

A Warrior Luna's Awakening

Trapped in You by Morrison Lee: Shadows of Our Love 401

[2,045 words]

Trapped in You by Morrison Lee: Shadows of Our Love 401 Summary

In Chapter 401 of "Trapped in You," tensions escalate as Jenny confronts Freya with barely contained fury over Freya's involvement with her uncle and the necklace she has taken. Jenny's anger is palpable, but it is underscored by a deep-seated fear of losing her carefully constructed plans if Everett sees the ruby necklace around Freya's neck. This moment reveals Jenny's desperation to maintain her position within the Williams family, highlighting her internal struggle and the stakes involved in this confrontation.

Freya, on the other hand, remains composed, recognizing Jenny's manipulation and the fragile balance of their relationships. She decides to prioritize Parker's well-being over the escalating conflict, indicating her desire to shield him from the pressures of family loyalty. As they enter the Grand Meridian Plaza, the atmosphere shifts, filled with the opulence of the wolfborn elite, contrasting sharply with the underlying tensions between the characters. The ballroom serves as a backdrop for the intricate dance of power, loyalty, and rivalry among the attendees.

Parker's interactions with Everett reveal the complexities of their familial ties, with Everett issuing a stern warning to Jenny about maintaining the family's honor. This moment emphasizes the weight of expectations placed upon them, particularly as they navigate the consequences of their actions within the pack. Jenny's resolve to accompany Parker, despite her rising panic, showcases her determination to secure her place in the family, even as she grapples with the threat of exposure.

As the celebration unfolds, Freya's feelings of nostalgia and confusion resurface upon seeing Silas, who embodies the elegance and authority of an Alpha. The whispers about his bracelet spark memories for Freya, prompting her to reflect on their past connection. The chapter captures the emotional turmoil experienced by Freya as she contemplates her place in this world, while also hinting at the competitive dynamics among the guests vying for Silas's attention.

Overall, Chapter 401 is a rich tapestry of emotions and power struggles, revealing the characters' vulnerabilities and ambitions against the backdrop of a lavish celebration. The stakes are high as secrets threaten to unravel, and alliances are tested, setting the stage for further conflict and intrigue in the narrative.

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Shadows of Our Love 401

Chapter 401

In a moment that felt suspended in time, Jenny stood frozen, her amber eyes narrowing into slits as she directed a venomous hiss toward Freya. “Freya,” she spat, her voice laced with barely contained fury, “I heard all about your little... escapade with my uncle. You actually had the audacity to snatch the necklace he has cherished for years. Don’t you dare think you can just prance around him, shoving Parker into a dilemma.”

Her words sliced through the air, sharp and toxic, but beneath that fierce exterior, a flicker of fear danced within her. Jenny was acutely aware that if Everett caught sight of the ruby necklace glimmering around Freya’s neck, her meticulously crafted plans would crumble like fragile glass. She could not, under any circumstances, allow that to happen.

Freya’s lips curled into a slight, almost amused smile at Jenny’s outburst, her gaze steady and unwavering. It was a surprise to her that Jenny was aware of the past incident; however, she recognized the underlying tension in Jenny’s words—manipulation, a desperate need to maintain the facade in front of the Alpha.

But Freya had no intention of placing Parker in a situation where he would be forced to choose between his loyalty to his family and the bond they shared. “Parker,” she said gently, her voice softening as she turned her gaze toward him, “I’ll head in first.”

Parker nodded, the wolf within him coiling tightly but remaining in check. “Alright. I’ll find you inside shortly,” he replied, his voice steady.

Freya’s amber eyes flicked to Lana, who walked beside her, the Beta’s presence providing a steady anchor amidst the storm of emotions swirling around them. “Mm,” Freya murmured in agreement, and together, they strode toward the imposing entrance of the Grand Meridian Plaza’s ballroom. As the heavy doors swung open, they were greeted by the rich aroma of polished oak mingling with the faint scent of wolf musk that wafted from the gathering elite.

Parker followed closely behind, making a beeline for Everett. The Alpha’s presence was immediate and commanding—each step he took resonated with the unyielding authority that came with being the head of the pack. His sharp, silver eyes caught sight of Jenny, and a flicker of disdain crossed his features. “She’s here too?” Everett’s voice was low and controlled, yet it had the sharpness of a steel trap ready to snap.

“She... should be,” Parker responded evenly, his tone measured and calm. “Since Silas Whitmor has already withdrawn his objections, it’s only proper that she attends.”

Everett's lips pressed into a thin, disapproving line, the corner of his eye twitching with barely concealed irritation. "You're bringing her because of the donor in the hospital? Hmph. That's a weakness. Anyone with leverage can manipulate you, and that leverage... could cost you more than you realize."

"I only wish to find peace with my conscience," Parker replied softly, the wolf-like edge in his voice calm yet resolute.

Everett's brow furrowed slightly as his eyes swept over to Jenny. "Tonight, do not disgrace yourself—or this family. Speak no words you shouldn't, and perform no actions that could bring shame to the Williams name. One misstep, and I will have you expelled from this family without a moment's hesitation."

Jenny's face paled at the threat, but she maintained her composure, a mask of calmness over her rising panic. "I only wish to accompany Parker. I promise to behave tonight," she said quickly, bowing her head in a show of deference.

