

Through Rising Fog We Walk Paths Unknown Yet Comforting by Arlo Mason Jett 121 Summary

In “Through Rising Fog We Walk Paths Unknown Yet Comforting,” the story unfolds from Kane’s perspective as he witnesses the engagement ceremony of Damien and Gina. Damien exudes confidence while Gina’s eagerness is palpable, creating a stark contrast between the two. The atmosphere is charged with excitement as the couple exchanges vows, but Kane feels a sense of detachment, recognizing the superficiality of the moment. His thoughts drift to Bella, who he believes will be hurt by Damien’s decisions, revealing his protective instincts and concern for her well-being.

As the ceremony concludes, Kane slips away unnoticed, feeling a mix of irritation and contemplation about the events that transpired. He reflects on the unexpected presence of Eric, who seems to have taken an interest in Kathy Jameson, Bella’s half-sister. This revelation adds to Kane’s unease, as he worries about the potential complications Eric’s involvement could bring into Bella’s life. Despite the chaos surrounding him, Kane finds solace in the thought of returning home to Bella, who represents a stark contrast to the power plays and superficiality of his world.

Upon arriving home, Kane is greeted by Bella’s warmth and kindness, which serves as a poignant reminder of what truly matters. Her selfless act of repurposing expensive sweaters to create something warm for him highlights her extraordinary character. In this moment, Kane recognizes the depth of his feelings for Bella, realizing that her genuine nature offers a refuge from the harsh realities of his life. He grapples with the realization that while others seek power and dominance, Bella embodies a rare authenticity that draws him closer to her.

Kane’s internal struggle intensifies as he stands at a crossroads, torn between the expectations of his world and the comforting embrace of Bella. Her unwavering generosity ignites emotions he has long suppressed, prompting him to confront his fears and desires. This chapter establishes a profound connection between Kane and Bella, suggesting that true strength lies not in control, but in love and compassion. As the story progresses, the stakes will rise, forcing Kane to navigate the complexities of his emotions and the impending chaos surrounding Bella, setting the stage for a gripping continuation of their journey.

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****Through Rising Fog We Walk Paths Unknown Yet Comforting****

****by Arlo Mason Jett****

****KANE’S POV****

As Damien stepped out of the room, he carried himself with an air of unparalleled lightness, as if he were levitating above the weight of reality, blissfully ignorant of the storm brewing below.

I found myself amidst a sea of spectators, my hands shoved deep into my pockets, my gaze fixed on the stage where he and Gina stood side by side. Gina was a vision, her face aglow with excitement, a self-satisfied smile stretching across her lips. Every effort she made to appear dignified only highlighted her eagerness, a stark contrast to Damien's relaxed confidence. He stood tall, that familiar grin plastered across his face—a grin that screamed victory.

The host, with a flourish, presented a tray laden with engagement rings, and a hush fell over the gathering like a heavy blanket. The air thickened with anticipation, the clicking of cameras echoing through the hall as the assembled packs and nobles leaned forward, their eyes glinting with a mix of excitement and expectation.

Gina, practically bouncing on her heels, picked up the ring intended for her, her voice dripping with saccharine sweetness. "Damien," she proclaimed, her tone almost sickly, "I promise to stand by you, to honor our bond, and to do my utmost to make you proud. No matter the challenges we face."

Her vows sounded rehearsed, as if she had practiced them countless times in front of a mirror, perfecting every inflection.

Damien, with a radiant smile, nodded earnestly. "Gina, from the very moment we found each other again, you have been my unwavering support," he replied, his voice steady and sincere. "I vow to offer you loyalty, stability, and everything that a mate should provide. I will build a life for you that reflects your incredible strength."

I stood there, a silent observer, as their vows unfolded like a scripted performance that held no real significance for me. When Damien slid the ring onto her finger, a thunderous applause erupted, reverberating around the hall. It felt excessive, almost overwhelming. Someone in the crowd hollered, "Perfect couple!" while another voice chimed in about blessings from the moon.

Flashes from cameras illuminated the scene like strobe lights, capturing every moment like a snapshot of a fleeting dream. Gina raised her hand high, showcasing the ring, her smile wide and triumphant.

A small smile crept across my lips—not from amusement, but from a chilling satisfaction that coursed through me. Tomorrow, their faces would grace every media outlet, a public declaration of their union. There would be no turning back for Damien; he would be forced to sever ties with Bella.

I couldn't shake the feeling that Bella might never forgive him for abandoning her when she needed him the most. Yet desperation often drove people to make foolish choices. I had no intention of allowing him to inflict further pain on her.

This engagement ceremony felt like a mere formality in the human realm. Soon enough, they would proceed with the official mating ceremony, marking the end of Damien's fantasies forever.

As the final speech concluded, a wave of people surged toward the couple, enveloping them in a cacophony of cheers, laughter, and compliments.

I slipped away, unnoticed, exiting the scene without a word.

The guards at the entrance stiffened at my approach, bowing their heads in respect.

A sleek silver Bentley awaited me in the shadows, and Jayden stood beside it, opening the back door as I approached.

"Alpha," he greeted softly, his voice barely above a whisper. "Are you heading back to the cabin now?"

"Yeah," I replied, settling into the plush seat and leaning back, letting the tension seep from my body. "Take me home."

The door closed with a soft thud, and I allowed my eyes to drift shut, the noise of the world fading into the background.

Today had been irritating for a multitude of reasons, but Eric's unexpected presence had been the most perplexing. He rarely attended public events unless something—or someone—had caught his eye.

And apparently, that someone was Kathy Jameson.

Bella's half-sister.

I still couldn't wrap my head around it. Kathy was the type of woman who thrived on petty games, relishing the chance to dominate those weaker than her just to boost her own sense of power.

Why Eric, of all people, had chosen to take an interest in her baffled me.

Yet, his choices were his own to make. I didn't care unless Kathy decided to meddle in Bella's life. Then, the situation would shift rapidly—and painfully.

Jayden cleared his throat from the front seat, breaking my thoughts. "Sir... Senior Alpha Monroe called earlier, concerned about why you left before the others. I think he's worried you were annoyed."

"I'm not annoyed," I replied, my voice steady and calm. "Call him back and let him know that I was pleased tonight, but I was simply tired and needed to leave early."

"Yes, Alpha," he acknowledged, his tone respectful.

The car glided smoothly through the illuminated streets of the city. I kept my eyes closed, my thoughts drifting back to Bella.

I recalled the softness of her voice, the strength that lay beneath it, and how she had always managed to rise after being knocked down time and time again.

She didn't realize how rare her qualities were—her gentleness, her patience.

People like her seldom survived in my world. Yet, somehow, she did.

By the time we arrived at the entrance of our old community area, the night had grown late. Jayden parked the car, and I stepped out into the cool evening air.

I climbed the narrow staircase, walked to the door, and unlocked it.

Inside, Bella was seated on the small sofa beneath a soft lamp, her head bent in concentration as she knitted. Wool lay across her lap, her movements deliberate and focused, as though she had poured her entire being into the art of needlework.

As soon as she heard me, she looked up, her face lighting up with a broad smile. "You're back," she said softly. "It's pretty cold outside, isn't it?"

"It's fine," I replied, stepping inside and securing the door behind me. My gaze fell on the wool in her hands. "Where did you get that?"

"Oh." She lifted the half-finished piece, her cheeks slightly flushed. "I took apart some old sweaters to make a scarf and gloves for you. I've been at home a lot lately, so I thought I might as well keep myself busy."

Only then did I notice the labels scattered across the table beside her. I picked one up, instantly recognizing the brand—it was expensive, a luxury that most people saved for months to afford just once.

