

Brother's Best Friends Are My Mates

Chapter 151 -160

Brother's Best Friends Are My Mates

The late afternoon sun streamed through the kitchen windows as I peeled potatoes at the sink. Margaret hummed softly beside me, seasoning the pot roast that had been cooking all day, filling the house with the most incredible smells.

“Pass me that rosemary, would you, honey?” Margaret asked, gesturing toward the herb garden on the windowsill.

I handed her the small ceramic pot, watching as she pinched off fresh leaves with practiced ease. Everything she did looked so natural, so effortless. Like she'd been born knowing how to make a house into a home.

“You're getting good at this,” she said, glancing at my pile of perfectly peeled potatoes.

The back door opened with a soft creak, and Caleb appeared, followed by his father. Both men looked pleasantly tired from their day in the garage, grease stains on their clothes and satisfied expressions on their faces.

“Perfect timing,” Margaret called out. “Dinner's almost ready. Go wash up, both of you.”

“Yes, ma'am,” Robert said with an exaggerated salute that made his wife roll her eyes.

“And change those shirts!” Margaret added as they headed toward the stairs. “We're eating off the good china tonight.”

I looked at her in surprise. “The good china? What's the occasion?”

Margaret shrugged, but there was something pleased and almost shy in her expression. “Do I need an occasion to use my nice things for my family?”

Twenty minutes later, we were all seated around the dining room table, which Margaret had set with her grandmother's china and cloth napkins that matched the curtains. Candles flickered between serving dishes loaded with more food than four people could possibly eat.

“This is too much,” I protested, but I was smiling as I said it.

“Nonsense,” Margaret waved off my concern. “It’s not every day we have our Sarah home for dinner.”

Sarah. The name they’d given me to protect my identity. The story was simple—Caleb’s distant cousin from the city, down on her luck, staying with them while she got back on her feet. A few people in town had asked casual questions, but no one seemed suspicious.

The Morrisons had been so careful. When we went into town for supplies, Margaret did most of the talking. I kept my head down, avoided unnecessary conversations with strangers, and let them handle any curious neighbors.

The conversation flowed easily, filled with local gossip and gentle humor. They included me in every story, every joke, making me feel like I’d always been part of their little circle. By the time we were finishing dessert—Margaret’s famous apple pie—I felt more content than I had in months.

“I’ll help with the dishes,” I offered as we started clearing the table.

“Absolutely not,” Margaret said firmly. “You worked all day. Robert and I will handle cleanup.”

“But-”

“No buts.” She shooed me toward the living room. “Go relax with Caleb. You’ve earned it.”

So I found myself curled up on the couch next to Caleb, some old western playing on the television screen, feeling more at peace than I’d thought possible just a few weeks ago.

I was still wrestling with the comfort when the sound of knocking echoed from the front door.

“I’ll get it,” I said automatically, starting to rise from the couch.

Caleb’s hand shot out, wrapping around my wrist with surprising strength. The touch sent an unexpected jolt through me, but it was his expression that made my blood run cold.

His head was tilted slightly, nostrils flaring, and his entire body had gone rigid with tension.

“What is it?” I whispered, though I was already afraid I knew.

“I smell Alpha,” he said quietly, his voice tight with barely controlled alarm. “Strong Alpha. And it’s getting closer.”

My heart stopped. Then started beating so hard I thought it might burst from my chest.

“No. Oh God, no. They found me.”

Every emotion I’d been trying to suppress for three weeks crashed over me at once. Terror, longing, guilt, panic—they all twisted together in my stomach until I thought I might be sick.

“Sarah?” Margaret’s voice came from the kitchen doorway, sharp with concern. She must have sensed the sudden tension in the room.

“What’s wrong?”

But before anyone could answer, the knocking came again. Harder this time. More insistent.

And then I heard it. The voice that haunted my dreams.

“Sera! I know you’re in there!” Read full story at [find•novel.net](http://findnovel.net)

My vision went white around the edges. The room tilted sideways.

“Damien “

“Oh, honey: Margaret was beside me in an instant, her arms wrapping around my shoulders as my knees buckled. “Robert! Robert, get over here!”

But I could barely hear her over the sound of my own pulse hammering in my ears. Damien was here. Somehow, impossibly, he’d found me.

“Come on,” Margaret whispered urgently, pulling me to my feet. “Come with me, sweetheart. Right now.”

She half-carried me across the living room, through a doorway I’d never noticed before, into a small space that felt like a closet but was clearly meant for hiding. A panic room, maybe, or just a clever architectural feature that provided concealment.

The space was small but not cramped, with a tiny window that faced away from the front of the house and a chair that suggested this hiding spot had been used before.

“Margaret, I—”

“Shh.” She stroked my hair with gentle, motherly hands. “You’re safe, baby. No one can find you here. We’ll handle this.”

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Caleb Morrison stood in the doorway, his expression nothing but genuine confusion. But I could see through it. I had to see through it.

“Damien?” He tilted his head, brows furrowed like he was trying to solve a puzzle. “What are you doing here? Why would you think I know where Sera is?”

“Don’t.” The word came out like gravel. “Don’t fucking lie to me, Caleb. I heard her. I heard a woman’s voice.”

My whole body was shaking—every muscle wound tight, ready to explode. Three weeks. Three goddamn weeks of searching of lying to everyone about where my mate had gone.

“A woman’s voice?” Caleb’s confusion looked so real it made me want to scream. “Damien, that was probably just the TV. We were watching—”

“BULLSHIT!” I slammed my fist against the doorframe. The wood splintered under my knuckles. “You think I don’t know what I heard?”

You think I wouldn’t recognize—”

“Recognize what?” He spread his hands, the picture of innocence. “Man, I don’t know what you think you heard, but there’s no one here except my parents and me.”

“Then let me in.” I moved forward, but he held his ground. “Let me in and prove it.”

“Damien, you can’t just—”

“Watch me.” My alpha power exploded outward like a shockwave. The air itself seemed to vibrate with the force of it. “Let me in, Caleb. Let me search your house. Or are you going to stand there and tell me you have something to hide?”

I watched his body respond to the command—shoulders tensing, breathing shallow, his wolf recognizing the authority of a superior alpha. But his face... his face showed nothing but concern.

“Of course you can come in,” he said, stepping aside. “But I’m telling you, there’s no one here.”

I pushed past him, my senses on high alert, searching for any trace of her. That scent—jasmine and rain—I knew it was here. I could feel it in my bones.

“SERA!” My voice boomed through the house, desperate and raw. “SERA, I KNOW YOU’RE HERE!”

An older woman emerged from the kitchen, wiping flour—dusted hands on her apron. Behind her was a silver-haired man.

“What on earth?” her eyes went wide, “Caleb, who is this man? Why is he shouting?”

“I’m looking for my wife!” I was already moving past her, throwing open doors, checking corners. “I know she’s here!”

