

Chapter 0042

She frowned. "You don't look like a grandpa."

She let out a little giggle. "Grandpas have white hair."

He smirked as she held out her hand. He lifted her hand in the same greeting.

Her eyes lit up. "Are you a prince like in the books?"

"No," Charles said. "Though I am a king."

Her jaw opened. "A king? Really?"

He nodded.

"Does that mean daddy is a prince?" She scrunched her brow. "Or does that mean mommy is a queen?"

My face heated. "Perhaps one day she will be, but no, your father isn't a prince. I adopted your father when he was very young. That's why I'm only technically your grandfather."

She hummed, and her expression scrunched into something more frustrated. "I think Mommy should be a queen. Can I call you uncle instead?"

He chuckled. "If you'd like."

I felt a warmth spreading through my chest as I watched the interaction. Cecil was known for being cautious around people she didn't know well, and yet here she was, talking to Charles like this. It was strangely endearing to see the Lycan King acting so paternal. It might be my mom feels, but I couldn't help but smile. 

"Is Richard still sleeping?" I asked Kelly as she started to pack her bag.

"Like the cute little baby he is. I gave him a bottle about half an hour ago, so he shouldn't be hungry for a little while. I'll see you tomorrow!"

"Get to class on time," I called after her.

"Bye, Kelly!" Cecil called after her.

I waved her goodbye and closed the door behind her before turning to Cecil.

"Charles will be staying with us. Should we give him a tour?"

"Oh, let's go!" Cecil eagerly took Charles's hand, her small fingers encased in his. "I'll show you all the good parts!"

She led him down the hallway, past the living room, and around the bottom floor, gushing about her favorite places. I trailed behind, touched at the ease Charles took to Cecil's biased tour of the kitchen, pointing out where all the snacks were before taking him outside to where the sprinklers were and the swing set.

"Oh, and this is the playroom!" Cecil gestured to the room full of toys.

"Looks like a fun place. Do you like Legos?"

She nodded. "Legos are the best... So are tea parties—Oh, will you come to a tea party with me and mommy?"

"I'd be honored."

The image of Charles's legs tucked against his chest at Cecil's tiny table made my heart melt and the urge to giggle rise. It was crazy how such an easy rapport had developed between Charles and Cecil. He treated her with respect and kindness, engaging her in conversation as if her opinions about the best seat to color in at the dining table were as serious as any stock report. I couldn't help but smile.

Soon, we headed upstairs to where all the bedrooms were.

"Why don't you pick out Charles' room?" I suggested.

Cecil looked up and down the hallway, scrunching up her nose before her eyes lit up.

"You'll like this one. It's got a window and—"

Richard's wailing echoed down the hallway. My heart skipped a beat, and I exchanged a glance with Charles before hurrying toward Richard's room. Cecil stayed close to Charles, her eyes wide with concern.

I went to the nursery that was attached to the master, and his screaming grew louder as I opened the door.

"What's wrong?" I cooed as I scooped up my youngest in my arms; his cries were loud and insistent. I went through the checklist: he wasn't hungry, his diaper was clean. I started gently rocking him, murmuring soothing words, trying to discern the source of his distress.

Charles appeared at the doorway, his brow furrowed with worry. "Is everything alright, Grace?"

"I'm not sure," I admitted, my voice tinged with frustration as Richard's cries continued. "He's not hungry, and he doesn't seem uncomfortable."

As I tried to soothe Richard, Charles stepped closer, his presence comforting despite the situation. Richard's cries began to wane, but the tension in the room remained palpable.

Then, a low rumbling growl swept through the air. My eyes widened as I looked over at Charles. Before I could ask what the hell he was doing, Richard shifted. Richard emitted a sound that was startlingly familiar—a low, soft growl. 3

 +20 BONUS

Chapter 0042

What?



Comments



Support

Chapter 0043

Grace

"He... he just growled?" I stammered, utterly stunned.

Charles nodded slowly, his expression a mix of warm understanding. "Yes, he did."

I watched in awe as Richard nestled against me, his wide eyes slowly drooping as he succumbed to a sense of calm. It was as if Charles's presence and rumble had cast a soothing spell over my son.

"He just... settled down," I murmured in disbelief. "How... did you do that?"

Richard shifted a little restlessly, but he wasn't crying any longer. I didn't know what to think. I looked from him to Charles, searching for an explanation.

Charles offered a reassuring smile. "It seems our young Richard has some lycan instincts, Grace."

I blinked, processing his words. "Lycan instincts?"

I thought lycans and werewolves weren't all that different. We could have children together after all, and I didn't remember Cecil ever growling at Richard's age. She wasn't growling now, either.

"You're... Did you just command my child or something?"

Charles chuckled warmly, a deep rumble that seemed to resonate through the air. Richard's restless movements stilled, and his tiny fists gradually relaxed against my chest.

"No. Nothing like that, though I'm impressed you know about lycan

commands."

"That's an actual thing?" I asked, staring at him.

He grinned. "For alpha lycan, yes. Lyncan pups often exhibit certain instincts early. Your kids are... at least half-lycan."

I frowned. "Half?"

He smiled. "I have my suspicions about you."

Me? As far as I knew, I was all werewolf, but to be fair, my mom never talked much about where she was from or her family. 5

"So... you just lycan'd him?"

"Something like that. He was just seeking security," Charles continued, his voice soft. "I suspect Kelly is relatively new, and you haven't ever been gone as long as you have been today."

"Let me," Charles offered softly, his gaze steady as he reached out toward Richard.

Richard shifted again with a little distressed sound. I shifted Richard carefully into Charles's waiting arms, feeling a twinge of apprehension and jealousy. I had never been able to get Richard to calm him down so easily, and Charles hadn't even held him yet. 2

"Security?" I asked. "He doesn't feel safe?"

