

Claimed by the Alpha's Love - Love Demands Real Courage Author: Michael Anderson 111

Chapter 111

Tori's POV:

成完14%售

My heart plummeted at his words, the fleeting sense of safety I'd found in his embrace crumbling to dust.

I'd kept secrets, hidden my past, and run away without explanation.

Of course, he was furious-what had I expected?

Lucas's arms slowly unwound from around me, leaving me suddenly cold despite the warmth of the living room. His intense silver-blue eyes fixed on mine with an unwavering gaze.

"You always do this," he said, his voice carrying the unmistakable weight of Alpha authority, yet somehow gentle. "When things get difficult, when we reach a point where real trust is required, you choose to run."

I dropped my gaze to the floor, unable to meet his eyes. The accusation sting because it was true.

"The bond between mates requires complete trust, Tori," he continued, his hand lifting to tilt my chin up, forcing me to look at him. "You leaving without a word, hiding things from me... it makes me feel like you're keeping me on the outside of walls I can't break through."

I finally met his eyes, my vision blurring with unshed tears. "I don't want to be apart from you... Lucas"

"Then don't be apart," Lucas said firmly, pulling me back into his embrace with one swift motion.

As I fell against his chest, I froze for a moment before the tears finally spilled over. "But I've got blood on my hands. I was in Silver Fang for

four years..."

"That doesn't matter, Lucas replied without hesitation, one arm securing the around my shoulder blades, the other cradling the back of my

head.

'I dated Ethan before,' I confessed, my voice muffled against his chest.

"That doesn't matter either."

I wrapped my arms tightly around his strong waist, burying my face against him, breathing in his unique scent-pine and winter frost. Years of pent-up hurt and injustice suddenly rushed to the surface now that I finally felt safe enough to let go.

'I never played two sides,' I whispered urgently. I never contacted Noah privately, not have I ever thought about seducing him. I never-

"I know," Lucas said, cupping my face in his hands, his thumbs gently wiping away my tears.

Through my blurred vision, his expression remained serious, with that characteristic calm steadiness.

His eyes were deep and unreadable, but his touch was gentle. I could feel compassion washing over me, and I looked at him intently. 'Do you believe me?'

"I believe you," Lucas answered without hesitation.

His immediate trust hit me like a wave, washing away years of disbelief and accusations.

1/3

17:54 Wed, Feb 11 G D G

Chapter 111

"Thank you for believing me, I whispered, my voice breaking slightly.

The simple act of being trusted, of being believed without question, felt like the most precious gift.

14% 1

"I was always afraid to tell you. I feared you'd look down on me like everyone else. After Ethan told me that you once said the Grayson family could never accept an Omega who had been in Silver Fang as a mate..."

Lucas wiped at my endless tears before drawing me back against his chest

His voice was firm and resolute: "If I had known that person was you, I would never have said those things."

Listening to his strong, steady heartbeat, my tears flowed even more freely. "So you don't hate me, right?" I asked, needing to hear it directly.

"No," he answered without a moment's hesitation. "If anything, I'm proud of you for having the strength to survive."

I stared at him, disbelieving. "Proud?"

"You've been through so much," he said softly, his hand gently stroking my hair. "These past four years must have been incredibly difficult for you. Alone, rejected, carrying a burden no one should have to bear."

I looked up at him, stunned by his reaction. Never in my wildest dreams had I imagined he would respond this way—with compassion instead of judgment, with pride instead of disgust.

The relief was so overwhelming it made me lightheaded.

"If it led me to you," I whispered, a small, tremulous smile forming on my lips, "then it wasn't so difficult after all."

His eyes softened at my words, and I could feel something shift between us.

The sound of the front door opening shattered our moment.

Keys jingled, followed by the rustle of shopping bags.

"Tori? I'm back with dinner ingredients, Janet called from the entryway.

I quickly pulled away from Lucas, wiping hastily at my tear-stained cheeks. The last thing I wanted was to worry Janet or have to explain my

emotional state.

"Coming!" I called back, my voice still slightly hoarse.

I gave Lucas an apologetic look as I straightened my clothes and attempt to smooth my hair. "I should help her with dinner.

Lucas nodded, understanding in his eyes. He reached out to brush away a tear I'd missed, his touch lingering just a moment longer than

necessary.

I took a deep breath, composing myself before heading to the kitchen why Janet was already unloading groceries onto the counter.

The mundane domesticity of the scene felt surreal after the emotional revelation I'd just experienced.

"Need any help with those?" I asked, reaching for a bag of vegetables.

2/3

<

17:54 Wed, Feb 11 GDG

Chapter 111

Janet smiled, seemingly unaware of the emotional hurricane that had just passed through the living room. "That would be great. I got

everything for that stew your grandmother likes."

I nodded and began washing the vegetables. The weight that had been crushing me for years felt lighter now, shared between us.

As I chopped vegetables for the stew, I reached for what I thought was the salt container.

第14%

My mind was still half-elsewhere, replaying Lucas's words of acceptance, when Janet turned to answer Anna's call from the other room.

Dinner came together quickly, and soon we were all seated around the small kitchen table. I ladled the stew into bowls, passing the first one to Grandmother, then Lucas, before serving everyone else.

Lucas took his first bite just as I tasted mine.

The overwhelming sweetness hit my tongue, and I nearly choked. Horror washed over me as I realized I'd added sugar instead of salt to the

entire pot.

"I'm so sorry," I blurted out, mortified. "I mixed up the containers."

Lucas paused, expression unreadable as he carefully chewed and swallowed the sickeningly sweet vegetables.

“It’s actually quite good,” he said calmly, taking another deliberate bite.

I stared at him in disbelief. The vegetables were practically candied. There was no possible way anyone could find them edible, let alone “quite

good.”

Yet there he sat, the powerful Alpha of the Grayson Pack, elegantly consuming my culinary disaster without a single complaint.

Grandmother tasted a small spoonful and quickly set down her spoon.

“Oh dear,” she said with a gentle smile. “Perhaps we should order takeout or go to a restaurant?”

Comments

B1

Write Comments

< SHARE

Editorial board

Editorial Board: Our editorial team works behind the scenes to refine each chapter, maintain consistency, and deliver the best reading experience.

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters. Tap the middle of the screen to reveal Reading Options.

Claimed by the Alpha's Love - Love Demands Real Courage Author: Michael Anderson 112

Chapter 112

Tori’s POV:

Before I could agree and hide my culinary disaster, Lucas took another deliberate bite of the sugar-laden stew.

His silver-blue eyes remained steady as he swallowed.

“That won’t be necessary,” he said, his deep voice calm and assured. “This is quite good, actually.”

I stared at him in disbelief.

3.14%

There was no possible way anyone could find the sickeningly sweet vegetables edible, let alone “quite good.” Yet there he sat, the powerful Alpha of the Grayson Pack, elegantly consuming my culinary disaster without a single complaint.

“Lucas, you don’t have to-” I started, but he silenced me with a gentle look.

“I enjoy it,” he insisted, taking another bite as if to prove his point.

Janet looked between us, a small smile playing at the corners of her mouth “Well, if you’re sure, I could get some bread to go with it?”

“That would be perfect,” Lucas replied smoothly.

As Janet left for the kitchen, I leaned closer to Lucas. “You’re lying,” I whispered. “It tastes terrible.”

The corner of his mouth lifted slightly. “Anything you make tastes good to me,” he murmured, his eyes never leaving mine.

His voice softened even further. “It’s special because you made it.”

Heat rushed to my cheeks, and I had to look away, unable to maintain eye contact under the intensity of his gaze.

We continued our meal, Lucas valiantly making his way through a second serving while Janet and Grandmother opted for bread and cheese.

Anna, bless her innocent heart, actually seemed to enjoy the sweet vegetables, happily declaring them ‘like dessert dinner.

