

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

### **Trapped in You by Morrison Lee: Shadows of Our Love 391**

[ 1,975 words ]

Trapped in You by Morrison Lee: Shadows of Our Love 391 Summary

In Chapter 391 of “Trapped in You,” Silas experiences a deep internal struggle as he grapples with the weight of time and his emotions. The office, a stark glass-and-steel environment, reflects the turmoil within him, contrasting the warmth of the sun with the darkness of his thoughts. Wren, his subordinate, informs him that Freya refuses to leave despite her injury, showcasing her stubbornness and determination. Silas’s wolf reacts to her presence, highlighting the conflict between his human side and the primal instincts that lie beneath.

When Freya finally enters, her fierce determination is palpable. Despite her injury, she confronts Silas, demanding that he rescind his decision regarding Jenny’s expulsion from the Williams Family. Her unwavering gaze and the urgency in her voice reveal her desperation to save her brother’s savior, Lina, who is fighting for her life. Silas, initially cold and dismissive, feels the weight of her plea, and the atmosphere shifts as he contemplates the gravity of her words.

Freya’s resolve only strengthens as she explains the dire consequences of Silas’s actions, appealing to his sense of loyalty and sacrifice. The tension in the room escalates as Silas struggles between his instinctual reactions and the moral implications of her request. Freya’s willingness to risk herself for Jenny’s sake ignites a fire within him, forcing him to confront the remnants of the man he thought he had buried. Her determination challenges his authority, and he recognizes the profound impact she has on him.

As the chapter progresses, Silas’s internal conflict intensifies. He acknowledges Freya’s bravery and the complexities of their situation. Her plea resonates deeply, forcing him to reconsider his stance. The stark contrast between his cold exterior and the warmth of Freya’s spirit creates a compelling dynamic, leaving him torn between power and compassion. Ultimately, Freya’s unwavering commitment to her cause compels Silas to reevaluate his choices, setting the stage for a pivotal moment that could alter the course of their lives.

Continue Regular Chapter Reading Below

**\*\*Chapter 391\*\***

**\*\*Silas's POV\*\***

The passage of time felt agonizingly slow. Each tick of the clock echoed in the glass-and-steel confines of this towering edifice, as if the world outside was caught in a thick, syrupy haze. I stood transfixed, gazing through the expansive windows that reached toward the heavens, watching the sun ascend in its daily journey. Its rays sliced through the office, casting a mosaic of warmth and shadow across the polished floor, illuminating the stark contrast between light and dark, much like the tumult within me.

Wren entered the room with a measured cadence, his footsteps deliberate and cautious. "My apologies, Alpha Silas," he began, his voice tinged with uncertainty. "Freya remains here. She refuses to leave, despite my attempts to persuade her. You know how stubborn she can be."

I kept my focus on the distant skyline, my expression cold and inscrutable. "Let her wait," I murmured, almost as if speaking to myself. My wolf stirred within me, restless and alert, its claws scraping against the barriers of instinct and memory, demanding attention.

Wren hesitated, his brow furrowed with concern. "It's nearly noon, Alpha. If she continues to wait, she might not eat. Her shoulder wound—she hasn't fully healed from that gunshot. If she stays there much longer..." His voice trailed off, his eyes darting toward me, searching for any sign of my thoughts.

A slow exhale escaped my lips, a release of the tension that had begun to creep in. Freya had a peculiar effect on me, one that no one else could replicate. Only she had the power to awaken both the beast within me and the man I had worked so hard to keep subdued.

"Bring her up," I instructed, my voice steady, though I could feel the wolf beneath my skin thrumming with anticipation.

Wren's relief was palpable as he nodded. "Of course. I will fetch her right away."

He departed and returned mere moments later, ushering her into the tower. I felt her presence before she even crossed the threshold—the subtle shift in the air, the tension in her muscles, and the unmistakable scent of determination mixed with the faint metallic tang of her injury. I had honed my ability to read wolves over the years, and Freya's aura was a tempest, barely contained by the facade of civility she wore.

As she stepped into the office, her gaze was unwavering, fierce. Sunlight danced upon her hair and frame, illuminating the struggle between her wolf instincts and her human composure. I noticed the slight tremor in her shoulder; her wound had reopened, and the scent of her blood was unmistakable. She had pushed herself too far.

“Freya,” I said, my voice low and deliberate. “What brings you here? What could possibly compel you to risk your safety by confronting me in person?”

Her lips pressed into a thin line, a moment of hesitation passing before she spoke. Her voice was firm and precise, yet I could detect the tremor beneath her words—an echo of the wolf’s urgency within. “Alpha Witmore, I need you to rescind your decision regarding Jenny’s expulsion from the Williams Family.”

Her words struck me like a blow, sending ripples through my senses. My wolf stiffened, ears flattening against my skull. I had anticipated a confrontation, but the intensity in her voice—unyielding and demanding—was sharper than I had prepared for.

“I am not a man to be summoned lightly,” I replied, stepping closer to the desk, my hands clasped behind my back. “You are aware of my nature. If you address me merely as ‘Alpha Witmore,’ then you must understand that you hold no claim to my consideration. Why should I entertain your request?”

Her shoulders squared, a sign of her resolve. She had expected my dismissal; I could see it in the set of her jaw and the flare of her nostrils. The scent of determination, loyalty, and desperation mingled in the air—a wolf’s instinct for survival intertwined with a protective drive for kin.

“I know I have no right,” she conceded, her gaze unwavering, even as the energy of her wolf buzzed around us. “But my brother, Eric, was once saved by a woman named Lina in D Nation. She shielded him when he had nowhere else to turn. Now she is fighting for her life against blood cancer in C Nation. Jenny’s marrow is the only thing that can save her.”

The atmosphere in the room shifted, growing colder. My wolf bristled—not out of anger, but in recognition of the gravity of her words. The human part of me recoiled at the thought of life hanging by such a fragile thread. I understood loyalty, I understood sacrifice. Yet her tone, her unwavering persistence, tightened the muscles in my chest, and I felt the claws of instinct scraping against my ribcage.

She pressed on, undeterred. “Since you publicly opposed Jenny, Everett—head of the Williams Family—has been preparing a press conference to strip her from the family registry. If that happens, Lina will die. I am imploring you, as her family’s ally and my brother’s protector, to retract your previous statements, if only to allow Jenny to donate.”

I studied her intently, taking in every detail under the harsh midday light—the way her wolf hovered just beneath the surface, the complex blend of fear, steel, and hope in her scent. The chill of my office contrasted sharply with the warmth radiating from her.

“And if I refuse?” I asked quietly, my voice barely above a whisper.