“Your wife?” her voice rose with genuine alarm. “Young man, there’s no one here but family”

The couch was still warm—two indentations in the cushions like people had been sitting there moments ago. But where was she? Where the fuck was she hiding?

Was I going crazy? Had I imagined her voice?

No. No, I couldn't have. I knew what I heard.

I took the stairs three at a time, my heart hammering so hard it hurt. Bedrooms. She had to be in one of the bedrooms.

“Sir, please!” the woman's voice followed me up. “You can't just—”

But I was already throwing open doors. Master bedroom—too pristine, too settled. Caleb's room—sparse, masculine, wrong.

Guest room.

I stopped in the doorway, my breath catching.

The bed was made with obsessive precision. A woman's cardigan draped over the chair—simple, practical, but the size looked right. On the dresser, a hairbrush with strands of dark hair caught in the bristles.

“Who's staying here?” I demanded, whirling to face Caleb, who'd followed me up.

“No one right now,” he said. “That's just... we keep it ready for guests.”

“Guests.” I moved to the closet, threw it open. A few items of clothing—women's clothing—hung neatly. “What kind of guests leave their clothes behind?”

“Those are old things my mom keeps around.” Caleb's mother appeared behind Caleb, breathless from the stairs. “For when my nieces visit. They're about that size, and they don't like packing—”

I grabbed one of the shirts, brought it to my face, inhaled deeply. Nothing. Just laundry detergent and cedar.

I checked under the bed. Behind the door. Opened every drawer, every cabinet, searching for something—anything—that proved she'd been here.

Nothing.

“Damien, Caleb's voice was gentle, pitying. “Man, she's not here.” Find the newest release on Find*Novel.net

I slumped against the dresser, my hands shaking. Had I been wrong? Was my desperate mind playing tricks on me?

“I heard her,” I whispered. “I heard a woman laughing. It sounded just like her.”

“The TV Caleb said again, softer now. “We were watching some comedy show. Maybe the actress sounded similar?”

“I can’t sleep.” My voice cracked, “Not until I find her. Not until I know she’s okay.”

The woman’s expression softened with sympathy. “I’m sorry you’re going through this. I truly am. But we can’t help you with something we know nothing about.”

“Please.” I didn’t care anymore that I was begging. “Please, if you know anything—if she’s contacted you, if you’ve seen her—just tell me. I just need to know she’s safe.”

“I’m sorry,” Caleb said, and he almost sounded like he meant it. “I wish I could help you. But I haven’t seen Sera since last time I left.”

“Fine.” I straightened up, wiping my face with the back of my hand. “Fine. Sorry about all of these.”

I moved past them, back down the stairs, each step feeling like I was walking away from my own heart. At the front door, I paused, turned back.

“If she contacts you,” I said, my voice steady despite the storm inside me. “Please tell her something for me.”

Caleb nodded. “What’s that?”

“Tell her I’m not giving up. Tell her I’ll search for her every day for the rest of my life if that’s what it takes. And tell her…” My voice broke. “Tell her Adrian and her baby girl needs her mother.”

“I’ll tell her,” he said quietly. “If I see her.”

I stepped out into the night, the cold air hitting my face like a slap. Behind me, I heard the door close—soft, final.

Ophelia was waiting by the car, her face tight with concern. “Well?”

“Nothing.” I leaned against the car, my legs suddenly too weak to hold me.

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The darkness pressed against me like a living thing.

I couldn't breathe. Couldn't think. My heart slammed against my ribs so hard I was sure they could hear it through the walls.

“Thump. Thump. Thump.”

Each beat screamed his name. “Damien. Damien. Damien.”

He was here. In this house. Looking for me.

I pressed my hands over my mouth to muffle the sound of my breathing. My whole body shook. Every muscle locked tight with terror and longing and guilt that threatened to tear me apart.

“SERA!”

His voice boomed through the house, raw and desperate and so achingly familiar it physically hurt. “SERA, I KNOW YOU'RE HERE!”

Oh God. Oh God, oh God, oh God.

My knees buckled. I slid down the wall of the tiny hiding space, my back scraping against rough wood. The darkness spun around me.

“I should go to him. I should run out there and-”

No. No, I couldn't. That's why I left. That's why I ran.

But hearing his voice after three weeks...

Footsteps pounded across the floor above me. Heavy. Frantic. The whole house seemed to shake with his fury.

“Your wife?” Margaret's voice filtered through. High-pitched. Alarmed. “Young man, there's no one here but family.”

“I'm sorry,” I wanted to scream. “I'm so sorry I'm putting you through this.”

More footsteps. Damien was moving through the house like a storm. I could track his path by the sound—kitchen, living room, now the stairs.

“He's going upstairs.”

My breath came in short, sharp gasps. The small space suddenly felt impossibly smaller. The walls closing in.

“What if he finds me? What if he doesn't?”

I didn't know which possibility terrified me more,

A door slammed open somewhere above. Then another. Then another.

"Who's staying here?" Damien's voice again, sharp as broken glass, I bit down on my fist to keep from making a sound. Tears streamed down my face, hot and endless.

The floor above my head creaked. He was directly overhead now. In the guest room where I'd been sleeping.

I could picture him standing there, taking in the space with those silver-blue eyes. Looking for any trace of me. Any proof that I'd been here.

"He's so close."

If I closed my eyes, I could almost see him. The way his jaw would be clenched. The tension in his shoulders. The desperate, wild look that meant his wolf was close to the surface.

"I heard her." His voice cracked, and something inside me shattered at the sound. "I heard a woman laughing. It sounded just like her."

"I'm here. I'm right here. I'm so sorry."

"The TV," Caleb said, his voice gentle. Patient. "We were watching some comedy show. Maybe the actress sounded similar?"

I pressed my forehead against my knees, my whole body curling in on itself. The guilt was crushing. Suffocating.

"What have I done? What am I doing to him?" Official source is findnovel.net

More creaking. More footsteps. He was moving around up there, searching every corner. Every shadow.

"Don't look here. Please don't look here."

But also: "Please look here. Please find me. Please make this decision for me because I can't--"

"I can't sleep." Damien's voice was barely a whisper now, but I heard it like he was right next to me. "Not until I find her. Not until I know she's okay."

A sob caught in my throat. I stuffed my fist harder against my mouth, my teeth cutting into skin.

"I'm sorry you're going through this," Margaret said, her voice thick with sympathy. "I truly am. But we can't help you with something we know nothing about."

The lie hung in the air. I could feel it, heavy and wrong.

More footsteps. Coming back down the stairs this time. Each step taking him further away from me.

“No. No, don’t go. Don’t leave me here.”

I started to move. Started to push myself up. Started to-

“Stop,” I froze, my hand on the wall, my whole body trembling with the effort of staying still.

“You left for a reason. Remember? You’re not good enough. You’re human now. Weak. Broken. He deserves better.”

