

When Night Grows Softer Hope Returns To Lead Us

Continue Regular Chapter Reading Below

****When Night Grows Softer Hope Returns To Lead Us by Asa Rowan Fina****

****Chapter 81****

Sophie found herself utterly captivated, her gaze locked onto the fierce spectacle unfolding in the ring before her. Torin, her alpha, was locked in combat with a shifter she recognized as one of the enforcers, though his name eluded her. There was something mesmerizing about Torin's movements; he was a force of nature, fluid and powerful, every strike and dodge executed with precision that left the audience in awe.

She couldn't shake the feeling that Torin was deliberately prolonging the match. It was as if he relished the thrill of the fight, knowing he could easily end it within moments if he chose to unleash his full strength. The moment he finally concluded the bout, the crowd erupted into a cacophony of cheers and roars, a wave of energy that washed over Sophie, lifting her spirits.

After having eaten, she felt revitalized, the atmosphere buzzing with excitement and camaraderie. It was exhilarating to be part of this world, to feel the adrenaline that coursed through the crowd as they anticipated the final fight of the night. Enforcers had gathered around Madison and Sophie, their boisterous cheers echoing in her ears, ready to witness the showdown between Kyle and Torin.

As Liam announced the impending fight, the crowd surged with anticipation, their shouts blending into a singular roar. Torin stepped closer to Liam, a commanding presence that only amplified the excitement in the air. Sophie's eyes were drawn to Kyle, expecting him to stride confidently towards the ring. Instead, he approached them, a playful glint in his eye. Madison rose to greet him, planting a kiss on his lips that sent the enforcers into a frenzy of whistles and cheers. Kyle pulled back, a broad grin spreading across his face, and then he turned to Sophie, dropping to one knee in front of her.

"Sophie!" he called, his voice rising above the din. "It's tradition to give someone else a chance to fight the alpha if we've already had our turn. Someone else deserves a shot. Do you want my spot?" His gaze was earnest, searching hers for a response.

Sophie felt her heart race, a mix of shock and disbelief flooding her senses.

Madison, sensing the tension, turned to Sophie, her eyes wide with curiosity. "What are you going to do?"

Sophie fought the urge to glance at Torin, whose gaze was fixed on the woman before him, a smile playing on his lips that ignited a fire within her. She stood abruptly, determination surging through her. Without sparing Kyle a glance, she declared, "I'll do it." Her voice rang out, firm and resolute, as she looked down at Madison.

"Coming?" she asked, her heart pounding with adrenaline.

"Of course!" Madison shouted back, her enthusiasm infectious.

They moved as one, making their way down to the floor amidst the cheers of the crowd. Kyle jogged over to Liam, but Sophie avoided looking in his direction, not wanting to see the expression on Liam's face. Just then, Liam's voice boomed through the gym, commanding attention.

"Well, well, well," he said into the microphone, a hint of mischief in his tone. "We have a last-minute change for tonight's fight against the alpha. Kyle is relinquishing his spot, and stepping in will be none other than Sophie, mate to the alpha!" The crowd erupted into a frenzy, cheers and shouts filling the air.

Sophie focused on her stretching, refusing to acknowledge Liam or glance towards Torin. Just then, Barbie appeared in front of her, a scornful expression etched on her face.

"Looks like you're even stupider than you look," she hissed, leaning in close. "Don't worry; I'll take care of him when you're unconscious for the rest of the night." With a smug smirk, she sauntered away, leaving Sophie fuming in her wake.

"Sophie!" Torin's voice cut through the noise, laced with anger. She hesitated, wanting to ignore him but forcing herself to turn around. The intensity in his eyes took her aback, a storm of fury brewing within him. "What do you think you're doing?" he demanded, his tone sharp.

Sophie shrugged, attempting to mask her own anger with indifference. "Kyle offered me his spot."

He stepped closer, their bodies nearly touching, the tension palpable. "I am not fighting you in that ring," he stated, his voice low and firm.

"So, you're forfeiting?" she challenged, her heart racing with defiance.

"I've never forfeited a fight in my life," he ground out, frustration evident in his stance.

"Then I guess you shouldn't start now. I'll see you in the ring." With that, she handed Madison her sweatshirt and strode confidently into the ring. As she closed her eyes, she wondered if Torin would leave her to face this alone. But before long, he stepped inside, taking his position at the opposite end of the ring.

Sophie took a deep breath, centering herself as she awaited Liam's introduction. In her mind, images of Barbie and her friends flashed before her, taunting her with their cruel words—reminders of her insecurities, of how she had always been less than enough. She recalled Garret and Liam's skeptical faces when she announced her intention to fight; Brody's derisive laughter echoed in her ears, telling her she would never amount to anything. Anger surged within her, a fierce determination that she was done being the target of ridicule. She was tired of being the weak girl; she was Sophie now, and she would no longer let anyone walk all over her.

When the air horn sounded, Sophie was ready. She knew she had to catch Torin off guard if she wanted to land a hit. With fierce determination, she launched herself at him, her fists flying with the strength of her pent-up frustration. She noticed the flicker of surprise in his eyes just before she connected with a blow. He could have easily blocked it; she could tell by the way he shifted his stance. The crowd erupted in cheers as she pressed her attack, unleashing the fury that had been bottled up inside her. Blow after blow, she struck with everything she had, feeling alive in a way she hadn't in a long time.

But then, in a swift movement, her feet were swept out from under her. She hit the mat hard, Torin's body looming over her, but he managed to cushion her fall, his hand cradling her head. The impact knocked the breath from her lungs, leaving her momentarily dazed. She struggled against his hold, but it was futile; he had her pinned, his weight resting mostly on his forearms, keeping her down without crushing her.

The air horn blared again, and the crowd erupted once more, their excitement palpable. Sophie glared up at Torin, inches away from his face, frustration bubbling inside her. "You can get off me now," she grunted, her voice laced with irritation.

He narrowed his eyes at her, and to her shock, he leaned down and kissed her. The crowd went wild, their cheers echoing around the gym, but instead of feeling exhilarated, Sophie felt her anger flare even higher.

Conclusion

Continue Regular Chapter Reading Below

****When Night Grows Softer Hope Returns To Lead Us by Asa Rowan Fina 82****

Sophie struggled against him, her instincts kicking in as she fought to free herself from his grasp. But no matter how hard she tried, it was futile. In a moment of desperation, she sank her teeth into his lip, biting down with enough force to draw blood. The surprise on his face was almost satisfying. A small smile crept onto Sophie's lips as she noticed the crimson stain on his skin. Finally, he rolled off her and sprang to his feet, a mix of anger and disbelief etched across his features.

He extended a hand to help her up, but Sophie hesitated. She only accepted his assistance because the eyes of the crowd were upon them, watching with a mix of curiosity and amusement. As soon as she was upright, she released his hand, feeling a

rush of relief, and made her way towards where Kyle and Madison stood. Madison enveloped her in a warm hug, concern evident in her voice. "You okay?" she asked, her brow furrowed.

"Never better," Sophie replied, though her voice lacked the enthusiasm the words suggested. "Just mad I didn't land any more hits on him," she added as she began to walk away, not entirely sure of her destination—only that it was away from Torin.