Her gaze did not waver; if anything, it became more resolute. “Then tell me what I must do to earn your help,” she replied simply, her determination fierce and unyielding.

Her audacity ignited a fire of frustration within me. I wanted to snap back, to remind her that I measured life and death through the lens of power, influence, and consequence—not sentiment. And yet, my wolf growled deep in my chest, a warning I could neither ignore nor fully comprehend. The magnetic pull of her presence, her cause, clawed at the remnants of the man I had thought long buried.

I exhaled slowly, feeling the tension ripple through my limbs. Freya—once merely a shadow among Stormveil’s fifth branch—now stood before me as a tempest in human form. My wolf flicked its ears, curiosity mingling with irritation.

“You would risk yourself for her,” I said, my voice low and steady, yet tinged with the raw instinct of the wolf within. “Even with your injury... knowing the dangers of waiting for my response?”

Her lips pressed tighter, a show of unwavering resolve. “She saved my brother. That is reason enough. You may not understand, but you still have the power to do the right thing. You can let her live.”

## Conclusion

As the weight of Freya’s words settled between us, I felt the walls I had built around my heart begin to crack. Her fierce determination and unwavering loyalty stirred something deep within me, a flicker of the man I used to be before I became entangled in the ruthless politics of power and dominance. The wolf within me howled in recognition of her bravery, a reminder that true strength often lies in vulnerability and the willingness to fight for those we love. In that moment, I realized that Freya was not just a shadow of my past but a beacon of hope for the future—a future where sacrifice and compassion could coexist alongside the harsh realities of our world.

With a heavy heart, I understood that my decision would not only affect Jenny’s fate but also redefine the fragile bond I shared with Freya. I could no longer allow my fear of vulnerability to dictate my actions. The choice before me was clear: I could either cling to the remnants of my cold, calculated existence or embrace the warmth of connection and purpose that Freya offered. As I met her unwavering gaze, a sense of clarity washed over me. I would stand with her, not just as Alpha, but as a man who recognized the power of love and loyalty. In that moment, I chose to fight—not just for Jenny, but for the chance to reclaim the parts of myself I had long thought lost in the shadows.

What to Expect in Next Chapter?

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

As the tension between Silas and Freya reaches a boiling point, chapter 392 promises to delve deeper into the intricacies of their complex relationship. With Freya's unwavering determination to save Jenny, the stakes have never been higher. Silas, caught between his instinctual ties to power and the emerging bond with Freya, will be forced to confront not only his own limitations but also the vulnerability that comes with caring for others. The chapter is set to explore the clash of wills as Freya's fierce loyalty challenges Silas's cold pragmatism, igniting a battle that transcends mere words. Will Silas's wolf yield to the raw emotion that Freya embodies, or will he remain steadfast in his resolve, risking the life of someone he has yet to truly understand?

Furthermore, the impending press conference orchestrated by Everett looms ominously over the narrative, heightening the urgency of Freya's plea. As Silas weighs the consequences of his decisions, readers can expect heart-pounding moments of introspection and conflict. The clock is ticking, and with each passing moment, the fate of Jenny hangs precariously in the balance. Will Silas find a way to reconcile his duties as Alpha with the unexpected stirrings of empathy within him? The chapter will undoubtedly push him to his limits, revealing the depths of his character and the lengths he will go to protect those who matter, even as he grapples with the shadows of his past. Prepare for a gripping continuation that promises to challenge the very foundations of loyalty, sacrifice, and the power of love.

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.

Share to your friends

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

## **Trapped in You by Morrison Lee: Shadows of Our Love 392**

[ 1,949 words ]

Trapped in You by Morrison Lee: Shadows of Our Love 392 Summary

In Chapter 392 of "Trapped in You" by Morrison Lee, the narrative unfolds from Silas's perspective as he engages in a tense conversation with Freya. Silas, embodying a predatory intensity, questions Freya's willingness to do anything for her brother, Eric. Freya's unwavering strength and fierce determination shine through as she asserts that while she would do anything for Eric, she would not sacrifice her own life or moral

values. This exchange reveals her resilience and the boundaries she sets, even in the face of her devotion.

As the conversation progresses, Silas's wolf instincts stir, revealing his possessive nature. He challenges Freya with a question about returning to him, which momentarily causes her uncertainty. Silas, aware of the primal emotions at play, warns her not to respond, hinting at the dangerous consequences if she were to offer herself. Their interaction is charged with a mix of loyalty, desire, and the struggle for control, as Silas grapples with his instincts while trying to maintain authority over the situation.

Freya's defiance and clarity become evident when she boldly addresses Silas's intentions, demonstrating her understanding of his character. Despite his attempts to assert dominance, Freya remains steadfast, challenging him to speak plainly about his desires. This confrontation forces Silas to confront his feelings and the complexities of their relationship, revealing the underlying tension between them.

As the chapter concludes, Silas takes a moment to reflect on Freya's impact on him. He instructs Wren to find a compatible marrow donor for Eric, showcasing his protective instincts. However, he is also haunted by the emotional bond represented by the bracelet Freya left behind. Silas recognizes the weight of their shared history and the mistakes that have led to their current estrangement. The chapter ends on a poignant note, emphasizing the deep connection between Silas and Freya, despite the barriers that remain between them.

Continue Regular Chapter Reading Below

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

**\*\*Chapter 392\*\***

**\*\*Silas's POV\*\***

I observed her with a predatory intensity, allowing the silence to stretch between us like a taut wire, a hunter gauging the resolve of its prey. Finally, I broke the stillness, my voice a low rumble filled with purpose, each syllable heavy with the weight of a wolf's authority. "For your brother... you would do anything?"

Her gaze met mine with an unwavering strength, a fierce determination that spoke volumes. "For Eric... yes, I would. But not at the expense of my own life, nor by compromising my moral compass. Sacrificing that would only lead to grief—his grief. I would find another way, a different path to convince the Williams Family to change their minds, or to persuade Jenny to donate her marrow."

The wolf within me stirred, a low growl rumbling in my chest. She was setting boundaries even in her fierce devotion—a rarity among mortals, and even more so

among wolves. Yet, the fire burning in her eyes, the tautness of her body, hinted that she was prepared to push those limits to their breaking point if necessary.

I tilted my head, scrutinizing her with curiosity. “And if I were to ask you to return to me... would you?”

For a fleeting moment, her expression faltered, uncertainty flickering across her features. The wolf within her bristled beneath the calm facade she maintained. But before she could articulate her thoughts, I interrupted her. “Don’t say a word. Not a single syllable. If you utter anything... I will reject it all. Do you understand?”