But hearing him so close, hearing the pain in his voice...

“If she contacts you” Damien said, and I could hear him standing at the front door now. Right there. Right fucking there. “Please tell her something for me.”

“Tell me. Please. Tell me anything.”

“What’s that?” Caleb asked.

My heart stopped. Time stopped. Everything stopped.

“Tell her I’m not giving up.”

The words hit me like physical blows. Each one a knife to the chest.

“Tell her I’ll search for her every day for the rest of my life if that’s what it takes.”

“Don’t. Please don’t do this to me.”

“And tell her...” His voice broke completely. “Tell her Adrian and her baby girl needs her mother.”

I bit down on my hand so hard I tasted blood. The sob that wanted to tear out of me was trapped behind my teeth, behind my palm, behind three weeks of running and hiding and pretending I was doing the right thing.

“Adrian. Lily. Oh God, my babies.”

“I’ll tell her,” Caleb said quietly. “If I see her.”

The front door opened. Closed.

Silence.

I stayed frozen in the darkness, my body shaking so violently my teeth chattered. Tears poured down my face, soaking through my shirt, dripping onto my knees.

“He’s gone. He’s really gone.”

I should have felt relieved. Safe. Grateful that he hadn’t found me.

Instead, I felt like I was dying.

The house was so quiet now. No footsteps. No voices. Just the sound of my ragged breathing and the pounding of my traitorous heart.

“Damien.”

Minutes passed. Maybe hours. I couldn’t tell anymore. Time had lost all meaning in this suffocating darkness.

Then—a soft knock on the panel.

“Sera?” Caleb’s voice. Gentle, Careful. “He’s gone. You can come out now.”

I couldn’t move. My body had locked up completely, frozen in this small space like I’d been turned to stone.

“Sera?” Another knock. More urgent this time. “Come on. It’s safe now.”

The panel slid open, and light flooded in. I squinted against it, my eyes burning after so long in the dark,

Caleb crouched in the opening, his face tight with concern. Behind him, I could see Margaret hovering, wringing her hands.

“Hey,” he said softly. “It’s over. He’s gone.”

I tried to stand. Tried to move. But my legs wouldn’t work. They just… wouldn’t.

“I can’t—” My voice came out as a broken whisper. “I can’t move.”

“Okay. Okay, that’s okay.” Caleb reached in, his hands finding mine in the darkness. “Come on. Let me help you.”

He pulled gently, and I let him drag me out of the hiding spot. My legs gave out the moment I cleared the opening, and I collapsed onto the floor like a puppet with cut strings.

“Oh, honey.” Margaret was beside me instantly, her arms wrapping around my shoulders. “Oh, sweetheart.”

I couldn't hold it in anymore. The sob that had been trapped inside me for three weeks—for three hours—for three fucking minutes since Damien left—it tore out of me with a force that felt like it might rip me apart.

“I'm sorry.” The words tumbled out between sobs. “I'm so sorry. I'm so, so sorry.”

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The drive back felt like driving through concrete.

Every mile stretched into eternity. The road blurred in front of me, headlights from oncoming cars like distant stars in a universe that had stopped making sense.

Ophelia sat in the passenger seat, her silence heavy with all the things she wasn't saying. I could feel her looking at me every few minutes, checking to see if I was going to fall apart.

Maybe I already had.

“Damien,” she said finally, her voice careful. “We can keep looking. This doesn't mean—”

“It means exactly what it fucking means.” My hands tightened on the steering wheel until my knuckles went white. “She's gone. She's really gone.”

“You don't know that.”

“Don't I?” I laughed, but it came out broken. Wrong. “I was so sure, Ophelia. So goddamn sure I'd find her there. That I'd see her face and everything would be.”

My voice cracked. I couldn't finish.

“We'll keep searching,” Ophelia said firmly. “We'll check every town, every city, every:”

“No.” The word came out flat. “No more searching.”

She turned to stare at me. “What?”

“I can't do this anymore.” The admission tasted like poison.

“So you're just giving up?”

I'm accepting reality." Each word felt like pulling teeth. "She doesn't want to be found. And maybe... maybe that's for the best."

"You don't mean that." Latest content published on find**novel.net

I didn't answer. Couldn't answer. Because part of me did mean it, and that was the worst part.

The house was dark when I pulled into the driveway. After midnight. Everyone should be asleep.

But the moment I opened the front door, I heard it.

Crying.

Not Lily's infant wails. Something worse. Something that made my heart stop completely.

Adrian.

I took the stairs three at a time, following the sound to his room. The door was cracked open, soft light spilling into the hallway from his nightlight.

He was curled up in his bed, face buried in his pillow, his small body shaking with sobs that seemed too big for someone so little.

"Adrian?" I crossed the room in two strides, sitting on the edge of his bed. "Buddy, what's wrong?"

He turned to look at me, his face streaked with tears, his silver-blue eyes red and swollen. My eyes. Sera's nose. A perfect blend of both of us.

"You didn't find her." His voice was so small, so broken. "You didn't bring Mama home."

"I'm sorry, buddy." My voice cracked. "I tried. I really tried."

"But you promised!" The anger in his voice was new, raw. "You promised you'd bring her back!"

"I know—"

"You LIED!" He was screaming now, his little hands balled into fists. "You said you'd find her and bring her home and LIED!"

Each word was a dagger through my chest. Because he was right. I had promised. And I'd failed.

"Adrian, please—" I reached for him, but he scrambled back against the headboard.

“I want Mama! I want my mama!” Tears poured down his face. “Why doesn’t she want to come home? Why doesn’t she love us anymore?”

“She loves you.” The words came out fierce, desperate. “Adrian, listen to me. Your mother loves you more than anything in this world.

More than her own life.”

“Then why did she leave?” His voice broke completely. “If she loves us, why won’t she come back?”

I pulled him into my arms, holding him tight against my chest while he sobbed. His small body shook with the force of it, three weeks of confusion and pain pouring out all at once.

This was the first time he’d cried. For three weeks, he’d been so brave, so strong, asking his careful questions and accepting my careful lies.

How could I explain it when I didn’t understand it myself? How could I tell my son that his mother thought she wasn’t good enough?

That she’d convinced herself we were better off without her?

The rogues. They’d poisoned her. Tortured her. Killed her wolf.

What if she thought they’d come after our children next?

The thought hit me like lightning. Everything suddenly clicked into place.

Sera wasn’t weak. She’d never been weak. But she was terrified. Terrified that the monsters who’d hurt her would come for Adrian and Lily next.

That’s why she’d left. Not because she thought she wasn’t good enough:but because she thought she couldn’t protect them.

“Daddy?” Adrian’s voice pulled me back. “What’s wrong?”

“Nothing’s wrong.” I stood up, my whole body thrumming with new purpose. “Everything’s right. I understand now.”

“Understand what?”