As we finished, Grandmother dabbed her lips with a napkin and fixed her gaze on Lucas.

So, Alpha Lucas,” she said, her voice carrying the gentle authority that only comes with age, a successful Alpha like yourself must have many responsibilities. I’m surprised you haven’t found your Luna yet.”

The question sent a jolt through me. I nearly dropped my spoon, suddenly intensely interested in studying the remaining food on my plate.

“Grandmother,” I murmured in warning, but she merely smiled innocently

Lucas set down his fork deliberately, his voice measured.

Then, to my complete shock, his eyes shifted to me, holding my gaze with an intensity that made my breath catch. “But I believe I’ll have one very soon.”

The silence that followed was deafening.

1/3

17:54 Wed, Feb 11 G D G

Chapter 112

414% 8

My heart thundered in my chest so loudly I was certain everyone at the table could hear it. Grandmother’s eyes darted between us, a knowing look crossing her face as she took in my flushed cheeks and Lucas’s steady gaze.

I see, she said simply, but her tone carried volumes.

Janet cleared her throat. “Who wants dessert? I bought that cherry pie from Wilson’s Bakery.”

“Pie!” Anna exclaimed, effectively breaking the tension.

As Janet served dessert, Lucas’s phone vibrated in his pocket. He checked the screen, a slight frown forming between his brows.

“I’m afraid I need to take this,” he apologized, standing from the table. “Park business.”

“Of course,” Grandmother nodded understandingly.

Lucas looked at me for a long moment. “I’ll call you later,” he said softly, the words more a promise than a statement.

I nodded, unable to form a coherent response as he excused himself and stepped outside.

Once the front door closed behind him, Grandmother turned to me, her eyes sharp despite her age.

“Tori, is there something you’d like to tell me?”

I swallowed hard, feeling like I was sixteen again, being questioned about staying out past curfew.

I took a deep breath. "Yes. I'm going to formally decline Mrs. White's offer. I... I already have feelings for someone else."

I expected her to ask who, to demand details about Lucas and our relationship, but instead, her expression grew serious, almost troubled.

"Tori," she said quietly, "I know you've been through a lot. You've had to be stronger than anyone your age should need to be."

She reached across the table, covering my hand with her weathered one.

"But please be careful not to be dazzled by power and money. Sometimes the brightest lights cast the darkest shadows."

Her warning caught me off guard. Lucas isn't like that, I said defensively in my mind.

I don't need you to be wealthy or powerful, Tori. I just want you to have stable, peaceful life,' she said, her hand patting mine. "Mrs. White's grandson Andrew might not have much wealth or status, but he's reliable, hardworking. The kind of man who would provide a steady life."

"Grandmother," I said firmly, meeting her concerned gaze. I appreciate your worry, but I'm not interested in Andrew White. Not now, not ever."

I took a deep breath. I know what I want."

She studied my face for a long moment, then sighed and waved her hands dismissively. "Well, it seems your mind is made up regardless of what an old woman might say. Her tone carried resignation.

'I'll be careful, I promised, standing to clear the dishes.

Grandmother gripped the wheels of her chair and slowly turned away from the table. I'll speak with Mrs. White formally about it tomorrow,"

2/3

17:54 Wed, Feb 11 G D G

Chapter 112

she said, her voice tired. "No sense in letting her hold onto false hopes."

*完14%年

I watched her wheel herself down the hallway toward her bedroom, her shoulders slightly slumped, and felt a pang of guilt twist in my

stomach.

Was she disappointed in me? Had my stubbornness let her down when all he wanted was my happiness?

The sight of her retreating form made me feel like a child who had disappointed a parent, despite knowing in my heart I was making the right

choice for myself.

“Let me help you with those,” Janet said, breaking into my thoughts as she reached for the stack of plates in my hands.

As I stacked plates, Janet joined me at the sink. “She’s just worried about you,” she said quietly. “After what happened with your mother...”

“What do you mean?” I asked, suddenly alert.

Janet glanced toward the living room, where Anna was puzzling. “Your mother was a lot like you at your age—bright, determined, beautiful. She fell for a man who was completely wrong for her. When she got pregnant with you, he abandoned her.”

The information wasn’t new to me, but something in Janet’s tone made me pause.

“Janet,” I said carefully, setting down a plate, “do you know

who my father is?”

Her hands stilled in the soapy water.

For a split second, panic flashed across her face before she composed herself. “Tori, some things are better left unknown.”

My heart began to race. “You do know, don’t you?”

Janet sighed deeply. “Even if I did, it wouldn’t matter. He wouldn’t acknowledge you anyway.”

Comments

R Visitor

Oh, snap just gave away who's daddy :-@

7 days ago

👍2

< SHARE

1 Comments >

60

Editorial board

Editorial Board: Our editorial team works behind the scenes to refine each chapter, maintain consistency, and deliver the best reading experience.

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters. Tap the middle of the screen to reveal Reading Options.

Claimed by the Alpha's Love - Love Demands Real Courage Author: Michael Anderson 113

Chapter 113

Tori's POV:

"Why not?" I pressed, suddenly desperate. "I have a right to know who he

She looked at me with sadness in her eyes.

"Because your mother did something terrible. She cost him and his wife their child."
Janet's voice dropped to a whisper. "He hates her for it.

And by extension... he would hate you too."

14%8

The words hit me like a physical blow.

"What did she do?" I asked, my voice barely audible.

Janet shook her head. "I've already said too much. Please, Tori, let the past stay in the past. Nothing good can come from digging up those old

wounds.”

She turned away, effectively ending the conversation, but my mind was rading.

All these years, I'd watched other kids with their fathers-the proud smile the protective embraces, the simple joy of having someone who would always be there.

I'd created countless daydreams about my own father returning someday, magining the moment he'd find me and I'd finally experience that special kind of love. Maybe he'd swing me around like I'd seen in movies, or just stay with me.

But Janet's words had shattered every beautiful fantasy I'd ever constructe

There would be no tearful reunion, no explanations that would make everything right. The truth was ugly and simple: between my father and me, there could only be hatred.

Whatever happened between him and my mother had poisoned any chance of the relationship I'd spent my childhood longing for.

The evening.

I stared at the dark window, the night pressing against the glass like my oughts pressed against my mind.

The house had fallen silent except for the occasional creak of the old wooden floors.

My phone vibrated on the nightstand, startling me from my spiral of depressing thoughts. The screen lit up with Lucas's name

My heart quickened as I opened his message.

I'm outside. Come down If you can.

I moved to the window and peered out.

Sure enough, his sleek black car was parked across the street, its outline rely visible in the darkness. The Alpha himself leaned against it, his

<

1/3

17:55 Wed, Feb 11 GDG.

Chapter 113

tall figure unmistakable even in the shadows.

Grandmother had been asleep for hours, and Janet had retired to her room with Anna.

I slipped on a sweater over my thin sleep shirt and quietly made my way downstairs, avoiding the third step that always creaked. The cool night air brushed against my face as I stepped outside, closing the door gently behind me.

Lucas straightened as I approached, his silver-blue eyes reflecting the moonlight.

The corners of his mouth lifted slightly in what passed for a smile on his usually stoic face.

Before I could say a word, he closed the distance between us and pulled me into his embrace. The sudden warmth of his body against mine made my breath catch.

14%1

His arms tightened around me, and I found myself melting against him, my head resting naturally against his chest where I could hear the steady rhythm of his heart.

“I missed you,” he murmured against my hair, his voice a deep rumble I could feel through his chest.

I closed my eyes, allowing myself this moment of comfort. “It’s only been a few hours,” I whispered back, though I couldn’t deny I’d missed him

too.

His hand came up to cradle the back of my head, fingers gently threading through my hair. The tenderness of the gesture made my wolf purr

with contentment.

Just as I tilted my face up toward his, my phone rang loudly in my pocket, vibrating against my hip.