Her eyes widened slightly as she caught the glint of crimson that had seeped into my amber-gold gaze—my wolf, primal and alpha, simmering just beneath the surface. An emotion flashed between us that I couldn’t quite name. My control was fraying. If she dared to respond, if she offered herself in any way... I would lose all restraint.

I stepped closer, each movement slow and deliberate, feeling the magnetic pull of our intertwined instincts. My hand rose, brushing lightly against her lips—not as a threat, but as a warning. If she were to say yes, the jealousy and possessiveness buried deep within my wolf’s bloodline instincts would erupt uncontrollably.

Freya stiffened, the air around us crackling with a heady mix of loyalty and desire.

“Silas...” she murmured, her voice awkward, a hint of uncertainty creeping in as she tried to look away, to regain some semblance of control.

But my fingers tightened gently around her jaw, tilting her head so that she could not escape my gaze. My fingertips brushed over her lips once more, deliberately, testing her resolve, teasing her boundaries. “Come with me,” I said, my voice low, a growl threading through my words.

“Where?” The surprise in her voice was palpable, yet beneath it lay a trace of trust, faint but present.

“You’ll see. And after that... whatever you seek with the Williams Family, it will be resolved.”

Her lips pressed into a thin line, contemplation dancing across her features before she nodded. “I agree.” Her hand slipped from my fingers, firm and resolute.

“Tomorrow morning. I’ll come for you.”

She responded simply, “Good,” before turning to leave. I caught her arm lightly—not to stop her, but as a reminder of what lay ahead.

“Still... you don’t ask where we’re going?” I teased, letting the wolf’s subtle dominance seep into my voice. “Not concerned about what I might do to you? Or... are you willing to risk everything... even your own safety... for your brother?”

Her eyes held mine, unwavering. There was defiance there, yes, but also something deeper—a quiet reckoning. The wolf within me growled, both irritated and intrigued. Her body radiated tension, yet her mind was clear and focused. “If you want my body,” she said slowly, deliberately, “you would speak plainly, not dance around it. I know you. You aren’t that kind of man.”

I let out a quiet laugh, sharp and edged, a growl lurking beneath. “You think you know me? You think you understand what I am?”

Her gaze did not waver. “Then are you going to violate me?” she asked boldly, her words tinged with a human daring that brushed against instincts I believed were entirely suppressed.

I recoiled inwardly, both wolf and man caught off guard. Her audacity struck a chord, a reminder of the primal truths I had buried beneath layers of discipline and ice.

“You really believe I could love a woman who abandoned me?” I said, my voice laced with bitterness, the wolf within gnawing at the edges of my control. “I have many. You are not the one I need.” Yet, even as I spoke, I found myself drawing her closer to the sofa, my alpha scent enveloping her, my presence undeniable.

“Sit. There are refreshments. Eat before you go.” I gestured toward the tea table, my tone softening slightly.

She paused, surprise flickering across her face as she noticed the tray of delicacies—clumsily prepared by Wren. “I don’t usually eat these,” I added lightly, already turning back to my desk, the wolf inside me humming with agitation.

She ate in silence, methodical and deliberate. I watched her, noting the faint scarlet that stained her lips, the grace in her movements. When she finally left, I pressed the call button for Wren.

“Alpha Silas,” he answered promptly, entering moments later.

“Eric once had a savior—Lina. She’s currently undergoing treatment for blood cancer in C Nation. Check if Jenny’s marrow is compatible with her. Also, look for other potential donors,” I instructed firmly, my voice carrying the weight of alpha authority.

“Yes, Alpha,” Wren replied, his demeanor respectful and attentive.

I lowered my gaze, noticing the wooden-and-jade bracelet she had left behind. I fingered it unconsciously, my heart tightening as the wolf growled low and protective

within me. I had told myself to forget her, to sever the bond that tied us. But removing this token felt akin to tearing away something essential, something irretrievable.

Freya... for her brother, she could find forgiveness for Jenny. But for me? She could not forgive, could not trust, and I dared not force her. A single mistake had cost us the years we might have shared, and yet, despite all my control, I could not compel love—or its absence.

The wolf inside me growled softly, a low, rumbling acknowledgment. She had tested the alpha, and she had survived. Now, I would ensure that her brother's life—and the life of the woman who had saved him—was safeguarded. My wolf, my instincts, my authority—all converged on this singular resolution.

The bracelet glinted under the harsh noon light streaming through the window. I did not remove it. I could not. And perhaps, in the cruel twist of fate, that was as close to her as we would ever be.

## Conclusion

In the aftermath of our charged encounter, a bittersweet clarity settled over me. Freya stood at the precipice of her choices, her fierce loyalty to her brother igniting a fire within her that I both admired and feared. Despite the walls I had built around my heart, her unwavering determination pierced through, forcing me to confront the depths of my own feelings. The wolf within me roared with possessiveness, yet I recognized the delicate balance between desire and respect that hung in the air between us. As she walked away, leaving behind the wooden-and-jade bracelet—a token of our intertwined fates—I understood that the path ahead was fraught with uncertainty. I could protect her brother, but would that be enough to bridge the chasm that had formed between us?

With each passing moment, the weight of my past mistakes pressed heavily on my chest. Freya had made it clear that forgiveness was a distant dream, and trust was an elusive specter. I could not force her to love me, nor could I erase the scars etched into our shared history. Yet, the promise of tomorrow lingered like a fragile thread, binding us together in a dance of hope and despair. As I held the bracelet, a symbol of what once was and what could never be, I felt the wolf within me settle into a somber resolve. I would ensure her brother's safety, but I would also honor Freya's strength and autonomy. In doing so, perhaps I could carve out a new beginning—a tentative step toward healing, even if it meant accepting that our love might forever remain trapped in the shadows of our past.

## What to Expect in Next Chapter?

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

In the upcoming chapter, tensions will undoubtedly escalate as Silas and Freya embark on a journey that promises to challenge their boundaries and test their loyalties. With

the stakes higher than ever, Silas's alpha instincts will clash with the vulnerability that Freya brings into his life. As they delve deeper into the complexities of their relationship, readers can expect to witness a powerful struggle between desire and restraint, loyalty and betrayal. Freya's determination to save her brother will drive her to confront not only the Williams Family but also the simmering emotions that bind her to Silas.