“Why your mother left.” I kissed his forehead. “And how to bring her home.”

By the time Adrian finally fell asleep, exhausted from crying, my mind was made up.

The rogues. This all came back to the rogues.

They'd taken everything from Sera. Her wolf. Her confidence. Her sense of belonging. And now they'd taken her from us because she was too terrified to come home.

Well, fuck that.

I went downstairs to my office and pulled out the maps. Territory lines. Rogue activity reports. Intel from border patrols.

If Sera thought the rogues were a threat to our children if she was hiding because she couldn't protect them from those monster then I'd eliminate the threat. Completely.

I'd burn their camps to the ground. Hunt down every last one of them. Make our territory so safe, so secure, that Sera would have no choice but to come home.

Because that's what alphas did. We protected our mates. Our children. Our pack.

Even if it meant going to war.

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I couldn't eat.

For the third morning in a row, I sat at the breakfast table staring at Margaret's perfectly fluffy pancakes while my stomach churned with something that had nothing to do with hunger.

"Honey?" Margaret's voice sounded distant, like she was calling to me from underwater. "You need to eat something. You're getting too thin."

I picked up my fork. Put it down. Picked it up again.

Damien's voice echoed in my head for the thousandth time. The same words I'd heard through the walls three days ago. The same broken tone that made my chest feel like it was being crushed.

"I'm not hungry," I whispered.

Margaret exchanged one of those looks with Robert. "You need your strength," Robert said gently. "Even just a few bites?"

I managed to force down a piece of pancake. It tasted like sawdust.

Caleb appeared in the doorway, hair damp from his morning shower, work clothes already on. His eyes went straight to my untouched plate, then to my face.

Something flickered in his expression. Concern. Understanding. Maybe pity.

“Morning,” he said, his voice carefully casual.

“Morning”

The word came out flat. Empty. Like everything else these days.

He poured himself coffee and settled across from me, watching me with those kind eyes that saw too much.

“Sleep okay?” he asked.

“Fine”

Another lie. I hadn’t slept properly since that night. Every time I closed my eyes, I heard Damien’s voice. Felt his presence so close I could almost touch him.

I pushed back from the table, my chair scraping against the floor. “I should get ready for work.”

“Sera, wait-”

But I was already moving, escaping to the bathroom where I could lock the door and lean against it and try to remember how to breathe.

The face in the mirror looked like a stranger. Dark circles under my eyes. Checks hollow from not eating. Hair pulled back in a messy braid because I couldn’t be bothered to do anything else with it.

I looked like hell.

I looked like someone who’d made the biggest mistake of her life and couldn’t figure out how to fix it.

Work was a blur.

I answered phones. Scheduled appointments. Smiled at customers until my face hurt.

Caleb kept checking on me. Little glances when he thought I wasn’t looking. That concerned expression that made me want to scream.

“Mrs. Patterson’s here for her car,” I called out around noon.

“Got it!” His voice came from under a truck hood. “Keys are on the board!”

I handed them over with my practiced smile. “All set, Mrs. Patterson. Oil change is done, and Caleb checked your brakes. Everything looks good.”

“Thank you, dear.” She studied my face with those sharp grandmother eyes. “Are you feeling alright? You look a bit under the weather.”

“Just tired,” I lied.

“Well, make sure you rest. And eat something! You’re too thin.”

After she left, I slumped in the desk chair and stared at nothing. The phone rang. I answered it mechanically.

“Morrison’s Auto Repair.”

“Hi, is this Sarah?”

“Yes.”

“Great! I’m calling about my truck. Can I schedule an oil change?”

I pulled up the calendar, my eyes scanning dates without really seeing them.

“Hello? Are you still there?”

“Sorry. Yes. How about Thursday at two?”

I hung up and pressed my palms against my eyes. The tears wouldn’t come anymore. I’d cried myself dry over the past three days.

That evening, I was helping Margaret with dinner when Caleb came in looking distracted.

“Everything okay?” Margaret asked, stirring the pot of stew.

“Yeah. Just thinking.” He grabbed a beer from the fridge. “I need to make a supply run to the city tomorrow. Stock up on parts.”

My heart jumped. “The city?”

“Yeah. Auto Supply. They’ve got a sale on brake pads and I need to restock.”

The city. Near Adrian’s school.

The thought hit me like lightning. Before I could stop myself, words were tumbling out.

“Can I come with you?”

Caleb froze, beer halfway to his mouth. Margaret's spoon stopped mid-stir. Even Robert looked up from his newspaper.

"What?" Caleb asked carefully.

"To the city. Can I come?" My heart was racing now. "I just... I need to get out. See something different. I'm going crazy staying here."

"Sera..." Caleb's voice carried a warning. "You know that's not a good idea."

"Why not?"

"Because." He set the beer down, his expression serious. "Someone might recognize you."

"No one will recognize me. I'll wear a hat. Keep my head down."

"Sera-

"Please." The desperation in my voice surprised even me. "I just want to feel normal for a little while. Go somewhere that's not here. I promise I'll be careful."

Caleb studied my face, and I could see him trying to read between the lines. Trying to figure out what I really wanted.

"There's more to this," he said quietly. "Isn't there?"

My throat tightened. I looked down at my hands.

"I just want to see him," I whispered. "Just once. Just for a minute."

"Him?"

"Adrian. My son. The words cracked as they came out. "His school isn't far from the auto supply place. I could just... I could see him from a distance. He'd never know I was there."

Margaret made a soft sound of sympathy. Robert folded his newspaper.

"Sera, Caleb said gently. "That's a really bad idea."

"I know," Latest content published on Find-Novel.net

"If his father is looking for you-

"I'll be careful. I'll stay hidden. I just..." My voice broke completely. "I just need to see that he's okay. Please, Caleb. Please."

Caleb ran his hand through his hair, clearly torn.

“What if someone recognizes you?” he asked, “What if word gets back to=”

“It won’t. I’ll wear a hat and sunglasses. Stay in the car if you want. I just need to see him. Even from far away. Even just for a second.”

“This could blow everything,” Caleb warned. “All the hiding, all the careful planning. One person sees you, and it’s over.”

“I know.” I did know. But I couldn’t stop myself. “I know it’s stupid. I know it’s dangerous. But I can’t... I can’t do this anymore. I can’t not know if he’s okay.”

Caleb looked at Margaret. At Robert. Back at me.

“You’re sure about this?”

“Yes.”

“And you understand that if anything goes wrong-”

“I understand.”

He was quiet for a long moment. Then he sighed, long and heavy.

“Okay” he said finally. “Okay. You can come.”

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Every mile brought me closer to Adrian. Every mile made my heart beat faster until I thought it might explode out of my chest.

“You okay?” Caleb glanced over at me from the driver’s seat.

“Fine.” My hands were clenched so tight in my lap my knuckles had gone white.

“Sera.”