"Sophie," she heard Torin's voice, laced with anger, calling after her. But she didn't turn back; instead, she threaded her way through the throng of bodies, finally pushing through the front doors and into the cool night air. The chill felt refreshing against her flushed cheeks, grounding her amidst the chaos of emotions swirling inside.

As she followed the crowd, a hand suddenly clasped her elbow, yanking her around to face a fuming Torin. Without uttering a single word, he pulled her along with him, navigating through the crowd. Sophie felt trapped, unsure of how to break free from his hold, so she allowed him to lead her wherever he intended to go.

As they moved, people greeted them, offering congratulations for their victories of the night, but Sophie tuned it all out. The noise faded into a dull hum in her ears. Eventually, Garrett stopped beside a car, where Max was already seated inside. Torin opened the back door and ushered Sophie in before sliding into the front seat. Max wasted no time and drove off. The silence in the car was heavy, filled only with unspoken tension.

When they arrived at Torin's house, he exited the vehicle first. Before he could open her door, Sophie slipped out the opposite side, determined to assert her independence. It didn't matter; Torin was at her side in an instant, his hand once again resting on her elbow, a possessive gesture that ignited her anger.

At the door, he turned to Max with an authoritative tone, "Nobody comes in." Max nodded in compliance as Torin shut the door behind him. Without a word, he guided Sophie down the hallway and into his room, shutting the door with a quiet finality.

Sophie whirled around to face him, her fury boiling over. "I'm not an object for you to drag around, Torin. Next time, try using your words," she snapped, her voice sharp with indignation.

Torin remained silent for a moment, his gaze penetrating as he took her in. "You're mad," he stated, the calmness of his voice contrasting sharply with her tempestuous emotions.

Sophie let out a derisive snort. "You think? Wow, what gave it away?" she shot back, her frustration evident. Torin narrowed his eyes at her, but she shook her head, unwilling to engage further. "I'm done with this conversation for tonight. I'm going to bed," she declared, attempting to sidestep him, but he moved into her path, blocking her escape.

“Really? You’re going to stop me from going to my own room?” she challenged, incredulous.

“We’re going to discuss what’s happening between us first,” he insisted, his voice steady and calm.

Sophie crossed her arms defiantly. “There’s nothing happening between us,” she retorted, her heart pounding with a mix of anger and hurt.

“Your presence in the ring tonight suggests otherwise. You were furious with me then, and you still are. I need to understand why. I told you I didn’t want to fight; you’re my mate...” he started, but Sophie cut him off.

“Let me stop you right there, big guy. No more of this ‘mate’ talk. It’s over. Whatever you thought was between us is finished. Not that there was ever anything substantial to begin with,” she declared, her voice trembling with emotion.

Torin froze, his expression shifting to one of confusion. “Sophie, what are you talking about?”

“I’m talking about your lies—all of them. I don’t know what kind of game you’re playing, but you won. Congratulations. You’ve managed to hurt me more than anyone else ever has in my miserable life. You know why? Because you told me everything I’ve wanted to hear, and you made me feel things I’ve been searching for forever. You made me feel beautiful, special, protected, and valued for the first time. You made me care about you, Torin. You made me believe there was something special between us, but there isn’t. Apparently, there never was,” she finished, her voice breaking as the weight of her words settled in the air between them.

Torin opened his mouth, as if to respond, but Sophie raised her hand to silence him. “Please, not tonight. I can’t do this anymore. Just let me go to my room,” she pleaded, her voice heavy with defeat.

The silence stretched between them, thick and suffocating. Finally, Torin spoke, his tone softer. “Go get some sleep, Sophie; but know that this conversation is far from over.” He stepped aside, allowing her to pass, and she hurried to her room, desperate to escape the intensity of the moment.

Once inside, Sophie quickly stripped off her clothes and took a brisk shower, hoping the water would wash away the turmoil of the night. After drying off and slipping into comfortable pajamas, she braided her hair and crawled under the covers. She thought sleep would come easily after such an exhausting evening, but it eluded her. Instead, she lay staring at the ceiling, replaying her harsh words to Torin over and over in her mind.

A soft knock at the door broke the stillness, but she remained silent, hoping the visitor would leave her alone. When she heard the door creak open, she shut her eyes tightly,

wishing to disappear. Footsteps approached, and she recognized Torin's familiar presence. Her heart raced when he gently brushed a finger down her cheek, a tender gesture that nearly made her flinch. Years of practice in hiding her true feelings had taught her to remain still, to keep her breath steady.

"I'm so sorry, my precious Sophie. I don't know what I did, but I vow to you that I will make it right," he whispered, his voice filled with regret.

Sophie remained motionless, her heart aching as she listened. She could hear another soft voice join Torin's—Liam.

"What happened tonight?" Liam asked softly, concern lacing his tone.

"I don't know what I did, but I hurt her really badly," Torin admitted, his voice barely above a whisper, a note of sorrow that struck Sophie deeply.

"I have to make it right," he added, his determination palpable.

"You will," Liam assured him.

"What if she doesn't forgive me?" Torin's question hung in the air, filled with uncertainty. Sophie held her breath, eager to hear Liam's response.

"She will," Liam said confidently. "She's a good person, Torin. She's been through hell and back and is still standing. She has every reason to be angry and bitter, but she's not. She's still sweet and kind. She loves others and takes care of them. That's not the kind of girl who won't forgive you."

Sophie waited in the silence that followed, but the two boys fell quiet, leaving her alone once more. The door clicked shut, and for the first time that night, a flicker of doubt crept into her mind. Perhaps she had misjudged Torin after all.

Conclusion

83

Continue Regular Chapter Reading Below

****When Night Grows Softer Hope Returns To Lead Us by Asa Rowan Fina****

The dawn of a new day found Sophie stirring in her bed, the early light filtering through the curtains and casting gentle shadows across her room. She blinked against the brightness, but as soon as she sat up, a groan escaped her lips. Her body felt like it had been through a grueling battle the night before, every muscle protesting as she moved. She lingered on the edge of the bed, the warmth of the blankets still clinging to her, before finally mustering the energy to rise and shuffle toward the bathroom.

As she stepped inside, something caught her eye—a stunning bouquet of yellow roses elegantly arranged in a glass vase on the countertop. The sight made her pause, a

flicker of surprise lighting her features. A small card lay in front of the flowers, her name neatly written on it. Curiosity piqued, she approached and picked it up, her heart racing slightly.

“Sophie,” it began simply, but the words that followed struck a chord deep within her. “Please forgive me.”

The signature was unmistakable. Torin.

With a sigh, she flipped the card over, hoping for more, but it was blank on the other side. Disappointment washed over her as she placed it back down, her thoughts swirling like leaves caught in a gust of wind. Standing under the warm spray of the shower, she couldn’t shake the nagging feeling that perhaps she had been too harsh on him. After all, he was an alpha—a role that came with its own burdens, especially when it came to matters of the heart.

Memories of the previous night flooded her mind, particularly Barbie’s biting words and the accusations that had hung in the air like a thick fog. Sophie knew she owed it to Torin to hear him out, to give him a chance to explain himself. The thought of that conversation made her stomach twist with anxiety; there was so much that had been said, so many emotions laid bare.