The jarring sound shattered our moment of connection.

I fished it from my pocket, recognizing the number displayed on the screen.

“I should take this,” I murmured apologetically. Lucas nodded, stepping back to give me space.

“Hello?” I answered, turning slightly away.

“Ms. Sullivan, Amelia’s voice came through immediately, all business and also cheer.

‘I’m calling about the Moon Phase Awards ceremony. We’d like you, as our champion, to deliver the keynote address. I’ve emailed you the specific requirements for your speech.”

I blinked. She hadn’t even paused to ask if I was willing or available.

‘Oh, and by the way,” she added with calculated casualness, ‘we’ve used your photos in our promotional video for the ceremony. You don’t

mind, do you?”

My grip tightened around the phone until my knuckles turned white.

‘You’ve already been using my photos for days,” I said, my voice low with repressed anger.

“And it’s been marvelously effective!” Amelia’s voice brightened, completely missing-or ignoring-my tone.

2/3

O

<

17:55 Wed, Feb 11 G

Chapter 113

G

14%

“Your silver eyes are quite captivating on camera. We’ve branded you as “The Silver-Eyed Oracle. Catchy, isn’t it? The views are through the roof.”

“I never agreed to-*

“Oh come now,” Amelia laughed lightly, the sound grating against my nerves. “This is a tremendous opportunity for you. Not many Omegas receive this kind of positive attention. You should be thanking us, really.

Her self-important attitude made my blood boil. She hadn't bothered to respect my opinion or seek my permission. She didn't care about the consequences her publicity stunt might have on my life.

All that mattered was the attention she could generate.

"The Institute has invested heavily in promoting you," she continued, her one shifting to something harder. "Several sponsors have specifically requested your presence. Backing out now would be... problematic."

The threat wasn't even veiled anymore.

Since I had gone viral in wolf academic circles, I'd been bombarded with calls-media outlets wanting interviews, livestream invitations, even someone claiming to be a talent agent who wanted me to appear on a documentary about exceptional Omegas.

I'd refused them all. But this was different-they were the organizing committee. If I refused to participate in their ceremony, I'd have to forfeit the award entirely. I couldn't afford to do that.

"The ceremony is next Friday at the Grand Moon Hall, 7 PM sharp. We'll see you there," Amelia said with a self-satisfied tone, and hung up before I could respond.

I lowered the phone slowly, the screen going dark in my hand.

Lucas studied my face, concern evident in his eyes.

"What was that about?" he asked, his deep voice gentle in the night air.

Comments

1

Write Comments

<SHARE

3/3

Editorial board

Editorial Board: Our editorial team works behind the scenes to refine each chapter, maintain consistency, and deliver the best reading experience.

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters. Tap the middle of the screen to reveal Reading Options.

Chapter 114

Tori's POV:

成含14%套

I lowered my phone and met Lucas's concerned gaze.

"The Institute, I explained with a small sigh. "They want me to give the keynote speech at the Moon Phase Awards ceremony next Friday."

His silver-blue eyes studied my expression carefully. "Is that all?"

I shook my head, feeling a rush of pride cutting through my annoyance.

"No, actually. I... I won the championship. First place in the Moon Phase Calculation Competition."

Lucas's lips curved into a rare, genuine smile that made my heart flutter. He reached out, tucking a strand of hair behind my ear, his fingers lingering against my skin.

"My clever little wolf," he murmured, his deep voice carrying a note of pride that warmed me from within. "I knew you would."

I couldn't help the smile that spread across my face.

The night air had grown cooler, and I wrapped my arms around myself. Lucas noticed immediately and shrugged off his jacket, draping it over my shoulders. It was still warm from his body, carrying his scent-pine, winter frost, and something distinctly him.

"Will you come back to Moonhaven center with me tomorrow?" he asked, His tone casual but his eyes intent.

I hesitated. Even though Grandmother's surgery had gone well and she was recovering nicely, I still worried about leaving her.

Lucas studied me, seeing straight through to my concerns as he always did "I can arrange for someone to stay with her. A nurse with medical training."

I blinked at him, surprised by his thoughtfulness.

“How do you know what I’m thinking?” I looked up at him, a mix of gratitude and wonder in my voice.

“Tori,” he said my name with such tenderness it made my chest ache.

“Because you’re here,” he said quietly, tapping his chest lightly over his heart.

Heat rushed to my cheeks at his words, and I lowered my eyes, suddenly able to meet his intense gaze. My heart pounded so loudly I was

certain he could hear it.

No one had ever spoken to me like this before-like I mattered, like I was precious.

“I’ll go with you,” I whispered, finally looking back up at him. “Back to Monhaven. I need to be there for the ceremony anyway.”

The smile that spread across his face made my decision worth it instantly,

A rustling sound from nearby bushes made me jump.

<

1/3

17:55 Wed, Feb 11 GDG.

Chapter 114

Lucas chuckled, his arm tightening around me.

“Just a stray cat,” he said, amusement coloring his voice. “For a wolf, you’re remarkably skittish.”

I shot him a glare. “I’m not skittish. I’m... cautious.”

“Mmm-hmm.” His smile was teasing, and I felt a lightness I hadn’t experienced in years.

“You should go,” I said reluctantly, glancing back at the house. “If Grandmother wakes up and finds me gone...”

舍14%8

“She’d discover her granddaughter sneaking around with an Alpha in the middle of the night?” Lucas finished, raising an eyebrow. “Scandalous.”

“Exactly,” I pushed against his chest half-heartedly. “Go back to your fancy hotel.”

Instead of letting me push him away, Lucas pulled me closer.,

One hand cupped my face, thumb tracing my cheekbone with exquisite gentleness. Then he lowered his mouth to mine, and the world fell

away.

The kiss was different from our previous ones-deeper, more intimate, filled with unspoken promises.

When we finally parted, I was breathless, my wolf Tracy purring with contentment.

“Sweet dreams, little wolf,” he whispered against my lips before reluctantly releasing me.

I watched him walk back to his car, my fingers touching my lips where I could still feel the pressure of his kiss.

The journey back to Moonhaven with Lucas had been surprisingly comfortable, almost as if we’d traveled together countless times before.

But I barely had time to settle in before the day of the ceremony arrived.

Lucas had sent a professional stylist to help me prepare for the ceremony.

When my car pulled up to the Moonhaven Conference Center, I took a de breath before stepping out.

Immediately, dozens of eyes turned in my direction, and I heard the unmistakable clicks of cameras.

The silver-gray dress Lucas had chosen complemented my eyes perfectly, though I still felt exposed under so many stares.

Morgan was already waiting at the entrance, practically bouncing on her toes with excitement. "Tori! You look amazing!" she squealed, rushing over to hug me.

"Thanks for coming," I whispered, genuinely grateful for her familiar presence among the crowd.

The grand hall was packed with Moonhaven's elite, and media representatives eager to cover both the inauguration of the Lunar Phase Research Institute and the awards ceremony.

The competition had apparently become quite prestigious, with my unexpected victory creating significant buzz.

2/3

17:55 Wed, Feb 11 G D G

Chapter 114

"Are you nervous?" Morgan asked, noting how tightly I was clutching my purse.

"I'm fine," I assured her, my voice steadier than I expected.

My eyes scanned the arriving guests, looking for his tall figure and those unmistakable silver-blue eyes.

Lucas sat in the front row, his presence a steady anchor in the turbulent sea of my anxiety.

You can do this, I told myself, taking a deep breath.

Just as I was about to begin my speech, the lights dimmed unexpectedly.

Confused murmurs rippled through the audience. I glanced at the event organizers standing offstage, but they looked equally bewildered.

Then the massive screen behind me flickered to life.

The words “Silver Fang Detention Center – Four Years Ago appeared in stark white letters against a black background.

My blood turned to ice.