“I’m fine.”

He didn’t push. Just kept driving while I tried to remember how to breathe.

The baseball cap pulled low over my face felt suffocating. The sunglasses made everything look darker, more distant. But I needed them.

Needed the disguise. Needed to stay invisible.

“We’re about ten minutes away,” Caleb said quietly. “You sure about this?”

“Yes.”

“Because we can still turn around. Go straight to the auto supply store. No one would blame ”

“I need to see him.” My voice came out strangled. “Please, Caleb. I need to see my son.”

He nodded, his jaw tight. “Okay. But we do this my way. We park a block away. You stay hidden. And the second it feels dangerous.

“We leave. I know.”

The elementary school came into view. Red brick. Green playground. Cheerful painted murals on the walls.

My throat closed up completely.

“Park there,” I pointed to a spot across the street, partially hidden by a large oak tree. “I can see the front entrance from there. UPDATE FROM Find★Novel.net

Caleb pulled into the spot and killed the engine. For a moment, we just sat there in silence.

“What time does he get out?” he asked.

I checked my phone with shaking hands. “Three–fifteen. Five minutes.”

Five minutes until I saw my baby.

Five minutes of sitting here trying not to fall apart.

“Sera.” Caleb’s hand found mine. “Whatever happens, whatever you see... you can’t go to him. You understand that, right?”

“I know.”

“I mean it. Even if he’s crying. Even if he looks upset. You can’t go to him.”

“I know!” The words came out sharper than I intended. “I’m sorry. I just... I know. I understand.”

He squeezed my hand once, then released it. “Okay.”

The school bell rang.

My entire body went rigid. This was it. This was really happening.

The front doors burst open, and children poured out like a flood. Tiny bodies in backpacks. High-pitched voices calling goodbye to friends. Parents waiting at the gates with smiles and open arms.

I scanned every face. Every small head. Every little boy in the crowd.

Where was he?

There.

My breath stopped. Actually stopped.

Adrian.

He walked out of the school building with his backpack bouncing against his shoulders, his dark hair catching the afternoon sun. He looked so much taller than I remembered. When did he get so tall?

He was talking to another boy, gesturing with his hands about something. Even from here, I could see his expression was animated.

Happy.

He looked okay.

He looked fine without me.

The thought hit me like a knife to the chest. All this time, I’d been convincing myself that Adrian needed me. That he was suffering without his mother.

But he looked... normal. Healthy. Like a regular kid having a regular day.

“Oh God,” I whispered, my hand pressed against my mouth.

“Sera?”

I couldn’t answer. Couldn’t speak. The tears were already falling, hot and fast and completely unstoppable.

Adrian said goodbye to his friend and headed toward the front gate. The nanny was there, just like always. The same woman who'd been helping with the kids since Lily was born.

She waved at Adrian. He waved back, breaking into a run.

The nanny said something that made Adrian laugh. That beautiful, bright laugh that used to be my favorite sound in the world. He took her hand, and they started walking toward the parking lot.

"He's fine," I choked out. "He's completely fine without me."

"Sera"

"No, look at him!" I gestured wildly at my son. "He's laughing. He's happy. He doesn't need me at all."

"That's not true."

"Isn't it?" I swiped at my face with the back of my hand. "I thought... I thought he'd be falling apart. That he'd need me so badly. But he's just... he's just living his life. Like I never existed."

Caleb was quiet for a moment. Then he said gently, "Kids are resilient. That doesn't mean he's not hurting."

I watched Adrian skip alongside the nanny, chattering about something. His whole face was lit up with whatever story he was telling.

My beautiful boy. My baby.

I pressed my hand harder against my mouth, trying to muffle the sobs that wanted to tear out of me. My whole body shook with the effort of staying silent. Of staying hidden.

"I miss him so much," I gasped between sobs. "God, Caleb, I miss him so much it physically hurts."

"I know."

"I want to hold him. I want to tell him I'm sorry. I want to"

"You can't." His voice was firm but kind. "You know you can't."

I did know. That's what made it unbearable.

Adrian and the nanny reached their car. She opened the door for him, and he climbed into his booster seat. Still talking. Still animated.

My hands were shaking so badly I had to clasp them together to keep them still. Every fiber of my being screamed at me to get out of this car. To run across that street. To grab my son and never let him go.

But I couldn't.

"They're leaving," Caleb said quietly.

I watched the nanny's car pull out of the parking spot. Watched it drive down the street. Watched it carry my son further and further away from me.

Adrian's face appeared in the window for a brief moment. He was looking at something outside, his expression curious.

Then the car turned a corner, and he was gone.

"We should go," Caleb said.

I couldn't move. Couldn't breathe. Couldn't do anything except stare at the empty space where Adrian had been.

"Sera, we need to—"

"Wait." My whole body went rigid. "Wait, they stopped."

The car had indeed stopped at the corner, barely visible through the trees. The door opened, and Adrian got out.

What was he doing?

The nanny got out too, looking confused. She said something to Adrian, but he wasn't listening. He was standing on the sidewalk, his head tilted slightly, his small body absolutely still.

My heart started racing. Something was wrong.

Adrian turned.

His silver-blue eyes scanned the street with an intensity that didn't belong on a five-year-old's face. He was looking for something.

Someone.

"Oh no," Caleb breathed. "Sera, get down. Get down now."

But I couldn't move. I was frozen, watching my son's face as he searched.

He took a step forward. Then another.

The nanny called to him, but he held up one hand. Wait.

He was sniffing the air. Actually sniffing, like a wolf tracking a scent.

“Sera, I’m serious. Duck down. If he see—”

Then, so quietly I almost didn’t hear it through the closed car window, Adrian spoke.

“I think my mama’s around here somewhere.”

Brother’s Best Friends Are My Mates

“I think my mama’s around here somewhere.”

The words hit me like lightning.

My heart stopped. The blood in my veins turned to ice.

Adrian stood there on the sidewalk, his small body tense with concentration, his silver–blue eyes scanning the street with an intensity that made my soul scream.

“Oh God,” I whispered, my hands flying to cover my mouth. “Oh God, oh God, oh God.”

“Sera, get down!” Caleb’s voice was sharp, urgent. “Get down right now!”

But I couldn’t move. Couldn’t breathe. Couldn’t do anything except stare at my five–year–old son as he searched for me with senses I’d forgotten he possessed.

“Sera!” Caleb grabbed my shoulder, pushing me down toward the floor. “Duck! Now!”

I collapsed forward, my forehead hitting my knees, my whole body shaking like I was having a seizure. Through the car window, I could still hear the nanny calling to Adrian.

“Adrian, honey, what are you doing? We need to go home.”

“We’re leaving,” Caleb said grimly, starting the engine. “Right now.”

Through the rear window, I watched Adrian take another step forward, his head tilted, his whole body focused on something he couldn’t quite identify. The nanny was beside him now, her hand on his shoulder, trying to guide him back to the car.