Moreover, the introduction of external forces—like Wren's quest for potential marrow donors and the lingering threat to Eric's life—will add layers of suspense and urgency. Will Freya's unwavering resolve be enough to navigate the treacherous waters of familial loyalty and forbidden love? As Silas grapples with his own feelings of jealousy and possessiveness, the chapter will explore the delicate balance between their primal instincts and the fragile human emotions that complicate their bond. Expect revelations, confrontations, and perhaps a moment of reckoning that could alter the course of their fates forever. The next chapter promises to be a whirlwind of passion, conflict, and the undeniable pull of a love that refuses to be extinguished.

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.

Share to your friends

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

## **Trapped in You by Morrison Lee: Shadows of Our Love 393**

[ 2,173 words ]

Trapped in You by Morrison Lee: Shadows of Our Love 393 Summary

In Chapter 393 of "Trapped in You," Freya finds herself outside the imposing headquarters of the Whitmor Group, feeling the harsh winter air against her skin. She is approached by Kade, who expresses concern over her visit to Silas, revealing his protective instincts. Freya is caught off guard by Kade's sudden appearance and his intensity, which brings a mix of comfort and anxiety. Their conversation reveals the gravity of her situation regarding Eric's potential donor match, and the complexities of her feelings for Silas, who remains a source of both hope and heartache for her.

As Kade presses for details about her meeting with Silas, Freya's determination to help Eric becomes evident. She reveals that Silas has asked her to go somewhere with him,

but she remains uncertain about the destination. Kade's apprehension grows as he questions her trust in Silas, highlighting the fractured bond between them. Despite her attempts to reassure Kade, Freya grapples with her conflicting emotions—her lingering hope for Silas and the painful truth of their past. The chapter captures the tension between Freya's desire to support Eric and the fear that comes with her unresolved feelings for Silas.

The following morning, Freya meets Silas, who takes her to a cemetery where his mother is buried. This unexpected visit stirs deep emotions within Freya, as she reflects on her own parents' memorial just days prior. Silas reveals his intention to introduce Freya to his mother, a moment filled with vulnerability and unspoken regrets. As they stand before the gravestone, Silas expresses a desire for his mother to know the woman he hoped to spend his life with, emphasizing the weight of their past and the missed opportunities they shared.

However, the visit takes a darker turn when Silas expresses his fear of losing control and inadvertently harming Freya, echoing the tragic fate of his mother. His declaration to keep her at a distance, driven by a misguided sense of protection, leaves Freya shattered. She realizes that Silas's actions stem from his deep-seated fears regarding his own nature and the legacy of his father. The chapter ends on a poignant note, as Freya struggles to connect with Silas, who remains haunted by the possibility of becoming someone he fears. This emotional confrontation highlights the complexities of their relationship and the barriers that still stand between them.

Continue Regular Chapter Reading Below

**\*\*TITLE: Trapped in You by Morrison Lee: Shadows of Our Love 393\*\***

**\*\*Chapter 393\*\***

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

As I stepped out from the imposing structure of the Whitmor Group's headquarters, the biting wind of The Capital rushed against my skin, carrying with it the unmistakable metallic scent of winter mingled with the smoky aroma of wolfsteel from the nearby forges. It was a jarring contrast to the sterile air inside the building, and before I could fully collect my thoughts, I noticed a figure striding toward me with an urgent intensity.

Kade.

The moment his presence registered, I was enveloped by his familiar scent—a crisp pine interwoven with the distinct smoky undertone that was emblematic of the Iron Fang Recon Unit. His brows were drawn tightly together, and his eyes swept over me with a protective scrutiny that was both comforting and unnerving.

“What are you doing here?” I blurted out, taken aback by his sudden appearance.

“I heard from Lana that you were visiting Silas,” he replied, his voice low yet tinged with an edge of concern. “I came to pick you up. Did he give you a hard time?”

It was clear he already knew why I had come. Lana must have filled him in on everything—Eric’s dire situation, the potential donor match, the obstinate refusal of the Williams Family... it was all out in the open.

“No,” I answered, trying to keep my tone steady.

“Then... did he agree?” Kade pressed, his voice thick with apprehension.

“More or less,” I replied, the weight of my words hanging heavily in the air.

Kade’s frown deepened, his expression shifting to one of frustration. “What does ‘more or less’ even mean?”

“He wants me to go somewhere with him tomorrow. In exchange,” I explained, my voice steady despite the turmoil brewing within me.

Kade’s reaction was immediate, his protective instincts flaring. “Where?”

“I don’t know. He didn’t specify,” I admitted, feeling a twinge of unease.

“And you’re still going?” His voice sharpened, the wolf within him rising to the surface, ready to defend.

“Yes,” I affirmed, my resolve firm enough to momentarily silence him. “This is about the person who saved Eric’s life. If I don’t take this chance—if that person dies because Jenny Williams refuses to donate... I won’t be able to forgive myself. Not in this lifetime.”

Kade exhaled sharply, his breath a visible puff in the cold air. “Then I’ll go with you.”

“I can manage on my own. And Silas wouldn’t allow you to follow anyway.” I placed a gentle hand on his shoulder, a gesture meant to soothe. “Don’t worry. Nothing will happen.”

“You trust him that much?” he asked quietly, his voice laced with doubt. “He didn’t even tell you where he’s taking you.”

I met his gaze, searching for the source of his unease.

What was it that made him so apprehensive?

Perhaps it was the unspoken truth that had always lingered between us:

My feelings for Silas were anything but straightforward.

“If Silas truly intended to harm me, he wouldn’t bother with these games,” I replied, trying to reassure him. “And besides... he’s never hurt me. Not once.”

Except for the lie.

Except for the day my trust in him shattered into a million pieces.

Kade remained silent, his eyes drifting up to the towering Whitmor Group building, his jaw tightening as if the sight alone caused him pain.

He understood—perhaps better than anyone—that Silas and I had fallen apart because the bond of trust between us had disintegrated.

But maybe he also recognized what I was too afraid to admit:

Even after everything, a part of me still held onto hope for Silas.

And that realization frightened him.

It frightened me, too.

Kade’s lips pressed into a thin line, and for a fleeting moment, he appeared almost defeated. Then, he turned away, as if the mere sight of the building was enough to stir something deep within him.

I stood there, grappling with the words I wanted to say but couldn’t find the strength to voice.

**\*\*The Next Morning\*\***

When I stepped out of my apartment at the break of dawn, the pavement was still slick with frost, glimmering like tiny diamonds under the early light. Silas’s armored black vehicle was already parked, its sleek form resembling a predator poised in the shadows, ready to pounce.

As I approached, the driver emerged promptly, opening the door with a respectful nod.

“Freya,” he said, his tone formal yet inviting. “Please.”

