

Claimed by the Alpha's Love

Chapter 51

Tori's POV:

The next morning.

58%

As I stepped outside my dormitory, I spotted a familiar black SUV parked at the curb.

Jack Green, Alpha Lucas's Beta assistant, straightened as he saw me approach.

"Ms. Sullivan," he nodded professionally. "Alpha Lucas asked me to bring your medicine.

I blinked in surprise. "I didn't expect it so soon."

Jack retrieved a wooden box from the vehicle. "Dr. Bennett prepared it last night. Alpha instructed me to ensure you take the first dose."

I hadn't anticipated Lucas would be so efficient-or that he'd send his high-ranking Beta assistant to deliver medicine to an Omega. It seemed excessive.

"Thank you," I said, taking the box and nodding gratefully. "I'll take it."

I turned to leave, but Jack's voice stopped me. "Ms. Sullivan, Alpha Lucas also instructed me to drive you to school. He mentioned your foot shouldn't be stressed."

I glanced down at my ankle, slightly surprised. It wasn't badly injured and was already healing.

"That's really not necessary- I began.

"Alpha's orders," Jack said simply, already moving to open the passenger door of the SUV.

I slid into the seat, unwilling to argue further. The drive to Moonridge High was mercifully short and silent.

When I arrived at school, Morgan was already waiting by my desk.

She waved enthusiastically as I entered the classroom.

“Morning! I brought you breakfast,” she announced, pushing a paper bag toward me as I sat down. “Blueberry muffin from that bakery you like?”

“Thanks, Morgan,” I said, genuinely grateful as I opened the bag.

The warm, sweet scent was comforting after the bitter medicine.

As I took a bite, Morgan tilted her head, studying me. “What’s wrong? You seem down.”

I sighed, lowering the muffin. I called Greg at the coffee shop this morn Told him I had to quit.

“What? Why?”

I gestured to my ankle. This Cant exactly serve coffee while limping and standing for six hour shifts is impossible right now.”

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18.39 Fri, Feb 6 BBQ

Chapter 51

Morgan’s eyes widened. “But didn’t Greg say he’d hold your position until you recovered?”

58%

“That was when we thought it would be a couple of days, I explained. Now it’s looking more like weeks. I can’t expect him to manage short

staffed for that long.”

You could take time off, Morgan suggested. Just focus on healing.

I shook my head firmly. "Not an option."

Morgan observed me for a moment, then squared her shoulders. "Alright, then we'll find you something else, I'll help."

"You don't have to-

I want to, she insisted. Besides, I'm excellent at job hunting. By this afternoon, you'll have so many options you won't know which to choose."

I smiled despite myself. Morgan's unfailing optimism was sometimes exactly what I needed.

Morgan suddenly sat up straight, her eyes lighting up.

"Wait! I just remembered-there's that tutoring place right by school. They're always looking for tutors."

"A tutoring center?" I considered it.

"Yes! You're literally the top student in our year. They'd be crazy not to hire you." Her excitement was building.

"Plus, it's all 1-on-1 teaching, so you'd be sitting most of the time. And the pay is really good-those rich parents don't mind paying extra for the top student."

I had to admit, it wasn't a bad idea.

"Let's check it out after school," I agreed.

The prospect of earning decent money while sitting down was too good to pass up.

Morgan and I headed to Luna Tutoring Center after school. Located just a block from campus, we reached the modest two-story building within minutes.

As we approached the entrance, a gleaming red Maserati pulled up to the cubs.

A striking woman stepped out-tall, elegant, with aristocratic features and aura of unmistakable authority.

A boy around seven or eight climbed out of the Maserati

He wore an impeccable little black coat with shiny leather shoes, his hat meticulously styled with gel

His small face remained expressionless-serious and cool beyond his years

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Something about him reminded me strangely of Lucas.

“That’s Arabella Grayson, Alpha Lucas’s sister, Morgan whispered beside me. And that’s her son, Leo.”

As if hearing his name, both Arabella and Leo turned toward us.

The boy stood slightly behind his mother, his critical gaze sweeping over with an intensity no child his age should possess.

Arabella approached with graceful, measured steps.

“Morgan, what brings you here?” Arabella asked, her voice smooth and controlled.

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Morgan straightened slightly. “I’m helping my friend Tori find a tutoring position. She needs something that won’t strain her injured ankle.

Arabella’s gaze shifted to me, assessing.

“Tori? Are you the Sullivan girl who was the first to win the Grayson scholarship?”

I nodded, surprised she'd heard of me. "Yes, ma'am."

A calculating look passed over her face.

"Interesting timing. I'm here to find Leo a tutor. His previous one wasn't challenging him enough."

She looked directly at me. "One thousand per hour. Would that interest you?"

I nearly choked. One thousand moonstones per hour? That was more than made in a month at the coffee shop.

"That s... very generous," I managed, my mind racing.

The incredible pay rate made my heart race. But then it hit me: this was Lucas's sister. I was already getting dangerously close to his orbit.

Before I could voice my concerns, Morgan jumped in. "She'll take it! She's amazing with Lunar Calculation-best in our year!?"

Arabella raised an eyebrow, clearly impressed.

Lunar Calculation was considered one of the most complex mathematical systems, as it involved tracking how moon phases affected different aspects of werewolf abilities.

"Very well," Arabella nodded. "If you're amenable, we could begin today. Consider it an evaluation session."

Her eyes narrowed slightly. "I should be clear-if I'm not satisfied with your methods or Leo doesn't respond well, we won't proceed further."

The business-like approach actually relaxed me. This wasn't charity or special treatment-it was a job with clear expectations and consequences.

"I understand," I said with newfound confidence. "I'd be happy to start to"

"Excellent," Arabella said, gesturing toward her Masyrail. "Let go, then drive you to our home. Morgan, can you ship you off on the way back?"

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Chapter 51

“Your home?” I asked, confused. I glanced back at the tutoring center.

Arabella followed my gaze and smiled slightly.

“Leo doesn’t respond well to crowded environments. She placed a protective hand on her son’s shoulder. “If you agree to tutor him, all

sessions would be conducted at our residence.”

I hesitated. Going to the Graysons home meant potentially running into cas again. The thought sent an unwelcome flutter through my

stomach.