Comments

Claimed by the Alpha's Love - Love Demands Real Courage Author: Michael Anderson 115

Chapter 115

Tori's POV:

14%8

The microphone slipped from my trembling fingers.

The gentle hum of anticipation that had filled the grand hall seconds ago transformed into confused murmurs. I couldn't move.

Couldn't breathe. The nightmare I'd been running from for four years had finally caught up with me in the most public, most devastating way

possible.

“What's happening?” someone whispered loudly from the front row.

My seventeen-year-old self appeared on screen, thin and pale, silver eyes dulled with defeat as a guard shoved me roughly into a stark concrete

cell.

The timestamp in the corner confirmed what everyone could see-footage from four years ago.

“No,” I whispered, the word barely audible even to my own ears. “Please, no.

The audience fell silent as the next clip played-me curled in the corner of my cell, convulsing as the effects of forced suppressant injections

ravaged my system.

A guard laughed off-screen, saying something about “teaching the killer Omega her place.”

Tracy, my wolf, whimpered inside me, reliving the memory of how they'd early destroyed her with chemical suppressants designed to break

our connection.

"Turn it off," I heard Lucas command from somewhere in the darkness, his Alpha voice carrying over the shocked silence. But nobody moved.

I saw him surge toward the control panel, yanking cables and power cords free with savage force.

The lights on the equipment died, but impossibly, the projection continue uninterrupted, images glowing eerily in the darkened hall.

"Find the source!" Lucas barked to security personnel who scrambled in different directions, searching frantically for whatever device was broadcasting the footage.

But the images continued to play, as if mocking their efforts. Whoever had orchestrated this had planned thoroughly, making certain no one could stop the show before my humiliation was complete.

The footage cut to the cafeteria, where two older inmates cornered me, duping something into my food when I wasn't looking.

The next shot showed me violently ill, collapsed on the bathroom floor, od trickling from my nose.

Gasps echoed through the hall. I wanted to run, but my legs wouldn't moy I was frozen, watching my most humiliating, painful memories play out for everyone to see.

"Is that really her?" a woman's voice cut through the silence.

"My God, she was in prison?" someone else whispered loudly.

D

<

1/4

17:55 Wed, Feb 11 GDG.

Chapter 115

'I can't believe they'd treat anyone like that, even in Silver Fang.'

“They can’t do that to prisoners, can they? Even Omegas have rights...”

“Poor thing, she looks so young.”

Then the scene changed.

成气14%套

A luxurious mansion appeared on screen.

My stomach clenched as I recognized it, where everything had begun.

Seventeen-year-old me stumbled weakly through the doorway of the mansion, my face pale and drawn. My hair, though I’d tried to style it, fell limply around my shoulders.

“Fiona said she’d be here,” my younger self whispered, checking her phone with trembling fingers. “She promised she’d help me...”

My chest tightened painfully. I knew what was coming next.

I wanted to scream, to warn my past self to run, but I could only watch as Noah Morris stepped out from the shadows, his predatory smile making my skin crawl even now.

“You’re here at last, sweetheart,” on-screen Noah said, moving closer to me with a predatory smile. “I’ve been waiting for you.”

My younger self glanced around nervously. “Where’s Fiona?”

Noah laughed, the sound making my skin crawl even now. “Fiona? There’s no Fiona here. Don’t be shy now. We both know why you really

came...”

The younger me backed away. “I should go-

Noah’s hand shot out, grabbing my wrist. “Don’t be like that. You should be honored a male like me would even look at an Omega like you.”

I watched in muted horror as the scene unfolded-Noah forcing me against the wall, his teeth grazing my neck as he attempted to mark me

without consent.

My younger self struggled, tears streaming down her face.

“Please don’t,” she begged. “I don’t want this.”

“Omegas don’t get to choose, Noah snarled, his eyes glowing red with dominance.

Just as Noah’s teeth grazed my neck, the door burst open. Ryan, my brother, charged in with fury blazing in his eyes.

‘Get away from my sister!’ he roared, tackling Noah away from me.

For one hopeful moment, I thought we’d escape.

But Noah recovered quickly, his strength overwhelming my brother. In a blur of motion too terrible to watch again, Noah partially shifted and slashed at Ryan’s throat.

O

2/4

17:55 Wed, Feb 11

Chapter 115

My brother collapsed, blood pooling beneath him as the light faded from his eyes.

“Ryan!” my younger self screamed, crawling toward him.

Noah grabbed me by the hair, yanking me back. “Now, where were we?”

成含14%8

The grief hit me like a physical blow. Something inside me snapped—my wolf awakening for the first time in the most traumatic circumstances possible. The transformation tore through my body as I howled in anguish.

When Noah tried to force himself on me again, my newly emerged wolf fought back with primal fury.

In one desperate, defensive lunge, my teeth found his throat.

Blood sprayed across the pristine white wall. Noah collapsed, gurgling, his eyes wide with shock as his life drained away.

My younger self stared at her bloodied hands in horror, shifting back to human form as the realization of what she’d done sank in.

The scene cut to a courtroom.

The judge's voice rang out cold and unforgiving: "Tori Sullivan, as an Omega werewolf, you are found guilty of killing Alpha Noah Morris through excessive self-defense. Such actions violate our pack hierarchy and cannot be tolerated. I hereby sentence you to four years and three months at Silver Fang Detention Center."

The camera zoomed in on my face as the sentence was delivered-the moment hope died in my eyes.

Back in the Silver Fang footage, guards dragged me down a corridor, throwing me into isolation. "Special treatment for the killer," one sneered, before the door slammed shut, leaving me in darkness.

Then the screen went black.

The silence in the hall was deafening.

I stood there, exposed and vulnerable, as hundreds of eyes burned into me

Morgan was the first to move, rushing toward the stage with tears in her eyes. But she was beaten by a swarm of reporters who surged forward, cameras flashing, questions overlapping:

"Is it true you killed a male?"

How many others have you attacked?"

"Was your award part of a rehabilitation program for criminal Omegas?"

"Are you a danger to the students at Moonridge High?"

Their words hit me like physical blows.

I stepped back, nearly stumbling as the microphones were thrust toward my face. The room spun around me as panic clawed at my throat.

"Ms. Sullivan! How does it feel to be exposed as the infamous killer?" a reporter shouted, shoving a microphone so close it nearly hit my face.

3/4

17:55 Wed, Feb 11 G D G

Claimed by the Alpha's Love

Editorial board

Editorial Board: Our editorial team works behind the scenes to refine each chapter, maintain consistency, and deliver the best reading experience.

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters. Tap the middle of the screen to reveal Reading Options.

Claimed by the Alpha's Love - Love Demands Real Courage Author: Michael Anderson 116

Chapter 116

Tori's POV:

成含14%日

My chest constricted as I struggled to breathe.

Tracy whimpered inside me, sensing danger from all sides. My wolf wanted to run, to escape, but my body remained frozen in place.

“She should be removed from the school immediately!” someone called out

“Send her back to Silver Fang where she belongs!”

“Can you tell us why you willingly went to Noah Morris’s villa? And why did you resist so violently? Was there something more going on between you? Or was this some kind of playing-hard-to-get tactic?” someone called out.

“Was he your brother? He died trying to protect you. Have you ever felt grateful that he saved your life?” another voice shouted.

“I heard your personal life was quite chaotic five years ago. Is that true?”

“Reports say you were dating Ethan Grayson at that time. Are you still in contact with him now?”

“Miss Sullivan, please answer the questions!”

I opened my mouth to defend myself, but no words came.

How could I explain? How could anyone understand what I’d been through

Just as I thought I might collapse under the weight of their judgment, a wave of pure power rolled through the hall.

The microphones and cameras near the stage suddenly emitted high-pitched whines, screens flickering before going dark.