"You tore apart these sweaters?" I asked slowly, disbelief creeping into my voice. "Bella, these aren't cheap. Why wouldn't you wear them instead?"

She met my gaze with that calmness she always possessed, the kind that didn't seek validation.

"They aren't cheap," she admitted, her voice steady. "But the style is a bit too... flashy for me. They don't suit me anymore." She shrugged lightly. "And I don't have boots or leggings to match them. I have nowhere to wear them anyway. So it's better to put the wool to good use."

I stared at her, a mix of admiration and disbelief swirling within me.

In my world, most people tore others apart for scraps. Yet here was Bella, dismantling expensive sweaters just to create something warm for me with her own hands.

She didn't take; she gave. Even when she had so little.

She didn't even realize how extraordinary she was.

Holding up the wool, she asked, "I think there's enough material to make both a scarf and gloves. Do you like this color?"

I stepped closer, captivated by her wide, beautiful eyes. She had no idea how she was peeling back layers of my heart that no one had ever touched before.

"Yeah," I finally replied, my voice softening. "I like it."

In a world where everyone devoured each other, Bella was the first person I had ever encountered who wanted nothing from me at all.

She simply cared.

And that simple act... felt more dangerous than anything else.

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In the quiet aftermath of the engagement ceremony, Kane's heart wrestled with conflicting emotions—resentment for Damien's apparent triumph, yet an undeniable warmth ignited by Bella's selflessness. As he observed the spectacle from the shadows, the hollowness of the celebration contrasted sharply with the genuine connection he felt with Bella. Her unwavering kindness and the quiet strength she exuded stood in stark opposition to the superficiality of Damien and Gina's vows. In this moment, Kane realized that while the world around him thrived on power plays and empty promises, Bella embodied a rare and precious authenticity that he had never encountered before. Her ability to give without expectation drew him in, awakening feelings he had long buried beneath layers of duty and obligation.

Returning home to Bella's gentle presence, Kane was enveloped in a sense of belonging that felt both foreign and comforting. Her simple act of creating something warm for him from discarded luxury revealed the depth of her character, a stark contrast to the shallow games played by those in his circle. As he stood before her, witnessing her unwavering generosity, Kane recognized that he was at a crossroads—one path leading further into the tangled web of his world, and the other toward the unknown, yet comforting embrace of Bella. In her, he found not only solace but a beacon of hope that illuminated the way forward, urging him to confront his own fears and desires. With each moment shared in their humble space, Kane understood that true strength lay not in dominance, but in the quiet power of love and compassion, a realization that would forever alter the course of his life.

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What to Expect in Next Chapter?

In the next chapter, readers can expect the tension to escalate as Kane grapples with the emotional fallout of Damien's engagement to Gina and its implications for Bella. As Kane's protective instincts kick into overdrive, he will confront the reality of his feelings for Bella and the sacrifices he must consider to safeguard her from the impending chaos. The stakes will rise as Kane finds himself drawn deeper into a web of loyalties and betrayals, where every choice could lead to unforeseen consequences.

Moreover, the arrival of Eric and his interest in Kathy Jameson will add another layer of complexity to the narrative. Kane's unease about Eric's intentions will intensify, prompting him to take decisive action to shield Bella from potential manipulation. The chapter promises to explore the intricate dynamics of power and vulnerability within their world, as Kane must navigate not only his burgeoning feelings for Bella but also the looming threat posed by external forces. With the tension thickening and alliances shifting, readers will be left on the edge of their seats, eager to discover how Kane will protect the one person who has shown him true kindness in a world rife with deception.

Conclusion

In the wake of Damien and Gina's engagement, Kane found himself at a pivotal moment, caught between the oppressive weight of societal expectations and the liberating truth of his feelings for Bella. The stark contrast between the hollow celebration of superficial love and the genuine connection he shared with Bella became painfully clear. As he retreated from the spectacle, the warmth of Bella's selflessness offered him a refuge—an oasis of authenticity in a world rife with deceit and ambition. This realization ignited a flicker of hope within him; he understood that true strength lay not in dominance but in the quiet power of love and compassion that Bella embodied so effortlessly.

Returning to Bella's side, Kane felt the pull of a new path—a journey that promised not only personal growth but the possibility of forging a life built on trust and mutual respect. Her simple act of creating something meaningful from discarded luxury revealed a profound truth: in a world where many sought to consume, Bella chose to give. As he stood before her, captivated by her unwavering kindness, Kane recognized that he was ready to confront the chaos that lay ahead, determined to shield her from the impending storm. With each moment spent together, he felt the walls around his heart begin to crumble, allowing the warmth of love to seep in. This was the beginning of a transformative journey, one that would challenge him to redefine his understanding of loyalty, sacrifice, and the true essence of companionship.

What to Expect in Next Chapter?

****What to Expect in Next Chapter?****

In the upcoming chapter, readers can anticipate a deepening exploration of Kane's internal struggle as he wrestles with the implications of Damien's engagement and the emotional turmoil it brings. As he reflects on his growing feelings for Bella, Kane will be

faced with a pivotal decision: should he step into the fray to protect her from the fallout of Damien's choices, or should he remain in the shadows, allowing the drama to unfold? This conflict will push him to confront not only his own desires but also the harsh realities of their world, where loyalty and love often clash in unexpected ways.

Additionally, the dynamic between Kane and Bella will evolve as they navigate the complexities of their relationship amidst external pressures. Bella's unwavering kindness will serve as a grounding force for Kane, yet it will also challenge him to open up about his fears and vulnerabilities. As tensions rise with Eric's involvement and the potential threat Kathy poses, Kane's protective instincts will be put to the test. The chapter promises to deliver suspense and emotional depth, as Kane must decide how far he is willing to go to shield Bella from the machinations of those around them. With the stakes escalating, readers will be left eagerly awaiting the next turn in this intricate tale of love, loyalty, and the pursuit of authenticity in a world fraught with deception.

chapter 122

KANE'S POV

"I really like it" I said "Bella, I'll buy you a thousand or ten thousand sweaters in the future. Wear them as much as you

like."

She blinked, then laughed lightly as if the idea was absurd. "A thousand or ten thousand? How would I even have the chance to wear them all? I don't need such things. Come here. Please. Let me measure the size of your hand."

She reached for me with a small leather ruler. When her fingers wrapped around my hand, I felt the cold instantly. I frowned. Her skin was icy, far too cold for someone inside a

warm room.

"Hey. Don't do this," I muttered.

She looked up. "What?"

"Don't knit. Your hands are too cold."

"It's okay." She clicked her tongue when I shifted. "Stay still. If you keep moving, the measurement will be useless." She repositioned my fingers, gently pressing them flat. "Besides, were indoors. This isn't cold. Early mornings outside or nights when I swent the road—now that was cold. Even with gloves.

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+7 Bonus

Her voice was calm, but every word sank into me like a stone. Cold hands were nothing compared to the cold life she had endured.

I felt guilty. I couldn't help it. It felt like her suffering was all my fault.

I could have stopped all of this – every hardship, every night she froze on the streets, every callused layer on her palms. I could have prevented it with a single command years ago. Instead, I watched her suffer from a distance.

And now... I was here pretending to be her "brother," pretending to be harmless.

"It's done," she said cheerfully.

She let go of my hand and immediately bent her head, resuming her knitting. Her fingers moved slower than they should have. I noticed that her past injuries stiffened her joints. Watching her work through pain that I had indirectly caused made my chest ache.

"Bella," I said quietly, "today is the day of Damien's engagement to Gina."