Everett finally turned his attention back to the ballroom, his strides radiating the confidence of an Alpha wolf. Jenny followed Parker, but inside, her teeth ground together in frustration. The Williams Family remained aloof, regal, treating branch families like mere pawns—summoned or dismissed at their whim. And Everett's obsession with locating his long-lost sister? That obsession blinded him to the truth.

Her sister had been gone for three years. Parker and Freya were, in fact, the nephew and niece of Everett's lost kin. Only by keeping their lineage a secret could Jenny hope to rise within the ranks of the Williams Family. The necklace, their bloodline, all of it—must remain hidden at any cost.

The Whitmor Group's anniversary celebration was a dazzling spectacle, showcasing the grandeur of wolfborn aristocracy and corporate power. Guests from various packs, business conglomerates, suppliers, and partner enterprises mingled beneath the towering crystal chandeliers of the Grand Meridian Plaza.

As Freya moved alongside Lana, the seasoned Beta navigated the crowd with the ease of someone well-versed in the intricacies of social maneuvering, exchanging polite nods, subtle acknowledgments, and strategic small talk to expand her network. Freya's gown, a soft champagne hue, flowed around her like moonlight cascading over still water, while the ruby necklace around her throat glimmered fiercely, a flame of defiance marking her presence. It signified her claim, unassailable, like a wolf asserting its territory.

As the clock struck the hour, the ballroom fell into a hushed silence. Every conversation, every clink of glasses, and every rustle of silk ceased. Silas entered—the embodiment of elegance in a sleek black suit, accentuated by a deep crimson tie. His mere presence seemed to alter the room's energy, drawing the gaze of every elite to him. Each step he took resonated like the measured, lethal paw of an Alpha stalking its prey.

A hushed whisper reached Freya's ears. "Is that Whitmor's bracelet... an antique? It doesn't look like it."

"Looks like a common trinket from a shop," another voice chimed in, dismissive.

"Whitmor wouldn't wear something so ordinary!"

Freya felt her heart stir, a flicker of confusion and nostalgia igniting within her. Did Silas still care? Why, after all these years, had he never removed the bracelet? Each encounter with him had been marked by the sight of that token on his wrist, as if its constant presence could fill the void her absence had created.

Silas ascended the dais, his expression neutral yet commanding, exuding an air of effortless elegance. "Welcome, everyone, to tonight's celebration. Enjoy yourselves," he intoned, his voice calm yet imbued with the absolute authority of an Alpha. Then, he stepped down from the dais, moving among the guests like a predator weaving through its courtly prey. No charm, no flattery could sway him; he remained utterly detached, even from those eager to win his favor.

Lana's voice broke through Freya's reverie. "Are you watching Silas?"

Freya blinked, grounding herself in the present. "I—"

"Have you thought this through?" Lana prompted, her gaze sweeping over the glittering assembly. "There are plenty of wolves here, all vying for his attention. Many would do anything to catch his notice tonight."

Freya hesitated, caught in the whirlwind of the celebration. Just then, a sharp voice rang out, slicing through the murmurs of the crowd.

"Some people," it said, dripping with derision, "only think about how to climb higher, as if entering this hall magically elevates them to power."

Freya turned, her eyes locking onto a woman she did not recognize. The woman's posture, her piercing gaze, and the edge in her voice radiated the unmistakable aura of a wolf born to command respect. But Lana recognized her immediately.

Conclusion

As the evening unfolded, the tension in the air was palpable, a delicate dance of power and vulnerability. Jenny's simmering resentment toward Freya transformed into a desperate need for survival, her heart racing as she clung to her secrets, knowing that one misstep could unravel everything she had worked for. On the other hand, Freya stood resolute, her defiance embodied in the ruby necklace that shimmered against her skin—a symbol of her unyielding spirit. The ballroom, filled with the elite of the wolfborn world, became a stage where every glance and whispered word carried the weight of

unspoken histories and hidden agendas. As Silas made his entrance, the atmosphere shifted, igniting a flicker of hope in Freya while simultaneously amplifying Jenny's fear.

In this intricate web of relationships, loyalty and betrayal intertwined, forcing each character to confront their true selves. Parker, caught between the fierce loyalty to his family and his burgeoning bond with Freya, sensed the precarious balance that could tip at any moment. The night was not merely a celebration; it was a reckoning. As the shadows of their past loomed larger, the characters were faced with their choices—whether to uphold the facade of the Williams legacy or to embrace the truth that lay beneath. In the end, the stakes were higher than ever, and the choices made in the flickering candlelight of the ballroom would echo long after the last note of the evening faded away, forever altering the course of their intertwined fates.

What to Expect in Next Chapter?

In the upcoming chapter, the tension within the Grand Meridian Plaza is set to escalate as Freya and Parker navigate the intricate web of family loyalties and hidden truths. With Everett's chilling warning still echoing in Jenny's ears, the stakes are raised higher than ever. Will Jenny's carefully constructed facade begin to unravel as the night unfolds? The presence of Silas and the whispers surrounding his antique bracelet will undoubtedly stir old emotions, forcing Freya to confront her past and the choices that have led her to this pivotal moment. As the night progresses, alliances will be tested, and secrets that have been buried for too long may rise to the surface, threatening to shatter the fragile peace within the Williams family.

