

# Reclaimed By My Alpha Novel

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He Knows the Door to My Soul and Who Forgot to Novel 51 Summary Natalia and Damon return home to Ashinoor after a long journey, greeted warmly by the twins, Jane and Max. The children excitedly share stories about their time with Grace, who had been looking after them. Jane proudly shows off the paper snowflakes they made, which are displayed in the window. Grace's subtle smile and brief eye contact with Natalia hint at a complex dynamic, though she expresses genuine affection for the twins.

Max clings tightly to Natalia, his sharp instincts detecting the scent of Andrei on her, raising his suspicions. He directly questions Natalia about seeing their biological father and even wonders if she plans to marry him. Jane reacts with surprise, reinforcing Max's accusation. Natalia feels the weight of this revelation, knowing that if the children learn about Andrei prematurely, it could jeopardize their safety and the secrecy she's trying to maintain.

Damon senses the tension and steps in with a lighthearted explanation, claiming the scent comes from a recent meeting Natalia had with her mother. He offers reassurance by wrapping his arm around Natalia and gently kissing her cheek in a protective and affectionate gesture. This moment causes Grace to leave abruptly, uncomfortable with the display. Max watches Damon and Natalia closely, still searching for the truth behind

their story, highlighting the fragile balance Natalia must maintain to protect her family's secrets.

Continue Regular Chapter Reading Below Chapter 51 Natalia By the time Damon and I finally pulled back into the familiar grounds of Ashinoor, the sun was dipping low, casting a warm, golden glow over the moss-covered stone walls that marked our pack's territory. The sight of home after yet another exhausting journey-one that had stretched over several days-was a deep comfort. I silently hoped that we wouldn't have to leave again anytime soon. Waiting patiently on the front steps were the twins, their faces lighting up the moment they spotted us climbing out of the car.

Without hesitation, both of them rushed forward eagerly. Damon lifted Jane into his arms, his smile broad as she babbled excitedly about the fun she and Grace had shared while we were away. At the same time, Max wrapped his small arms tightly around my leg, holding on as if afraid I might disappear again. "Ooh, and guess what? We even made paper snowflakes!" Jane exclaimed, breathless from her excitement. "We put them up in the window-look!" She pointed toward the bay window at the front of the house, where a collection of delicate paper shapes hung, fluttering slightly in the evening breeze.

"I see them," Damon said, planting a gentle kiss on Jane's cheek. "You'll have to teach us how to make those sometime." "They did really well," Grace called from the doorway. She stood there, holding the door open wider for us to enter. Though she barely met my eyes, a small smile played on her lips. "It sounds like you all had a wonderful time," I

said, shrugging off my coat and hanging it neatly by the door. "Thank you for looking after them, Grace." Grace nodded, glancing at me briefly. "It was no trouble at all.

I love spending time with the twins." That's when I became aware that Max was still clutching my leg, his gaze fixed on me with an unsettling intensity. His nose wrinkled slightly as he sniffed the air around me. A cold shiver ran down my spine as I realized immediately what he'd sensed-Andrei's scent. Again. "You smell like that man again," Max said, his voice quiet but pointed, before I could steer the conversation elsewhere. "It's even stronger now. Are you sure you didn't see our dad? Are you going to marry him?" Jane gasped, eyes wide.

"You did see our daddy!" I shot a quick, cautious glance at Damon, unsure how to respond. Max, despite being only four years old, possessed an intuition sharper than many adults. If he had indeed detected his biological father's scent, it was only a matter of time before he put the pieces together and realized it was Andrei. If either Max or Jane ever approached Andrei, everything would unravel. I couldn't afford to let that happen.

Andrei had no right to know about my children, and it was far safer if they remained unaware of him for now, at least until they were older and better equipped to understand. Suddenly, Damon set Jane down gently and stepped closer to me, a playful grin spreading across his face. He wrapped an arm around my shoulders, pulling me snugly against him. His hand slid down my arm, tracing across my back before settling low on my spine. I tensed slightly, feeling the warmth of his palm beneath my sweater. "That scent?" Damon chuckled softly. "Your mom and I just had a meeting. That's all.

"Let me clear that up for you." Before I could respond, Damon lifted my chin with one hand, tilting my face toward his. Time seemed to slow as his green eyes flicked down to my lips. I caught the quick flash of his tongue moistening his mouth, and for a heartbeat, I thought he was about to kiss me-truly kiss me-for real this time. But then, instead of pressing his lips to mine, he turned my face slightly to the side and planted a firm kiss on my cheek. My face flushed at the unexpected contact, though the warmth wasn't from attraction but from the surprise of his gesture.

Grace, standing nearby, stiffened noticeably at the sight and quickly spun around, hurrying out of the room. I heard her muttering something about taking dinner out of the oven as she left. "Oh," Max murmured, twisting his hands nervously and tilting his head. His eyes flicked back and forth between Damon and me, searching, analyzing, as if trying to detect the truth behind the lie. Conclusion Returning to the familiar embrace of Ashinoor brought a bittersweet sense of relief and tension intertwined.

The warmth of home and the innocent joy of the twins momentarily softened the weight of secrets and unspoken fears that lingered beneath the surface. Max's keen perception and the scent of Andrei served as a stark reminder that the fragile peace we had built was precarious, teetering on the edge of revelation. In that quiet moment, the protective walls around our family felt both necessary and suffocating, as the shadows of the past threatened to intrude upon the present. Yet, Damon's reassuring presence and gentle touch offered a fragile thread of comfort amidst the uncertainty.

Meanwhile, Damon's playful yet protective gestures hint at a growing closeness between him and Natalia, but Grace's reaction suggests that not everyone is

comfortable with this evolving dynamic. As loyalties and emotions shift, the delicate harmony of their lives may soon be disrupted. Readers can expect a chapter filled with subtle confrontations, unspoken fears, and the looming threat of truths coming to light that could change everything for this family.