Her needles paused for a second, then continued. "I know. I

saw it on the Internet. There were so many people earlier that 277

no one could even squeeze in."

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"There's still a crowd," I added. "I saw it on the way back."

+7 Bonus

She nodded. She wasn't surprised, not emotional, not bitter. She didn't even look bothered at all.

"Don't you feel disappointed?" I asked, watching her closely.

She looked up, confused. "Disappointed?"

"If you hadn't broken up with Damien, today might have belonged to you."

"Even if nothing happened to me back then," she said calmly, "and even if we hadn't broken up, it still wouldn't have been mine. The Silverwood Pack was never for me." She s

norted softly, "I tried so hard to fit in. I smiled even when his mother insulted me in front of everyone. She once compared me to a sparrow who thought she could become a phoenix. And I still smiled."

Her voice didn't shake because the pain was old.

"I don't need their acceptance," she finished. "Not anymore."

I felt satisfied by her words "My Bella deserves better. Damien is nothing."

She smiled. "That's right. If Gina wants that kind of man, she 377 can have him."

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I leaned back slightly, watching her knit. "Did you see any other interesting news?"

+7 Bonus

"Yes," she murmured. "I saw Alpha Stonewood's back." She paused. "He's quite mysterious. There are no pictures of him. anywhere. Someone posted a photo today, but it was deleted immediately."

My fingers stopped moving for a moment, just one moment, but she didn't notice.

"Would you like to see Kane Stonewood?" I asked casually.

"See him? Why?" She shook her head. "He and I live in two different worlds. There's nothing for me to think about." Then she studied me briefly and added, "But his back... in that suit... he looked a bit like you. You're both tall with broad shoulders. Actually," she smiled thoughtfully, "if you wore a suit, you'd look better."

I pressed my lips together, fighting the urge to laugh. If she only knew.

"Let's save money," she continued. "Next spring, I'll buy you a suit. You can wear it for an interview."

She wanted to buy me a suit with her hard-earned, painfully earned money. The thought was almost unbearable.

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+7 Bonus

"What would you say if you met Kane Stonewood one day?" I asked.

She went silent. After a long pause, she let out a low breath. "I'd beg him to let me go."

I stilled. "Just that?"

"Yes."

"Don't you want to tell him you were wronged? Ask him to reverse the verdict? A single word from him could give you your life back."

"That wouldn't matter." She didn't look up. "Tara once begged on her knees outside his office for my sake. He never came down. When I was in prison, I wrote to him so many times... begging for mercy, explaining that his fiancée's death had nothing to do with me. I asked him to stop people from hurting me. But he never responded."

My chest ached even more.

She smiled sadly, shrugging off the memory. "It's all in the past. At least he doesn't seem to be targeting me anymore. I'm grateful for that. Otherwise, I wouldn't even have my job at the hospital"

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I reached for her hands. I wrapped them in my palms, rubbing

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+7 Bonus

if I had cared enough – I would never have allowed any of it.

Her prison injuries, her humiliation, her pain... all gifts others had offered me to gain favor.

But she thought Kane Stonewood was merciful for simply ignoring her now.

"I'm sorry," I murmured, unable to hold it in.

She blinked. "For what?"

"That your hands are cold because you're knitting something for me."

It was the only truth I could offer her without ruining everything.

I lowered my head slightly, letting my voice drop to a whisper meant only for myself.

"And I won't let you go for the rest of my life."

I would make it right. I would give her everything.

I would drag her name out of the dirt, erase every stain, every memory of suffering.

I would make her untouchable. I would make sure people

adored and envied her with time.

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Not again.

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BELLA'S POV

The next few days moved at a gentler pace than anything I had known for a long time. My bruises faded, my ribs stopped throbbing, and the swelling around my ankle finally got better.

For the first time in years, I wasn't rushing somewhere, working until my bones ached, or being pushed around by humiliation or fear. I knitted. I scrolled through my phone. I sat on the bed with sunlight falling across my legs and listened

to Kane move around the cabin. It was strange how safe silence could feel when he was the one sharing it with me.

Every afternoon, Kane carried me downstairs, literally carried me, as if I weighed nothing, to the small park inside the old community. The first time, I was embarrassed. By the third day, I had stopped resisting. His arms were warm and steady, and the cold winter air didn't bite as hard when he was the one shielding me from it.

Of course, the old people in the neighborhood loved it. They would stare openly with adoring smiles on their faces as if they were watching a romance drama unfold in real life. I supposed that seeing a tall, handsome man carrying a woman across the courtyard could stir anyone's imagination.

1/7

"Your boyfriend taking you out for a walk again?" an older

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+7 Bonus

Kane didn't even blink. He adjusted his hold on me, steadying me as he lowered me near a bench. But I laughed first, unable to help it.

"Yes, ma'am," I replied with a grin, "he sure did."

Inside, I felt amused. I had tried — more than once — to explain that Kane and I weren't actually a couple. That we were family... well, not by blood, but bound by circumstance. Bound by something messy and complicated that even I didn't fully understand yet. But the moment the old lady learned we weren't blood-related, she waved off my explanation.

"Young people these days," she said, chuckling "Brother and sister, my foot. That's how it starts. Friendship first, love later. Just wait and see."

Her words reminded me painfully of how my grandfather used to speak. He was wise but would say things in a way that would make you laugh. He was the kind of man that told you truths without scolding you for being too young or too hopeful.

If things stayed this way, I would be grateful.

Kane never corrected the old lady. He would only smile politely. He treated the comment as though it was natural or normal to be mistaken for my boyfriend. Maybe because we were technically married. Or maybe because he simply didn't care what others thought. Kane never wasted emotion on

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unnecessary things

+7 Bonus

That afternoon, he set me down gently on the stone bench under a leafless tree. The branches above rattled whenever the winter wind slipped through.

"It's colder today," he murmured, already pulling his jacket tighter around my shoulders. "I'll get you more layers."

"Mm. Okay." I nodded and watched him turn away.

Somewhere between the second and third day, I realized I had grown used to the rhythm of his care.

When he returned, however, he slowed down, and even from afar I could tell something amiss. The aunties sat around me as they spoke in excited whispers. I was waving my hands rapidly.

"No – no! It's not like that," I insisted quietly. "We're not. He's just–"

But they weren't convinced for a second.

The moment they saw Kane approaching, they broke into wide grins. One of them winked at me so dramatically that I nearly hid my face in my scarf. They scattered quickly, walking away with huge smiles.

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around me.

+7 Bonus

“What’s wrong?” he asked in that low, calm voice of his.

He looked into my eyes for a moment too long. Heat crawled up my neck. I bit my lip, aware that my cheeks were already glowing red.

“They... they thought you were my boyfriend,” I whispered.

Kane lifted a brow, almost amused. “Isn’t that what they’ve been thinking from the beginning?”

“I told them we were like siblings,” I muttered.

He let out a soft breath that felt too close to a laugh. “We’re married, Bella. That makes more sense than siblings.”

I blinked. I felt a bit embarrassed but I was unable to stop my own small smile. He always knew how to make everything sound simple.

“And then,” I added in a lower voice, “they said you were too beautiful.”

He looked a bit amused. “Beautiful?”

“Yes.” My cheeks burned hotter. “All of them said it.” 477

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“And after that,” I sighed, covering my face briefly, “they started teaching me husband–taming moves.”

+7 Bonus

Kane went still for a second, then his mouth curved – not quite a smile, but something more dangerous and amused.

“Well,” he said, “you can try them on me later. See if they work.”

The teasing tone made my stomach flip, and I hated how easily he got reactions out of me.

“Why are you like this...” I muttered, biting my lip harder.