“How do you even start a conversation like that?” she muttered to herself, the steam from the shower curling around her. “Hey, so Barbie claims you slept with her and that you’ll come crawling back once you’re done with me? Is that true?” A groan escaped her lips, frustration bubbling to the surface. Shaking her head, she pushed those thoughts aside, determined to channel her energy into something productive.

Once she finished her shower, she donned her workout clothes and carefully braided her damp hair. She needed to work off the pent-up frustration that threatened to consume her.

Making her way to the basement, Sophie noticed the stillness around her. It seemed Madison and Kyle had already descended into the depths of their training ground. As she reached the bottom of the stairs, the rhythmic thuds of a punching bag caught her attention. Curiosity piqued, she turned the corner, only to find Torin there, his back to her, muscles rippling as he unleashed a flurry of punches. He was in a zone, completely immersed in his workout, and she couldn’t help but admire the sheer strength he exuded.

“He’s been hammering that thing for at least an hour,” a voice suddenly broke her reverie. Startled, she turned to see Liam standing beside her, his own shirtless form glistening with sweat. He looked at her with a hint of concern in his eyes. “You okay?”

Sophie sighed, the weight of the previous night still heavy on her shoulders. “Yeah, I think so.”

"I owe you an apology," Liam said, his tone earnest. "When you showed up to the fight last night, I shouldn't have laughed. That was rude and uncalled for. You deserved to be there." A grin broke across his face, lightening the mood. "You did really well."

Sophie blinked in surprise at his unexpected apology. "Thank you," she replied, her voice soft. After a moment's hesitation, she continued, "Liam," she paused, gauging his reaction. He waited patiently, his gaze steady. "Do wolves ever have human mates?"

Liam's expression shifted, his eyes drifting back to Torin. "The truth, please," she pressed.

He finally turned back to her, his brow furrowed. "No, they don't. But you... you're different, Sophie. Nothing about you has been normal. You're a mate finder, and that's something we've never had before. We've heard whispers of it, but never seen one in our lifetimes, or even in the last few generations."

Sophie felt a pang at his words. "But because Torin's an alpha, he should be with a wolf, right? I mean, he needs a wolf heir," she said, the pain of that reality cutting through her like a knife, even as she tried to keep her tone neutral.

Liam narrowed his eyes, concern etched on his face. "Sophie, I don't know who's been whispering these things to you, but you need to talk to Torin."

"Wouldn't it be better if I just disappeared from his life? Then he could mate a wolf," she suggested, her heart heavy with the thought.

Liam's eyes widened, and he grasped her shoulders firmly. "What are you talking about?" Just then, the sound of footsteps echoed down the stairs, signaling the arrival of Kyle and Madison. "Sophie, please don't do anything reckless," he urged, desperation creeping into his voice. "You need to talk to Torin."

"I will," she promised, looking up at him earnestly. "But please, don't tell him what we discussed." Liam opened his mouth as if to argue, but then he simply nodded, stepping back. Sophie watched him retreat, a sense of melancholy washing over her. Turning back, she found Torin's gaze fixed on her, a storm of emotions swirling in his eyes. She quickly looked away, greeting Kyle and Madison as they approached.

"How's our new female champ?" Madison asked, her grin wide and infectious.

Sophie managed a smile in return. "Stiff and sore," she admitted, and they all chuckled together, the momentary levity providing a brief respite from the tension.

Madison leaned closer, her voice dropping to a conspiratorial whisper. "What's he doing down here?" she asked, nodding toward Torin.

Sophie shrugged, but before she could respond, Torin's voice cut through the air. "Sophie, you're with me."

“Uh-oh,” Madison said, her expression shifting, but she stepped back, leaving Sophie to navigate this new development alone.

Sophie hesitated, tempted to defy Torin’s command, but she quickly realized that doing so would only complicate matters further. With a resigned breath, she walked toward the man whose expression was as stormy as the skies before a tempest.

“I underestimated you, and I apologize for that. I won’t make that mistake again. I’ll take over your training from here,” he stated, his tone devoid of any warmth.

Sophie felt a knot of uncertainty tighten in her stomach. Was this really the best course of action? But she held her tongue, choosing not to voice her doubts. As he turned and began to walk away, she had no choice but to follow him, her heart racing with both apprehension and a flicker of determination.

He stopped in front of a smaller punching bag, his demeanor shifting into that of a strict trainer. “Let’s see what you’ve got,” he said, his voice flat and devoid of emotion.

Sophie realized then that he had entered a no-nonsense mode—there would be no discussions about the previous night, no room for vulnerability. If that was the path he chose, she would meet him on it, ready to prove herself.

Conclusion

Continue Regular Chapter Reading Below

****When Night Grows Softer Hope Returns To Lead Us by Asa Rowan Fina****

****Chapter 84****

Sophie buried the tumult of emotions from the previous night deep within herself, shoving them into the darkest corners of her mind. She inhaled deeply, allowing the air to fill her lungs, and deliberately tuned out the world that buzzed around her. Rolling her neck to release the tension, she stepped into her training stance, ready to face the challenge ahead. With another deep exhale, she began her routine, focusing solely on the movements that had become second nature to her.

Even though she could feel Torin’s intense gaze piercing through her concentration, she resisted the urge to look up. His presence was a constant reminder of the turmoil she was trying to suppress. As she moved, she felt the heat of his scrutiny, but she was determined to push through.

Suddenly, she felt his hands on her waist, warm and firm against her bare skin. She fought to suppress any reaction, forcing herself to remain composed. “Angle your body slightly,” he instructed, adjusting her posture with a gentle push. “Again,” he commanded, and Sophie complied, diving back into her routine.

As she lost herself in the rhythm of the movements, a sense of release washed over her. The frustration that had been building inside her began to dissipate with each practiced motion. But just when she was starting to feel the sweat bead on her forehead, Torin interrupted her flow. He led her to an empty training ring, his expression serious.

"I observed you last night," he began, his tone firm yet not unkind. "When you're on your feet, you hold your own. But once you're on the mat, it's like you forget everything." Sophie scowled at his words, irritation bubbling to the surface, but he seemed unfazed. "Your size doesn't define your ability to defend yourself. You need to learn to fight back when you're down."

He moved into position, gesturing for her to mirror him. "Let's go," he urged, and although Sophie felt a twinge of reluctance, she stepped forward. Without waiting for her to settle, he charged at her with a speed that caught her off guard. She ducked instinctively, narrowly avoiding his advance.

"Too slow, Sophie," he growled, his voice low and challenging.

Fueled by a mix of frustration and determination, Sophie retaliated, launching herself at him with all her might. Yet, he deflected her every attempt with ease, establishing a rhythm that felt both frustrating and exhilarating. Just when she thought she had found her footing, he took her down, pinning her beneath his weight.

"Now, this is where you need to focus," he said, his voice steady. "When you're pinned, you can't just give up. You have to create space between you and your opponent." He demonstrated, guiding her through the necessary movements. "Straighten your legs, lift your hips, and push your shoulders into the mat. Keep pushing backward so you can't be pinned. Once you have enough space, shift your hips quickly. Remember, where your hips go, your spine will follow. This will throw off your attacker's balance. If you get the chance to kick, make it count—hard and fast. And then roll out from under them."