Moreover, the introduction of a mysterious woman, whose commanding presence hints at a deeper backstory, promises to add another layer of intrigue. Who is she, and what role will she play in this high-stakes gathering? As Freya grapples with her feelings for Silas amidst the swirling dynamics of power and ambition, the tension will reach a boiling point, leaving readers on the edge of their seats. Expect unexpected confrontations, revelations that could alter the course of relationships, and a night that will test the very foundations of loyalty and love. The shadows of their past are closing in, and in this world of wolves, nothing is ever truly as it seems.

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Lucia Morh is a passionate storyteller who brings emotions to life through her words. When she's not writing, she finds peace nurturing her garden.

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Trapped in You by Morrison Lee: Shadows of Our Love 402

[1,797 words]

Trapped in You by Morrison Lee: Shadows of Our Love 402 Summary

In Chapter 402 of “Trapped in You,” the atmosphere at the gala is charged with tension as Velda, a young she-wolf, fixates on Lana, who is perceived as a rival. Velda is accompanied by two socialites from the Capital, and their amusement hints at a brewing confrontation. Freya, a friend of Lana, feels protective but is reassured when Lana confidently asserts her ability to handle the situation. Lana’s calm demeanor contrasts sharply with Velda’s growing fury, as she accuses Lana of being an unworthy newcomer who must have used underhanded methods to secure her place at the gala.

Lana, undeterred, retorts with sarcasm, challenging Velda’s assumptions and suggesting that her company, SkyVex Armaments, is legitimate. Velda’s embarrassment and anger become evident as she struggles to maintain her composure in front of Victor, who arrives just in time to witness the escalating tension. Lana playfully reveals Velda’s accusations to Victor, which causes Velda to stiffen under his scrutiny, highlighting the power dynamics at play. The crowd’s reaction shifts as Victor’s presence changes the tone of the confrontation, and Lana’s flirtation with him adds a layer of complexity to their relationship.

As the exchange unfolds, Victor’s playful challenge to Lana about her feelings for him reveals an unexpected intimacy between them. The crowd is taken aback as Lana boldly claims him as her boyfriend, and Victor does not deny it, which shocks Velda and the socialites. The stakes rise as Victor’s reputation as a powerful attorney looms over the gathering, and his teasing demeanor towards Lana creates a palpable tension. Lana’s initial confidence begins to waver, revealing her vulnerability in the face of Victor’s intense gaze.

The chapter concludes with a sense of uncertainty as Lana grapples with her feelings for Victor while navigating the complexities of their one-year agreement. Freya, observing the chemistry between them, questions the authenticity of Lana’s claims and the nature of her relationship with Victor. The emotional stakes are high, leaving readers intrigued about the future dynamics between these characters and the potential implications of their interactions at the gala.

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Shadows of Our Love – Chapter 402

In the dimly lit atmosphere of the gala, the air was thick with tension and unspoken words. Velda, the young she-wolf, stood with an unmistakable glimmer of ambition in her eyes, her gaze fixed on Victor with an intensity that was hard to ignore. Beside her were two socialites, both hailing from the Capital, their expressions a blend of amusement and intrigue, clearly here for the spectacle that was about to unfold.

Their focus was directed squarely at Lana, the perceived target of Velda's ire.

Freya felt a surge of protectiveness wash over her, an instinctive urge to intervene. Yet, Lana merely offered a subtle, confident smile, as if to reassure her friend that she could handle the impending confrontation.

"If they're coming after me," Lana murmured, her voice low but steady, "let me take care of it."

With that, she raised her gaze to meet the trio, her demeanor unyielding.

"Dirty-minded wolves only think of filthy things," she stated coolly, her tone dripping with sarcasm. "Velda, have you been binge-watching human dramas? Do you genuinely believe that Alphas and power are so easily grasped?"

The fury in Velda's eyes was palpable, her indignation rising like a tide. "You—!" she stammered, her voice rising in pitch. "A newly-rich upstart like you must have resorted to some disgraceful means to secure an invitation to tonight's gala!"

Lana arched an eyebrow, her expression one of bemusement. "Disgraceful?" she echoed, feigning surprise. "Are you implying that there was corruption in the Ironclad Coalition's tri-faction vetting process for suppliers? My company, SkyVex Armaments, is one of their certified partners. And how convenient that Alpha Whitmor is present this evening. Why don't you take your little conspiracy theory to Alpha Silas and see if he shares your suspicions?"

Velda's face turned a deep shade of crimson, embarrassment and anger warring within her. The thought of confronting Silas Whitmor was terrifying, yet she couldn't back down now without losing face.

"I'm merely making a reasonable assumption," she snapped, her voice laced with defiance. "It's just... hard to fathom how such a small company could rise to become a Coalition supplier."

"Reasonable assumption?" Lana let out a sharp, wolf-like laugh that sliced through the tension. "Are you really a lawyer? With that statement, I could easily sue you for defamation. Of course, I'm not well-versed in every legal clause. I'll consult Victor later for clarification."

Velda's expression twisted into something ugly, frustration etching lines on her face.

At that moment, Victor's voice broke through the charged atmosphere. "Ask me what?"

Lana turned at the sound, her heart racing a little at the sight of him. It wasn't unexpected for him to be here; after all, Velda was his junior colleague, and Victor's firm had a longstanding partnership with the Ironclad Coalition.