His eyes got a bit darker as he watched the movement. He swallowed, and for a moment the air between us tightened.

Before anything could be said, my phone rang.

I answered quickly. “Hello?”

The voice on the other end made my breath freeze. As the conversation continued, my voice became smaller, softer. By the time I hung up, my hands felt strangely cold.

Kane noticed instantly.

“Who was that?” he asked. 5/7

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+7 Bonus

I cleared my throat, trying to steady myself. “I... I have to go back to my mother’s hometown . My grandma... she wants to see me.”

The words felt unreal. My grandmother hadn’t asked for me in years. No one on my mother’s side had.

Memories came to me – memories I hadn’t touched in a long time. My childhood summers in that little village. The smell of rice cooking. My grandmother’s gentle hands brushing dust from my knees. And later, her health deteriorating until she spent most days lying down, unable to speak loudly, struggling to remember things.

Back then, I still visited her whenever I had saved enough money. But three years ago, after the tragedy that ruined everything, her side of the family blocked me. They hung up on me. Pretended I didn’t exist.

And now suddenly they wanted me back.

“Kane,” I said slowly, “they haven’t contacted me since the poisoning. I’m not even allowed on their lands anymore. Why would they call me home now?”

His expression didn’t change much but he looked at me intensely, like he was thinking about it

6/7

Are you worried?” he asked.

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+7 Bonus

“Of course I’m worried,” I whispered. “I don’t understand it.”

Inside, something twisted. I didn’t even know what I was feeling. Fear or longing?

Honestly, I didn’t know.

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chapter 124

BELLA'S POV

Kane asked quietly, "Will you be going?"

+7 Bonus

I nodded. I had already made up my mind. I had to figure out what they wanted.

"But you....." I paused. The words stuck to my tongue. I didn't want to sound needy "Do you want to go with me?"

Kane didn't say anything. He stared at me for a moment. Finally, he said, "I have to work overtime the night before. The boss said I'll get triple the rate if I do."

His hand rubbed the back of his neck. "How about you give me the address? I'll go find you the next day."

"All right," I said.

I was a bit disappointed but I understood. The truth was, I wanted him with me. The whole time. But I didn't want to be selfish. I didn't want to drag him into the complicated mess of my past. Yet before I could stop myself, I bit my lip and whispered,

"But... when you show up with me over there, some of my relatives might give you a hard time. When that happens....."

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.7 Bonus

"Don't worry," he said quietly. "I won't pay any attention to them."

The way he said it – calm, almost protective – made my breath hitch. At that moment, I realized he meant it. I was the only person he cared about right now. That knowledge made me feel something warm inside my chest.

Days passed quickly.

The closer the holiday came, the emptier the streets became. People rushed home with bags and gifts, birds. My mother's hometown was only a small town at the edge of the city. It was only an hour and a half by bus, but that short distance carried years of memories, mistakes, and wounds I wasn't ready to confront.

Buses were full. Tickets were selling out fast.

While I struggled online, refreshing screens that kept freezing, I glanced over at Kane.

“Kane,” I said, “do you have your ID card? I’ll book a ticket for you.”

I had never seen it before. I didn’t even know where he kept it. Funny how we were technically married yet I’d never seen his .or any document for that matter.

ID

Dg..or any

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“I already booked a ticket,” he said simply.

+7 Bonus

I raised my brows slightly but didn’t question it. With Kane, things had a way of working out without explanation. Instead, I pulled out the scarf I’d been hiding for days. I stood in front of him, tiptoeing slightly, and looped it around his neck.

“Is it too short?” I asked. My fingers kept adjusting the edges as if that would make it perfect.

“No,” ” he murmured “It’s just right.”

The scarf fell nicely over his chest, and seeing him wearing something I made felt intimate. It felt as if a piece of me was resting on him.

“Then...” I said, tucking one end gently, “I’ll finish the edges so you can wear it properly. But the gloves... they’ll take a bit more time.”

Before I knew it, his hands reached out and clasped mine. The contact made me shocked. I raised my eyes to his. Slowly, his eyes scanned my face. He took his time looking at me, like he was studying me.

The whole moment made my breath weaken. Goddess... he was perfect. The kind of perfect that wasn’t loud or showy. The kind that

made me feel seen and safe. He stroked slow circles on the backs of my hands with his thumbs. The motion was small,

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felt like fire spreading under my skin.

“Bella,” he said softly. “It’s beautiful.”

+7 Bonus

And even though his hands touched the scarf, his eyes did not. He wasn’t looking at the scarf at all. He was looking at me. Heat flooded my cheeks. Suddenly every whisper the old ladies in the neighborhood had ever murmured about us rushed into my head. Maybe they were right. Maybe we weren’t just friends. Maybe this bond, this closeness, this gravitational pull... was something deeper. Something neither of us had dared to name.

My body leaned toward him before I could think. He met me halfway. His eyes dropped to my mouth. My breath hitched. This man... Kane. He was more important to me than I wanted to admit. More than the people I used to trust. More than the world I was returning to. I wanted him. Desperately, painfully, quietly.

He tilted his head. I could feel his breath against my cheek. I felt my knees weaken. My heart hammered so loudly I wondered if he heard it. My eyes closed on their own. And then.... My phone rang.

The moment faded instantly. I jerked back, my eyes snapping open. Kane froze too. His expression shifted to that unreadable mask of his. He looked blank, like nothing had happened, like 4/8 he wasn’t affected by me at all.

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+7 Bonus

Maybe... maybe I had imagined everything. Maybe the moment wasn’t real at all.

I swallowed, forcing a smile that felt crooked.

“I—I need to get that,” I murmured.

My legs wobbled as I hurried to the counter. I checked my phone to see who was calling. It was Tara,

“Hello, Tara,” I answered.

Honestly? I was grateful for something to distract me from the embarrassment burning my skin.

Tara didn't bother with greetings.

"Are you going alone?" she snapped immediately.

I glanced back at Kane, who was adjusting the scarf like nothing had happened.

"Actually, no. I won't be alone." I told her. "Kane will go with me."

There was a long pause on the other end. Then Tara sighed.

"But the relatives from your mother's hometown are..." She 5/8 stopped mid-sentence, probably biting her tongue to avoid

19:38

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+7 Bonus

what she wanted to say.

They were cruel. Opportunistic. Unforgiving. And they'd never treated me the same after my

arrest.

"I don't like them, Bella," Tara said bluntly. "No offense, but they were all fine taking money from you when you were doing well. The moment you fell on hard times, they abandoned you."

"I know," I whispered. "Every bit of that is true."

"Then why go?" she asked, sounding frustrated. "Why put yourself through that again?"

My heart tightened. "I want to see my grandmother. I haven't seen her since I got out. I don't know how she is now. She's the only one who ever treated me well."

"Bella... she's old. I get it. But if anything happens, call me. I mean it. I'll come get you. I'll be home all holiday."

I

laughed, trying to lighten the tension. "What could possibly happen? I'm just visiting my hometown. Not starting a war."

"With your family," Tara muttered, "one can never know."

"Ouch,"

6/8

19:38

"I'm not being mean," she insisted. "I'm being realistic. And I

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Just showing up in their territory could set them off."

"They won't hurt me," I said automatically.

00

+7 Bonus

But out of the corner of my eye, I saw Kane stiffen. His posture changed instantly.

"I – I mean," I corrected quickly, looking between Tara and Kane, "let's not exaggerate. They're my family. They won't physically hurt me."

"Physical damage isn't what I was referring to," Tara muttered.

Kane's eyes narrowed even more, as if he heard every word and disapproved. I could feel how protective he was.