Sophie absorbed his instructions, her mind racing as she processed each step. They practiced slowly at first, then gradually increased their speed. With each attempt, she felt a flicker of confidence beginning to ignite within her. After a few tries, she was surprised to find herself feeling more empowered than before. Torin stood up and pulled her to her feet, a glimmer of approval in his eyes.

"Madison," he called out, and Sophie turned to see her friend approaching. "I want Sophie to try something. Pin her, please," he instructed before walking away, leaving Sophie feeling both anxious and determined.

Madison flashed her a cheeky grin before launching herself at Sophie with surprising speed. Instinct kicked in, and Sophie began to deflect Madison's strikes, but the moment she dropped her arms, Madison seized the opportunity. In a swift motion, she took Sophie down, aiming to pin her as she had done countless times before.

Normally, this would be the moment Sophie would tap out, surrendering to the inevitable. But today was different. Drawing on the techniques Torin had just taught her, she focused, managed to wriggle free from Madison's grip, and sprang back to her feet. "I did it!" she exclaimed, her voice filled with a mix of disbelief and triumph.

Her eyes scanned the room, searching for Torin. She spotted him standing a short distance away, and her heart swelled with gratitude. "Thank you," she called out, her smile brightening her face. He nodded in acknowledgment before turning away, leaving Sophie feeling a strange mix of elation and disappointment.

As she watched him walk away, her smile faltered, and Madison stepped closer, concern etched on her features. "You look like you just lost your best friend. What's going on between you two?" she asked, glancing in the direction Torin had disappeared.

"It's complicated," Sophie replied, her voice barely above a whisper. "I think I need a shower," she added, feeling the weight of her emotions pressing down on her. With that, she turned and walked away, leaving Madison to ponder her words.

Once in her room, Sophie shed her sweaty training clothes and stepped into the shower, letting the warm water wash over her. She dressed in comfortable jeans and a cozy sweater, feeling the need to distract herself from the swirling thoughts in her mind. Cooking had always been a source of solace for her, and she decided it was time to return to the kitchen and create something delicious.

Hours slipped by as she immersed herself in the rhythm of chopping, stirring, and baking. The kitchen transformed into her sanctuary. She crafted several loaves of artisan bread, a hearty pot of creamy chicken and wild rice soup, and another filled with cheeseburger soup. To satisfy her sweet tooth, she whipped up a batch of chocolate chunk peanut butter cookies.

As she pulled the last tray of cookies from the oven, the inviting aroma wafted through the air, and just then, the front door swung open. Liam, Max, and a few enforcers stepped inside, their eyes lighting up at the enticing scent. "It smells like heaven in here," Liam declared, inhaling deeply. "Please tell me that's for us."

Sophie chuckled, the tension in her shoulders easing slightly. "It is! Help yourselves, guys. There's fresh bread, creamy chicken and wild rice soup, cheeseburger soup, and chocolate chunk peanut butter cookies." The guys eagerly began to serve themselves, their laughter filling the kitchen.

Before long, Madison and Kyle joined the feast. As Sophie looked around, she noticed Torin was still absent. Determined to share her cooking with him, she filled a bowl with cheeseburger soup, grabbed a few pieces of bread and a cookie, and set off in search of him.

She first headed to his office, but he wasn't there. Next, she knocked on his bedroom door, but it remained unanswered. A sense of urgency propelled her downstairs, and as

she descended quietly, she found him in the same spot where she had seen him earlier that morning, fiercely attacking the punching bag, his focus unwavering.

Setting the food down, she approached him, her heart pounding. Just as she got close, he paused, seemingly aware of her presence. "I made supper and didn't see you, so I brought you some," Sophie said softly, her voice barely above a whisper.

"Thanks," he replied curtly, still not turning to face her.

Sophie felt a wave of frustration rise within her. She knew they needed to talk, and she couldn't let this moment slip away. She stepped closer, placing her hand gently on his back. He stiffened at her touch, a clear sign of his discomfort. "We need to talk," she insisted, her voice steady despite her racing heart.

"Not right now," he replied, his voice tight and filled with agitation as he resumed punching the bag.

Surprised by his dismissal, Sophie took a step back, her heart sinking. "Look, Torin, I'm really sorry for what happened last night. I got upset and took it out on you. I want to make things right between us," she pleaded, her eyes searching his for any sign of understanding.

"I can't right now, Sophie," he said, his tone leaving no room for argument as he continued to strike the bag with relentless force.

Enough was enough. Determined to break through his wall, Sophie moved around to the other side of the bag, grabbing it to shift it just enough to force him to look at her. When he finally did, her breath caught in her throat. "Torin!" she exclaimed, her hands flying to cover her mouth in shock.

Conclusion

[When-night-grows-softer-hope-returns-to-lead-us-by-asa-rowan-finn 85](#)

"What happened?" she asked.

He shrugged. "I'm fine," he said.

"No, you're not!" Sophie responded. She stepped towards him. "What can I get you? Do you need Jain reliever? Bandages?"

Corin was quiet for a moment before meeting her eyes, pain in his gaze. "Can I just hold you?"

Torin asked in a low voice, surprising her.

She nodded, not knowing what else to do or say. He closed the remaining distance between them and pulled her against his chest. Sophie stiffened. She didn't want to hurt him anymore. "Relax," he whispered. "You're not hurting me." Sophie stood still for a moment then stepped back to fully look at all of his injuries. He had dried blood above his lip, his nose was obviously broken, his lip was busted, he had a cut that was almost in his eye. And that was just his face. He had deep gouges on his torso and black and blue bruises all over his body. "It's not as bad as it looks," he said. Now she understood why he was so agitated with her and didn't want to talk. He had to be in a good amount of pain. "I'm just waiting for Paul to come. It will all heal up soon."

"Were you in another challenge?" she asked, horrified. He nodded once. "Why didn't anybody tell me?" she asked in anger.

"I told them not to," Torin responded.

Sophie felt like an idiot. She'd been in the kitchen cooking while Torin had been fighting for his life.

"I'm so sorry. I had no idea. Is the other guy..." she couldn't bring herself to say it.

Torin nodded. "Dead."

Sophie let herself go then and leaned against him. She felt him take a deep breath and exhale it. She

felt some of the rigidity go out of his muscles the longer they stood together.

"Will you talk to me now?" Sophie asked. He pulled away for a minute and led her to the wall. He slid down the wall and **sat**, pulling her into his lap. Sophie carefully leaned against him. One arm came around her to hold her in place, the other arm he used to rub her back in small circles.

16:31

I Pan **From** Mu Deurbo Sten brother Stratabt loto **Thô**

Chapter 85

'I'm so sorry about last night," Sophie said.

'Will you please tell me what I did to hurt you?" Torin asked.

Sophie was quiet for a few minutes, trying to collect her thoughts. "Well, first of all, you and Liam laughed at me when I showed up for the fight."

He cringed. "I know. That was wrong of me. I'm sorry. As I already told you, I underestimated you. I won't do that again, but you were upset even before that happened," Torin said.