“Adrian, sweetie, there’s no one here,” she said gently.

Then we turned the corner, and I lost sight of him.

I collapsed back into my seat, my whole body convulsing with sobs I couldn’t control. My chest felt like it was being crushed, like someone was squeezing all the air out of my lungs.

“He knew,” I gasped between sobs. “Caleb, he knew I was there.” Original content can be found at find***novel.net

“Alpha blood,” Caleb said tightly, his knuckles white on the steering wheel. “He’s got enhanced senses.”

“What if he tells Damien?” Panic clawed at my throat. “What if he goes home and says-”

“What’s he going to say? That he thought he smelled his mother near his school?” Caleb’s voice was steady, trying to calm me down.

“Kids say stuff like that all the time. Damien might not even take it seriously.”

But I knew better. Damien would take it seriously. Damien would tear apart every building in a five-mile radius if Adrian told him I’d been there.

“I can’t do this,” I whispered, pressing my hands against my face. “I can’t keep hiding. I can’t keep running. And I can’t...”

I couldn’t finish the sentence. Couldn’t say out loud what I was thinking.

I couldn’t stay here. Not anymore.

The drive back to the Morrison house passed in a blur of tears and silence. Caleb kept glancing at me, his face tight with worry, but he didn’t try to talk. Probably figured I was too far gone for conversation.

He was right.

By the time we pulled into the familiar gravel driveway, I’d cried myself empty. My eyes burned. My throat was raw. My whole body felt like I’d been hit by a truck.

Margaret appeared on the front porch before we’d even gotten out of the car, her face creased with concern. She took one look at me and immediately opened her arms.

“Oh, honey,” she murmured, pulling me against her soft warmth. “What happened? You look like you’ve seen a ghost.”

“I saw my son,” I whispered into her shoulder. “And he knew. He knew I was there.”

Margaret's arms tightened around me. Over my head, I heard her and Caleb exchange words in low voices, but I couldn't focus on what they were saying. All I could think about was Adrian's face. The way he'd stood there, so sure, so certain that his mother was nearby.

"Come inside," Margaret said gently, guiding me toward the house. "Let me make you some tea."

I let her lead me to the kitchen, let her settle me at the table, let her fuss with the kettle and tea bags because it seemed to make her feel better. But I wasn't really there. I was still standing on that street corner, watching my son search for me.

"Here, drink this," Margaret pressed a warm mug into my hands. "It'll help with the shock."

I took a sip. It tasted like nothing.

"Talk to me, sweetheart," Margaret said, settling into the chair beside me. "Tell me what happened."

So I did. I told her about seeing Adrian come out of school. About how happy and normal he'd looked. About the moment he'd stopped and started searching for me with senses that should have been impossible for a child.

"I can't stay here," I said quietly.

The words hung in the air like a death sentence.

Margaret's face went very still. "What do you mean?"

"I mean I can't stay here anymore." I looked up at her, saw my own pain reflected in her kind eyes. "As long as I'm anywhere near them, I'm going to want to see them. And if I see them..."

I pulled my hands free, wrapping them around the warm mug. "I need to go somewhere they'll never look. Somewhere completely different."

"Where?" Caleb's voice came from the doorway. He'd been listening, probably for several minutes.

I turned to face him. "The human world. A big city. Somewhere I can disappear completely."

The kitchen went dead silent. Margaret's face crumpled with distress. Robert appeared behind Caleb, his expression grim.

"Sera," Caleb said carefully, moving closer. "You don't mean that."

“I do mean it.” My voice was steady now, resolved. “I’ve been kidding myself, thinking I could hide here and still somehow be close to them. But today proved that’s impossible. I won’t put you all at risk anymore. I won’t put them at risk anymore.”

“This is your home,” Margaret protested, tears starting to fall. “We’re your family now.”

“And I love you for that.” My voice cracked. “I love all of you so much. But I can’t... I can’t do this anymore.”

Caleb stepped forward. “Where will you go?”

I looked around the kitchen that had become so familiar, at these people who’d given me everything without asking for anything in return. “I can get a job in an office. Rent a small apartment. Start over completely.”

I walked to the window, staring out at the setting sun. “I’ll leave tomorrow morning. Early, before you’re all awake. I don’t want to drag this out.”

Behind me, I heard Margaret start to cry. Soft, heartbroken sounds that made my chest ache.

“We won’t try to stop you,” Caleb said finally. “If this is really what you want.”

“It’s not what I want,” I admitted. “It’s what needs to happen.”

“Then we’ll help you,” Robert said firmly. “We’ll drive you to the bus station. Make sure you get to wherever you’re going safely.”

I turned around, looking at these three people who’d saved me when I had nowhere else to go. “Thank you,” I whispered. “For everything. For giving me a place to heal. For treating me like family.”

“You are family,” Margaret said through her tears. “You’ll always be family. And if you ever change your mind, if you ever want to come home...”

“This door will always be open,” Robert finished.

Brother’s Best Friends Are My Mates

I arrived at Felix’s room to find the door half-open and the room in chaos.

Moore–Suzanna’s son–was stomping gleefully on something, looking proud of himself.

Felix, still in his pajamas, was sitting on the floor, pale and visibly panicked, his eyes filled with fear and humiliation.

One hand was covering his face. The other was reaching out, trying desperately to grab the prosthetic eye Moore was stepping on—but no matter how hard he tried, he couldn't reach it.

“Don't step on it! That's my eye!”

His voice shook as tears streamed down his cheeks, his throat hoarse from crying.

“Mama... he's stomping on my eye...”

His cries were helpless, fragile—and hearing them felt like someone was crushing my heart in their fist.

It hurt.

It hurt so much.

I rushed to him without thinking, pulling him into my arms protectively.

Moore, startled, slipped and fell to the floor, immediately bursting into loud wails.

“Mommy! Help! The mean lady hit me!”

He rolled on the floor, clutching his knee, crying so loudly it echoed through the entire hallway.

Before I could react to him, I heard the sharp click of high heels approaching fast.

Suzanna burst through the doorway, her face twisting when she saw Moore crying on the floor.

She stormed toward me, her gaze burning with fury.

“You dare lay a hand on my son?” she hissed, raising her hand as if to strike me.

But midway through the motion, she seemed to remember something. Her hand paused midair.

Then—her lips curled into a smile. Cold. Dangerous.

And deeply, disturbingly satisfied.

“Luna Summer,” she said, her voice sweet as poison.

“Do you think Moore's new eye looks good?”

The malice in her eyes hit me like a punch to the chest.

And in that moment, I realized this might be the opening, I needed.

I pushed down the rage boiling inside me and slowly slipped my hand into my pocket, discreetly tapping the voice recording button on my phone.

“The doctor said Moore’s eye had issues,” she began, casually.