"Oh, your little colleague here," Lana said lightly, her tone teasing, "has suggested that the only reason I became a Coalition supplier was through disgraceful, underhanded tricks. She also implied that I'm attending this gala just to cozy up to powerful Alphas."

Victor's brow furrowed, displeasure flickering in his eyes as he directed his gaze at Velda, who stiffened under the weight of his scrutiny.

She hadn't anticipated that Lana would so boldly relay her words directly to Victor without a hint of hesitation.

"My, your colleague certainly has a flair for the dramatic," Lana continued, her voice light and playful. "With a boyfriend like you, why would I bother coveting any other man in this room?"

As she spoke, she playfully hooked a finger beneath Victor's chin, adopting a pose that was openly flirtatious.

"Or... does she think you're somehow lacking compared to the other men here?"

Victor raised his chin slightly, his expression unreadable, yet he didn't push her hand away. The usually composed and untouchable visage he wore now held a dangerously alluring edge that sent a thrill through Lana.

"So," he murmured, his voice low and vibrating with a teasing challenge, "I'm the only one you desire, hmm?"

A ripple of gasps echoed around them, the crowd momentarily silenced by the unexpected turn of events.

Was this truly the same Victor Ashford—the famously ascetic, untouchable Alpha attorney of the Capital?

Velda looked as if she had been struck by lightning, disbelief etched across her features. This couldn't be Victor speaking to someone like Lana Rook, a supposed upstart.

The two socialites beside her stiffened, their earlier mockery evaporating in an instant. Victor's reaction was anything but ordinary.

Lana had claimed him as her boyfriend, yet Victor hadn't denied it.

Everyone in the Capital understood the weight Victor carried. Families with power inevitably found themselves embroiled in lawsuits. Among the four major law firms in the Capital, Victor's stood at the pinnacle. He had never lost a case, and crossing him was not merely a matter of pride—it was akin to signing one's own death warrant.

"What's wrong?" Victor asked, a faint smirk playing on his lips as he regarded Lana. "Finding it difficult to answer?"

Just moments ago, she had been boldly teasing him. Now, however, she resembled a startled fawn caught in the headlights of an oncoming vehicle.

"Uh... you're my boyfriend now," she stammered, the words tumbling out with some effort. "Of course, you're the only one I desire."

Victor raised an eyebrow, a playful challenge dancing in his gaze.

So, she believed that once their one-year agreement concluded, she could freely pursue other males?

He chose not to press her immediately; cornering her too tightly would only send her scurrying away like a frightened rabbit.

"Then it's settled," he said softly, his eyes locking onto hers with an intensity that made her heart race. "If you desire me, then you won't be coveting anyone else."

For a fleeting moment, Lana felt as if his gaze enveloped her like an invisible snare—tight, inescapable, leaving no room for escape.

"...Fine," she managed to say, forcing a smile that didn't quite reach her eyes.

Freya observed the entire exchange, her mind racing with questions. Was Lana's claim truly the whole story?

Lana had mentioned that she and Victor were bound only by a one-year agreement...

But after witnessing the chemistry between them tonight, Freya found herself questioning everything.

Conclusion

As the gala continued around them, the tension that had once crackled in the air began to dissipate, leaving a lingering sense of triumph and vulnerability. Lana had stood her ground, defying Velda's accusations with a confidence that surprised even herself. In Victor's presence, she felt a blend of exhilaration and dread; the playful banter had unveiled a deeper connection that neither had anticipated. This moment marked a turning point for Lana, as she realized that her feelings for Victor were no longer

confined to the boundaries of their agreement. The playful challenge in his gaze ignited something within her, a flicker of hope that perhaps their relationship could transcend the contractual nature that had initially defined it.

Yet, beneath the surface of that exhilaration lay an undercurrent of uncertainty. Freya's watchful eyes bore witness to the unspoken complexities of their bond, hinting at the fragility of the emotions that had begun to intertwine. Would Lana's bold declaration withstand the trials that lay ahead? The gala, with its glimmering lights and bustling crowd, had offered a moment of clarity amidst the chaos, but the shadows of their past and the weight of expectations loomed large. As Lana and Victor exchanged glances filled with uncharted possibilities, the path forward remained uncertain, but one thing was clear: the shadows of their love were beginning to take shape, and the journey ahead promised to be anything but predictable.

What to Expect in Next Chapter?

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

As tensions simmer and the gala unfolds, readers can anticipate a deepening of the complex dynamics between Lana, Victor, and Velda. With the stakes raised and the air thick with rivalry, will Velda retaliate against Lana's bold declaration? Expect a confrontation that will not only test their resolve but also reveal hidden motivations and alliances within the Capital's elite. The fallout from this public exchange may ripple through their lives, forcing Lana to navigate a treacherous path where ambition clashes with loyalty.

Moreover, the enigmatic Victor is poised to play a pivotal role as his true feelings and intentions begin to surface. Will he embrace the burgeoning connection with Lana, or will the pressures of his position lead him to reconsider their arrangement? As Freya grapples with her own suspicions and the implications of Lana's claim, expect her to take action that could either protect her friend or inadvertently escalate the conflict. The next chapter promises to unravel the intricate web of relationships, revealing secrets and desires that could change everything for our characters.