This was something only Alphas in a state of extreme rage could manifest

The crowd fell silent instantly, as if someone had muted the entire room. Even the reporters who had been shouting questions moments before

went rigid.

I turned to see Lucas rising from his seat in the front row.

His silver-white eyes gleamed with dangerous intensity, his jaw set in a hard line. The air around him seemed to crackle with authority as he walked toward the stage, each deliberate step causing lower-ranking wolves to instinctively back away.

Lucas climbed the steps to the stage with predatory grace.

Without a word, he took my arm and gently pulled me behind him, positioning his body as a shield between me and the crowd.

The gesture was protective in a way that made my heart skip despite my terror.

“These questions,” Lucas said, his voice low but carrying effortlessly through the silent hall, ‘seem remarkably unrelated to the achievement

<

1/3

17:55 Wed, Feb 11 GDG.

Chapter 116

we’re here to celebrate today.”

He paused, his gaze sweeping over the audience like a physical touch. I could see people shrinking in their seats.

After a moment of tense silence, a brave-or perhaps foolish-reporter from the back raised his voice.

414%8

“Why are you helping her, Alpha Grayson? Is it because she’s Ethan Grayson’s former girlfriend? Or have you also fallen for her façade?”

Several others chimed in, seemingly forgetting they were addressing the most powerful Alpha in Moonhaven.

“What’s your personal interest in this Omega, Alpha Grayson?”

Lucas’s expression didn’t change, but the temperature in the room seemed to drop by several degrees.

“The Lunar Phase Research Institute was established to advance our understanding of how lunar cycles affect our kind,” he stated, his tone measured but with a dangerous edge.

“That’s the kind of question a professional journalist might ask today. Questions about the groundbreaking mathematical models Ms. Sullivan has developed. Questions about how this research might benefit all packs.

His eyes narrowed slightly. “Not digging into private matters with questions that wouldn’t be fit to print in any respectable publication.”

William Sullivan, Alpha of the Sullivan Pack, had risen to his feet.

His silver eyes scanned the crowd before settling on me with an unreadable expression.

“The Sullivan Pack stands with Alpha Lucas,” he announced formally. “And with Tori.”

On behalf of the Lunar Phase Research Institute, I thank everyone for taking time from your busy schedules to support our inauguration ceremony,” William announced, his voice carrying a subtle edge beneath its formality.

I sincerely hope today’s ceremony can be completed successfully, so I must ask our friends in the media to exercise restraint in your reporting, Focus on the ceremony itself, not matters unrelated to our purpose here to lay.”

He smiled, though it didn’t reach his eyes.

“As a token of our appreciation, I’ve arranged a special gift for each person present. Should today’s ceremony conclude without further... disruption, I would be honored to express my deeper gratitude in the futu

The unspoken threat behind his words hung in the air.

Should anyone dare spread news of what happened here, causing damage the institute’s reputation, there would be severe consequences.

His calculated words, balancing reward and intimidation, sent a wave of use through the crowd

Near the entrance, someone attempted to quietly slip out, only to freeze on opening the door.

Outside stood a line of imposing security personnel, their expressions leading no doubt about their purpose

The person backed away quickly, returning to their seat with a pale face

|||

<

2/3

17:55 Wed, Feb 11 GDG.

Chapter 116

As the venue fell silent once more, William turned to Lucas and spoke in low voice.

Take Tori and go," he said firmly. "I'll handle matters here."

成完14%日

Lucas gave a slight nod of acknowledgment. Without hesitation, he took my hand, his warm fingers wrapping protectively around mine.

The simple contact anchored me as he guided me toward a side exit, his body positioned between me and the crowd the entire time.

In a daze, I allowed him to lead me off the stage and through a side exit.

Outside, the cool night air hit my face, helping to clear the fog of panic that had enveloped me. Lucas guided me to his waiting car, opening the door for me before sliding into the driver's seat.

For several minutes, we sat in silence. I stared at my hands, still shaking slightly in my lap.

"Thank you," I finally whispered, my voice hoarse.

Lucas turned to me, his expression softer than I'd ever seen it. "I'm sorry I couldn't prevent this."

I shook my head, fighting back tears. "You've already done so much for me!

Without a word, Lucas reached across the console and pulled me into his embrace.

I stiffened momentarily before relaxing against his chest, drawing comfort from his steady heartbeat and the protective way his arms encircled me. The familiar scent of pine and winter frost enveloped me, calming my frayed nerves.

The sharp ring of his phone cut through the moment, making me jump slightly.

Lucas glanced at the screen, frowning when he saw the caller ID.

“Ethan,” he said, accepting the call and putting it on speaker. “This isn’t a good time.”

‘Is Tori with you?’ Ethan’s voice sounded urgent, almost desperate.

Lucas’s eyes flicked to me. “Yes.’

“Thank God. Is she okay? I’ve been calling her phone non-stop but she’s not answering.”

Something subtle shifted in Lucas’s expression—a flash of possessiveness laced with irritation.

“You’re overstepping, Ethan,” Lucas replied coolly. “Her well-being isn’t your concern anymore.”

Comments

1

Write Comments

<SHARE

<

3/3

17:55 Wed, Feb 11 G

Editorial board

Editorial Board: Our editorial team works behind the scenes to refine each chapter, maintain consistency, and deliver the best reading experience.

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters. Tap the middle of the screen to reveal Reading Options.

Claimed by the Alpha's Love - Love Demands Real Courage Author: Michael Anderson 117

Chapter 117

Lucas's POV:

"Don't you dare talk to me about overstepping," Ethan's voice hardened, a fare challenge that surprised me.

"Where were you four years ago when she needed someone? When I called you begging for help? You didn't even bother to listen then."

His words hit me like a physical blow.

14%

The truth of his accusation burned like acid in my veins.

"She needs someone now more than ever," Ethan continued, his voice quieter but no less intense. "Don't let her down again, Uncle. Don't stand by with your cold eyes a second time."

I ended the call without responding, but Ethan's words had already done their damage.

Memories I'd tried to bury rose to the surface like corpses in floodwater.

Four years ago. I remembered that night clearly.

Ethan's voice on the phone, choked with tears, begging me to intervene. I been in the middle of a critical acquisition meeting.

"Sir," Jack had entered my office after Ethan's call, his expression carefully neutral as always. "I've verified the situation. The Omega girl did kill

Noah Morris. There were witnesses."

"And the specifics?" I'd asked, barely looking up from my documents, irritated at the interruption.

'She claims self-defense. Says he attempted to force-mark her. But Alpha,t's the word of an Omega. The Morris family is pushing for the

harshest sentence."

I remembered shrugging, dismissive. "It's not our concern. An unrelated Omega girl killing a male, regardless of circumstances, has nothing to

do with us."

"But Alpha, your nephew-"

'Is young and foolish," I'd cut him off. "He'll get over this infatuation. It's not worth it for an insignificant person."

I'd gone back to my meeting, dismissing the entire situation.

Not worth my time or attention. Just another pack drama that would blow over.

Now, with Tori trembling in my arms, the weight of that dismissal crushed down on me like a physical force.

I'd condemned her to four years of hell with my indifference. A simple phone call could have changed everything for her.

In my thirty-two years of life, I'd made countless decisions. Business acquisitions worth billions. Strategic alliances between packs. Personal choices that shaped my existence.

Not once had I ever looked back with regret.

1/3

13

<

17:55 Wed, Feb 11 GDG.

Chapter 117

Yet in this moment, regret consumed me like a wildfire, burning away every shred of self-assurance I'd ever possessed.

成第14%號

The twenty-seven-year-old Lucas could never have imagined that his cold difference, his casual dismissal of someone's suffering, would silently transform into a blade-one that would transcend the river of time to plunge mercilessly into his own heart five years later, leaving no room for escape.

I drove us back to my private residence in silence, occasionally glancing at her exhausted form.