Morgan nudged me. “This is perfect! We’ll get to see each other all the time now when you come to tutor.

Leo was already climbing into the back seat, his expression unreadable as he watched me.

“Alright, I finally agreed.

Comments

Chapter 52

Tori’s POV:

The drive to the Grayson estate was quiet.

When we pulled up to the main house, I couldn’t help but take a deep breath.

‘Come along,’ Arabella said, leading us inside.

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Morgan seemed completely at ease, which made sense given that her family worked on the Grayson estate. I, however, felt like an intruder-an

Omega in the heart of Alpha territory.

We'd barely stepped into the grand foyer when an elegant older woman descended the curved staircase.

Her silver-white hair was pulled into a perfect chignon, and she carried herself with the unmistakable grace of an Alpha female.

"Elizabeth Grayson," Morgan whispered to me. "Lucas's mother."

My stomach tightened. The Alpha's mother-perfect.

"Arabella, darling," Elizabeth called out warmly. "And Morgan!"

"Mother, Arabella greeted her.

Elizabeth's gaze shifted to me, her pale blue eyes-so similar to Lucas's-studying me with interest.

"And who is this young lady?" she asked, her voice friendly but evaluating.

I stepped forward and offered a small, respectful bow of my head-the traditional Omega greeting to an Alpha matriarch.

"This is Tori Sullivan," Arabella explained. "I've hired her as Leo's new tutor. She's the student who won the Grayson scholarship."

Elizabeth's eyebrows rose, and a smile spread across her face.

Oh! The scholarship girl. I've heard wonderful things.

She approached me, her interest visibly increasing. Such a pretty little thing, too. Tell me, dear, do you have a mate yet?"

"Mother! Arabella exclaimed, shooting me an apologetic look

My cheeks burned "No, ma'am, I answered quietly

Tori is still a student, Arabella added quickly. She and Morgan are classes at Montige

A flash of disappointment crossed her face.

“Oh, I see” She discovered quickly, brightening again well what wing that was consimply duet

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18.39 Fn, Feb 6 BBQ

Chapter 52

Her eyes flickered to Morgan. “You too, of course, Morgan.”

“Oh, that’s very kind, but I shouldn’t impose I began.

“Nonsense! Elizabeth waved away my protest. I insist. It’s been ages since we’ve had young people at our table.”

Despite my attempts to politely decline, Elizabeth was immovable.

58%

Arabella shot me another apologetic look but didn’t come to my rescue. En Morgan looked helplessly at me with a small shrug, clearly unable

to extract either of us from Elizabeth’s insistence,

Thirty minutes later, I found myself seated at the Graysons massive dining table.

The formal setting intimidated me-crystal glasses, silver cutlery, and fine china placed with precision.

I sat stiffly, hyperaware of my every movement.

Elizabeth positioned herself directly across from me and spent the entire meal piling food onto my plate.

“You’re far too thin, dear,” she said, adding another spoonful of roasted vegetables. “Growing wolves need proper nutrition.”

“Thank you, I murmured, overwhelmed by her attention.

By the time dessert arrived, I could barely breathe.

When the meal finally ended, Arabella suggested we begin Leo's tutoring session. I practically leapt from my chair in relief.

"I'll show you to Leo's study," Arabella said, leading me away from the dining room.

As we walked, she sighed. "I'm sorry about Elizabeth. She can be... enthusiastic."

"She's very kind," I replied diplomatically.

Arabella smiled. "Don't take it personally. She's been driving Lucas crazy for years about finding a mate. He's thirty-one now, and she's desperate for grandpups."

She lowered her voice. "Between us, I think she's testing every eligible female who crosses our threshold.

I nodded. Thirty-one was indeed late for an Alpha to remain unmated—especially one as powerful as Lucas.

Leo's study turned out to be a bright room filled with books and educational games.

The boy sat at a small desk, his posture perfect but his expression solemn.

"I'll leave you to it," Arabella said, closing the door behind her.

I approached Leo with a smile. "Hi there. Ready to explore some lunations?"

He nodded seriously. "Yes, Ms. Sullivan."

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Chapter 52

As we worked through several problems, I noticed how quickly Leo grasped complex concepts.

His intelligence was remarkable, but there was something heartbreaking about his adult-like seriousness.

No child should be this composed, this restrained.

58%

“You know,” I said, dramatically closing the textbook and leaning forward conspiratorially, I have a confession. When I was your age. I thought the moon phases were actually caused by a giant space cookie being eaten by an invisible cosmic monster.”

Leo’s eyebrows shot up. A... cookie?”

“Oh, absolutely!” I gestured wildly at the moon diagram.

“See? New moon-completely devoured. Crescent moon-just a few nibbles taken. Full moon-the monsters on a diet that week.”

A reluctant smile tugged at his lips. “That’s... scientifically impossible.”

“Is it though?” I challenged, grabbing a circular cookie from my snack stash

“Let’s investigate. You be the cosmic monster. Show me how you’d create waning gibbous.”

Leo stared at the cookie, then at me, clearly torn between his serious nature and the absurdity of the situation.

“Go on, I urged. “For science.”

He took the tiniest, most precise bite imaginable.

“Whoa there, cosmic monster! That’s barely a new moon! You need to commit to your celestial destruction!”

This time Leo actually laughed-a genuine, surprised burst of sound-and took a much bigger bite, cookie crumbs flying everywhere.

“Now THAT, I declared triumphantly, “is proper lunar phase methodology

When our session ended, I opened the door to find Arabella leaning against the wall outside.

Her eyes were suspiciously bright, a redness around them suggesting she been emotional

‘Are you alright?’ I asked, concerned.

She quickly straightened, composing herself

“Yes, I’m fine. I just She paused, glancing past me to Leo, who was gazing at his books I haven’t heard him laugh like that every day

My throat constricted at the raw emotion in her voice

She looked at me with a mix of gratitude and vulnerability, her chest heaving with emotion, but she was smiling

because he became like that. I’ve been irritable for a long time since my mother died

I didn’t realize how it was affecting Leo until

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18:40 Fri, Feb 6 GB R

Chapter 52

58%

She gestured toward her son. He stopped being a child. Started acting like a miniature adult. I haven’t heard him truly laugh in over a year.

“I’m sorry, I said softly.