Sophie took a deep breath. "Did you sleep with Barbie?"

What!?" he asked.

The blond who has perfect boobs and a body to die for. She looks like a walking Barbie. She has a minion sidekick who has dark hair and olive-colored skin," Sophie said, angry again.

Torin put a finger under her chin and turned it towards him. Sophie winced at the sight of his sneer on his face. "I only know of one woman with perfect boobs and a body to die for, but her hair is

red." He shrugged. "I'm more of a redhead guy."

Sophie felt her face heat up. "Don't sidestep the question."

You mean Chloe and Stacey?" Torin asked in genuine confusion.

I don't know what their names are," Sophie said angrily. "I just want to know if you slept with her

or them or either one of them?" she asked.

Sophie,” Torin said slowly. “I haven’t slept with either of them. Why would you think that ? I told you

the mate bond is special, that we don’t mess around. We wait for our true mates.”

ou can’t expect me to believe that all of the male wolves in your pack wait until their mate,”

Sophie said, scoffing.

Torin nodded. “You’re right. They don’t all, but they regret it immensely when they finally meet their

mate. Where is all this coming from? From Chloe and Stacey?”

Sophie decided to just lay it all out there. “Last night, while I was waiting for Madison to sign me up,

16:31

1 Don From My Doubo stop brother Straight Into **The** Alpha’s 1 20

7399

Chapter 85

Stacey and Chloe cornered me. Chloe told me that I wasn’t your first and that she would be around after you got tired of me to take care of you. She said that you need a wolf in bed, because a human could never satisfy you or give you wolf babies.”

forin growled

low in his chest at her words, and his eyes flashed dangerously. “Chloe will be dealt with,” he said in a low, angry voice. “Sophie, look at me,” **he** commanded. Sophie met his eyes.

‘I have never slept with Chloe, nor am I intending to ever do so. You are the only one I want in my bed now and forever. I know you’re human, and that’s okay. We’re going to

be fine.” He shook his head in anger. “I’m sorry she said those things to you.” He was quiet for a moment, then a slow smile started to play across his lips. Sophie noticed distractedly that it was already beginning to heal.

‘What?’ she asked, still frowning. “What’s that smile for?”

‘So last night, when you were so angry that you won all your matches and even took on an alpha, it’s because you were jealous?’ he asked with a smirk.

Continue Regular Chapter Reading Below

****Chapter 86****

“I wasn’t jealous!” Sophie declared, her voice laced with indignation, as if the very accusation struck a nerve deep within her.

“Are you sure about that? Because it certainly looked like it. You were furious,” he countered, his tone teasing yet serious, as he attempted to unpack the whirlwind of emotions swirling between them.

“Of course I was angry!” Sophie finally allowed the truth to escape her lips, her voice rising with the intensity of her feelings. “Chloe told me you spent the night with her and that after you knocked me out, you were going back to her. But you’re not hers! You’re mine!” The last words erupted from her, almost a shout, echoing the possessiveness she felt.

“Do you have any idea how long I’ve been waiting for you to say that?” he replied, his voice husky, thick with emotion.

Before she could process the weight of his words, Torin’s lips descended upon hers, catching her completely off guard. The kiss was urgent, passionate; he slipped his tongue inside her mouth, and a low groan escaped him as he savored the taste of her. Sophie instinctively shifted closer, her body responding to him in ways she had longed for. Without breaking the kiss, he lifted her effortlessly, repositioning her so that she straddled him, their bodies fitting together perfectly. His fingers tangled in her hair, pulling her head back slightly, angling her for a deeper kiss.

“I came to check on the alpha, but it appears he’s quite recovered,” a voice interjected, cold and unwelcome, dousing the fire of their moment. Sophie jerked back from Torin, startled. He didn’t release her, keeping her close enough that she couldn’t escape the warmth radiating from him.

Torin flashed a brief smile at Sophie before turning his attention to Paul, who stood observing them. “I told you I was fine,” he said, a hint of annoyance creeping into his tone.

“Just let him check you out,” Sophie urged softly, her concern for Torin overshadowing her embarrassment.

“I’d rather have you check me out,” he murmured, his voice low and teasing, sending a shiver down her spine.

Sophie playfully smacked his arm before scrambling off his lap, standing up with a mix of fluster and determination. “He’s all yours,” she said, directing her words to Paul.

Torin rose smoothly to his feet, and Paul gestured for him to take a seat in a nearby chair for his examination. Sophie, wanting to give them space, slipped upstairs to avoid being a distraction. As she entered the kitchen, she spotted Max coming in just as she was about to serve herself a bowl of soup.

“Do you want some soup?” she asked, her voice brightening at the sight of him.

He nodded, his expression calm yet reserved. “Which kind?” she inquired, eager to please.

“The burger one,” he replied, his voice low and steady. Sophie dished out a generous bowl for him, adding a few pieces of bread on the side.

“Thank you,” he said quietly, his words almost a whisper as he accepted the meal from her hands. When he didn’t immediately walk away, Sophie looked up, curious.

“You did well in the ring last night,” he complimented, surprising her with his unexpected praise. Sophie’s eyes widened in disbelief; this was the most he had ever said to her. “You earned the pack’s respect by standing up to our alpha,” he continued, his tone more serious now.

Sophie felt a rush of pride swell within her. “I-I didn’t think anyone noticed,” she stammered, still trying to process his words.

“They know you’re strong enough to stand at his side. I may have misjudged you. I apologize,” he added, his eyes meeting hers with a sincerity that left her momentarily speechless.

“Thank you, Max. That really means a lot,” she finally managed to say, her heart swelling with gratitude.

He nodded, a slight shift in his demeanor indicating a rare moment of vulnerability. Just as he began to turn away, Sophie placed her hand gently on his arm, feeling the solid muscle beneath her fingertips.

“You’re going to make some woman incredibly happy,” she remarked, her voice soft yet sincere. She noticed a flicker of something in his eyes, something deeper than the stoicism he usually wore.

"Have you seen anything else about her?" he asked, his voice gruff, but there was an undercurrent of hope that made her heart race.

"Give me your hand," she urged gently, sensing his hesitation. He looked like he might refuse, glancing around the room as if he were weighing the risks. "He's not here. He's in the basement with Paul. This is your chance," she encouraged quietly.

Max set his soup down, his expression shifting to one of determination. "Do it quickly," he instructed, his tone leaving no room for argument. From anyone else, Sophie might have bristled at such a command, but with Max, it felt different. It was just part of who he was.

Carefully, she reached out and took his hand. The moment their skin connected, a bright sensation coursed through her, filling her with warmth. Sophie knew to remain still, to let the vision come to her. Soon, the light began to fade, and she focused intently on what she could see.

In her mind's eye, she spotted the familiar backpack she had seen before, resting beside something she recognized all too well. She tilted her head slightly, desperate to glean more information, but the vision was stubborn, only allowing her to see what was directly in front of her. Just as she was about to let go of Max's hand in frustration, a flash of long, dark hair caught her attention.

A moment later, a figure stepped into view, the girl turning slightly. Sophie caught a fleeting glimpse of her face before the girl spun around, throwing a swift punch directly at Sophie. Startled, Sophie squeaked and instinctively jumped back, severing her connection with Max.