I slid into the backseat, my heart racing as I caught sight of Silas. He sat there, a silent storm cloaked in a tailored dark coat, the faint aura of Alpha dominance simmering just beneath the surface, palpable and intense.

As the car pulled away, I ventured to break the silence. “Can you tell me where we’re going now?”

Without a moment’s hesitation, he replied, “To meet my mother.”

I blinked, confusion washing over me. “Your mother...? But she—”

Gone.

She had passed away years ago, leaving behind a void that had never truly healed. Was he taking me to her resting place?

Half an hour later, we arrived at a serene hillside cemetery, the air here feeling colder, purer—almost sacred.

Before us stood a single marble headstone, adorned with flowers that looked remarkably fresh, as if they had been placed just moments ago. At its center was a black-and-white portrait of a young, vibrant woman, her smile frozen in time.

Silas’s mother.

My heart tightened painfully in my chest.

Just two days ago, Eric and I had stood before our own parents’ memorial at the Stormveil Primal Hall. I hadn’t anticipated being confronted with another mother’s grave so soon—especially hers.

“Why bring me here?” I whispered, my voice barely audible against the stillness.

Silas’s gaze was fixed on the stone, unwavering. “I wanted her to meet you.”

His words struck me harder than I had anticipated, reverberating in my mind like a haunting echo.

Once, during our relationship, I had envisioned coming here with him on sacred days—Winter Solstice, Remembrance Night—but those moments never materialized. There was always something more pressing, another crisis at the Coalition, always another reason to postpone.

We never came.

Yet now, after everything that had transpired... here I was.

He lowered his head slightly, his eyes darkened with memories that seemed to weigh heavily upon him.

“I wanted her to see the woman I planned to spend my life with,” he said softly, the vulnerability in his voice cutting through the air. “I never brought you then. So I’m bringing you now.”

Before I could respond, his voice shifted, taking on a rougher, lower timbre, almost trembling with emotion.

“Freya... I swear I won’t let you...”

I froze, my heart racing. “What?”

“end up like her.”

“From now on,” he murmured, his voice barely above a whisper, “stay away from me. As much as possible. Don’t come near me unless you absolutely have to. If I ever lose control... I don’t want it to be you who gets hurt.”

Something within me shattered at his words.

His mother had died because of that uncontrollable Alpha fury—his father’s, not his own. Silas had carried that fear like a heavy chain ever since, binding every choice he made, every emotion he suppressed.

He genuinely believed he might destroy me.

He genuinely feared his own blood more than I ever had.

And in that moment, standing beside his mother’s grave, I came to understand that what he perceived as distance...

Was, in truth, a misguided attempt at protection.

My voice emerged hoarse, filled with emotion. “Silas...”

But he merely shook his head, his gaze still fixed on the stone, as if he were speaking directly to his mother rather than me.

“I’m not my father,” he whispered again, the conviction in his tone palpable. “But if I stay near you... I’m afraid I’ll become him.”

Conclusion

In the quiet aftermath of that heart-wrenching moment, a profound realization settled within me. Silas’s fear, once a barrier between us, now revealed itself as a desperate plea for understanding and connection. His visit to his mother’s grave was not merely a gesture; it was an invitation into the depths of his soul, a space where vulnerability and

pain intertwined. As he stood there, grappling with his lineage and the shadows of his past, I felt the weight of our shared history pressing upon us. For all the chaos and hurt that had defined our relationship, this moment offered a flicker of hope—a chance to rebuild the trust that had been shattered. I could see now that his heart was not closed; it was merely guarded, wrapped in layers of fear and love, longing for a safe harbor amidst the storm.

As I stood by his side, a sense of determination ignited within me. I would not shy away from the complexities of our bond, nor would I allow his fears to dictate the course of our lives. Instead, I would confront the shadows that loomed over us, embracing the love that persisted even in the face of uncertainty. Silas needed to know that I was not afraid to walk beside him, to face the darkness together, and to forge a path forward. In that sacred space, surrounded by the echoes of the past, I resolved to fight for us—an unyielding promise that we could rise from the ashes of our fears and emerge stronger, united by the very love that had once trapped us in silence.

What to Expect in Next Chapter?

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

In the upcoming chapter, the tension between Freya and Silas is set to escalate, as their emotional confrontation at the graveyard leaves lingering questions and unresolved feelings. With Silas's haunting fear of becoming like his father now laid bare, Freya must grapple with the implications of his protective instincts. Will she accept his plea for distance, or will her determination to bridge the gap between them lead to a confrontation that could change everything? As their past continues to cast shadows over their present, the stakes rise dramatically, and the choices they make will not only affect their relationship but also the lives of those they hold dear.

Moreover, the revelation of Silas's mother adds an unexpected layer of complexity to their journey. Freya's emotional turmoil may prompt her to seek answers about Silas's past, pushing her to confront the painful truths that lie beneath his stoic exterior. As she begins to unravel the mysteries surrounding Silas and his family, readers can anticipate a deeper exploration of loyalty, love, and the haunting specters of their shared history. Will Freya be able to break through Silas's self-imposed barriers, or will his fears drive them further apart? The next chapter promises to delve into the heart of their struggles, leaving readers on the edge of their seats, eager to discover if love can truly conquer the shadows of their pasts.

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.

Share to your friends

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

# Trapped in You by Morrison Lee: Shadows of Our Love 394

[ 1,958 words ]

## Trapped in You by Morrison Lee: Shadows of Our Love 394 Summary

In Chapter 394 of "Trapped in You," Freya finds herself in a tense conversation with Silas, who reveals the depth of his struggle with insomnia and the internal battle he faces. Silas confesses that his control is slipping, and he fears he may become a danger to Freya, expressing a desperate request for her to fight back if he ever loses control. Freya is taken aback by his admission, feeling a mix of concern and determination to help him, despite his insistence that they are no longer together. The emotional weight of Silas's words hangs heavily between them, suggesting a deep connection that neither can easily dismiss.

Freya's concern for Silas grows as she realizes the extent of his sleeplessness and the toll it has taken on him. She insists on finding the doctor he has seen, demonstrating her unwavering commitment to his well-being. Silas's skepticism about her intentions reveals his internal struggle, as he grapples with feelings of worthlessness and the belief that he does not deserve her care. Freya's determination to help him despite their complicated relationship highlights her compassion and the bond they share, even as Silas pushes her away.

As they leave the cemetery, Freya's emotional turmoil deepens when Silas shares a painful memory about his mother's feelings towards him. This revelation adds layers to his character, showing the scars of his past that inform his present behavior. Freya reassures him that he is not to blame for his mother's feelings, attempting to alleviate some of his burden. However, Silas's harsh rejection of pity underscores his struggle with vulnerability, as he fears hope and connection may lead to further pain.