Lucia Morh

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Trapped in You by Morrison Lee: Shadows of Our Love 403

[2,061 words]

Trapped in You by Morrison Lee: Shadows of Our Love 403 Summary

In Chapter 403 of “Trapped in You” by Morrison Lee, the tension between Victor and Lana is palpable, as Victor’s gaze reveals a deep, unspoken devotion that hints at the complexity of their relationship. Despite the elite gathering around them, Victor’s feelings for Lana are intense, suggesting that he is caught in a struggle between his emotions and the expectations of his social circle. Meanwhile, Freya finds herself confronted by Smith, a powerful figure from her past, who offers her a tempting opportunity to join his team, but she remains steadfast in her loyalty to SkyVex Armaments.

As Freya and Smith engage in conversation, Silas watches from a distance, his stoic demeanor hiding a storm of jealousy and possessiveness. Vaughn, his brother, points out the connection between Freya and Smith, which only intensifies Silas’s internal conflict. Silas’s emotions are a mix of logic and primal instinct, as he grapples with the reality that Freya may seek companionship elsewhere, despite his own lingering feelings for her. This inner turmoil reaches a boiling point when he witnesses Smith getting too close to Freya, leading to a moment of reckless violence as Silas shatters a glass in his hand.

The atmosphere shifts dramatically when an accident causes Freya’s dress to be stained with wine, prompting Lana to suggest she change into a spare dress. As Freya navigates her way to the private lounge, she is unaware of Silas’s unwavering gaze following her. Once in the lounge, Freya attempts to clean herself, but the moment is interrupted by Silas’s sudden and intense arrival. His commanding presence and raw emotion create a charged atmosphere, leaving Freya both startled and intrigued.

Silas confronts Freya with a mix of desperation and authority, pushing her against the wall and demanding to know why she continues to appear in front of him. His words are filled with a protective instinct and a warning to keep her distance, revealing the depth of his feelings and the conflict he faces as an Alpha. The chapter ends on a cliffhanger, leaving readers eager to see how Freya will respond to Silas’s fierce declaration and what it means for their complicated relationship moving forward.

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Trapped in You by Morrison Lee: Shadows of Our Love 403

Chapter 403

****Third Person's POV****

Victor's gaze lingered on Lana, a look in his eyes that should never have been directed her way.

It was a quiet, smoldering devotion that ignited an unspoken promise, one that made it hard to fathom that, just a year down the line, he would willingly let her slip from his grasp. And certainly, not in the presence of the elite pack members gathered in the grand hall, where his words danced dangerously close to the line separating a vow from a threat.

Across the bustling expanse of the Skyspire Convention Dome, Freya found herself abruptly yanked from her reverie by a voice that sliced through the ambient music like a knife.

"Miss Thorne. It's been a long time."

She turned, her expression a careful blend of politeness and distance, as she recognized the man advancing toward her, glass in hand. Smith. The regional head of one of the largest transnational tech conglomerates. Memories of negotiating drone technology proposals with him while under Caelum Grafton at SilverTech Forgeworks flooded her mind.

"Mr. Smith," she replied, her tone steady. "Indeed, it has been quite a while."

Smith flashed a disarming smile that could easily charm anyone. "I heard you left SilverTech. I've been hoping to bring you onto my team. Would you be interested in joining us?"

Freya felt a slight tightening in her chest. "I appreciate the offer," she said, choosing her words carefully. "But I've already joined SkyVex Armaments."

Lana, ever the diplomat, stepped in with a smile that radiated warmth. "Freya is our head of advanced R&D," she interjected smoothly. "If there's a chance in the future, I hope SkyVex and your company can collaborate."

Smith's gaze lingered on Freya, a subtle appraisal in his eyes as he studied her posture, the confidence radiating from her, and the sharpness of her mind. "Miss Thorne, are you quite sure? You would have greater opportunities with me."

Freya met his gaze, unwavering. "I believe in what we're building at SkyVex. My aim is to create something powerful alongside my team... and with my friends."

"A shame," Smith replied lightly, though a flicker of disappointment crossed his features. "But perhaps we can still find a way to work together. Actually—could we talk for a

moment? I'm still very interested in the unmanned aerial combat project you once presented to me."

"Of course," she agreed, her mind already shifting gears into the technical details.

As they began delving into specifications and designs, a pair of sharply narrowed eyes tracked their every move from across the hall.

"She's right there," Vaughn murmured, nudging the figure beside him with his elbow. "And yet you're pretending you don't see her?"

Silas remained silent, his demeanor stoic, like a statue carved from iron—expression detached, posture cold. But his eyes betrayed a different story, flicking toward Freya time and time again, unable to look away.

Vaughn snorted, amusement lacing his tone. "You're not being subtle, brother. The man chatting with Freya? That's Smith. A notoriously icy bastard. But look at him—he's practically glowing with warmth around her. Think he's got a thing for her?"

Silas's jaw tightened, a muscle twitching beneath the surface.

Women like Freya—quiet, yet resilient on the outside—held a blinding allure the longer one looked. Their strength was not loud but wrapped around you like a warm embrace before you even realized you'd fallen. It was only natural that other men would notice her, be drawn to her.

Just as he once had.

Just as Kade Blackridge had been.

And now... Smith.

Silas had made a choice to keep his distance. He had chosen to step away from her orbit, and in doing so, he recognized she had every right to seek someone else.

That was the logical path.