The present rushed back to her in an instant, and she found herself staring at Max, who looked at her with impatience. "What did you see?" he grunted, his voice low and demanding.

Sophie beamed up at him, excitement bubbling within her. "She's beautiful, Max! She has really pale skin and long dark hair. She's perfect for you."

"How do you know?" he growled, skepticism etched across his features.

"Because she was in a ring fighting," Sophie replied, her grin widening. His frown deepened at her words. "She looked like she could handle herself just fine. She threw a punch at whoever was behind me faster and harder than some of the wolves I've fought," she explained, her enthusiasm infectious.

For a brief moment, the closest thing to a smile she had ever seen flickered across his face. "Good," he said simply before turning and walking away, his demeanor shifting back to the stoic mask he usually wore.

Just then, Torin wrapped an arm around her waist, pulling her close against his solid chest. "Thank you," he murmured near her ear, his voice low and warm.

Sophie turned her head to look at him, curiosity dancing in her eyes. "Why?" she asked, genuinely puzzled.

He nodded toward Max, who was now a distance away. "You gave him hope."

Conclusion

Continue Regular Chapter Reading Below

****Chapter 87****

Sophie found herself leaning against Torin's solid frame, the warmth of his body providing a sense of comfort that she had come to cherish. "I wish I could do more," she confessed, her voice tinged with a hint of frustration. "I wish I could actually find mates for these guys. I feel like my little glimpses aren't going to be enough."

Torin, ever the pillar of confidence, reassured her, "They will, Sophie. I have no doubt about it. When the time is right, those fleeting glimpses will come together to create a beautiful, complete picture. I'm convinced of it. You possess a gift, a blessing from our Creator, to help us find our mates. Just trust the process."

Sophie pondered his words, feeling a flicker of hope ignite within her. "I hope so," she murmured, turning in his arms to meet his gaze. Torin looked down at her, his expression steady and reassuring. "I'm not sure; it was just a glimpse, but..." She hesitated, stealing a glance over her shoulder at Max, who was busy with his own thoughts. "I don't think she was a wolf," she whispered, her voice barely above a breath, knowing that Torin would hear her, but wanting to keep the conversation private.

Torin's reaction was calm, devoid of any surprise. "You're not surprised," she stated, more as an observation than a question.

He met her gaze, his eyes filled with understanding. "After everything with you, nothing surprises me anymore. I don't have all the answers, and perhaps I never will. But we'll tackle each day as it comes."

Sophie felt a mix of relief and concern. "So, you think it's a good thing if Max's mate isn't a wolf?"

Torin raised an eyebrow, his tone light yet serious. "If she's his mate, how could that possibly be anything but good?"

"But what about..." The question hung in the air, heavy with implications. She struggled to voice her thoughts, the weight of them pressing down on her.

"What?" Torin prompted gently, sensing her hesitation.

“Well, if she’s human, will they ever be able to have a baby or a pup or whatever?” The uncertainty in her voice betrayed her worries.

Torin’s expression softened, a hint of tenderness in his eyes. “Are you asking for them or for us?”

Sophie quickly replied, “I’m just wondering.”

“Do you think you would be the mate finder and my fated mate if we couldn’t have kids? I believe we’re going to be just fine,” he said with a confidence that made her heart swell.

Curiosity flickered within her. “Do your females have babies in wolf form or human form?”

“How about we take this conversation somewhere private?” he suggested, his voice dropping to a conspiratorial whisper.

“That’s probably a good idea,” she agreed, her heart racing at the thought of their conversation shifting to a more intimate setting. “Do you want me to pack some soup? Are you hungry?”

Torin shook his head, a smile playing on his lips. “No, we can grab something later if we need it. Just go grab some shoes and a coat. I’ll wait for you,” he instructed, leaning down to plant a quick, tender kiss on her lips that sent a thrill through her.

Sophie hurried to her room, her heart racing as she grabbed her purse and coat, slipping on her shoes with a sense of urgency.

When she re-emerged, she found Torin patiently waiting for her at the front door, his presence grounding her. As they stepped outside, she spotted Max climbing into one of the vehicles parked in the driveway. Torin took her hand, interlacing their fingers, and guided her towards the car. He opened the back door for her, and she slid inside, the cool leather seat contrasting with the warmth of his hand as he closed the door behind her and settled in beside her.

“Okay, close your eyes,” Torin instructed, his voice playful yet firm.

Sophie raised an eyebrow, a mix of confusion and curiosity washing over her. “What? Why?”

Torin flashed her a charming smile. “Because I asked you to. Come on, close your eyes.”

“But why? Where are we going? What are you going to do?” she questioned, her mind racing with possibilities.

With a playful grin, Torin wrapped his arms around her waist, pulling her onto his lap, and promptly covered her eyes with his hands. "I don't like surprises," she grumbled, though her heart fluttered at the intimacy of the moment.

From the front seat, she heard Max chuckle softly. "No kidding," Torin replied, humor lacing his voice. "You'll like this one, I promise." His confidence eased her tension, and she leaned back against him, surrendering to the mystery of the moment.

The drive was short, perhaps no more than five minutes, but it felt much longer as anticipation built within her. Finally, the car came to a stop. "Can I look now?" she asked, her curiosity bubbling over.

"Not yet," Torin replied, his tone playful yet commanding. She felt him shift beside her, and the door opened. "Keep those eyes closed," he instructed, and she complied, her heart racing in her chest. Moments later, she felt herself being lifted into his arms, his hands covering her eyes once more, and she couldn't help but feel a thrill of excitement mixed with confusion.

A door opened and closed, and soon she was being gently lowered to her feet. "Okay, are you ready?" Torin asked, his voice low and teasing.

"Ready for what?" she replied, her exasperation bubbling to the surface. "I don't know what's going on!"

Torin's laughter, deep and rich, echoed behind her. "Open your eyes," he urged, his voice filled with anticipation.

Sophie obeyed, and as her eyes adjusted to the light, they widened in shock at the sight before her. "Torin," she breathed, her voice barely a whisper.

He stepped close behind her, wrapping his arms around her waist as she took in the surroundings.

"I know how much you loved working at Sip and Drip," he began, his voice warm and sincere. "I wanted to recreate something similar for you, but here on pack lands, where you will always be safe. So, we made this." He gestured around them, and Sophie's heart swelled with joy. "It's our very own Northwoods Pack Coffee House. It's equipped with commercial ovens so you can make your cinnamon rolls and whatever else you desire. We've got all the fancy machines that Helen had, and all the same products to make the drinks. I ordered everything from the same company Helen does, so it's all the right stuff."

Torin paused, allowing the weight of his words to sink in. "Do you like it?"

Sophie turned to him, her eyes brimming with tears of happiness. "I love it! This is incredible!" she exclaimed, her heart overflowing with gratitude and excitement.