“They thought he might lose his vision. As soon as Alpha Foster found out, he started searching nationwide for a compatible donor.”

She laughed lightly, full of pride.

“Who would’ve thought this new eye would work so well? No rejection, no complications. It’s even healthier than the one he had before.”

She paused, then looked at me with false innocence.

“Who do you think it came from? I really should thank that little ‘donor.’”

Felix’s crying suddenly stopped.

He buried his face deeper into my chest, his small body trembling violently.

Suzanna clearly noticed the shift. Amused, she leaned closer to Felix, her voice low and venomous, like a snake whispering in the dark:

“There were plenty of matches available, you know? But your daddy—he wanted to be extra sure the transplant would be a success. So, he handpicked a donor. A five-year-old boy. The doctors said it was the safest option.”

She straightened and gave me a meaningful smile.

“Luna Summer, look at that. Your son Felix’s eye is now in my son Moore’s socket. Isn’t it beautiful?”

I couldn’t hold it in any longer.

I raised my hand and slapped her.

Hard.

“Smack!”

She didn’t even have time to dodge. The blow sent her stumbling backward, her hand flying to her cheek.

“Luna Summer, are you insane?!” she shrieked.

But then—she laughed.

A sick kind of satisfaction spread across her face. She gritted her teeth and hissed:

“Did Alpha Foster tell you that the scar on your waist was from an accident? Don’t be stupid. That was from the surgery—when they took your kidney.”

“Your son’s eye. Your kidney. Those were Alpha Foster’s gifts to me!”

“You and Felix were nothing but a carefully prepared organ bank for us!”

Her face lit up with twisted glee, thinking I’d break down, scream, or fall apart.

But what she didn’t know-

Was that I wanted to laugh.

Because I got it.

Every word had been recorded.

This was it.

This was the evidence I needed to win custody of Felix in court.

I just had to wait for the lawyer-

My thoughts were abruptly cut off as Felix suddenly broke free from my arms.

He ran up to her, choking on tears, his little hands balled into fists.

“You’re a bad person! You can’t say that! Don’t hurt my mommy!”

Suzanna, clearly enraged, reached out and grabbed his ear, twisting it hard as she snarled:

“Stupid little cripple!”

I lunged forward and shoved her away, my hand already swinging back to slap her again-

But before I could deliver the blow-

“Smack!”

A sharp, deafening slap landed on my face instead.

I staggered back, my cheek burning.

Stunned, I turned to see Foster standing between us, staring down at his own hand in disbelief—as if he couldn't believe what he'd just done.

“Summer, I... I didn't mean to. I didn't—”

His eyes were red, his voice shaking as he reached out for me, panic written all over the face that was usually so cold.

“Does it hurt? I swear I didn't mean-”

“Alpha Foster!”

Suzanna tugged on his arm, tears streaming freely now.

“I was so scared...”

She buried herself in his chest.

Moore clung to his leg, big amber eyes brimming with tears.

“Daddy, they hurt me and Mommy.”

And just like that—his expression changed.

The concern in his eyes vanished, like the tide pulling back.

What remained was disappointment. Deep. Unforgiving.

“Summer, haven't I given you enough?”

“Why do you always have to make things so hard for Suzanna?”

“You need to calm down. I'm taking Suzanna and Moore to stay somewhere else.”

With that, he wrapped one arm around Suzanna and took Moore's hand with the other.

He turned to leave. Content originally comes from FindNovel.net

Felix watched him go, and—without thinking—called out:

“Daddy!”

His voice was soft. Fragile.

Like it took everything he had to say it.

Foster paused for a second.

But he didn't turn around.

When the door closed behind them, I saw the light go out in Felix's eyes.

He didn't cry. He didn't scream.

I crouched down and pulled him into my arms, holding him so tightly it hurt.

But he didn't shed a single tear.

He just pouted slightly, leaned against my cheek, and blew a tiny breath of air.

"Mommy, does it hurt?"

He pointed at my face, then at my arm.

"And here... does this part hurt too?"

He looked up at me, his eyes glistening with tears he refused to let fall.

I thought I was strong.

I thought I was composed.

But the moment he whispered those words, all my defenses crumbled.

"Felix..." My voice broke. "It hurts. It really, really hurts."

He gently patted my back—comforting me, like the grown-up in the room.

Just then, my phone buzzed.

It was a message from Suzanna.

A photo.

Explicit and vulgar—she and Foster, naked, tangled together, eyes locked, limbs entwined.

It wasn't just a provocation.

It was humiliation.

She didn't even bother with a caption—just sent a red lips emoji.

I swallowed the bile rising in my throat.

Saved the photo.

And forwarded it straight to my lawyer.

The evidence I needed was in hand.

Now I could take Felix and leave—whenever I wanted.

Brother's Best Friends Are My Mates

It was the last day of the countdown.

I helped Felix get dressed, then knelt to pack his favorite toys carefully into a small suitcase.

Once everything was ready, we grabbed a cab and headed toward the airport.

We hadn't gotten far from the Alpha House before we were stopped by Beta Sean.

“Luna, where are you going?”

“Taking Felix on a trip. He needs a change of scenery.”

Sean frowned. “But the Alpha said—”

“Are you going to stop me?” I looked up at him calmly. “I already spoke to your Alpha. He knows.”

I wasn't the least bit afraid of being caught in a lie –

Even if Sean called Foster right now, Suzanna would intercept the call in an instant, or answer on his behalf.

There's no way she'd let me steal Foster's attention right now.

Sean hesitated for a few seconds, then finally stepped aside.

“Have a safe trip, Luna.”

I nodded, took Felix's hand, and walked toward the curb to call another cab.

The sky was overcast, and the wind carried a bite of chill.

But for the first time in a long while, I felt like I could breathe freely.

As we drove, Alpha Foster attempted to reach me through the mindlink.

I blocked him without hesitation.

I wouldn't give him another chance to shake my resolve.

A string of texts followed:

[Summer, what happened last night was my fault. I lost my temper.]

[I've already apologized to Suzanna for you. From now on, maybe it's best if you and Felix avoid them when possible.]

Then, two photos of elegantly wrapped gift boxes:

[Got you and Felix something. I'll be home soon.)

Felix leaned over and glanced at the screen.

His expression was so cold, it didn't belong on a five-year-old.

"Mommy, let's go."

I nodded and powered off my phone.

We were walking into the airport terminal, preparing to check our bags when I heard a voice behind me—calm, amused, and unmistakably familiar.

"...Summer Winters?"

I turned instinctively.

Through the crowd, a man stood by the terminal windows, leaning casually against the glass, his posture relaxed yet composed. The light streamed behind him, outlining his tall, athletic frame.

His black hair was slightly tousled, with a few strands falling over his forehead. But his face-

Sharper than I remembered. More defined. More mature.