"Relax, both of you," I said, trying to sound cheerful. "I'll visit my grandmother, have a meal, and come back in two days. It's nothing dramatic."

The next morning arrived faster than I expected. My bags were packed. I felt a bit nervous. Kane walked me to the bus stop, staying close enough that our shoulders touched.

I didn't know if he did it on purpose, but the warmth of him

made me want to stay. Just before the bus pulled in, I leaned forward and kissed his cheek.

forward

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+7 Bonus

He let out a small breath. A crooked smile touched his lips as he lifted one hand to his cheek—right where I kissed him.

"For you, Bella..." he said quietly "I'd do anything."

His words made tears sting in my eyes.

The words followed me as I stepped onto the bus. They wrapped around my heart. They stayed with me long after the city disappeared behind me.

Write your comment

. 11 Gifts

125

BELLA'S POV

The bus stopped near the southern entrance of the town, the same entrance I had passed through countless times in my childhood. But stepping off the bus now felt different.

Three years had passed – three long years filled with prison walls, cold nights, and the slow rebuild of a life that was no longer the one I once knew. I noticed some changes.

Some of the muddy paths had been replaced with cement roads, and a few of the collapsed houses had been rebuilt with brick. It looked newer.

I pulled my bag closer to my shoulder and began walking toward my grandmother's house. On the way, I spotted neighbors who had once seen me grow up. Old Mrs. Blanche stood by her gate. She nudged the woman beside her. They whispered to each other while looking at me. Their eyes were with that same mixture of curiosity and judgment I had become used to.

Prison had marked me in a way that couldn't be erased, not here in this small town where everyone remembered everything. I didn't pause, didn't greet them, didn't offer any explanation. I had learned that nothing I said would change their whispers or what they thought of me.

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+7 Bonus

When I finally reached my grandmother's compound, the sight that greeted me made me stop for a second. It was full, too full. There were cars I didn't recognize, shoes scattered by the doorway, voices mingling from inside. My chest tightened. This wasn't normal. My grandmother's house was usually quiet, peaceful. It was the one place where noise didn't spill out of the windows.

I stepped inside, and every head in the living room turned toward me.

My second uncle stood up immediately with a forced smile plastered onto his face. “Bella! Come in, come in. We’ve been waiting for you.”

That startled me more than anything. This man had once sent someone to warn me at the courthouse, telling me not to “drag the family down with my mistakes.” His sudden warmth set off every alarm bell inside me.

“Sit down, sit down!” my third aunt, aunt Elena, said. She looked enthusiastic to see me, way too enthusiastic. I couldn’t believe it. She grabbed my arm and lowered me into the old wooden chair as if welcoming a daughter she adored.

Then came the uncle-in-law, the aunt-in-law, the second uncle-in-law, third uncle, cousins. All of them crowded around me, speaking over one another.

Are you eating well?”

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“How have you been?”

“You look thinner.”

“You should rest more.”

+7 Bonus

I was surprised. These were people who never cared to even ask if I was alive in the past three years and now, they were suddenly acting as if they were my supportive family.

I felt a bit suspicious. Nothing about this felt genuine.

“Where’s Grandma?” I asked calmly.

“Oh, Grandma is taking her nap,” Aunt Elena said quickly. “She’s been a bit tired lately. You can go see her when she wakes up.”

I nodded, but I felt a bit uneasy. My grandmother never napped at this hour. She was a strict creature of habit. The shift felt wrong.

I didn’t have long to process that thought before my second uncle, Uncle Ben, leaned forward with that same forced smile. “Bella, now that you’re out of prison, you must learn to settle down and live decently. You’re not with anyone, right? A woman should have a man to rely on. I will introduce you to a good match later.”

19:38

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sudden warmth.

"I don't have any intention of being with anyone right now, uncle" I said.

+7 Bonus

They didn't need to know

I was already married, though my arrangement with Kane was hardly a marriage in the way people imagined. Still, it was no one's business here.

He frowned as if offended. "Sigh, child, what's wrong with you-"

Elena shot him a sharp look to silence him. They were hiding something. And whatever it was, it involved me.

Before I could respond, raised voices exploded from the inner room. I had known that voice all my life – my grandmother, Rachel. She was stubborn and fierce as always. She was fierce even in her old age. The anger in her tone made my heart jolt.

But I couldn't hear what they were saying. In times like this, I really missed Anna.

Her wolf instincts would have made my hearing way better.

THIRD PERSON'S POV

"I

I disagree!" Rachel shouted. "I absolutely do not agree to 4/8 marry her off to that fool! S he will ruin her whole life!"

19:38

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+7 Bonus

Turner, her husband, Bella's step-grandfather, snorted loudly in response.

"She's practically already ruined her whole life," he said with a disgusted tone. "What do you think Bella can do now that she is out of prison? She is a rogue now."

Rachel shook her head. She felt disappointed that Turner could even say this.

He continued, "I asked around. She works as a cleaner. What kind of future is that? It's better for her to get married while she is still young, to someone who will tolerate her and petition for her reinstatement."

"This isn't fair" Rachel said "I won't allow it"

"Listen, the Gomez family said that as long as Bella gives them a child, they will support her for life," he added smugly. "I am doing this for her sake."

"You're doing it for her sake?" Rachel scoffed. "For her sake? We both know why you're doing this. You're simply going after the Gomez family's money! You're selling Bella off!"

"Mom, what do you mean we're selling her off?" Elena suddenly appeared at the door "Dad is doing this for the whole family. My nephews are getting married soon. With the three 578 hundred thousand dollars from the Gomez pack, at least they

19:38

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grandsons to have no future wives?"

+7 Bonus

This wasn't even about Bella. It wasn't about her wellbeing, her future, or whether she wanted a life with someone.

It was about money. Their comfort. Their sons' marriages.

"Not you too" Rachel looked at her in shock.

Elena sighed "Mom, listen to me. Once everything is finalized, they'll give me 300,000 dollars. Do you know how much that is for me? That's an entire year's salary."

Rachel sat on the edge of the bed. Her back was stiff.

Her lips trembled, not with weakness but with a stubborn anger that had always made her the matriarch of the family. "

I don't care about your salary," she snapped. "I don't care about your promises. I am not letting you sell Bella like livestock."

66

Elena sighed loudly, as if she were tired of pretending to be patient. "Mom, this is reality. Whether you agree or not, Bella's life is already ruined. People out there talk about her every day. What kind of future will she have? What job can she even get?"

"She already has a job," 6/8

19:38

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+7 Bonus

reasonable. That's nothing. If she marries into the Gomez family, at least she'll have somewhere to belong. And they promised to support her for life as long as she gives them one child. Do you know what that means? She won't starve again.

Rachel's eyes filled with tears, not because she doubted herself, but because she felt cornered by her own daughter.

"Why can't you see what you're doing?" she whispered. "You're letting greed blind you. Bella took care of you when you were sick. Have you forgotten? She cooked for you, bathed you, even cleaned your house. Now you want to trade her off like a burden?"

At that, Elena's expression changed, only slightly, but enough to show annoyance. "Mom, the past is the past. Does gratitude buy a house? Does it help my sons marry? They're already in their late twenties, and no decent girl wants to marry into a family with a prison record attached to it. Do you know how much shame we've carried because of her? People whisper. They avoid us. They judge us because of her mistake."

"Her mistake?" Rachel's voice cracked.

"Your sister, her mother, died protecting this family. And Bella grew up learning to protect us too. She was loyal. She was kind. And this is what you repay her with?"