By the time we arrived, she had fallen into a fitful sleep, her face still tense even in unconsciousness.

I carried her inside and gently laid her on my bed. For a moment, I simply stood there, watching the rise and fall of her chest, the moonlight casting shadows across her face.

Once I was certain she was deeply asleep, I quietly left the room and made my way to my study.

“Do you have results?” I asked without preamble.

“Yes, Alpha,” Jack’s voice came through clearly. “We’ve confirmed the video leak was orchestrated by Lisa Morris. She paid the ceremony technician fifty thousand moonstone to splice in that footage.”

“And the prison?” My voice was deadly quiet.

Jack hesitated. “It’s a nightmare, Alpha. Silver Fang’s guards were Ms. Mors’s instruments of torture. Tori suffered systematic brutality- solitary confinement, starvation, forced drug trials.”

He paused, struggling with the words. “The records document multiple psychological breaks. For a while, she even lost connection with her wolf

entirely.”

Duke growled so loudly in my mind that I nearly lost control of my shift. My hand gripped the edge of my desk, the wood splintering under my

fingers.

“There’s more, but I- Jack’s voice grew increasingly uncertain, clearly sensing the dangerous shift in my mood.

“Compile a complete list,” I cut him off. “Every name. Every guard. Every administrator who turned a blind eye. Everyone who touched her. I want it on my desk by morning.”

“Yes, Alpha. And what about the media fallout from today?”

I took a deep breath, forcing myself to think strategically despite the rage coursing through me.

“Contact our connections at the major networks. I want the narrative controlled by morning.”

I ended the call. My chest tightened with intense pain.

Four years ago, I could have stopped this with a single word. A single pho call. The Grayson Pack name carried weight that could have at least ensured a fair trial. Instead, I'd dismissed her as unimportant. Not with my time.

I returned to my room, where Tori slept.

The moonlight filtered through the curtains, casting a silvery glow across her face. She looked so vulnerable, so young.

|||

2/3

17:55 Wed, Feb 11 GDG.

Chapter 117

14%

The pieces fell into place. Her constant wariness, the way she flinched at sudden movements, how she kept everyone at arm's length-it all made perfect sense now.

‘No wonder you've built such high walls,’ I whispered. ‘No wonder you can barely eat a full meal without discomfort.’

It all traced back to those four years-the systematic starvation, the psychological torture, the constant state of fear.

Her body and mind still carried those scars, still operated as if danger lurked around every corner. Her digestive issues, her insomnia, her

reluctance to trust-all of it had roots in what they'd done to her.

I sat carefully on the edge of the bed, trying not to disturb her, and gently brushed a strand of hair from her cheek.

“I'm sorry,” I whispered, knowing she couldn't hear me. “I'm sorry I wasn't there when you needed someone. I'm sorry I looked away.”

“Every person who hurt you,” I whispered, my fingers tenderly caressing her jawline, “every bastard who dared touch you...” My voice turned

lethal. "I'll make them bleed for what they've done."

She stirred slightly in her sleep, her brow furrowing as if caught in a nightmare.

I placed my palm gently against her cheek, and her features relaxed again at my touch.

"Rest now," I murmured. "You're safe here."

She stirred but didn't wake, instinctively nuzzling closer to my warmth.

"I failed you once," I whispered to her sleeping form. "Never again."

Comments

1

Write Comments

SHARE

3/3

Editorial board

Editorial Board: Our editorial team works behind the scenes to refine each chapter, maintain consistency, and deliver the best reading experience.

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters. Tap the middle of the screen to reveal Reading Options.

Claimed by the Alpha's Love - Love Demands Real Courage Author: Michael Anderson 118

Claimed by the Alpha's Love

Chapter 118

Lucas's POV:

A sleepless night.

I watched as the first light of dawn filtered through the curtains, casting shadows across Tori's sleeping face.

The crunch of tires on gravel came from outside-Roman Pierce had arrived precisely on time.

As Grayson Enterprise's chief legal counsel, his punctuality was legendary

I quietly left the bedroom, closing the door with practiced gentleness.

Roman stood in my foyer, his calculating gaze immediately noticing the extra coat hanging by the door.

"Alpha," he greeted with a respectful nod, his eyes briefly flickering to the stairs.

"We'll talk in my study," I said, my tone brooking no discussion.

Roman nodded. "Of course."

414%8

Once inside the mahogany-paneled room, I closed the heavy door behind us and moved behind my desk, not bothering with pleasantries.

"Have you uncovered everything?" I asked, my voice low and measured.

Roman placed his leather portfolio on the desk. "Everything that was available, yes."

I leaned back slightly in my chair, studying his expression. "And what's your assessment of what you found?"

Roman's face remained professionally neutral.

I've reviewed all the trial transcripts," he said. "There are... inconsistencies that were never properly addressed."

"Explain, I demanded, leaning forward.

'Sullivan claims she was lured to the Morris estate by a friend. Roman shuffled through papers. When questioned, this supposed friend denied everything completely.'

I frowned, trying to recall what I knew of Tori's social circle. I wasn't aware she had any close friends except Morgan

'Who?' I asked.

Roman met my eyes directly. "Fiona Price."

'Fiona?' The name hit me like a physical blow. "Ethan's mate?"

“Yes,” Roman nodded. “Fiona was brought in for questioning but denied everything vehemently. With no evidence beyond Sullivan’s word, the claim was dismissed entirely.”

1/4

17:55 Wed, Feb 11 GDG.

Chapter 118

Duke growled in my mind. The Price girl set her up.

“But why?” I asked aloud, though the pieces were already clicking into place.

“Jealousy, most likely,” Roman suggested.

I nodded slowly, the scenario unfolding with brutal clarity in my mind.

成家14%薯

Of course. Fiona had wanted Ethan for herself. If Tori and Ethan had remained together, their relationship might have continued, perhaps even

led to mating. Ethan would never have become entangled with Fiona.

And 1...

I stopped the thought before it could fully form.

“Alpha?” Roman prompted, noticing my silence.

“Continue,” I ordered, pushing aside the unwelcome speculation. And Noah Morris?”

“A known womanizer with multiple complaints of harassment. Nothing ever stuck-his family’s influence saw to that.” Roman’s lip curled slightly. “It appears Fiona may have used his... proclivities... to remove Sullivan from the picture permanently.”

My fingers tightened around the edge of my desk. “Is there any direct evidence linking Fiona to Morris?”

“Not yet,” Roman admitted, running a hand through his hair in rare frustration. “We’re digging through everything we can-phone records, social media archives, security footage from that period. The challenge is that much of the digital evidence from four years ago has been

deleted or archived.”

“And Noah Morris is dead,” I added grimly.

“Precisely.” Roman’s expression hardened. “As for Fiona Price, she would never voluntarily incriminate herself, and we have no legal grounds to compel a new statement from her.”

‘So we’re at a dead end?’ I could feel my jaw tightening.

‘I wouldn’t say that,’ Roman replied carefully. “It’s simply... challenging.

“Find it, I ordered. “Whatever it takes.”

Roman nodded, then collected his documents. “I’ll continue the investigation and report back when I have more concrete evidence.”

After Roman left, I sat in silence for several minutes, processing everything I had learned.

I reached for my secure line and dialed Ethan’s number. He answered on second ring.

“Uncle? His voice sounded tense. ‘Is something wrong with Tori?

Something in me bristled at his immediate concern for Tori-an irrational possessiveness.

I pushed the feeling aside, focusing on the matter at hand.

2/4

17:55 Wed, Feb 11 G D G

Chapter 118

“We need to talk about Tori,’ I said, my voice deliberately neutral. “And Fina.”

There was a long pause. “What about them?” His tone had shifted to careful wariness.

14%8

“Don’t play games with me, Ethan. Did you know that Fiona set Tori up for years ago? That she arranged the situation that sent Tori to Silver

Fang?”