Arabella shook her head, smiling through her emotion. “Don’t be. Thank you, Tori. I knew hiring you was the right decision.”

“I’m so glad I can help.”

As Arabella arranged for a car to take me home, I waited on the front steps of the mansion.

The evening air was cool against my skin as I pulled my jacket tighter around my shoulders.

The distant purr of a luxury engine caught my attention.

A sleek black Maybach glided up the circular driveway, moving with silent power before coming to a stop near where I stood.

The tinted window rolled down smoothly, revealing Lucas Grayson behind the wheel.

His icy blue eyes locked with mine, and for a moment, I couldn't breathe.

Comments

Chapter 53

Tori's POV:

"Get in, Lucas said, his voice carrying that unmistakable Alpha command.

I hesitated, shifting my weight from one foot to the other.

"Thank you, but I'm waiting for my tide. The driver should be here any minute."

Lucas's lips curved into a slight smile that didn't quite reach his eyes. "Are you avoiding me, Tori?"

The question hung between us, and I felt my cheeks warm.

Was I that transparent?

"No, of course not," I lied, knowing he could probably smell the deception. I just don't want to inconvenience you."

"Get in, Tori," he repeated, this time softer.

58%

My feet moved before my brain could protest. I approached the passenger side, opened the door, and slid into the leather seat, immediately

enveloped by his scent.

“What are you doing at the estate? Lucas asked, his tone casual.

“I’m tutoring Leo,” I explained, feeling strange about having to account for my presence. “Your sister hired me earlier today.”

Lucas nodded, showing no surprise at this information, as if he’d known all along.

He gestured toward an elegant thermos box on the center armrest.

“Your medicine,” he said, his tone making it clear he expected me to take

I hesitantly reached for the box, opened it, and took out the medicine bowl, feeling his eyes watching my every movement.

“I thought Jack was supposed to deliver the medicine,” I said casually, not really caring about the answer but desperate to break the

uncomfortable silence that had settled between us.

Lucas’s gaze fixed on me intensely, his eyes narrowing slightly.

“Do I want to see me?” he asked directly, his voice low but pointed

I remained silent, unsure how to answer such a strange question without saying something off target

Instead, I focused on the medicine, downing the entire bowl in one continuous gulp without even flinching at the bitterness.

“Was it bitter?” he asked.

The unexpected question caught me off guard.

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18:40 E, Feb & BBQ

Chapter 53

I hesitated, then shook my head, my expression carefully neutral. No, not bitter

How could herbal medicine not be bitter? Even the scent alone was enough to make most people recoil

without warning, his tall frame leaned slightly toward me

He reached into his pocket and pulled out a small wrapped candy

For the bitterness," he said, his voice dropping to a low timbre

Before I could react, Lucas unwrapped the candy and, in one smooth motion, pressed it gently between my lips.

His fingers brushed deliberately against my lower lip, lingering a moment longer than necessary.

The intimate contact sent an electric shock through my entire body.

I froze, completely unprepared for such a bold gesture.

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The sweetness of the candy dissolved on my tongue, but all I could focus was the lingering warmth where his fingers had touched my lips.

"This way it won't be bitter, Lucas stated matter-of-factly, as if feeding candy was the most normal thing in the world for an Alpha to do for an Omega he barely knew.

He looked at me calmly, though I could see the amusement hidden in his eyes. Let's go. I'll take you back."

During the drive to my dormitory, I stared out the window, desperately trying to calm my racing heart.

Tracy was unusually agitated beneath my skin, responding to Lucas's presence in a way that made me uncomfortable.

I focused on my breathing, counting each inhale and exhale, anything to distract myself from the lingering sensation of his fingers against my lips

When we finally arrived at the dormitory building, I reached for the door handle, eager to escape-only to find it wouldn't budge.

The door was locked

Comments

Chapter 54

* 58%

I glanced at Lucas, trying to mask my confusion.

"I'll be away on business tomorrow," he said suddenly, his eyes fixed on the road ahead rather than on me.

I blinked, momentarily thrown by this unexpected information.

Why was he telling me his schedule? Was he... reporting to me? The thought was so absurd.

"Oh... okay, I managed, not knowing what else to say. My response sounded stiff even to my own ears.

Lucas's eyes lingered on me for a second longer before he nodded slightly

He pressed a button, and I heard the doors unlock with a soft click.

I muttered a quick thank you and practically sprinted toward my building not daring to look back.

Once safely in my room, I collapsed onto my bed, my heart still hammering in my chest. Just as I was starting to relax, my phone buzzed with a

message.

It was from Lucas: "Wait for me."

Three simple words that sent my pulse racing again.

Wait for him? What did that mean? Was he expecting me to wait until he returned from his trip so he could take me to Elena for a follow-up appointment?

My eyes flickered slightly as I stared at the message, but I set my phone aside without replying.

The next morning. I stepped through the school gates, my mind still replaying last night's interaction with Lucas.

I was so lost in thought that I almost didn't notice the tall figure waiting near the entrance until several female students excited whispers broke through my reverie.

I looked up and froze mid-step

Ethan Grayson stood just inside the gates, his silver gray eyes scanning the incoming students until they locked onto me.

Since the mating ceremony, our paths hadn't crossed.

Ethan started walking toward me, his confident stride and aristocratic vs drawing admiring glances from shorts passing the

He was dressed impeccably as always, his designer clothes denoting heritage

I briefly considered pretending not to see him and walking away, but the only walk in him following sind creating *****

Instead, I stopped and walled, squaring my shoulders

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18 40 Fri, Feb 6 B

Chapter 54

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"Tori," he said, my name sounding both familiar and foreign on his lips.

I met his gaze coldly. "Do you need something?"

Ethan's eyes softened with concern. "I heard you were injured. Is someone giving you trouble?"

I shook my head, not wanting to engage in conversation with him. What was the point?

58%

None of your business, since you chose Fiona,” I said quietly but firmly. Then stop trying to act concerned about me. Don’t make me lose

what little respect I have left for you.”

“If I could just- Ethan began, taking a step closer.

“I’m late for class, I cut him off sharply, not interested in whatever justification or explanation he was about to offer.

Without another word, I turned and walked away.

I didn’t look back to see his expression. I didn’t need to. Our paths had diverged four years ago, and nothing he could say now would change that reality.