He'd gotten taller. His shoulders were broader. His features had grown more angular and striking—high cheekbones, a strong nose, and a cool, thin-lipped mouth. A short, neatly trimmed beard framed his jawline, adding a rugged edge to his already commanding presence.

He wore a fitted dark gray suit, and even though the cut was formal, it couldn't hide the fact that his body underneath was all muscle and strength. His shirt was buttoned to the top, his posture straight, and his waistline sharply tailored. His long legs added to the sense of power and control that radiated off him.

He didn't have to speak—his presence alone drew glances from everyone passing by.

He stood there like the center of gravity in the entire airport.

Alpha Alexander—current Alpha of the Blackwood Pack, the most powerful wolf pack in North America.

And once... my closest friend.

“Business. Negotiations with the Red Maple Pack nearby.”

I didn't doubt it. He'd always been the youngest, most ambitious Alpha in North America. A diplomatic meeting like that was entirely in character.

Still... I never imagined we'd see each other again.

Not after the way we ended, six years ago.

We met when we were young. Every summer, I was sent to my grandmother's house for vacation, which happened to be near the Blackwood territory. I ended up spending a lot of time there, and gradually, Alexander and I grew close.

He brought me through the forests, ran with me across the entire territory. Those long summer afternoons and misty mountain mornings became some of my happiest memories.

Later, we ended up at the same high school. Naturally, we grew even closer,

Back then, I didn't understand what love was. But I knew—I was special to him.

If I hadn't met Alpha Foster, I think... I would've bonded with Alexander.

Now, standing here again, I couldn't even find a proper sentence to say.

Silence stretched between us—until he finally broke it.

His gaze dropped to the small hand I was holding. His eyes darkened slightly. Chapters first released on [find-novel-net](#)

“Is that your son?” I nodded.

He didn't ask any further. He simply said,

“You’ve changed a lot these years.”

I gave a small smile. “You too... you’ve changed a lot.”

“Oh?” He raised an eyebrow, half amused.

“You mean... I got better-looking?”

“...You were already pretty handsome before,” I mumbled awkwardly.

He gave a low laugh but didn’t tease me further.

Instead, his expression shifted. He looked at Felix’s left eye, brows furrowing slightly.

After a pause, he said-

“I might know someone who can help him.”

Chapter 160

I looked up sharply, stunned.

“What did you say?”

“I can guess what happened to Felix.” His tone was steady, serious.

“You’ve probably heard-Blackwood’s medical division has been working on some advanced regenerative research. One of the programs focuses on organ reconstruction. It’s not 100%, but... there’s a chance.”

My heart stopped-then started racing.

“You mean... Felix might be able to see again?”

Alpha Alexander nodded.

“But only if you bring him to us. He’ll need to be assessed and treated.”

I didn’t even hesitate.

“Yes.”

Even the smallest chance-I would take it.

Because he's Felix.

The child I risked everything to protect.

I looked down at him.

He must have understood something, because he looked up at me, eyes wide.

"Mommy... does this mean I really might see the whole world again?"

I knelt in front of him and pulled him into my arms.

"Yes, baby. As long as you're willing to try, Mommy will take you there."

He nodded softly, his little arms wrapping around me in return.

"I want to try," he said, his voice gentle-but firm.

Ch. Secure 10 Secure 10

The private jet cabin was quiet and spacious.

Felix sat comfortably in the soft leather seat, his little head turning left and right, eyes sparkling with excitement and curiosity.

"Mommy, this seat can give massages-and there's even a little light!"

He lowered his voice and leaned in close to my ear, whispering like it was a secret, "This plane is way nicer than the ones we used to take."

I smiled and gently patted his head. "That's because this is Blackwood Pack's private aircraft. Of course it's comfortable."

He nodded, eyes shining. "So cool!"

He glanced secretly at Alexander, who was seated not far from us, then whispered again,

"Mom... is that man the Alpha of the Blackwood Pack? He's really nice to us. Nicer than Daddy." Content originally comes from findnovel.net

I followed his gaze.

Alexander sat a few seats away, flipping through a stack of contract papers. His expression was calm, focused. His presence steady and grounded.

I paused for a moment, then answered softly,

“He was Mommy’s best friend when I was little.”

Felix gave a quiet “Oh,” clearly satisfied with that answer.

He shifted in my lap, resting his head gently on my shoulder.

“Mommy, I’m kinda tired.”

I rubbed his back lightly and whispered,

“Then take a nap, sweetheart. We still have a bit of flying ahead.”

He slowly closed his eyes in my arms.

And as I looked out at the sea of clouds rushing past the window, for the first time in what felt like forever, a sense of peace settled into my heart.

Foster’s POV

I hadn’t slept all night.

By the time I got home, the sky was just beginning to lighten.

“Summer? Felix? I’m home.”

The villa echoed with silence.

A creeping sense of dread began to rise in my chest.

I tried to reach her through the mindlink—but it was blocked.

My throat tightened. A terrible thought started forming in my mind.

I pulled out my phone to call her, but before I could dial, a call came in from the hospital.

“Alpha Foster—bad news. Luna has discovered the truth. The legal notice just arrived at the hospital…”

I hung up immediately and dialed Summer's number.

Two rings. Then the automated voice message:

"The number you're calling has been turned off."

I opened our chat and typed:

[Summer, where are you?]

[I know this is hard to accept, but can we talk?]

[I'm sorry. I was wrong. Tell me where you are—I'll come get you.]

Every second of waiting felt like torture.

She used to reply within ten seconds.

Now... it was like she had vanished.

I could still feel the sting of yesterday's slap on my palm.

I could still see the hatred and despair in her eyes.

I should've known then-

I had truly broken her heart.

I rushed upstairs, taking three steps at a time, and threw open the master bedroom door.

"Summer..."

The room was empty.

I opened the closet with trembling hands.

Her side was already cleaned out.

She was gone.

She had taken everything—including Felix's things.

As I turned around, something underfoot caught and jolted me.

I looked down.

A diamond ring lay quietly on the floor, its shine piercing my eyes like a blade.

It was the one I bought for our third anniversary, in Zurich.

I had told her,

“My love for you is like this diamond—forever brilliant.”

How ironic. The diamond still sparkled.

But my heart—and our marriage—had turned to dust.

I bent down to pick it up, but before I could, I heard the sound of heels behind me.

Suzanna had entered without me noticing.

She stepped forward, picked up the ring with practiced ease, and slipped it onto her finger.

She smiled. “It’s beautiful, Alpha Foster. Don’t you think?”

I stared at the ring—her fingers—my chest tightening.

“Take it off,” I said, my voice hoarse and cold.

She froze, smile faltering.

She tried to speak, but no words came out.

“I said, take it off.”

This time, I used my Alpha tone.

She paled, lowered her eyes, and slowly twisted the ring off.

She passed it back to me, and I clenched it in my fist.

The cold metal bit into my skin, a sharp reminder that all of this... was real.