But the wolf within him scoffed at logic.

A dangerous heat ignited in his chest, a feral jealousy that spread unchecked like wildfire through dry brush, consuming his rational thoughts. His control, usually impeccable, began to fray with each passing moment.

He watched as Smith leaned closer to Freya, their bodies almost touching.

He watched the two raise their glasses in a toast.

He watched the man lower his head, too near her throat, too close to the soft pulse where an Alpha's bond once might have rested—

CRACK.

The glass in Silas's hand shattered, shards embedding themselves into his palm, blood trickling between his fingers.

"Silas!" Vaughn hissed, startled by the sudden violence of the moment.

But Silas didn't even glance down at the injury.

His eyes remained locked on Freya and the man beside her, consumed by a jealousy that was spiraling dangerously close to madness.

"Your pendant," Smith remarked, his gaze lingering on the sapphire charm that rested against Freya's collarbone. "It looks familiar somehow."

"It belonged to my mother," Freya replied, her voice steady despite the tension in the air. "It appeared in an auction once. Perhaps that's where you recognized it."

"Possibly," Smith murmured, his interest piqued.

Before he could elaborate, a passing server stumbled, the tray tipping precariously.

A cascade of crimson wine splattered across Freya's champagne-gold dress.

"Oh—gods, I'm so sorry!" the server gasped, horror etched across his face.

"It's alright," Freya assured him, her tone gentle despite the impending disaster.

Still, the stain stood out starkly, a vivid reminder of chaos amid elegance.

Lana rushed over, concern etched in her features. "You should head to the private lounge. I brought a spare dress in my car—I'll grab it for you."

Freya nodded, lifting her skirt slightly as she navigated toward the curved hallway leading to the quieter wing of the dome.

Lana turned to fetch the clothing, only to freeze mid-step.

Silas stood a distance away, his gaze locked onto the path Freya had just taken.

He wasn't watching Lana. He wasn't scanning the crowd.

He was focused solely on Freya.

Lana's brows furrowed in realization. It clicked into place.

He's been watching her this whole time.

Freya entered the empty lounge, her heart racing as she grabbed several cleansing wipes from the counter. The remnants of wine clung to her arm and the curve of her neck, cooling against her skin like a chilling reminder of the moment. She cleaned herself in silence, the faint hum of distant music vibrating through the walls, a stark contrast to the storm brewing outside.

Just as she tossed the last used wipe aside—

A knock echoed through the quiet room.

Lana must have returned with the dress.

Freya crossed the room, her heart fluttering with anticipation, and pulled the door open—

Only to find Silas standing there, his presence commanding and intense.

She froze, words caught in her throat. "You... what are you—"

But he didn't allow her to finish.

In an instant, he stepped forward, seized her wrist with a firm grip, and pushed her back, pinning her against the corner wall. The door slammed shut behind him, sealing them away from the outside world.

His breath was ragged, his eyes wild with an emotion she couldn't quite decipher.

"Why do you keep appearing in front of me?" he growled, his voice low and laced with tension. "Didn't I tell you...?"

He leaned in, their foreheads nearly touching, the Alpha aura of the Ironclad Coalition radiating off him in waves—dark, volcanic, barely contained.

"You should stay as far away from me as possible."

Conclusion

In that charged moment, the air between Freya and Silas crackled with unresolved tension, a palpable force that threatened to consume them both. Silas's fierce gaze held a tempest of emotions—desire, frustration, and a longing that could no longer be contained. Freya felt her heart race, caught in the crossfire of his turmoil and her own. She had spent so long trying to carve out a path for herself, to assert her independence

amidst the chaos of their past, but here he was, a living reminder of the bond they once shared, and the intensity of his feelings swept over her like a tidal wave. The world outside faded away, leaving only the two of them, bound by fate yet torn by choices made and paths taken.

As Silas's grip tightened around her wrist, Freya realized that the distance she thought she had created was an illusion, a fragile barrier that could shatter at any moment. The shadows of their love loomed large, entwining their fates in a dance of passion and pain. She could feel the heat radiating from him, a fierce reminder of the connection that still pulsed between them, igniting the embers of a fire that had never truly gone out. In that moment, she understood that they were both trapped—not just by their past, but by the undeniable pull of their hearts. The choice lay before them: to confront the shadows that haunted them or to let them dictate their future. With a deep breath, Freya met Silas's gaze, ready to face whatever came next, knowing that the path to freedom lay in embracing the truth of their feelings.

What to Expect in Next Chapter?

In the next chapter of **Trapped in You: Shadows of Our Love**, readers can expect the simmering tension between Freya and Silas to reach a boiling point. With Silas cornering Freya in the private lounge, the air is thick with unspoken words and unresolved feelings. Will Freya find the courage to confront the storm brewing within Silas, or will his raw intensity push her further away? The emotional stakes are at an all-time high as both characters stand on the precipice of a pivotal moment that could redefine their relationship forever.

Moreover, the shadow of jealousy looms large as Smith's lingering interest in Freya continues to complicate matters. As Silas grapples with his possessive instincts, the arrival of Smith could serve as a catalyst for a confrontation that has been brewing beneath the surface. Will Silas finally confront the man who dares to encroach upon his territory, or will he allow his internal turmoil to dictate his actions? Readers will be left on the edge of their seats, eager to see how the dynamics shift and whether Freya can navigate the treacherous waters of love, loyalty, and ambition. The next chapter promises to delve deeper into the heart of their conflict, revealing the true nature of their bond and the choices that lie ahead.