I had barely taken a few steps when my phone vibrated in my pocket.

The name on the screen made my jaw clench: Fiona Price.

Reluctantly, I answered. “What?”

“Hannah’s in the hospital, Fiona’s voice came through, sounding concerned.

“You should come see her. She’s at Moontouch Medical Center, third floor

I ended the call without saying a word, slipping the phone back into my pocket.

Perfect. Just what I needed to complete this wonderful morning-first Ethan, now this. My mood, already sour, plummeted further

Even if I did go to the hospital, Hannah wouldn’t appreciate my presence

Comments

Claimed by the Alpha's Love - Love Demands Real Courage Author: Michael Anderson 55

Chapter 55

Fiona's POV:

"Congratulations, Mrs. Price. You're pregnant.

I watched doctor's words register on Hannah's face, her eyes widening with joy as her hand instinctively moved to her still-flat stomach

The examination room at Moontouch Medical Center suddenly felt suffocating as I forced my lips into what I hoped was a convincing

"Are you certain? Hannah asked, her voice trembling with emotion.

The doctor nodded, pointing to the screen showing hormone levels. "About five weeks along. Everything looks perfectly healthy."

A child. Hannah was going to have Alexander's child. A legitimate Price heir.

"Oh, Fiona! Isn't this wonderful news?" Hannah reached for my hand, squeezing it tightly. "Another sibling for you and Mia!"

"It's amazing," I replied, the words tasting bitter on my tongue. "I'm so happy for you."

My mind raced with calculations.

If the baby is a boy, he would instantly become Alexander's primary heir. Even a girl would dilute my share.

As Hannah discussed prenatal care with the doctor, I slipped into the hallway, pulling out my phone.

This unexpected development required immediate action.

I needed leverage, something to ensure this pregnancy didn't come to term-and I knew exactly who to use.

I dialed Tori's number, arranging my features into an expression of concern in case anyone walked by.

When she finally answered, her cold voice carried just one word:

"What?"

58%

Hannah's in the hospital," I said, injecting worry into my tone. "You should come see her. She's at Moontouch Medical Center, third floor."

But instead of the agreement I expected, I heard a click and then silence

Shed hung up on me. The worthless Omega had actually hung up on me

I stared at my phone in disbelief, my claws extending involuntarily, scratching the screen, the dane she? She whist en behem t show concern for her own mother?

I turned to look at Hannah, who was still glowing with maternal joy as spoke with the muse about prenatal vitamins and opening appointments

My eyes darkened as I watched her

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18:40 Fri, Feb 6 BBR

Chapter 55

58%

Despite all my efforts-the herbal tea I'd been secretly adding to her mong drinks, the stress-relief supplements that were actually mild fertility suppressants-she had still managed to get pregnant.

My grip tightened on the phone until I heard the plastic creak in protest

Hannah caught my gaze and smiled, completely oblivious to the storm raging behind my carefully composed expression.

We'll need to tell Alexander tonight, she mouthed excitedly.

I forced my lips into what I hoped was a convincing smile and nodded, while inside my wolf snarled with frustration. I needed a new quickly.

Later, as we drove home from the hospital in my Mercedes, I began carefully, keeping my voice gentle.

"Mom, I've been thinking. Since you'll need extra rest during your pregnancy, maybe this would be the perfect time to invite your mother to stay with us for a while."

Hannah turned to me with a frown. "My mother? Why would you suddenly bring up Eileen?"

I shrugged, eyes fixed on the road ahead.

"It's just... I've heard some talk recently. You know how wolves gossip. I paused delicately. "People are saying that since you married into the Price family, you've forgotten your roots. That you never visit your mother anymore."

Hannah's frown deepened. "Who's saying such things?"

"It doesn't matter who," I said softly. "But having her stay with us would silence those rumors. Plus, she could help with the pregnancy, and I'm

sure she'd be thrilled to be involved with her new grandchild."

What I didn't say was how Eileen's presence would be the perfect bait. To would never resist coming to see her beloved grandmother,

And once Tori became a regular presence around Hannah, creating a situation where she could "accidentally" harm her would be much easier to

orchestrate.

Hannah's expression softened.

"That's... actually very thoughtful of you, Fiona. You're right. She reached over and squeezed my hand. "You're always thinking of our family's wellbeing

"That's what family does," I replied, squeezing her hand in return

Hannah nodded, completely oblivious to my true intentions.

"Yes, let's do that" She paused, turning to face me with a curious expression

"Speaking of family, how are things between you and I than lately?"

"Everything's wonderful. I said softly, lowering my guard in what I hoped she would

Hannah beamed, pulling my hand excitedly. "I'm happy to hear that. Please

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18:40 Fri, Feb 6 BBQ

Chapter 55

She leaned closer, her voice dropping conspiratorially

58%

“You should consider trying for a pup soon after the wedding. Nothing serves your position in a pack like bearing the next generation

I forced my smile to remain in place even as my stomach twisted.

The truth was, in all our courtship. Ethan had barely touched me. No temporary marks, no passionate embraces-not even a proper kiss

Our interactions were formal, distant, as though he were merely performing a duty. It was as if some invisible barrier existed between us, or couldn't seem to breach no matter how hard I tried.

“Of course, I murmured. “We have been working hard.”

That evening, after I came back, I immersed myself in a bath scented with rose petals and jasmine oil.

I'd spent an obscene amount on the specially formulated bath oils from an exclusive shop in Howling Plaza that catered to wolves seeking to attract mates.

The lingerie I chose was a deep emerald silk that complemented my eyes and skin tone-revealing enough to entice, but still sophisticated. Ethan appreciated the class.

“Tonight will be different, I whispered to my reflection as I dabbed perfume behind my ears and at my wrists. Tonight, he'll see me.”

Comments

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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 56

Fiona's POV:

58%

I positioned myself artfully on the living room sofa, a glass of Ethan's favorite whiskey prepared for him on the side table, soft music playing in the background.

Everything was perfect.

Nine o'clock came and went. Then ten. By eleven, my confidence had begun to waver, the glass of whiskey still untouched on the table.

When my phone finally rang at midnight, my heart leapt-but it wasn't Ethan's name on the screen. It was his pack friend.

"Ms Price, the voice came through, carefully formal. "I apologize for the late hour.