Their journey to the hospital is fraught with tension, as Silas's resignation to seek help contrasts with Freya's steadfast resolve. When they arrive at Vaughn's office, the dynamic between Freya and Silas is scrutinized, prompting questions about their relationship. Freya's declaration of gratitude for Silas's past actions reinforces her loyalty, while Vaughn's probing hints at the possibility of a deeper connection being the key to Silas's healing. The chapter closes with a sense of uncertainty, as the implications of Vaughn's statement linger, suggesting that Freya's role in Silas's life may hold the potential for both healing and further complications.

Continue Regular Chapter Reading Below

**\*\*Chapter 394\*\***

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

“Freya,” Silas’s voice broke the heavy silence, low and gravelly, as if he were struggling to find the right words. “What I mean is—I don’t know how much longer I can keep myself from you.”

A chill ran through me, and I felt my muscles tense involuntarily. “What are you saying?” I demanded, my heart racing.

His gaze, darkened by the overcast sky, held a tempest of emotions—an inner wolf pacing restlessly, starved for something it could not name.

“My control is slipping,” he confessed, his voice barely above a whisper. “I’m sleeping less and less. My mind is burning itself out. Even when I tell myself to stay away—” His jaw clenched tight, a muscle twitching with tension. “I don’t know how long that reason will hold.”

His words struck me like icy daggers, sending shivers down my spine.

He looked like a man engaged in a fierce battle with himself, and the truth was, he was losing.

“I take every precaution,” he continued, his tone quiet yet hollow, as if the weight of his admission was too much to bear. “I remind myself each day that I am not him. That I am not my father. I refuse to become that obsessive, twisted shadow he was.”

He inhaled deeply, but the breath quivered as it left his lips.

“But I can’t guarantee I’ll stay this way forever.”

I stood there, stunned, my breath caught in my throat.

Then, in a voice barely above a whisper, he added, “If one day I lose control—if I hurt you, or frighten you—then I want you to fight back. Freya, listen to me. Hit me. Break me. Cripple me. If you have to—kill me.”

“Silas!” I snapped, a surge of heat flooding through me. “What is wrong with you? What happened?”

“Nothing happened,” he replied, almost gently, though the softness in his voice felt dangerously deceptive.

I stepped closer, unwilling to let his calm demeanor deceive me. “Your sleep. It’s gotten worse, hasn’t it?”

His silence was the answer I feared.

“I’ve noticed the shadows under your eyes,” I said softly, my heart aching for him. “You’re not resting. Not at all.”

He pressed his lips together, a silent confirmation of my fears.

“You’ve seen a doctor?” I pressed, needing to know.

“I have.”

“Which doctor? How do I contact him?” I asked, urgency creeping into my voice.

He raised an eyebrow, skepticism written across his face. “Why? Are you planning to drag me back for treatment?”

“Yes,” I answered, my voice sharp and unwavering, slicing through the tension like a knife.

He blinked at me, clearly taken aback, as if my determination was something he hadn’t expected.

“Freya... I told you to stay away from me. After we leave the cemetery, you should—”

“Enough,” I interrupted, my voice firm. “Give me your doctor’s contact information.”

He stared at me, a mixture of disbelief and stubbornness etched on his features.

Silent.

Stubborn.

Infuriating.

With a sigh of frustration, I pulled out my WolfComm and dialed Wren.

As Silas’s assistant, he would surely have the information I needed.

“Which healer has Silas been seeing?” I asked without preamble, cutting straight to the chase.

Wren hesitated only a moment before responding. “Vaughn. I’ll send you his details.”

“Thank you,” I replied, relief flooding through me.

I hung up, turned to Silas, and declared, “We’re seeing Vaughn today.”

“Why?” Silas asked quietly, his voice laced with confusion. “We’re no longer together. You owe me nothing.”

My heart ached—not because of his words, but because he believed them.

“Because even if we’re no longer together,” I said firmly, “I don’t want to watch you lose yourself one day. I don’t want that on my conscience. Is that reason enough?”

He fell silent, his gaze steady on mine.

He didn’t argue.

He didn’t look away.

What he’d said earlier hung in the air like a dark cloud, a warning, a preparation for something I wasn’t ready to face.

It was as if he truly believed he might become a monster.

I inhaled slowly, turning toward the headstone, bowing deeply three times in respect.

“Madam,” I whispered, my voice trembling with emotion, “I didn’t know I’d be meeting you today, so I didn’t bring flowers. I promise I’ll bring them next time.”

Out of the corner of my eye, I noticed Silas flinch slightly.

Next time.

As if he hadn’t expected there to be one at all.

“Let’s go,” I said, straightening my posture, trying to inject some strength into the moment.

He remained rooted to the spot.

So, I reached out, taking his hand firmly, pulling him along with me.

His hand tightened around mine—so lightly that I almost didn’t feel it, yet the warmth of his palm struck me like a long-buried memory, stirring emotions I thought I had tucked away.

His voice shattered the fragile moment, low and cracked.

“My mother hated me,” he said suddenly, as if the words had been clawing their way out for far too long. “She wished I hadn’t been born.”

My steps faltered, my heart sinking.

“That wasn’t your fault,” I said quietly, my voice steady despite the turmoil inside me. “It was your father’s. You and your mother... You were both victims in this.”

“Freya,” he murmured, his eyes dark, “I told you before—don’t pity me unless you can pity me completely. Otherwise, keep your sympathy. Don’t give me scraps.”

Because scraps made him hope.

And hope made him dangerous.

To himself.

To me.

I swallowed hard, fighting back the swell of emotions. “I understand.”

I released his hand, and the warmth vanished instantly, leaving a hollow ache in its place.

I felt him reach toward me—just an inch, a half-inch—then stop, fingers curling into a fist before falling uselessly to his side.

We walked out of the cemetery like two souls carrying the weight of something broken—carefully, quietly, pretending we weren’t still bleeding from the edges.

In the car, I checked the message Wren had sent.

“Driver,” I instructed, “Take us to this hospital.”

The driver glanced instinctively at Silas, gauging the atmosphere.

Silas remained silent for several seconds, the tension thick in the air.

Then—

“...Take us,” he murmured, resignation lacing his voice.

When we stepped into Vaughn’s office, the man looked up, saw us together, and nearly choked on his surprise.

“...Did you two get back together?”

“No,” Silas said immediately, his tone firm.

“Of course not,” I added, my voice steady. “I brought him for treatment. His insomnia needs proper care.”