Lucia Morh

Lucia Morh is a passionate storyteller who brings emotions to life through her words. When she's not writing, she finds peace nurturing her garden.

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Trapped in You by Morrison Lee: Shadows of Our Love 404

[1,022 words]

Chapter 404

Freya's POV

I froze.

29%.

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Finished

Silas was standing right in front of me—nothing like the cold, untouchable Alpha who'd dominated the gala earlier tonight. The man before me now was raw, conflicted, and burning with an anger he was trying—and failing—to cage.

His fox-shaped eyes, usually unreadable, were blazing at me with something fierce, wounded, and barely controlled.

“Say it,” he demanded, his voice rising sharply, dangerously. “Why do you keep showing up in front of me?”

He wasn't just angry.

He was jealous.

I felt it pouring off him in waves—feral, unrestrained, and wild in a way only an Alpha on the edge could be.

He had seen me earlier, laughing with another man. Too close. Too at ease.

It had tipped his control over the edge.

“I... I was only accompanying Lana to the gala,” I managed, trying to steady my voice.

But even as I said it, a quiet truth stirred inside me—one I didn't want to look at too closely.

I had also come because...

I wanted to see him.

Because I needed to know what remained of my feeling for Silas, the Alpha who once shattered my trust so deeply I still wasn't sure I could ever rebuild it.

Could I really trust him again?

And he... how much feeling did he have left for me?

"Only accompanying Lana?" Silas let out a bitter, humorless laugh.

Of course.

He thought he was imagining things. That he'd been foolish enough to hope.

My heart jolted when I noticed the bandages wrapped tightly around his right hand—something I hadn't seen earlier at the gala.

"What happened to your hand?" I blurted, stepping closer despite myself. "Silas—when did you get hurt? How bad is it?"

Under the bright lounge lighting, the faint red seeping through the gauze looked far worse than I expected.

I gingerly lifted his injured hand, my fingers brushing the edges of the bandage. "Silas... this looks serious."

14:34 Wed, Dec 17 D

Chapter 404

His jaw clenched.

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Finished

"I told you," he said, voice low with frustration, "if you aren't going to stay by my side, then stop caring about me. Stop pitying me."

Because caring gave him hope.

And hope... made the fall into despair that much deeper

“Silas, I-”

I lifted my head, but before I could finish, his left hand snapped up, locking around my jaw.

His mouth crashed onto mine.

The kiss was hard, desperate, almost punishing-as if he'd been starving for it, for me, for far too long. As if he wanted to devour every part of me he had ever been forced to let go.

For a heartbeat, I froze.

My hands pushed instinctively against his chest.

I could break the kiss.

I could end this-easily.

But the moment I felt his desperation, something inside me twisted painfully.

He wasn't kissing me out of dominance.

He was kissing me of heartbreak.

His emotions-jealousy, anger, longing, despair-flooded through the bondless space between us, raw and

overwhelming.

My resistance faltered.

Slowly, almost helplessly, my arms rose around his neck

I pressed closer.

I kissed him back.

His entire body jolted, as if shocked by my response.

And then he kissed me harder-hungry, frantic, almost violent with the fear that I'd change my mind and slip away again. He held me against him like I was the last solid thing in a world crumbling beneath his feet.

It felt like forever before he finally tore his mouth from mine.

I was breathing hard, lips throbbing from the force of his kiss.

“This, he whispered hoarsely against my ear, “is this your pity too?”

“What?” My breath hitched.

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Chapter 404

29%

Finished

“Why didn’t you push me away?” Silas asked, the anguish in his voice cutting sharper than any blade. “Do you know what that does to me? You give me despair... and then you give me hope. Freya, if you’ve already chosen to break me, then stop throwing me lifelines I can’t afford.”

“Silas, that’s not what I—”

“What?” he snapped back. “You felt sorry for me? You think I’m pathetic? Or did you need something from me-some favor, some help-so you let me kiss you even if you didn’t want it?”

“No!” I protested instantly. “It’s not that!”

“Then what?” His voice broke, anger and agony tangling in his eyes. “Do you love me? Is that why you let me kiss you?”

I faltered.

My throat closed.

I had no answer.

The flicker of hope in his expression extinguished instantly.

Of course.

Why would I love him?

I’d said before I hated lies, hated being kept in the dark.

And Silas had lied once-one single betrayal-and I had walked away without hesitation.

I had never given him a second chance.

So why would I love him now?

In our whole relationship...

He had always been the one ruled by his emotions.

The one who loved too much.

The one who begged for crumbs.

Not me.

“Freya...” His voice was cold now. Empty. “If you don’t love me... then you shouldn’t have accepted that kiss. You should’ve struck me so hard I couldn’t stand. You should’ve beaten me until I didn’t dare touch you again. That’s what would’ve been right.”

He turned away from me, shoulders rigid.

“Next time,” he said, voice low and hollow, “don’t appear in front of me so easily-unless you really want to see me lose control.”

He opened the lounge door.

Didn’t look back.

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Chapter 404

And walked out.

The door clicked shut behind him, leaving the room to still, too quiet.

I stood there alone, fingers lifting unconsciously to touch my lips.