"Where's Ethan?" I asked immediately, not bothering with pleasantries.

There was an awkward pause.

"That's why I'm calling. We're at The Silver Moon downtown, and Ethan's...had quite a bit to drink. He's in no condition to drive himself home."

Another pause. "Would you be able to come get him?"

"Of course," I said, my voice controlled despite the anger simmering beneath. "I'll be there in twenty minutes."

I hung up and stared at my reflection in the nearby mirror.

The carefully applied makeup, the expensive lingerie under my robe, the hours spent preparing-all wasted.

I quickly slipped into a simple black dress and heels, snatched my car keys from the counter, and stormed out the door.

The Silver Moon was one of the more upscale establishments in Moonhaven's entertainment district, but at this hour it had devolved into

exactly what you'd expect-loud music, rowdy patrons, and the unmistakable scent of alcohol and desperation.

I pushed through the crowd, ignoring the appreciative glances and occasional whistles from intoxicated wolves.

I spotted clearly inebriated Ethan at a corner table. His hair was disheveled, his expensive shirt partially unbuttoned and stained with what looked like whiskey.

His normally sharp eyes were unfocused, staring vacantly at the table.

"Fiona, his friend nodded when he saw me, relief evident on his face. This for coming

"What happened?" I asked coldly, scanning Ethan's condition

He was well beyond typical drunkenness; this looked like something new.

"He started drinking after a big argument with his father, the first time he'd ever had a fight with his father. 46.

Ethan finally seemed to notice my presence, his eyes struggling in haze

18:40 Fri, Feb 6 BBR

Chapter 56

"I've got him from here," I replied, sliding an arm around Ethan's waist to support his weight. Thank you for calling me."

With a nod, he handed me Ethan's wallet and phone before disappearing to the crowd.

"Let's get you home, I murmured to Ethan, who was now leaning heavily against me, his body radiating unnatural heat.

58%

As I half-carried, half-dragged him through the exit, a thought occurred to me. Ethan maintained a downtown apartment just a few blocks from

here.

"Ethan," I said clearly, trying to break through his drunken haze. "We're going to your apartment. It's closer.

He mumbled something incoherent but didn't resist as I guided him toward the apartment building.

“Key, Ethan mumbled as we reached his apartment door, fumbling unsuccessfully with his pockets.

I found his apartment key on the same ring as his car keys and unlocked the door, practically dragging him inside.

The apartment was clean and cozy, with subtle touches that spoke of frequent use—a half-read book on the coffee table, a jacket casually draped over a chair, the lingering scent of Ethan’s cologne in the air.

Unlike the formal, almost sterile environment of the Grayson estate, this space felt lived-in and personal.

I’d been to this building before—several times, in fact.

Each time I’d call Ethan, saying I was in the area and wanted to see him. Each time he’d come down to the lobby, always with an excuse for

why I couldn’t come up.

Now, standing in his personal space for the first time, I felt like an intruder and a fool all at once.

I helped him to the bedroom, where he collapsed onto the mattress fully othed.

Comments

T Tammay H

Yeah she is soooo crazy

5 days ago

61

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1 Comments >

Chapter 57

I sat beside him, concern temporarily overriding my anger.

58%

His breathing was shallow, his body temperature far too high. This was beginning to look like the early stages of lunar madness, which was extremely rare outside the full moon period.

“Ethan,” I said, placing a cool hand on his forehead. “When did this start? Are you feeling the shift coming on?”

His only response was to turn away from my touch, murmuring something incoherent. I caught only a few words—regret, truth, a sounded like “wrong choice.”

I stood up to get him some water when something on his desk caught my eye—a black leather portfolio, partially open with sketches spilling out from its edges.

Curiosity overrode my immediate concerns, and I flipped the portfolio open wider.

My blood ran cold at what I found.

Sketches. Dozens of them. All of Tori Sullivan.

Her human form, her wolf form, close-ups of her face, her eyes. In one particularly detailed drawing, her eyes were colored in a beautiful silver hue with the words “my moonlight” written beneath.

My blood ran cold as everything clicked into place.

The lack of temporary marks. The distancing. The way he sometimes called me by the wrong name in moments of distraction.

Ethan still loved her.

Rage surged through me, but I forced it down.

I looked back at Ethan on the bed, his hair plastered to his forehead with sweat, his breathing shallow as the fever took hold.

“Since that’s how it is,” I whispered, my fingers curling into fists at my sides, “you can’t blame me for what comes next.”

I reached into my purse, fingers closing around the small vial I always carried—essence perfume, designed to trigger a mate’s protective and mating instincts. It was manipulative, even borderline unethical, but I was beyond caring.

I dabbed the scent behind my ears and wrists before approaching him.

“Ethan,” I whispered, leaning close. “Mark me, It will help with the madness.

His eyes snapped open, glowing with feral intensity as the scent reached hu

Before I could react, he growled a deep, primal sound that vibrated through the room—and lunged forward, pinning a to the mattress with supernatural strength.

My heart raced, a mixture of fear and triumph coursing through me.

111

58%

18.40 Fri, Feb 6 BBQ

Chapter 57

The lunar madness had taken hold completely now, stripping away his civilized facade and leaving only the wolf—raw, instinctual, and desperate for release.

His fangs elongated as he buried his face in my neck, his body burning he against mine.

I closed my eyes, surrendering to the inevitable victory.

Then, just as his fangs grazed my skin, he froze.

“No,” he growled, his voice barely recognizable. “Not... right.”

He pulled back, his eyes clearing slightly as he stared down at me. “You’re not... Tori,” he mumbled, the words slurring but unmistakable. Tori... only Tori.”

With a violent motion, he shoved himself away from me, nearly falling of the bed in his haste to put distance between us.

“Get out!”

I stumbled backward, humiliation burning through me like acid. Even in his most primal state, with artificial pheromones clouding his senses, he had rejected me.

As I fled his quarters, tears of rage blurred my vision.

The rejection stung worse than any physical pain-a female, rejected by a male in his most instinctual state.

It was the ultimate insult in wolf society.

Back in my car, hands shaking on the steering wheel, I could barely contain the humiliation burning through me.

Why agree to marry me if he was still obsessed with her?

I was just his second choice. After all my efforts, all my careful planning, was still losing to Tori Sullivan.

