to focus.

This wasn't about Silas.

This wasn't about our past.

This was about Eric.

About the woman who saved him.

About Jenny's fate—and what her life meant to my family.

## Conclusion

In the aftermath of my confrontation with Everett and the emotional turmoil that followed, I found myself standing at a crossroads, torn between the haunting memories of my brother and the urgent need to protect those who had intertwined with our fates. The weight of my decisions pressed heavily on my shoulders as I prepared to face Silas, a man who had once been my ally but now stood as a barrier between the past I cherished and the present I was desperate to navigate. My heart raced with a mix of anxiety and determination, fueled by the knowledge that every moment counted. Jenny's life hung in the balance, and I was willing to confront the ghosts of my past to ensure her survival, for Eric's sake.

As I stood in the lobby of Whitmor Tower, the stark reality of my situation crystallized. I was no longer just Freya, the protector of my brother's legacy; I was a woman driven by love, loyalty, and the fierce desire to rewrite the narrative that had been dictated to me. My wolf stirred within, echoing my resolve, as I prepared to face Silas, not just as a former lover but as a fellow warrior in this battle for life and redemption. Though the path ahead was fraught with uncertainty, I knew that I had to fight for what mattered most. In that moment, I embraced the shadows of our love, ready to forge a new destiny, not just for myself, but for those who had once been lost to the darkness.

## What to Expect in Next Chapter?

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

As Freya stands at the precipice of a life-altering decision, the tension in the air thickens, promising an emotional storm in the next chapter. With Silas's cold dismissal still ringing in her ears, Freya must navigate the treacherous waters of their complicated history while fighting for Jenny's future. Will she find a way to breach the walls Silas has built around himself? Expect a gripping confrontation that could either rekindle old flames or extinguish any hope of reconciliation. Freya's determination is palpable, and her quest to save Jenny will push her to confront not only Silas but also her own tangled feelings for him.

Moreover, as the stakes rise, Freya's wolf will play a crucial role in her journey. The instinctual bond between them will be tested, especially as she grapples with the ghosts of her past and the lingering shadows of Parker and Eric. Will she be able to harness that primal energy to advocate for Jenny, or will the weight of her emotions lead her astray? The next chapter promises to delve deeper into Freya's inner turmoil, revealing the raw power of love and loyalty while setting the stage for unexpected alliances and fierce confrontations. Prepare for a whirlwind of revelations that will reshape Freya's understanding of family, duty, and sacrifice.

Florence

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