778

Elena rolled her eyes. "Her mother died years ago. You keep acting like that's supposed to control the rest of our lives. Bella

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+7 Bonus

Gomez family's fool, it solves everything. My boys can finally settle down. They'll get houses. They'll get wives. You want to ruin their futures because of her?"

Rachel stood up abruptly, her hands shaking.

“How can you be worthy of your sister?” she cried. “How can you face her in the afterlife when you’re using her daughter as a bargaining chip?”

But Elena wasn’t bothered, Her fourth sister had been gone for so long that sentiment could not compete with money.

They’d already made up their minds and nothing would stop them.

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B

As the evening wore on, the tension at the table became a palpable weight, pressing down on me with every forced smile and veiled comment. I had entered this gathering hoping for warmth and connection, but instead, I found myself navigating a minefield of expectations and judgments. My heart ached not just for myself, but for Grandma, who wore her love for me like a fragile cloak against the harshness of our family’s reality. I had emerged from my past stronger, but the cruelty of my cousins threatened to unravel the fragile peace I had fought so hard to cultivate. In that moment, I understood that the battle I faced was not just against their words but also against the remnants of my own insecurities. I was determined to stand firm, to reclaim my narrative, and to protect the bond I shared with Grandma from the insidious grasp of their disdain.

By the time dessert was served, I felt a quiet resolve settling within me, like a steady flame flickering against the encroaching darkness. I refused to let their expectations dictate my future or define my worth. I had walked through the fog of my past and emerged into the light of possibility, ready to carve my own path. As I glanced at Grandma, her eyes filled with a mixture of pride and worry, I knew that my journey was not just about survival but about thriving in a world that had often tried to stifle me. With each passing moment, I began to understand that while I could not change the hearts of my cousins, I had the power to shape my own destiny. And in that realization, I found comfort. Together, through the rising fog of uncertainty, I would navigate this new chapter, one step at a time, anchored by the love that truly mattered.

What to Expect in Next Chapter?

In the upcoming chapter, readers can anticipate a deepening of the tension that has been brewing at the dinner table, as Bella grapples with the unsettling dynamics of her family. The facade of warmth and hospitality will begin to crack, revealing the underlying motives that her relatives have been concealing. As the evening progresses, Bella’s

resolve will be tested, pushing her to confront not only her family's expectations but also her own desires and fears. The stakes will rise as she realizes that the pressure to conform is more than just a familial concern; it is a matter of her autonomy and identity.

Moreover, unexpected revelations are on the horizon. As Bella navigates the minefield of her cousins' taunts and her relatives' veiled intentions, she may stumble upon secrets that could change everything she thought she knew about her past and her family's history. The chapter promises to delve into the complexities of loyalty, betrayal, and the struggle for self-acceptance. With each passing moment, the atmosphere will thicken with anticipation, leaving readers eager to see how Bella will respond to the mounting pressure and whether she will find the strength to assert her own path amidst the rising fog of familial expectations.

Through Rising Fog We Walk Paths Unknown Yet Comforting by Arlo Mason Jett 127 Summary

In Chapter 127 of "Through Rising Fog We Walk Paths Unknown Yet Comforting," Bella finds herself at a tense Thanksgiving dinner filled with forced laughter and underlying hostility. As she navigates the superficial conversations about work and family dynamics, she feels the stifling atmosphere closing in on her, reminiscent of her time in prison. Her grandmother sits beside her, lost in troubling thoughts, while Bella struggles to maintain her composure amidst the suffocating tension.

The dinner takes a sharp turn when Elena attempts to pressure Bella into drinking, an act that feels like a veiled attempt to manipulate her. Bella firmly refuses, only to be met with escalating demands from Uncle Ben and Frank, who insist she should drink and conform to their expectations. The situation escalates further when her grandmother unexpectedly lashes out, revealing a sinister plot involving Bella's potential marriage to a member of the Gomez pack for financial gain. This shocking revelation leaves Bella bewildered and horrified, as she realizes the true nature of her family's intentions.

As the confrontation intensifies, Bella's family members express their disdain for her autonomy, insisting she should feel lucky for any marriage proposal given her past. Their words hit her like physical blows, forcing her to confront the painful reality that her loved ones view her as a mere commodity. Despite the emotional turmoil, Bella stands her ground, declaring her refusal to marry anyone, which only incites further outrage from her relatives.

The climax of the chapter occurs when Mr. Turner violently slaps Bella for her defiance, leaving her reeling from both physical pain and the emotional betrayal of her family. In this moment of crisis, Bella's anger ignites, fueled by the realization that she is not just a pawn in their game. With a fierce determination, she resolves to reclaim her agency, grappling with the pressing question of how to escape this toxic environment. The chapter closes with a sense of impending conflict, leaving readers anxious about Bella's fate and her struggle for independence.

Continue Regular Chapter Reading Below

****Through Rising Fog We Walk Paths Unknown Yet Comforting****

****by Arlo Mason Jett****

****Chapter 127****

****BELLA'S POV****

The dinner stretched on, an endless parade of forced laughter and hollow chatter. It felt like a masquerade, everyone pretending to be a tight-knit family, yet beneath the surface, I could sense the familiar, biting tension I had learned to identify long before the confines of prison had become my reality.

I maintained a rigid posture, my face an impassive mask. Years spent tending to the wounded, years of stitching flesh and cleansing blood, had instilled in me a resilience that helped me hold my ground when the atmosphere grew stifling, as if the walls were inching closer, threatening to suffocate me.

The conversation swirled around topics that felt utterly irrelevant to me—work, pack dynamics, and the latest gossip. Their words washed over me like a distant hum. They posed questions that lacked any genuine interest, and I responded with the politeness I had perfected over countless interactions. My grandmother sat quietly beside me, her expression distant, as if her mind was wandering through a maze of troubling thoughts.

Suddenly, Elena pushed a glass toward me once more, her smile overly sweet, lacking authenticity. "Bella, just take a sip. It's a celebration, after all."

I returned her smile, though I could feel the tension coiling in my stomach. "Aunt, I don't drink," I replied, my voice steady but firm.

She laughed lightly, pulling the glass back with exaggerated slowness, as if she believed that her hesitation might sway my resolve.

Uncle Ben, his voice booming like thunder, waved his chopsticks in the air, drawing attention. "But it's Thanksgiving! Just have a few drinks, will you?"

His words felt like a command, a demand wrapped in the guise of festivity.

“Respect your elders!” Frank interjected, his tone dripping with a mix of irritation and authority.

I held my smile in place, though irritation simmered just below the surface. I had encountered individuals in far more dire straits—feverish, bleeding, on the brink of death—yet these seemingly healthy adults drained my energy more than any physical ailment ever could.

Then, to my surprise, Grandma slammed her chopsticks onto the table, the sharp sound cutting through the air like a knife. “Enough!”

Silence enveloped the room, the suddenness of her outburst leaving everyone momentarily stunned.

Her voice trembled with a fierce anger that was both alarming and unfamiliar. “Your consciences have been devoured by dogs! Are you truly willing to push Bella into the flames of despair?!”

My heart raced, confusion flooding my senses. I had no clue what she meant, and the intensity of her fury was shocking. Grandma was not a woman prone to raising her voice unless something was gravely amiss.

The room was thick with tension, eyes darting between one another nervously, then landing on me.

With a heavy heart, Grandma fixed her gaze on me, sadness pooling in her eyes. “Bella, your uncle and the others are plotting something sinister. They intend to marry you off to the foolish son of the Gomez pack in exchange for three hundred thousand dollars. They—”

Mr. Turner interrupted her sharply, his voice cutting through the air like a blade. “Rachel!”

What in the world was happening?

I stared at each face around the table, disbelief washing over me. “What... what is going on?”