Fine. Very well.

Just wait, Tori. Just you wait. If I can't have what I want, neither will you.

Comments

Claimed by the Alpha's Love - Love Demands Real Courage Author: Michael Anderson 58

Chapter 58

Tori's POV:

58%

My phone vibrated against the nightstand, jolting me from a rare peaceful sleep.

The glowing screen showed Hannah's name, and my stomach instantly knotted.

After Fiona's call days ago, I'd discreetly asked Martha, the Price family's Housekeeper, about Hannah's supposed illness. Martha told m Hannah wasn't sick at all, just pregnant.

She never called me unless she wanted something.

Now, with her name lighting up my phone, I couldn't help wondering what new demands she had in store for me.

"Hello?" I answered, my voice still thick with sleep.

"Tori, Hannah's voice remained neutral, but I could detect the barely concealed happiness beneath.

"I'm pregnant. Tonight is my birthday celebration at Howling Plaza, and I be announcing it there. I expect you to be present."

I blinked, taking a moment to process her words.

"Congratulations," I replied quickly. "But I'm afraid I can't make it. I have asses today and work after-"

"Stop making excuses," Hannah cut me off sharply.

"I wasn't particularly eager to invite you. However, your absence at such an important family event would inevitably lead to gossip."

Her voice dropped with disdain. "Besides, your grandmother Eileen will be there. She's been asking about you."

My resistance crumbled at the mention of Grandma Eileen. Hannah knew exactly which strings to pull

"Fine," I conceded. "What time?"

"Be at Howling Plaza by seven.

The line went dead before I could respond.

I sighed, staring at my phone.

The last time our family had gathered like this was for Fiona and Ethan mating ceremony-a disaster that had ended in chaos,

I had sworn to myself I'd never attend another gathering like that if I could help it.

But with Grandma Eileen attending, I had no choice

I could only hope Hannah's pregnancy announcement would keep everyone distracted to pay me any attention.

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18.40 Fri, Feb 6 BBR

Chapter 58

After my last class ended, I hurried back to my dormitory.

58%

I quickly called Arabella to request the evening off from tutoring Leo. She was surprisingly understanding, granting permission without any

questions.

Then I carefully lifted the dress Hannah had bought me for Fiona and Ethan's mating ceremony from its protective garment bag.

My scholarship stipend and the earnings from my part-time job barely covered my necessities, with most of what remained being sent to help with Grandma Eileen's medications.

There was certainly no room in my budget for a new dress.

When I arrived at Howling Plaza, the circular driveway was already lined with luxury vehicles displaying various pack emblems.

I paid the rideshare driver with my last few moonstones and walked toward the entrance, feeling conspicuously out of place among the arriving guests in their designer clothes.

Then I saw her-Grandma Eileen standing near the entrance, looking small and frail in her formal dress, nervously scanning the arriving

guests.

The moment her eyes found me, her face lit up with joy.

"Tori!" she exclaimed, rushing toward me with more energy than her fragile frame suggested. "My beautiful girl!"

“Grandma.” I whispered, burying my face in her shoulder, breathing in her familiar scent of lavender and vanilla. ‘I’ve missed you so much.”

When she pulled back, her eyes studied me with loving concern.

“You’ve lost weight,” she said, her hands gently touching my face. “Are you eating enough? You need proper nutrition to-

“Tori! Mother! There you are.”

Our moment was shattered at the sound of Hannah’s voice.

I reluctantly pulled away from Grandma’s embrace to see Hannah approaching, a practiced smile fixed on her face and several elegantly dressed women trailing behind her.

She slid an arm around my shoulders in an intimate gesture that made my wolf bristle. “Everyone, this is my daughter, Tork.”

The women surrounding us made appropriate sounds of delight, their practiced smiles never quite reaching their eyes.

“She’s absolutely beautiful like you, Hannah, one of the women gushed ou ve done such a remarkable job with your daughters.

Another chimed in, “Indeed! It’s rare to see blended families with such mony

She lowered her voice to a conspiratorial whisper, though still loud enough for me to heat clearly

“And with the little one on the way, I’m certain your family bond will grow steget. What a blessed

Hannah preened at the praise, her chest putting slightly as the tightens prop around my shochers

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18.40 Fri, Feb 6 B

Chapter 58

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“Family is everything to me,” she declared with rehearsed sincerity. Tve always tried to treat girls equally, regardless of blood.”

58%

I stood rigid under Hannah's touch, wondering if any of these women had been present at Fiona and Ethan's mating ceremony last month-the night I'd been publicly humiliated.

If they had witnessed that disaster and could still offer these hollow compliments with straight faces, they deserved awards for their acting

skills.

The Price family's social standing had skyrocketed since Fiona became Ethn's mate.

Hannah now moved in much higher circles, with more influential wolves seeking her favor.

My presence was simply another prop in her carefully constructed image.

I forced my lips into something resembling a smile so Grandma Eileen wouldn't worry.

After half an hour of being paraded around like Hannah's prodigal daughter, my face ached from the effort of maintaining a polite expression.

Thankfully, a stir near the entrance provided the distraction I desperately needed.

Fiona and Ethan had arrived, cutting a striking couple in coordinated formal wear.

"Oh, Fiona and Ethan are here! Hannah exclaimed with obvious delight, immediately releasing her grip on my shoulders. "We must go greet them. The Graysons are the guests of honor tonight!"

Without a backward glance, she hurried toward the new arrivals, eager to be seen welcoming them.

The circle of admirers followed in her wake, leaving Grandma Eileen and me mercifully alone.

"Come, dear, Grandma said gently, taking my arm. Let's find our seats.

To my surprise, Grandma led me to a table positioned directly adjacent to the raised main table. Hannah was making sure everyone saw us, perfectly positioned to be included in her tableau of family harmony.

We had barely settled into our chairs when Hunter Brown appeared beside me, his cologne too strong for my sensitive nose.

"Tori," he greeted with a smile that seemed practiced. "Mind if I join you?"

I shifted away from him, irritation building in my chest.

“Mia wouldn’t be happy seeing you here with me. She’s had feelings for you forever.”

Hunter waved a dismissive hand. “Mia? She’s like a little sister to me. I’ve ever thought of her that way

The moment the words left his mouth, I felt a surge of hostile energy beled us.