Another silence, then a heavy sigh. “Yes. I’ve known for some time.”

“And yet you chose Fiona as your mate.” I couldn’t keep the coldness from my voice.

“Uncle, please,” His voice steadied with resolve. “Let me handle Fiona myself. Don’t interfere. Tori’s suffering happened because of me, and I

should be the one to deliver justice.”

“And this is your grand plan for justice? To ostentatiously claim Fiona as your mate just for revenge?” I couldn’t keep the incredulity from my

voice.

“That has to be the most foolish approach I’ve ever heard.”

Ethan gave a bitter laugh. “Not all of us have your power or resources, Uncle. Some of us have to work with what little leverage we have. This is

the only card I had to play.”

The accusation stung more than I cared to admit.

“It may not be sophisticated,” he continued, “but I want her to feel what Tari felt. The betrayal from someone she trusted completely. The experience of defending herself when no one believes her.”

I ended the call without responding.

The Price family needed to be dealt with properly.

I reached for my phone again and dialed Jack. He answered immediately.

‘Alpha.’

“What’s the latest on Hannah Sullivan?” I asked, my tone conversational but my intent anything but.

Jack cleared his throat. “She lost about a billion at the horse races last month. There was... tension between her and Alexander for a while. But they’ve reconciled recently. In fact, Alexander purchased a fifteen-carat diamond ring for her yesterday at auction.”

‘How touching,’ I said dryly. “Their bond truly seems unbreakable.”

“It appears so, Alpha.”

'I've heard Alexander still harbors fond memories of his first wife, I muse Arrange for a few women with similar attributes to cross his path. Similar style, similar scent... similar enough to stir old memories.'

Jack's silence spoke volumes.

'And Jack? When Hannah's in one of her moods, make sure the racing stakes are... accessible to her. Higher limits, private tables. If her own funds run short, help her secure more. I understand the Price family has quite the impressive savings from their dealings with the Grayson

<

3/4

17:55 Wed, Feb 11 GDG

Chapter 118

family.'

'Alpha, that would-Jack's voice was tight.

'Is there a problem?' I asked softly.

'No, Alpha. I could almost hear the cold sweat forming on his brow. "It will be done."

"Good. That's all."

Comments

2

Write Comments

< SHARE

Editorial board

Editorial Board: Our editorial team works behind the scenes to refine each chapter, maintain consistency, and deliver the best reading experience.

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters. Tap the middle of the screen to reveal Reading Options.

Claimed by the Alpha's Love - Love Demands Real Courage Author: Michael Anderson 119

Chapter 119

Tori's POV:

14%

Morning light filtered through my curtains, pulling me from a dreamless sleep.

My body felt unusually rested. In my dreams, a hazy figure had chased away all the persistent shadows that haunted me, leaving me feeling strangely protected.”

I reached for my phone on the nightstand, preparing to check the time.

Instead, the screen lit up with notifications: twenty-seven missed calls and a flood of text messages.

Morgan had called twelve times. Ms. Blake's name appeared five times. Even Amelia Crawford from the Lunar Phase Competition had tried

reaching me.

Before I could decide whether I needed to call back, my phone vibrated in my hand. Morgan's face flashed on the screen.

“Tori! Finally!” Her voice burst through the speaker before I could even say hello. “How are you? I've been calling all night!”

The events of last night suddenly flooded back-my past being exposed on that giant screen, the horrified gasps from the audience, the reporters swarming around me with their ruthless questions, and then... Lucas walked toward me, his commanding presence silencing the room as he positioned himself between me and the media frenzy.

“I'm... okay,” I answered, my voice still rough with morning.

I can't believe I actually slept well after everything that happened.

I thought about the shadowy figure in my dreams who had stood guard, keeping nightmares at bay. The realization struck me-it had been

Lucas.

“Oh my god, Tori!” Morgan continued, excitement bubbling over. “The way Lucas Grayson just appeared and put himself between you and everyone else-it was the most badass thing I’ve ever seen! He practically radiated ‘touch her and die’ energy. I swear half the female in the room were ready to swoon.”

I winced, sinking back against my pillows.

“That’s what I’m worried about, Morgan. My reputation is basically in tatters now. I’m the one who spent four years in Silver Fang. I’m nothing but trouble,” My voice dropped lower. “What if I drag him down with me?”

“Don’t think like that, Morgan insisted. All the negative stuff online is already being controlled. Posts are disappearing, comments are being moderated-someone’s handling it.”

She hesitated, her voice dropping lower. But... I should probably warn you The entire Grayson family knows about what happened now. Jason overheard some conversations. Lucas’s father... well, he’s not thrilled. I’m try, Tori, but I thought you should prepare yourself.”

I swallowed hard, a familiar tightness gripping my chest.

Of course, they would think that-the damaged Omega somehow manipulating their Alpha son.

1/4

<

17:55 Wed, Feb 11 GDG.

Chapter 119

“Thank you for telling me, Morgan,” I said quietly.

“I hated to be the one to say it,” she admitted, “but you deserve to know what you’re facing.”

Her voice brightened slightly. “The most important thing is that you’re okay, though. Everything else is just... noise.”

The sincerity in her voice warmed something inside me.

- 14%售

Four years ago, I'd lost everything-including the belief that I could have real friends again. Yet here was Morgan, genuinely concerned about my wellbeing above all else.

I stared at the ceiling, knowing exactly who was responsible for the damage control. Lucas was protecting me, again. But how long before I became a liability he couldn't afford?

After hanging up with Morgan, I slipped out of bed and pulled on a sweater over my sleep clothes.

My body felt drawn downstairs, hoping to catch a glimpse of Lucas, to thank him properly for everything he'd done last night.

The main floor was quiet except for the soft sounds of movement in the kitchen.

I followed the noise, finding Margaret arranging breakfast items on a tray.

"Good morning, dear," she said warmly when she spotted me. "I was just about to wake you up."

"Thank you," I said, glancing around. "Is Lucas around?"

Margaret's expression softened.

"He had to step out early this morning-some urgent Pack business. He specifically asked me to make sure you eat properly."

She gestured to the tray laden with fruit, protein, and a steaming mug of herbal tea. "And he wanted me to tell you he'll be back soon."

Of course, he would think of my nutrition even in the midst of damage control.

My chest tightened with a feeling I wasn't ready to name.

Night had fallen by the time a soft knock came at my door.

I knew who it was before I opened it.

I rushed to the door, my heart quickening with each step.

When I pulled it open, Lucas stood in the hallway, his tall frame filling the doorway.

He was still in his business clothes-a perfectly tailored charcoal suit, though his tie hung loosely around his neck and the top button of his shirt was undone.

The dark circles beneath his silver eyes told me everything I needed to know. He hadn't rested. He'd been working all day, undoubtedly dealing

2/4

17:56 Wed, Feb 11 G D G

Chapter 119

with the aftermath of last night's events-of my past being exposed.

"May I come in?" he asked, his voice low.

成完14%套

I stepped aside, suddenly conscious of my simple sleep shorts and oversized t-shirt. His eyes tracked the movement, something flickering in their depths before he controlled it.

"You've been busy," I said as I closed the door.

He moved to the window, looking out at the moonlit campus grounds. "You could say that."

I sat on the edge of my bed, studying his profile. The strong line of his jaw was tense, shoulders carrying invisible weight.

"How much did it cost you?" I asked quietly. "To protect me. To keep the stories from spreading."

Lucas turned, his expression softening as he looked at me.

He crossed the room in three strides, stopping before me. Slowly, he reached down, his fingers gently brushing a strand of hair from my face.

"Nothing that matters," he said, the corner of his mouth lifted slightly. "You don't need to worry about it, little wolf."

Then he bent down, pressing his lips to my forehead in the gentlest of kisses. The gesture was so tender, so protective, it made my chest ache.