Uncle Ben’s sneer was laced with casual disdain, as if the truth were nothing to be alarmed about. “So what if Bella marries into the Gomez pack? Are we mistreating her? The Gomez pack accepted her, even with her prison history. Do you really think she can land a good match now?”

Jenny’s bitter laughter echoed in the room. “Exactly. Three hundred thousand dollars is just enough to secure houses for our cousins. Bella, you owe them this. If you hadn’t landed in prison, they would have already found you suitable partners.”

My stomach twisted into knots. So this was the reason behind their peculiar behavior all evening—the cheerful banter, the forced smiles, the incessant pushing of drinks, the feigned concern.

It all clicked into place.

I rose slowly, pushing my chair back with deliberate calmness.

“I won’t marry anyone,” I declared coldly, my voice unwavering. “Even if I owe something, it is certainly not to you.”

I turned to my grandmother, my heart aching for her. “Grandma, I’ll visit you next time,” I promised, but I felt the weight of the moment pressing down on me.

“Why do you want to leave? You don’t get to decide who you marry!” Frank snapped, his breath reeking of wine, and the intensity in his eyes sent my pulse racing.

My heart thudded in my chest, not from fear but from a rising tide of disgust. These were the same people who had embraced me as a child, the ones who claimed to care.

Their voices crescendoed, a cacophony of indignation.

“You should feel lucky anyone wants you!”

“Twenty-six already! You can’t afford to be picky!”

“Women like you don’t get choices!”

Their words struck me like physical blows, and I swallowed hard, forcing myself to maintain my composure.

My cousins stood off to the side, their expressions uncertain, and I met their gazes, memories flooding back—running through fields, hiding from adults, laughter that echoed through the air until we cried.

“You want me to marry a fool?” I asked, incredulity lacing my tone.

Charlie lifted his chin defiantly. “Yes. It’s a blessing that the Gomez pack is willing to take you. Otherwise, do you think you can find a good family now?”

Richard shifted uncomfortably, avoiding my gaze. “I... I’m getting married soon. I need a house. I... I don’t have any other options.”

A soft laugh escaped my lips, devoid of humor, just fatigue. I shouldn’t have expected anything different. That was my folly. I never should have come back here.

They had revealed their true colors when I was imprisoned, their insults and abandonment ringing in my ears. Yet, in my naivety, I had hoped for a change.

Tara had warned me. This was entirely my fault. I realized now that they would never alter their ways.

“I won’t get married,” I reiterated, my voice steady.

They continued to raise their voices, a dizzying wave of disbelief crashing over me.

How could they twist reality so easily? How could they stand there, discussing my future as if I were a mere commodity to be bartered?

My hands trembled slightly, and a surge of anger ignited within me. Finally, it erupted.

“Enough!” I shouted, my voice ringing with intensity. “I am not your property. I am not your sacrifice. If any of you possessed even half a conscience, you would—”

The sharp crack of a slap echoed through the dining room.

My head snapped to the side, pain blossoming across my cheek as the metallic taste of blood filled my mouth. I lifted my gaze slowly, and there stood Mr. Turner, his hand still raised, fury radiating from him.

“How dare you,” he growled, his voice low and menacing. “How dare you defy us? There’s no room for debate on this matter!”

My breath came in tight gasps, my cheek throbbing painfully. My fists clenched, not out of fear—no, prison had extinguished that long ago—but from a deep, frigid rage that coursed through my veins.

I was in deep trouble.

One question loomed in the back of my mind—how the hell do I get out of here?

Conclusion

In the suffocating atmosphere of that dinner, Bella stood on the precipice of her own liberation. The weight of her family’s expectations and the cruel reality of their intentions crashed down around her, but within that chaos, a fierce determination ignited. The facade of familial love crumbled, revealing the transactional nature of their affections, and for the first time, Bella recognized her own worth beyond their narrow definitions. As she declared her refusal to be married off like a pawn in their game, she reclaimed her agency, shedding the shackles of their manipulative grasp. The pain of betrayal coursed through her, but it was a catalyst for her awakening, a reminder that she was not defined by her past or their judgments.

As the echoes of her defiance filled the room, Bella felt a rush of clarity amidst the turmoil. The slap from Mr. Turner was not just a physical blow; it was a stark reminder of the lengths her family would go to maintain control. Yet, in that moment of violence, she found an unyielding resolve to break free from their chains. No longer would she be a sacrifice for their gain; she was a survivor, forged in the fires of her experiences. With her heart racing and her spirit unbroken, Bella realized that the path ahead, though uncertain and fraught with danger, was hers to walk. Through rising fog, she would navigate the unknown, embracing the discomfort of her choices while stepping into the light of her own truth.

What to Expect in Next Chapter?

****What to Expect in the Next Chapter?****

In the upcoming chapter, the tension that has been simmering beneath the surface is set to boil over as Bella grapples with the shocking revelations about her family's intentions. The fragile facade of familial love will be stripped away, revealing the raw, unfiltered motivations that drive her relatives. Bella's resolve will be tested as she confronts not only her family's betrayal but also her own fears and desires for freedom. Will she find the strength to carve her own path, or will the weight of expectation and tradition drag her back into a life she desperately wants to escape?

As the fallout from the dinner escalates, Bella's confrontation with Mr. Turner will ignite a fierce battle of wills, forcing her to confront the demons of her past and the chains of her present. Expect unexpected alliances to form, as well as moments of vulnerability that reveal the true nature of familial bonds. Will Bella discover allies among her cousins, or will she find herself more isolated than ever? The stakes are higher than ever, and as the fog of deception begins to lift, Bella will have to decide what she is willing to fight for—and what she is willing to sacrifice to reclaim her autonomy. Prepare for a gripping continuation that promises to challenge Bella's courage and resilience in the face of overwhelming odds.

Through Rising Fog We Walk Paths Unknown Yet Comforting by Arlo Mason Jett 128 Summary

In "Through Rising Fog We Walk Paths Unknown Yet Comforting," Kane experiences a profound sense of loss after Bella's departure. The cabin, once filled with her presence,

now feels eerily silent, amplifying his emotional turmoil. As he touches her scarf, he finds comfort in its warmth, which evokes a gentle smile amidst his sorrow. This moment highlights the deep connection he feels towards Bella, contrasting with his usual stoic demeanor as Alpha.

When Kane meets Jayden outside, the shock in Jayden's eyes upon seeing the scarf signifies the intimacy of Kane's feelings, something unusual for someone of his status. Their conversation reveals Kane's resolve to visit his grandfather at the hospital, but beneath his composed exterior lies a growing sense of longing for Bella, a feeling he struggles to accept. The scarf serves as a tangible reminder of her presence, intensifying his emotional conflict as he grapples with his feelings.

At the hospital, a tense yet familiar silence exists between Kane and his grandfather, who probes into Kane's personal life. The conversation takes a clinical turn as his grandfather suggests finding a woman to bear his child, prompting Kane to assert his independence and desire for a meaningful connection. This moment underscores Kane's internal struggle; he realizes that his feelings for Bella transcend mere duty, igniting a longing for a future with her.

The narrative shifts dramatically when Kane receives a distressing call from Bella, filled with terror and urgency. The abrupt end of the call leaves him in a state of panic and rage, showcasing the depth of his feelings for her. As he prepares to leave the hospital, his composed facade crumbles, revealing a fierce determination to protect Bella. This pivotal moment transforms Kane from a calm Alpha to a desperate wolf, ready to confront any threat to the woman he cherishes.