Conclusion

Continue Regular Chapter Reading Below

****Chapter 88****

Sophie found herself mesmerized by the enchanting coffee shop that stood before her. It was unlike any establishment she had ever encountered. The expansive windows allowed sunlight to flood the space, causing it to sparkle like a jewel. Delicate café tables were artfully arranged throughout, inviting patrons to sit and savor their drinks. Underfoot, a stunning gray hardwood floor lent a modern touch, harmonizing beautifully with the sleek white serving counter that also served as a casual dining area, complete with tall bar stools that beckoned for leisurely conversations.

The atmosphere was further enhanced by hanging white pots filled with vibrant greenery, which added a refreshing touch of nature to the decor. Above, white lights dangled from exposed wooden beams, casting a warm glow over the inviting scene. Here and there, pieces of wall art punctuated the space with splashes of color, each telling its own story.

"This is the most beautiful shop I've ever seen," Sophie exclaimed, her eyes wide with wonder and delight.

Torin, standing beside her with a proud smile, replied, "I tried to capture the essence of that outdoor oasis you loved so much at the restaurant we visited on our last date."

Overcome with emotion, Sophie turned to him and threw herself into his arms. He caught her effortlessly, holding her tightly against his chest, feeling the warmth radiate between them.

"I can't believe you did this for me," she murmured, her voice muffled against his shirt, a mixture of disbelief and joy flooding her heart.

"Get used to it, baby. I'm planning on spoiling you for the rest of your life," he said with a playful grin, tipping her head back gently to meet her gaze. He leaned down, pressing his lips against hers in a tender kiss. When he pulled back, a spark of confusion flickered in Sophie's eyes as she watched him kneel before her. In that moment, realization washed over her like a wave. Tears sprang to her eyes, blurring her vision.

"Sophie," he began, his voice steady but filled with emotion, "you have made the happiest man in the entire world. Would you do me the honor of becoming my mate? I know we don't usually propose or follow the human tradition of rings, but I thought maybe that would make it more real for you."

In his gaze, Sophie noticed a hint of uncertainty, a vulnerability that tugged at her heartstrings.

“Yes,” she said, her voice breaking as tears streamed down her cheeks. In that instant, she felt an unwavering certainty that she had never experienced before in her life.

As she watched Torin slide the most exquisite ring onto her finger, her breath caught in her throat. The intricate design was a masterpiece—at its center sat a magnificent diamond, surrounded by two delicate silver bands adorned with small black diamonds that twisted together like a loving embrace around the larger stone.

She looked up at Torin, her heart swelling with affection. “The large diamond represents you. The intertwined bands with the black diamonds symbolize my wolf and me,” he explained, his voice rich with meaning. “It’s wrapped around the diamond because you are the center of our world. We will always protect you and cherish you.”

“It’s so beautiful, Torin. Thank you,” she whispered, overwhelmed by the depth of his feelings. She threw her arms around his neck, pulling him close, feeling safe and loved. After a moment, she pulled back slightly, a frown creasing her brow. “I feel like I don’t deserve any of this. You’ve done so much for me, and I have nothing to give you in return. I haven’t been able to offer you anything.”

“I don’t want anything from you, Sophie. I simply want you,” he replied earnestly. “You giving yourself to me is the greatest gift I could ever ask for.”

“I love you, Torin,” Sophie declared, her heart racing with sincerity.

Torin closed his eyes, pulling her even closer, as if to shield her from the world. “Then I have everything I could ever want,” he said softly, his voice filled with warmth.

Opening his eyes, he looked deeply into hers. “I love you, Sophie,” he stated, the simplicity of his words carrying the weight of his devotion.

“Will you bite me now, marking me as yours?” Sophie asked, her voice barely above a whisper, yet laced with determination.

He pulled back slightly, studying her with an intensity that made her heart race. “Why now?” he asked, his voice low and thoughtful.

“I’m wearing your ring. It only feels right that I bear your mark, making it official in both our worlds. Besides, I want the challenges to stop. I don’t want you to face another obstacle if I can do something to prevent it,” she said, reaching up to caress his cheek, her touch tender and reassuring.

Torin closed his eyes for a moment, contemplating her words. When he opened them again, they glimmered with an almost otherworldly light. “There’s nothing I’d like more,” he said, his voice rich with the presence of his wolf. “But not here. We’ll do it at the house. And Paul needs to be there. I’m not entirely sure what will happen when I bite you since you’re human. A wolf heals quickly from the bite; I can’t say the same for a

human. The bite must be deep enough to ensure it stays permanent, so Paul definitely needs to be present.”

“Then contact him and tell him to come to the house tonight,” Sophie urged, her resolve unwavering.

“Are you sure?” Torin asked, a hint of concern threading through his voice.

“More certain than I’ve ever been about anything in my life,” Sophie replied, her honesty shining through her words.

Conclusion

c 89

Torin pulled her in for another searing kiss. Sophie stood on her tiptoes, trying to get closer to him. **He** must have understood her need, because he lifted her a moment later. “Wrap your legs around my waist, baby,” he whispered.

Sophie did what he said, and he deepened the kiss. Sophie wrapped her arms around his neck and julled him closer. Torin finally slowed down and eventually pulled back. He tucked her hair behind her ear. “Let’s get back to the house,” he said. Sophie couldn’t agree with him more; she wanted to as

well. But she also wanted a few answers to some questions, and she wasn’t sure when they would get privacy like this again.

Before we go, can I ask you a few questions?” she asked looking at him. She could get used to this position. She was eye-to-eye with him.

‘Anything,” he said.

Sophie wiggled to get down. “Want to try a coffee?” she asked, her eyes sparkling in delight.

Corin smiled. “I’d love to.”

Sophie grabbed his hand and pulled him with her behind the new coffee bar. After a few minutes of orienting herself to where everything was, she ground some fresh dark roast beans. She made a small pot of dark roast for Torin and made a latte for herself. She just put vanilla syrup in it for now until she got used to everything. When both drinks were ready, she handed Torin’s his and took hers. He led them to a table. Sophie pulled out her chair to sit down, but Torin pulled her onto his lap

instead.

Ce looked at him in surprise.

take advantage of every opportunity for privacy we can get," he said. Sophie relaxed against him and started sipping her coffee. "Ask away," Torin said.

'So do your females have babies in wolf form or human?" Sophie asked.

'Human form," he said. "Babies for shifters are born just like regular human babies. We don't shift until we go through puberty."

16:31

1 Ran From My Psycho Step brother Straight Into The Alpha's Land

21.00

Chapter 89

"When did you first shift?" Sophie asked him.

"I shifted pretty early," he said. "I was ten. Most shifters shift for the first time by the time they reach eighteen. If they reach eighteen and haven't shifted, then they're not going to shift. Usually, that's the case. Not always." Sophie was quiet, just listening. "I think that's what your brother and his friends were trying to get you to do. I think they were trying to get you to shift. Sometimes extreme circumstances will cause a wolf to make their first shift. I think they thought it hurt you or

scared you badly enough, it would force you to shift," Torin said in controlled anger.

Sophie looked at him in confusion. "But I'm not a wolf."

Torin nodded. "I know, but you are an enigma. You don't smell like a wolf, but you also don't fully smell human. That's why you garnered Liam's attention so much the first time he saw you. He called me and told me I needed to come meet you. He was unsure of what you were. Of course, he had no idea that you were my mate." Sophie listened and thought about everything he was saying. In a cruel way, it made sense.