"Get some rest," he murmured against my skin before straightening. "I'll see you tomorrow."

He moved toward the door, and something in me couldn't bear to see him leave.

"And when was the last time you actually rested?" I asked quietly.

Lucas stopped mid-step, his hand already reaching for the doorknob. The question seemed to catch him off-guard, his shoulders tensing slightly before he turned back to face me.

Before he could answer, I crossed the room to him.

My heart hammered against my ribs as I did something I'd never dared before-I wrapped my arms around his waist, pressing my cheek against his chest. I could hear his heart beating, strong and steady, then quickening at my touch.

'Stay," I whispered. "You need rest."

For a moment, Lucas stood perfectly still. Then his arms enveloped me, drawing me closer against him as he released a deep breath that seemed to carry the weight of days.

"Are you sure?" he asked, his voice a low rumble I could feel through his chest.

I nodded, not trusting myself to speak again.

3/4

17:56 Wed, Feb 11 GDG.

Editorial board

Editorial Board: Our editorial team works behind the scenes to refine each chapter, maintain consistency, and deliver the best reading experience.

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters. Tap the middle of the screen to reveal Reading Options.

Claimed by the Alpha's Love - Love Demands Real Courage Author: Michael Anderson 120

Chapter 120

Tori's POV:

14%

After Lucas returned from washing up, he slid back into bed beside me.

His blue eyes caught mine in the dim light, something unspoken passing between us.

When he leaned down, my heart raced as his lips met mine in a deep, tender kiss that made my whole body warm with anticipation.

But instead of going further, he simply pulled back, brushed my hair from my face, and wrapped his arms around me.

“Sleep now, little wolf,” he whispered, his voice a comforting rumble against my ear.

I couldn't name the feeling that washed over me—relief mingled with a strange disappointment.

With these conflicted emotions swirling, I nestled against his chest, his steady heartbeat eventually lulling me into the most peaceful sleep I'd

had in years.

Warmth surrounded me as I slowly drifted back to consciousness the next morning.

Then I registered the steady heartbeat beneath my ear and the strong arm wrapped securely around my waist.

Lucas.

Carefully, I shifted to look at his face, peaceful in what I assumed was sleep.

Unable to resist, I reached out, my fingertips gently tracing the strong line of his jaw, the curve of his cheekbone, the bridge of his nose.

When my fingers hovered near his eyes, they suddenly flew open, blue irises capturing mine with startling clarity.

I jerked back with a gasp. “You're awake!”

“Have been for a while,” he replied, amusement dancing in those eyes.

“Why were you pretending to sleep?” I asked, my heart still racing from the surprise.

His lips curved into a playful smirk. “I was curious to see what a certain i intentioned Omega planned to do while I was supposedly

unconscious,”

Heat rushed to my cheeks. “I wasn't-I didn't-

‘Do you like them?’ he interrupted, his voice dropping lower.

“Like what?”

“My eyes. You were studying them quite intently.”

The blush deepened as I found myself caught. “They’re... beautiful, I admitted softly.
“Like a lake.”

1/4

17:56 Wed, Feb 11 GDG.

Chapter 120

Lucas’s expression softened at my confession.

414%8

He leaned forward, pressing his lips gently against mine in a kiss that made my heart flutter. When he pulled back, his gaze was intense, determined,

“I want to take you to meet my mother, he said, his voice low and serious As my mate, Tori.”

My eyes widened in shock. “Your... mate? You want to introduce me to Elizabeth Grayson as your mate?”

“Yes.” The certainty in his voice was unwavering.

I shook my head, anxiety washing over me. “Lucas, they won’t accept me. Especially not now, with my past just exposed at the ceremony. I’m an

Omega with a prison record, at the center of a scandal. The timing couldn be worse-

“None of that matters,” he interrupted, cupping my face in his hands.

“No opinion, no judgment, no pack politics will change what you are to me. My decision is made.”

The intensity in his eyes made it clear this wasn’t up for debate, but I still felt overwhelmed by the implications.

“I need to prepare,” I said finally. “I should bring a gift. It’s tradition.”

“I can have something arranged,” he offered, thumb gently stroking my cheek.

“No,” I insisted, finding unexpected strength in my voice. “I want to choose it myself. It will mean more that way.”

A smile played at the corner of his lips, pride and something else flickering in his expression. “As you wish, little wolf.”

After Lucas left for a Pack meeting, I immediately called Morgan.

My anxiety about meeting the Graysons wouldn't let me sit still.

‘Morgan, I need your help,’ I said as soon as she answered. “Lucas wants introduce me to his mother-as his mate.”

Her squeal was so loud I had to hold the phone away from my ear. “OH MY GOD! Are you serious? This is huge, Tori!

Two hours later, Morgan and I stood in Howling Plaza, scrutinizing an art of traditional gift offerings suitable for a first meeting with an Alpha's family. Her excitement hadn't diminished in the slightest since we arrived.

‘Oh my god, Tori! You actually did it! You won over Lucas Grayson! Do you realize what this means? I'm going to be best friends with the future Luna of the most powerful pack in Moonhavent Morgan grabbed hands, practically bouncing with excitement.

‘Lower your voice,” I hissed. “Just tell me what to bring

Morgan's enthusiasm dimmed slightly as she screwed up her face in concentration “Um... I think Mr. Grayson likes fishing, and Mrs. Grayson... actually, I don't really know what she likes.”

I sighed. For all Morgan's connections to the Graysons, her practical knowledge was surprisingly limited.

274

17:56 Wed, Feb 11 G D G

Chapter 120

For the next hour, I meticulously selected gifts for each family member.

As I turned the corner into the jewelry section, looking for something special as my main offering, I nearly collided with a familiar figure.

Megan Howard stood before me, her golden eyes widening in recognition before narrowing with obvious displeasure.

14%8

“Well, well,” she said, her voice carrying just enough for nearby shoppers to turn their heads. “If it isn’t the Omega who’s suddenly attached to Alpha Lucas.”

She took deliberate steps toward me, her posture radiating challenge.

“What exactly is your relationship with Lucas? The whole town is talking after that stunt at the awards ceremony.”

Morgan stepped between us, bristling with anger. “None of your business, she snapped, grabbing my arm to pull me away.

“Tori.” Megan’s voice stopped us, her eyes gleaming with disdain and mockery.

“I don’t care what relationship you claim to have with Lucas, but as a convicted wolf-killer and Ethan’s ex-girlfriend, I suggest you crawl back to Silver Fang where you belong.”

“The Grayson bloodline is far beyond what a disgraced Omega like you could ever hope to reach.”

“Hey, who do you think- Morgan began, rolling up her sleeves ready for a confrontation.

I placed a restraining hand on her arm, meeting Megan’s gaze with calm steadiness.

“Whether I’m worthy of the Alpha Lucas remains to be seen, but I do know one thing: continuing to pursue an Alpha who has clearly rejected you shows a remarkable lack of breeding.”

“A Howard from a respected bloodline surely wouldn’t display such... undignified behavior, would she?”

“You- Megan’s face contorted with rage. “How dare you speak to me like that!”

I could see the shock in her eyes.

From her privileged position, she was used to deference and flattery, noting put in her place-especially not by an Omega.

But I wasn’t that person anymore. No more would I be the docile Omega who accepted mistreatment as her due. No more would I let others push me around or manipulate me with their words.

And I certainly wouldn't let someone like Megan Howard drive a wedge between Lucas and me with a few spiteful comments. What we had was worth fighting for.

"Let's go, Morgan," I said quietly, turning away.

Megan stood frozen, glaring daggers at my retreating back.

3/4

Editorial board

Editorial Board: Our editorial team works behind the scenes to refine each chapter, maintain consistency, and deliver the best reading experience.

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters. Tap the middle of the screen to reveal Reading Options.