His warmth still lingered there.

His desperation.

His pain.

His longing.

And for the first time... regret coiled inside me.

I should have answered him.

Because the truth-terrifying and fragile-was that I still loved him.

But trust, once shattered, was hard to rebuild.

Could I truly believe him again?

Believe us again?

I didn't know.

But for the first time.....

I wanted to try.

Mark Twain

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Trapped in You by Morrison Lee: Shadows of Our Love 405

[860 words]

Chapter 405

Third Person's POV

28%

Finished

Lana had just fetched a set of clean clothes from her car for Freya when the shrill wail of a fire alarm tore across the night.

She froze.

The sound came from the direction of the banquet hall

The banquet hall where Freya was resting.

A spike of fear shot through her. Without even closing the car door, Lana sprinted toward the building, boots skidding over the marble as wolves and humans alike spilled out in panic. The hall's loudspeakers crackled, then a cold mechanical voice began looping instructions for evacuation.

Staff members were already shouting over the noise, guiding guests out through the side exits.

Lana fumbled for her WolfComm, dialing Freya's number again and again.

No answer.

"Pick up-please pick up!"

Her wolf snarled anxiously beneath her skin, pacing.

Two guests rushed past her, muttering breathlessly.

"Who the hell set a fire during the Ironhold Consortium's annual gala?"

"Could be sabotage. I heard it started near the lounge area-"

Lounge area.

Lana's blood turned to ice.

Freya was in that lounge.

She bolted forward, only to be yanked backward. A strong arm locked around her waist, dragging her in the opposite direction.

"Hey-!"

Victor's voice cut through the chaos.

"What the hell are you doing running toward the flames"

"Let me go!" Lana twisted violently, claws threatening to break through her fingertips.

"Freya is inside! She's in the lounge-she hasn't come out!"

Victor steered her toward the exit with Alpha-born strength. "Charging in won't help her. Professionals are already responding. You stay where it's safe."

"But what if they don't know she's in there?!" Lana shoud, voice cracking. "I need to tell them-if they don't know to look for her-Freya-"

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14:35 Wed, Dec 17 ▸ G

Chapter 405

27%

Finished

Her breaths came out in broken gasps. She couldn't stop replaying every decision she'd made that night.

If she hadn't brought Freya.

If she hadn't suggested they go to the lounge.

If she hadn't told her to wait there-

Victor's voice softened but stayed firm. "Freya's capable. If there truly is danger, she'll find a way out. You running into the blaze will only make things worse."

"Then why haven't I seen her?" Lana's throat burned. "Everyone else is out-everyone except her. Her WolfComm is off. Victor, let me GO!"

Her desperation echoed down the hallway.

That was when another voice-sharp, startled-cut in.

"Freya is still in the lounge?!"

Lana turned to see Parker a few steps away, eyes wide, horror etched across his face.

"She spilled wine on her dress," Lana forced out, tears streaking down her cheeks. "She went to change. I called-she didn't answer. I can't find her—"

Her words tangled, collapsing into panic.

She lunged forward again. "Victor, let me go-I have to find her, I have to—"

Victor struck with a swift hand-edge to the back of her neck.

Her body fell limp before she even understood what happened, fainting into his arms.

He looked down at her face-wet with tears.

He knew she might hate him for this if Freya was truly in danger.

But he would never let Lana rush into a burning hall and die.

All he could do now...

was hope Freya had the strength to survive the blaze.

With every passing second, that hope thinned.

No sign of Freya.

No silhouette at the exit.

No scent of her wolf.

Victor's jaw tightened.

Based on the time-the girl should have escaped.

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14:35 Wed, Dec 17

Chapter 405

Unless something had gone terribly wrong.

27%

Finished

Inside, staff members continued battling the fast-spreading fire with the building's emergency systems. Fire engines had yet to arrive.

And Parker normally calm, disciplined, almost ice-blooded-was unraveling.

"I'm going in."

His voice was flat but trembling underneath.

Before anyone could stop him, he grabbed a high-pressure hose from a nearby worker, drenched himself from head to toe, then seized two extinguishers.

“Parker!”

A deep authoritative voice snapped through the hall—Everett Williams, the family patriarch.

“Have you forgotten?” Everett barked. “You’ve been burned before. You said yourself—you carry fire trauma. You can’t charge into a blaze like this!”

Parker didn’t even blink.

The flames reflected in his silver wolf eyes.

“Yes, I have trauma,” he said quietly. “But it won’t stop me from finding her.”

After the incident years ago—after waking in a hospital bed with second-degree burns—he had spent months undergoing psychological desensitization.

He thought he had healed.

But the moment he heard “Freya is still inside,”

every trace of fear was buried beneath something far stronger.

Everett stepped closer, nearly growling. “You are my son A Williams. I will NOT lose you tonight. The fire team is already working. The firefight unit will arrive any moment.”

“Any moment?” Parker repeated coldly.

“How many moments do you think she can survive in there?”

Everett opened his mouth—then closed it.

Because they both knew the truth.

Freya wasn’t an ordinary wolf.

She was Stormveil-born, Bloodmoon-trained.

But even the strongest wolves had limits.

And in a fire, even an Alpha-blood could fall.

Parker took a step toward the flames. “I’m not waiting another second.”

3/3

Mark Twain

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