Vaughn leaned back in his chair, studying me with an irritating sharpness, as if trying to peer into my very soul.

“And what is Freya’s role in this?” he asked casually, his eyes narrowing.

I met his gaze unflinchingly. “He stood up for my family. Protected my parents’ honor. I’m not ungrateful.”

Vaughn tapped his pen once, twice, then said, “But what if... the only cure for his insomnia—is you?”

## Conclusion

In the aftermath of their turbulent exchange, Freya and Silas found themselves standing at the precipice of their own emotions, grappling not only with the shadows of their past but also the uncertain future that lay ahead. Silas’s vulnerability, laid bare before Freya, revealed the depths of his struggle, and in that moment, she felt the weight of his pain as if it were her own. Their connection, once fraught with the tension of separation, now pulsed with an urgency that neither could ignore. Freya’s determination to help him, despite the barriers they had erected, spoke volumes about the bond they still shared—a bond that transcended mere romantic ties and ventured into the realm of shared scars and unspoken promises.

As they entered Vaughn’s office, the atmosphere crackled with unvoiced questions and unresolved feelings. Freya’s unwavering resolve to support Silas underscored the love that still flickered beneath the surface, a love that had been tested but not extinguished. The doctor’s probing inquiry about their relationship brought a moment of clarity, forcing both to confront the reality of their intertwined fates. Freya’s fierce declaration of gratitude and loyalty highlighted her refusal to abandon Silas, even as he wrestled with his demons. In that charged moment, the possibility of healing emerged—not just for Silas’s insomnia, but for the fractured pieces of their shared history. Together, they stood on the brink of transformation, ready to face the shadows of their love and the light that could emerge from it.

## What to Expect in Next Chapter?

In the upcoming chapter, readers can expect the tension between Freya and Silas to escalate as they delve deeper into the complexities of their relationship. With Vaughn’s unsettling suggestion lingering in the air, Freya will be faced with the daunting task of reconciling her feelings for Silas while grappling with the potential consequences of their connection. Will she find the strength to navigate the emotional minefield that lies

ahead, or will the shadows of Silas's past threaten to engulf them both? As they confront the reality of their situation, the stakes will rise, and Freya must decide how far she is willing to go to save Silas from himself.

Moreover, Silas's internal struggle will take center stage as he battles the demons of his lineage and the fear of becoming what he despises. Expect moments of vulnerability that will challenge both his resolve and Freya's commitment. The tension will be palpable as they navigate the thin line between love and obsession, with Freya's determination to help Silas potentially leading her into uncharted territory. Will she be able to break through the walls he has built around his heart, or will the fear of losing control push him further away? The emotional stakes are set to rise, leaving readers breathless and eager to see how their story unfolds.

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.

Share to your friends

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

## **Trapped in You by Morrison Lee: Shadows of Our Love 395**

[ 1,980 words ]

Trapped in You by Morrison Lee: Shadows of Our Love 395 Summary

In Chapter 395 of "Trapped in You," Freya finds herself in a tense confrontation between Vaughn and Silas. Vaughn's probing questions about Silas's treatment create an atmosphere thick with unresolved emotions. Silas, displaying a commanding Alpha presence, insists that Vaughn change his medication, revealing his struggle with insomnia—a curse tied to his lineage. Freya's concern for Silas grows as she realizes the depth of his suffering, and she questions Vaughn's approach to Silas's treatment, feeling an urgency to help.

As the conversation unfolds, Silas's defensiveness becomes apparent. He pushes Freya away, urging her not to care for him and challenging her feelings. His taunting words cut deep, exposing Freya's vulnerability. Despite his attempts to create distance, it becomes clear that Silas's emotional turmoil is significant, and Freya's silence speaks volumes about her lingering feelings for him. The tension between them builds as Silas

constructs barriers, both physical and emotional, while his eyes reveal the pain he is trying to hide.

Later, Freya confides in her friend Lana, who senses the struggle Freya faces in letting go of Silas. As they discuss the complexities of trust and love, Freya grapples with her feelings. She reflects on her past with Caelum, contrasting it with her current emotions for Silas. Despite Silas's flaws, she recognizes that he has never harmed her and has always acted with her best interests in mind. Lana encourages Freya to confront her feelings and consider whether Silas is worth the risk of opening her heart again.

Freya's internal conflict intensifies as she contemplates the nature of trust and the possibility of rebuilding their relationship. The chapter ends with her looking up at the night sky, symbolizing her search for clarity amidst the chaos of her emotions. The lingering question of what she truly feels for Silas remains unanswered, leaving Freya at a crossroads in her heart.

Continue Regular Chapter Reading Below

**\*\*Chapter 395\*\***

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

Vaughn's question sliced through the atmosphere like a dagger, sharp and unexpected, leaving a palpable tension in its wake.

Before I could gather my thoughts to respond, Silas's voice rang out, slicing through the silence of the room with a chilling finality.

"Enough, Vaughn. She has nothing to do with me anymore. Don't drag her into this. The medicine you gave me wasn't effective. Change it."

His tone was laden with an Ironclad Alpha authority—soft yet undeniably commanding, the kind that compelled lesser wolves to avert their gaze without needing a word of instruction.

Vaughn stared at him, disbelief etched across his features. "Silas, you've already switched through half the damn pharmacy."

He wasn't exaggerating. I had witnessed the array of pill bottles—too many to count—stacked haphazardly like stones in a forgotten shrine. I recalled the tremor in Silas's hands, the subtle shake that betrayed his facade when he thought I wasn't paying attention, a clear sign of a wolf pushed to the brink of his endurance.

His insomnia was not merely a struggle against sleeplessness; it was a heavy burden, a curse borne from his bloodline. A curse that gnawed at Alphas from within, consuming them bit by bit.

“Change it,” Silas repeated, his voice clipped, yet the wolf beneath it growled with an underlying ferocity.

Vaughn sighed, the fight leaving him. “Fine. I’ll change it.”

I could no longer remain silent, the words spilling from my lips before I could think better of it. “That’s it? You’re not going to re-examine him? He’s been on these medications for a while now.”

Vaughn glanced at me, a look of knowing pity crossing his features, as if he could see right through my façade.

“All scans and evaluations were done. Silas has a natural resistance to sedatives. Medication interacts differently with him,” he explained, his tone matter-of-fact.

I couldn’t shake the memories of D-Territory—the dim, flickering lamplight casting shadows across the room. Silas perched on the edge of the bed, his back tense as he swallowed pills one after another, each one a desperate hope that perhaps this time it would work—and maybe deep down, he didn’t believe it would.

“Then is there anything else besides medication?” I pressed, my heart racing with urgency.