Turning slightly, I saw the Price family being escorted to their places at the main table- with Mig standing direct behind, he bec contorted with hurt and fury as she stared at Hunter’s back

Our eyes met, and the hatred in hers was unmistakable

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18.40 Fri, Feb 6 GGR

Chapter 58

I turned back, sighing heavily.

Proximity to men had only ever brought me misfortune.

Comments

1

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Chapter 59

Fiona’s POV:

58%

Mia's eyes narrowed to slits as she stared at Hunter and Tori across the room, her delicate fingers crushing the champagne flute stem.

Her wolf was restless beneath her skin; I could hear the low growl rumbling in her chest.

I watched as my little sister's face twisted with rage.

"Did you see that?" I whispered, leaning closer to her ear. "The way he keeps staring at her eyes?"

Mia's jaw tightened. "He's never looked at me that way."

"Of course not," I said with practiced sympathy, patting her hand.

"Males are all the same-they're drawn to pretty faces. Those silver eyes of hers are unusual, that's all. If she lost that pretty face, he wouldn't give her a second glance."

I watched the information land like poison in my sister's mind.

"It doesn't matter anyway," I continued, my voice a perfect blend of nonchalance and disdain. "No respectable pack would accept a killer Omega into their ranks. Hunter's family would never allow it."

Mia's scent sharpened with anger, turning acrid and bitter.

"I need to use the restroom," she muttered before stalking away.

I checked my watch discreetly. Perfect timing.

With a subtle glance, I signaled the servant holding Hannah's pregnancy medicine.

She immediately understood, clutching her stomach dramatically as she approached Tori's table.

“Miss Sullivan,” she groaned, doubling over slightly. “Please-I suddenly feel ill. This is Mrs. Price’s special moonlight herb medicine. Could you deliver it to her?”

I watched intently as Tori stared at the glass for several seconds, her nostrils flaring slightly. Then, as if she hadn’t heard a word, she simply continued eating her meal, deliberately ignoring the servant.

Ethan noticed the exchange. His brow furrowed with concern as he began rise from his seat.

No-I couldn’t let him deliver the medicine.

‘Let me help, I called out, rushing forward. As I reached for the glass, I deberately lost my balance, sending the container flying

“Oh, Mother!” I exclaimed with rehearsed distress. Im so sorry! I was justying to help, and Eve ruined your special mediciner

Hannah rushed to my side, her hands quickly examining me for any injuri

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1/3

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18 40 Fri, Feb 6 BBQ

Chapter 59

“Are you hurt, Fiona? Did any glass cut you?” she asked with genuine concern, completely ignoring the spilled medicine.

“I’m fine, Mother,” I assured her, making sure my voice trembled just enough. I’m just upset about your medicine. It’s so expensive and

pecially formulated for you and the baby. I feel terrible that it’s wasted because of my clumsiness.

Hannah patted my shoulder with maternal affection. “It’s alright, Fiona der. Accidents happen. You were only trying to help.”

Her gaze then drifted to Tori. Hannah's expression hardened.

Some people could have helped but chose not to," she said pointedly. "This certainly isn't your fault, Fiona."

I lowered my eyes in a show of contrition.

58%

Inwardly, I lamented the waste of the abortion-inducing compound I'd worked so hard to acquire and mix into the medicine.

All that careful planning, ruined.

When I lifted my gaze, I found myself staring directly into Tori's silver eyes. Something in those eyes made my skin crawl-they seemed to see

right through me, as if she knew exactly what I had attempted to do.

I recalled Ethan that night, delirious and calling out Tori's name instead of mine, and my fingers instinctively clenched into fists at the

memory.

The hatred I felt in that moment must have shown on my face, because Tori's eyes widened slightly before narrowing again.

Our silent battle continued until Hannah clapped her hands.

"Let's not let this small incident ruin our celebration," she announced to the room. "Please, everyone, continue enjoying your meal.

Only then did our charged staring contest finally break.

Just at that moment, Mia returned, followed by a servant pushing a cart.

"Mother!" Mia exclaimed with exaggerated sweetness. "I have a special surprise for you. I've prepared a cake myself that I want to decorate

right here for everyone to see!"

I struggled to hide my smile. The backup plan was in motion.

Mia gestured for the servant to approach.

“Bring it closer so everyone can watch,” she directed, her eyes briefly meeting mine with conspiratorial gleam.

The servant obediently positioned the cart directly beside Tori’s chair. I had my breath as he reached for the small oven door on the carts

lower shelf.

“The base needs just a moment more to set properly, the servant explaining as he pulled the handle

The instant the door opened, an ominous hissing sound filled the air.

Before anyone could react, a violent burst of scalding steam erupted directly toward Tori’s face and body

111

2/3

18.41 Fri, Feb 6 BGR

Chapter 59

What happened next was too fast for most eyes to follow.

4.58%

Ethan lunged across the table. He managed to block most of the steam with his arm and torso, but not before some of it hit Tori’s exposed legs

beneath her dress.

She jerked back with a sharp intake of breath, her silver eyes wide with shock rather than pain.

Ethan wasn’t so fortunate. The skin on his forearms immediately reddened and blistered as he gritted his teeth against what must have been

excruciating pain.

“Ethan!” I cried out, genuine alarm replacing my carefully constructed facade.

The silver-infused steam had left angry welts across his exposed skin. My heart raced with a mixture of concern and fury as I watched him

position himself protectively in front of Tori-even while injured, his first instinct was to shield her.

Mia stood frozen, her eyes wide with panic. Her gaze darted nervously between Ethan’s injuries and my face, searching for direction on how to salvage this disaster.

“I-I don’t understand what happened,” Mia stammered, her usual confidence evaporating. The oven must have malfunctioned. I had no idea-”

Chaos erupted around us.

Chairs scraped against the floor as guests jumped to their feet.

Hannah let out a horrified cry, rushing toward Ethan while Alexander barked orders at the servants to call for a medic.

Comments

61

Write Comments

Claimed by the Alpha's Love - Love Demands Real Courage Author: Michael Anderson 60

Chapter 60

Lucas’s POV:

The Elder Council meeting had finally concluded after four grueling hours.

Representatives from the four major packs had been debating urban construction along the northern border.