"It's not that," Charles said, shaking his head as he held Richard against his chest and began to sway gently. My heart swelled with affection as I looked down at Richard, who now seemed completely at ease in his arms. 1

Charles nodded, his expression filled with a mixture of fondness and amusement. "For lycans, growling at children pre-language is a way for us to communicate with our young ones and see to their needs. Their

cries and sounds of distress sound different."

I nodded, absorbing the information as he started to coo at Richard.

As the seconds ticked by, Charles continued his soothing motion, and Richard's eyes opened. A soft red light, barely there, came from his eyes. The late appeared in Charles' eyes as he smiled.

"I see you," he whispered. "She's alright, and so are you."

He rumbled again. Richard rumbled back and closed his eyes with a soft sigh, falling back asleep.

Charles grinned. "Devin's going to blow a gasket."

I looked between him and Richard. "What?"

"Richard is an alpha lycan," he said, his expression softened. "His... paternal grandparents would be beyond proud... Me included." 

I couldn't help but smile, feeling a renewed sense of gratitude for the unexpected turns life had taken.

Charles lifted his head to look at me. His gaze held mine, and my stomach flipped. Charles emitted another rumble, a low and melodic sound that seemed to resonate with Richard. He went on sleeping deeply. Charles swayed gently, his rumbling and cooing forming a harmonious melody. I saw Cecil blinking sleepily near the door and went to get her. She slumped into my arms and let out a low rumble against my neck as she started to sleep.

"How are you doing that?"

"Instincts," he said. "Practice. I've held a lot of children."

His lips twitched. "It's part of being a chief."

Chapter 0043

With Richard cradled in Charles's arms and Cecil already fast asleep in my arms, a sense of awe washed over me. I couldn't explain the emotions stirring in me.

"He really likes you," I couldn't help but say, my voice soft and filled with admiration. "They... both do."

Charles's gaze met mine, a warm smile tugging at his lips. "And I find myself quite fond of them too."

My heart swelled at his words, and at that moment, I saw a different side of Charles.

SURPRISE GIFT: 100 BONUS FREE FOR YOU

GET IT



Comments



Support

Chapter 0044

"You have a way with them," I admitted a hint of playfulness in my tone.

Charles chuckled, the sound carrying a mixture of pride and fondness. "Well, children can often see beyond the surface, Grace. They have an innate ability to recognize sincerity and kindness. I've never picked up a baby I couldn't soothe... Not even Devin, if you can believe it."

I wrinkled my nose at the mention of Devin, then frowned. Charles was all of forty-three years old. That made him, what, eighteen or so when Devin was born? How had he managed to raise Devin on his own then? 2

"You seem like you have questions," Charles said, his gaze not lifting from Richard's sleeping face.

"Did you... take Devin because you had to? So young?"

Is he really your adopted child?

I swallowed, thinking about the mate mark on his chest.

"Partially," he said. "Devin's parents died... saving my life more or less. I felt honor-bound, but in truth, I always wanted children. I knew that from a young age. The circumstances of my life have made it difficult to have children other than Devin."

His words struck a chord within me, and I felt a surge of empathy for the man standing before me. It was a reminder that despite his status and power, Charles had experienced his own share of challenges and heartache.

"I'm sorry to hear that," I replied softly, my heart going out to him.

Charles nodded, his expression a mixture of melancholy and determination. "I've made my peace with it mostly... Though now,

Chapter 0044

having found out that Devin has two children and one on the way, I have a feeling that I will get as close as possible to having children of my own." 1

"Charles," I began hesitantly, my curiosity getting the better of me, "what about your mate?"

His gaze met mine, and I saw a myriad of emotions flicker in his eyes – longing, sadness, and a touch of vulnerability. I winced.

"I'm sorry, I shouldn't have --"

"I take it that the mark is the actual reason you left that night," he didn't glance at me. His tone wasn't accusing. "After hearing about Devin, it should have occurred to me what it must look like... I'm sure you've heard enough mythos about what the mark means in lycan culture."

"I'm sorry," I whispered, my own emotions in turmoil. "I really. I mean... We met at a bar. It wasn't supposed to be a long-lasting thing. You don't owe me an explanation."

He laughed. "And that's where you're wrong."

He looked at me with a lopsided grin. "From the moment I saw you, I had a feeling that one night wasn't going to be enough, and I was going to do everything I could to make it more than just serious."

My mouth went dry as I stared at him. "I meant what I said."

He grinned. "You'd make a fantastic queen."

I scoffed. "I'm not made for fancy dresses."

He chuckled. "Delegation, economic management, and general leadership, though? You are made for it."

My stomach clenched and warmth pooled in my gut.

"Secondly, I do owe you an explanation. I never want you to think that I would have condoned Devin's behavior had I known, nor that I am anything like him. The person Devin has become is not a reflection on who I raised him to be."

I bit my lip. "Okay..."

"So, do you want to talk about it now, or later?"

I glanced at Richard and Cecil. "Maybe... after we've put them to bed?"

After tucking Richard and Cecil into their beds, the house seemed to exhale a gentle sigh of relief, which was great, because I was more nervous than ever. Charles and I found ourselves in the living room, an air of intimacy lingering between us. The flickering flames in the fireplace cast a warm, golden hue over the room. I settled onto the couch, glancing at Charles as he took a seat beside me. Our gazes met, and a momentary silence hung between us, pregnant with unspoken thoughts.

I could kick myself for opening this can of worms.

"A drink?" I asked, nervous and trying to get up.

He reached out and took my hand, threading our fingers together. A low rumbling sound came from him that made me feel almost boneless, secure and at ease.

I scowled. "I'm not a baby!"

He chuckled. "It works on nervous women, too. Relax, and I'll tell you everything you want to know."