Vaughn’s gaze flicked between Silas and me, a silent exchange that spoke volumes.

And in that moment, I understood the unspoken truth behind his eyes.

I was the “treatment” he dared not voice.

Silas reached for my wrist—not with aggression, but with a controlled urgency that sent a jolt through my wolf, igniting a fire within me.

“Don’t,” he said, his voice low and firm. “Don’t pity me. Don’t care about me. You’ve seen I’m under treatment. So now you can leave.”

His presence shifted—cool and distant, creating an invisible barrier that I could feel deep in my bones. An Alpha reclaiming his territory from someone he had once let in too close.

“I just—” I began, but he cut me off, his voice dripping with a taunting edge, the kind that masked deeper wounds.

“Just what? Are you about to say you still love me? That you regret ending things? That you want to come back?”

My breath hitched in my throat.

I loathed how effortlessly he could reach into the most vulnerable corners of my heart, exposing the rawness within.

My silence was a confession in itself.

His laugh was soft, devoid of humor. “Then listen carefully, Freya. If you don’t want me clinging to you again—stop caring. Stop looking at me like I matter.”

Each word fell heavily between us, as if he were constructing a wall brick by brick, a barrier meant to separate us even as his eyes betrayed the turmoil raging within.

Later that night, when I returned to the SkyVex apartment, I found Lana waiting for me on the balcony. I was curled up in a lounge chair, staring blankly into the abyss of the night sky, lost in thought.

She settled beside me, her expression a mix of concern and curiosity. “Rough day with Silas? Did he threaten you? Force anything?”

“No,” I murmured, my voice barely above a whisper. “He just... said some things.”

“Let me guess.” She crossed her arms, her tone teasing yet serious. “You still can’t let him go.”

I pressed my lips together, wrestling with the truth of her words.

Was this feeling of being unable to let go truly what I was experiencing?

Because the reality was uncomfortably simple:

Every time I closed my eyes, I could hear Silas’s voice echoing in that cold, wind-swept graveyard. His words, low and fraying, haunted me:

“If I lose control... if I become like him... then hit me. Break me. Kill me if you have to.”

A heart-wrenching plea from a wolf terrified of inheriting the darkness of his father.

I was all too aware of the legacy left by the elder Whitmor Alpha—the madness and grief that had twisted him into a monster. The scars he had inflicted upon his own blood.

And now, Silas feared he would become that very monster.

Because of me.

“Yes,” I whispered, the admission slipping out before I could stop it. “I think I really can’t let go of him. Letting go of Caelum was easy. But Silas...”

My voice faltered, tightening with emotion. “I can’t seem to let go of him.”

Lana snorted lightly, shaking her head. “Caelum was a bastard. Silas isn’t. He’s powerful, obsessive, and arrogant—sure. But aside from dragging you to that island, he’s never hurt you.”

“Dragging me to the island was wrong,” I countered quietly, the memory still fresh in my mind.

“Yeah, but he did it to protect you from running off to C-Territory half-healed. He even brought the entire Williams Family into the Capital just to help you. Freya, a man like Silas doesn’t do that for just anyone.”

I swallowed hard, grappling with the weight of her words.

Lana leaned back, her expression softening. “If Silas wanted to force you to stay with him, he has a hundred ways—none of them gentle. But he never resorted to any of them.”

“I know,” I whispered, the truth of it settling in my chest. “He never did.”

“So,” Lana continued, her tone gentle, “are things between you two really that broken? Are you truly unable to trust him again?”

“I—”

The word caught in my throat, tangled in my confusion.

If I genuinely couldn’t trust him... then why had I gone to the Hall of Martyrs with him without a second thought?

Why had I felt, without question, that Silas would never harm me, even when the shadows circled his eyes and his aura frayed?

Lana sighed, her voice thoughtful. “Trust is fragile. Once broken, it’s hard to rebuild. But hard doesn’t mean impossible. The real question is—what do you feel for him? And... is he worth giving your heart to again?”

I gazed out at the night sky above the Capital, the moonlight shimmering across the rooftops like a silvery breath, a soft glow illuminating the darkness.

My wolf stirred within me, restless yet quiet, echoing my inner turmoil.

What do I feel?

## Conclusion

In the quiet aftermath of the confrontation with Silas, Freya found herself at a crossroads, her heart heavy with the weight of unspoken feelings and unresolved tensions. The barriers Silas erected around himself felt insurmountable, yet she could not ignore the lingering connection that tethered her to him. His plea for her to stop caring resonated deeply, revealing the vulnerability hidden beneath his hardened exterior. As she sat with Lana, contemplating the complexity of trust and love, Freya recognized that letting go of Silas was not just about severing ties; it was about confronting the fear that had taken root in her heart. The echoes of his past, the legacy of darkness he feared inheriting, intertwined with her own fears of abandonment and betrayal.

Yet, in that moment of reflection, Freya also understood that the shadows of their love were not merely obstacles but also the very essence of their bond. Silas had never resorted to violence or manipulation; instead, he had fought to protect her, even when his own demons threatened to consume him. The realization that he was not the monster he feared became a glimmer of hope in her turbulent emotions. Freya's heart began to stir with the possibility of healing and reconciliation, urging her to embrace the complexity of their relationship rather than shy away from it. As the moonlight bathed her in its silvery glow, she felt a renewed sense of determination to confront the shadows together, to forge a path that could lead them both out of the darkness and into the light of understanding and love.

## What to Expect in Next Chapter?

In the upcoming chapter, readers can expect a deep dive into Freya's internal struggle as she grapples with her feelings for Silas. The tension between them is palpable, and as Freya reflects on her connection to him, the reader will be drawn into the complexity of their past and the shadows that threaten to consume their future. Will she find the courage to confront her emotions, or will the weight of Silas's fears push her further away? The stakes are higher than ever, as Freya must decide whether to embrace the love that still flickers in her heart or to heed Silas's warnings and protect herself from the darkness that looms.

As the chapter unfolds, expect new revelations about Silas's battle with his bloodline's curse, and how it intertwines with Freya's own journey. The tension will escalate, with Vaughn potentially stepping in to offer insights that could change everything. Freya's relationship with her friends, especially Lana, will also play a crucial role as they navigate the murky waters of love, loyalty, and trust. Will Freya's bond with Silas strengthen, or will it fracture under the weight of their past? The choices she makes will have lasting consequences, setting the stage for an emotional reckoning that could redefine their destinies. Prepare for a chapter filled with heart-wrenching decisions, unexpected alliances, and the haunting echoes of love that refuse to fade.

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.

Share to your friends

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.