'You say that extreme circumstances can bring on a shift. Is that what happened to you when you

were ten?" she asked quietly.

Torin didn't respond for a moment. "Yeah," he finally said. "My father and mother, our alpha and

back mother, were killed."

Sophie stared at him in shock. She had no idea; he'd never breathed a word of any of this to her.

'I'm so sorry, Torin. I had no idea. What happened?' she asked.

He was quiet, and she gave him time. "My father was a good alpha. Strong and powerful. One of the strongest, if not the strongest, alpha in the country. Because of that, he never worried about his own safety. He never had a need to. He was a prideful man. One night, that came back to bite him. He and my mom went into the woods one night and never came back. They ran into a pack of rogue wolves. There were just too many of them."

Torin was silent after that. Sophie had no idea what to say. "That's why Max is so obsessed with my security. He remembers what happened that night. We all do. It could have been prevented."

'Did you and Liam and Max all grow up together?' she asked.

Torin's expression softened. "Yeah. We've been friends for a long time." He was quiet for a moment. Then he looked at Sophie. "They're both strong and powerful enough to be alphas. They could go out and have their own pack if they wanted to, but both of them chose to stay with me."

brecher Straight Into The Alpha's Land

21.99

Chapter 29

"They're good friends," Sophie said with a smile.

"Yeah," Torin agreed.

Sophie sat there trying to work up the courage to ask him what she wanted to. Torin looked at her.

"What are you thinking?"

Sophie decided to just go for it. "Do you think I could see your wolf again?"

c 90

Continue Regular Chapter Reading Below

****Title: When Night Grows Softer, Hope Returns to Lead Us****

"I had the impression that he frightened you," Torin remarked, a teasing glimmer in his eyes.

Sophie took a deep breath, trying to articulate her thoughts. "I'm attempting to conquer my fear of wolves. I believe that if I spend more time around him, perhaps I won't be so petrified anymore. After all, if I'm going to be living with a pack of wolves, I really need to overcome this fear," she replied, a tentative smile creeping across her lips, as if the mere thought of it made her feel braver.

Torin's expression softened as he gazed at her, admiration evident in his features. He leaned in and pressed a gentle kiss to her lips. "Come on, beautiful. He would absolutely love to spend some quality time with you," he said encouragingly, easing her off his lap.

Together, they stepped outside into the fresh air. Sophie spotted Max emerging from the car, maintaining a respectful distance but nonetheless trailing behind them as Torin guided her toward the trees that stood sentinel behind the coffee shop. Without hesitation, Torin shed his clothes, revealing the powerful form of his wolf. Moments later, a stunning black wolf stood before her, a creature of grace and strength.

Sophie felt an inexplicable pull towards him. She approached cautiously, extending her hand. The wolf nuzzled his nose into her palm, a gesture that sent warmth flooding through her. As her fingers glided over his thick fur, she marveled at the contrast—so enormous and powerful, yet so tender with her, much like Torin himself. The wolf turned, glancing back as if inviting her to follow.

Sophie matched his pace, her heart racing with excitement and a hint of trepidation. After a few moments, the soothing sound of water reached her ears, drawing her closer.

Torin's wolf led her to the tranquil edge of a shimmering lake. Sophie sank down onto the cool grass beside him, mesmerized by the beauty surrounding them. "This is really beautiful," she murmured, her voice barely above a whisper, as if afraid to disturb the serenity.

The wolf settled beside her, and she leaned against his warm, soft body. A wave of contentment washed over her, and for a moment, she allowed herself to simply bask in the stillness. "I could get used to this," she confided softly to her furry companion, her fingers tracing soothing patterns along his back.

Time slipped away as she dozed intermittently, lulled by the peaceful ambiance. Eventually, the wolf stirred, rising to his feet and prompting her to do the same. They began their journey back, the encroaching darkness wrapping around them like a comforting blanket. Sophie relied on the wolf's instincts to lead her safely through the woods.

As they emerged from the trees, the car came into view, and she noticed Max stealthily slipping out from the shadows behind them. Sophie chuckled softly to herself; that man

had a knack for blending into the background. Sliding into the backseat of the car, she felt a rush of warmth when Torin joined her, now fully dressed. Without a word, he drew her close, pulling her across the seat to nestle against him.

“Thank you,” he breathed into her hair, his voice low and intimate.

“Thank you,” she replied, her heart fluttering at the closeness.

Max climbed into the front seat, and a comfortable silence enveloped them as they drove back to Torin’s house. “Paul’s going to meet us here,” Torin informed her, squeezing her hand gently as they approached the familiar home.

Sophie nodded, her mind racing with anticipation and a touch of anxiety. Upon entering the kitchen, she glanced around, her heart lifting at the sight of its tidiness. She would have to express her gratitude to Madison for keeping things so neat.

Torin tugged her hand, leading her toward his bedroom. He closed the door behind them with a soft click, enveloping them in a cocoon of privacy. “Are you sure you’re ready for this?” he asked, his voice a mix of concern and eagerness.

Sophie nodded, her determination shining through. “Are you?”

“My wolf and I are more than prepared for you to bear our mark,” he replied, his tone gruff yet filled with warmth.

“Okay. Then let’s do it,” she said, attempting to mask the flutter of nerves in her stomach.

“Go change into a tank top so Paul can have easy access to your shoulder if we need him to,” Torin instructed gently.

Sophie nodded, feeling a wave of nervous energy as she retreated to her room. She rifled through her closet, pulling out a simple tank top and pairing it with comfortable yoga pants. The thought of returning to Torin’s room sent a thrill of excitement through her, but also a pang of anxiety.

Just as she was about to step back into his space, she heard a soft sound behind her. Turning, she found Torin leaning against the doorframe, a playful smile dancing on his lips.

“You startled me,” she admitted, her breath hitching slightly.

“I was worried you might get too scared to come back,” he confessed, that knowing smile still in place.

“Oh, I’m not scared,” she replied a bit too hastily, trying to sound more confident than she felt.

Torin moved closer, stopping just inches from her, his presence overwhelming. "Sweetheart, I can sense the fear radiating off you. Let me hold you," he said, his voice low and soothing. With a hesitant step, she melted into his embrace, feeling the strength of his arms wrap around her. "We don't have to do this right now," he reassured her.

Sophie shook her head firmly. "I want to; I truly do." After a moment's pause, she asked, "Will it hurt?"

Torin's gaze locked onto hers, intense and unwavering. "I can't promise it won't, but I will do everything in my power to make sure you don't even feel it."

Confusion flickered across her face. "How are you going to do that?" she inquired, curiosity piqued.

"By distracting you," he replied, a slow, teasing smile spreading across his features.

Sophie felt a swarm of butterflies erupt in her stomach. "Oh," she breathed, her voice barely above a whisper.

Torin's smile widened, radiating warmth. "Come on, beautiful." He took her hand, guiding her back into his room. He shut the door and locked it, creating a private sanctuary just for them. Sophie's heart raced in her chest. When she turned around, she was met with the sight of Torin, his shirt discarded, revealing a sculpted chest that left her momentarily speechless.

Conclusion