As the council chamber emptied, I checked my phone for the first time since the meeting began.

Three missed calls from Matthew.

58%

I frowned. Matthew rarely called with such urgency, especially knowing I was in council.

I immediately returned his call, and the phone was answered shortly on the other end.

“This better be important,” I said when he picked up.

“Well, hello to you too, oh mighty Alpha, Matthew’s voice carried its usual sarcastic edge, but I detected tension beneath it. I’d say your heart’s beloved being rushed to the medical center counts as important, wouldn’t you?”

My frown deepened at his choice of words. “Explain. Now.”

“Tori was brought in with silver burns about an hour ago,” Matthew’s voice turned serious. “She came in with your nephew Ethan, who apparently took most of the blast trying to protect her.”

My grip tightened on the phone. “How severe?”

“Interesting,” Matthew’s tone turned playful. “The nephew or the Omega? Which priorities are you showing, Alpha?”

“Matthew.” My voice dropped to a dangerous growl.

“Alright, alright,” he conceded quickly.

“Ethan’s worse off—burns across his back and shoulders from the silver incised steam. Tori’s doing okay though—just a slight burn on her left leg, nothing too serious.”

I ended the call with a sharp tap and exhaled slowly.

This woman couldn’t stay out of trouble for even a few days without me around. I’d barely been gone for the Council meeting, and she’s already managed to land herself in the hospital again.

“Jack, I called out, not bothering to turn as I sensed my Beta approaching

“The agreements need your signature by morning,” he said, already holding out the folder.

‘I need to come back,’ I replied, already moving toward the exit. Handle rest of this. Contact me directly if there’s an emergen

Jack nodded once, understanding immediately. I'll take care of everything here

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1/4

18 41 Fri, Feb & BBQ

Chapter 60

Without another word, I strode out of the Council building and headed for my car.

The night air was cool as I started the engine, my mind already calculating the fastest route to the medical center.

By the time I arrived at Moontouch Medical Center, the building was quiet most of its windows darkened for the night.

I moved silently through the corridors, ignoring the surprised looks from the night staff as I made my way to the third floor.

Room 307, I pushed the door open quietly.

In the dim glow of the monitoring equipment, I could see Tori lying still on the hospital bed, her brow furrowed even in sleep.

I approached Tori's bedside, studying her face.

3.58%

The lines of pain etched around her eyes, the slight pallor beneath her skin. Without thinking, I reached out and gently smoothed the wrinkle between her brows with my thumb.

Her eyes flew open immediately.

For a moment, she blinked in confusion, adjusting to the low light. Then recognition dawned in those silver eyes, followed by clear surprise.

"Alpha Lucas?" she whispered, voice hoarse with sleep.

"Aren't you supposed to be on your business trip? What are you doing here?"

I didn't answer her question; instead, I asked one of my own.

"Where are you injured?"

Her gaze shifted away, understanding crossing her features

“I’m fine, really. It’s just a small burn on my leg. She glanced toward the door. “Ethan’s injuries are much worse. He’s in room 315, I think He shielded me from most of the blast.”

I ignored her attempt to redirect my attention. “Does it hurt?”

She hesitated, then shook her head, though the slight tension in her jaw betrayed her.

I sighed quietly, reaching down to adjust her blanket, tucking it carefully around her slender form. For a moment, my hand lingered near her shoulder, then I straightened and turned away.

‘Rest,’ I said simply, moving toward the door without looking back. I could feel her confused gaze following me as I left

I made my way down the hallway to room 315.

The door was partially open, and I entered quietly

Ethan was propped up against several pillows, his torso wrapped in bandages visible beneath his hospital gown. Tata was curled up in a chair beside his bed, her head resting awkwardly against the wall, fast asleep

111

Chapter 60

58%8

When Ethan saw me, his eyes widened. “Uncle Lucas? What are you doing here? I thought you were at the Council meeting in the Northern

Territory.

“I was, I replied, moving closer to assess his injuries.

“You didn’t have to come back for this. I’m fine, nothing serious. Ethan said quickly, wincing as he tried to sit up straighter. It looks worse than it is. The doctors said I’ll be back on my feet in a week, fully healed in three.”

“Good,” I nodded curtly. “Rest and recover.”

After confirming his injuries weren’t life-threatening. I turned toward the door, eager to leave.

My mind was already drifting back to the small room where Tori lay injured, wondering if she'd fallen asleep yet.

"Uncle, Ethan called after me, causing me to pause at the doorway. "Could you...check on Tori? Her grandmother is elderly, and there's no one else to really look after her."

I stopped, slowly turning back to face him. "You seem unusually concerned about the Sullivan girl."

Ethan's heartbeat quickened noticeably.

I just-I mean-she seems alone, and she is quite pitiful- he stammered

I fixed him with a penetrating stare.

"Focus on your own recovery, Ethan. I'll handle Sullivan."

Something in my tone made his eyes widen slightly before he nodded, looking away.

"Of course, Uncle."

I returned to Tori's room, pushing the door open quietly. To my surprise, her eyes immediately turned toward me, alert and questioning.

"Why aren't you sleeping?" I asked, moving to the chair beside her bed.

'I thought you'd left, she replied softly, her silver eyes following my movements.

I settled into the chair, my frame making the hospital furniture seem undersized.

"Sleep. I'll stay here with you."

"That's not what I-

But it's what I meant,' I cut her off firmly.

She shifted uncomfortably. "I can't sleep with you watching me like that.

I raised an eyebrow. "Is that an invitation to join you instead?"

Her cheeks flushed instantly.

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18.41 Fri, Feb 6 BBA

Chapter 60

58%

“You have dark circles under your eyes. You haven’t rested properly. She gestured toward the empty cot. There’s room there if you want to rest.”

I didn’t argue further, stretching out on the neighboring cot.

With me nearby, her breathing gradually evened out, the tension in her shoulders releasing as she drifted off.

I observed her sleeping face, the way her silver-streaked hair fell across the pillow, how her features softened in sleep.

Before I realized it, my own exhaustion caught up with me and I fell into a deep sleep.

When the sunlight streaming through the half-drawn curtains finally woke me, I blinked groggily, my vision slowly coming into focus.

There by my bed stood an elderly woman, her gaze fixed intently on me, studying me with undisguised interest.

Comments

01

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