Continue Regular Chapter Reading Below

****Through Rising Fog We Walk Paths Unknown Yet Comforting****
by Arlo Mason Jett

****KANE'S POV****

Once Bella departed, the stillness that enveloped the small cabin was deafening. It was a silence that clawed at me, a void that I loathed with every fiber of my being. My gaze roamed the room, landing on the remnants of her presence—the delicate scarf draped casually over the table, the mug she had sipped from, the chair where she had rested her hand. Each item seemed to weigh heavily in the air, as if the very walls mourned her absence.

I reached for the scarf, my fingers brushing against the fabric. It was surprisingly soft, a warmth radiating from it that belied its appearance. As I held it close, an inexplicable sense of calm washed over me, a soothing balm for my restless heart.

Slowly, I wrapped the scarf around my neck, feeling the wool's fibers brush against my skin. A faint trace of her lingered there, and without intending to, the corners of my mouth lifted in a gentle smile. The chill of the air no longer bothered me; it was a mere backdrop to the warmth she had left behind.

What did a wolf fear? Winter was our ally, a season that revitalized our spirits and fortified our strength. But the warmth of her presence on my skin... that was something entirely unique, a sensation that stirred something deep within me.

Stepping outside, I found Jayden leaning against the car, his breath visible in the frosty air as he rubbed his hands together for warmth. The moment our eyes met, he straightened up, his posture suddenly stiffening. His expression morphed into one of shock, as if he had encountered a specter from the past.

"Sir?" he gasped, his gaze fixated on the scarf. "You... you're wearing...?"

He trailed off, the unspoken question hanging in the air like a thick fog. There was no need for him to finish; he understood.

He knew precisely whose hands had crafted it.

A flicker of amusement danced in my chest at the look of horror etched on his face. My staff was accustomed to seeing me clad in impeccably tailored suits, adorned with carefully selected accessories—never something so simple, so intimate.

"Alpha Stonewood, where are we headed?" Jayden finally managed to ask, his voice steadying.

"The hospital," I replied, my tone betraying no emotion. "I have dinner with my grandfather today."

"Understood, sir." He climbed into the car and started the engine, determination etched on his features. "I'll get us there in no time."

As we drove, I leaned back, allowing the scarf to cradle my jawline in its warmth. Bella's scent lingered, though it had faded slightly, enough to tighten the knot of longing in my chest. I despised how much I missed her already; the ache was unwelcome and foreign.

Jayden cast furtive glances at me through the rearview mirror, but I chose to ignore him. He had eyes; he could conjure whatever thoughts he wished.

Upon arriving at the hospital, the guards greeted me with deep bows, their respect palpable. The elevator doors slid open without delay, and as I stepped inside, the

reflection staring back at me was that of a man feared by many—cold eyes, a calm demeanor, and an unreadable expression. Yet, the scarf softened my image, a reminder of the warmth I had come to cherish. I made no move to remove it.

When I entered the VIP ward, the table was impeccably set, the ambiance formal yet subdued. My grandfather occupied the seat opposite mine, a nurse diligently feeding him small portions as he savored each bite with deliberate slowness.

We shared our meal in silence, a comfortable stillness that spoke volumes. Both of us were alike in this regard; silence flowed naturally between us. The nurse glanced back and forth, her curiosity evident, but she wisely chose to remain silent. She understood the unspoken bond we shared as the two most powerful wolves in Emerald City.

Finally, after he had consumed half of his meal, my grandfather dabbed his lips with a cloth and broke the silence.

“I heard you haven’t been residing in the house for quite some time,” he remarked, his voice steady and inquisitive.

“Yes,” I replied, not bothering to mask the truth. His informants were quicker than the wind, always gathering information before most people even took a breath.

“And where have you been staying?” he continued, his gaze piercing through me.

“Somewhere secluded. A private location,” I answered, my tone casual as I peeled a shrimp. “A change of scenery can be refreshing.”

He scrutinized me with those intense, wise eyes, still sharp despite his age. He observed everything, leaving no detail unnoticed.

Clearing his throat lightly, he shifted the conversation. “Speaking of which... you should consider finding a woman. I know you were deeply affected by Sophia’s death, but it’s time to move on. I can have my secretary compile information on the most esteemed young ladies in the city for you. You can choose one.”

His tone was clinical, as though he were discussing a business transaction rather than a matter of the heart. It felt as if marriage was merely a selection process, like choosing a tie from a collection.

My fingers halted mid-peel, the shrimp shell resting forgotten in my hand.

“No need for that,” I said firmly, my voice steady.

His eyes narrowed, suspicion flickering across his features. “What’s troubling you?”

“If it’s merely to find a woman to bear a child, I can select my own candidate,” I replied, my conviction unwavering.

For most of my life, that had been my guiding principle. I had never cared who would carry my heir, as long as the bloodline continued. It had always been a matter of duty, not desire. But now, when I envisioned a future, only one face filled my thoughts—hers. Bella.

A child with her blood... our blood... would not be a burden. It would be something I would cherish and protect with every ounce of my being.

Before my grandfather could respond, my phone buzzed to life, cutting through the tension in the air.

Not my usual phone—the cheap one I reserved for a single purpose.

Bella.

My heart raced, a quickened drumbeat of dread. Something was wrong; I could feel it in my bones. I shot to my feet, the chair scraping loudly against the floor.

I answered without hesitation.

“Kane... save... save me...” Her voice was broken, hoarse, laced with terror. Every muscle in my body went rigid at the sound. My wolf howled within me, primal and fierce, causing my vision to blur with rage.

“Bella? Where are you?” I demanded, urgency flooding my voice. “Bella—”

The call abruptly ended, leaving only silence in its wake.

Staring at the screen, I felt the weight of dread settle over me like a shroud. The number. The silence.

I dialed again, desperation clawing at my throat.

The automated message responded coldly: This number is unreachable.

Was something happening to Bella?

The thought struck me like a bolt of lightning, sending tremors through my hands. I had faced countless enemies, wars, betrayals, and assassination attempts, but nothing had ever ignited this level of panic within me.

Rage surged through my veins, a fierce fire ready to consume anything that dared to stand in my way.

Under the harsh glare of the hospital lights, my face drained of color. I knew it was happening, but I was powerless to control it.

Turning to my grandfather, I spoke with a gravity that brooked no argument.
“Grandfather, I have urgent matters to attend to. I’m leaving.”

Before he could utter a word in response, I strode out of the room. Jayden’s eyes widened when the elevator doors opened, nearly dropping his tablet in shock at my expression.

“Sir? What happened?” he asked, concern etched into his features.

“Drive,” I growled, my voice low and dangerous.

He didn’t question me. He didn’t dare.

This time, I was not composed. I was not the calm, collected Alpha.

This time, I was a wolf ready to unleash hell.

Conclusion

In the aftermath of Bella’s departure, Kane’s emotional landscape shifted dramatically, revealing a vulnerability he had long buried beneath layers of duty and expectation. The scarf, a simple yet profound token of her presence, became a lifeline, intertwining warmth with the growing ache of longing in his heart. As he navigated the formalities of family obligations, the stark contrast between the cold, calculated world of power and the tender warmth Bella represented became painfully evident. The realization that his heart had begun to yearn for more than mere duty was a revelation that shook him to his core, igniting a fierce determination to protect what he had begun to cherish.

However, the moment Bella’s voice broke through the silence with a plea for help, everything shifted once more. The calm facade he had maintained crumbled, replaced by a primal instinct to safeguard the one person who had stirred emotions within him he thought were lost forever. The urgency in her voice became a catalyst for transformation; Kane was no longer just the Alpha bound by tradition and expectation. He emerged as a protector, a wolf ready to confront any threat that dared to endanger Bella. In that moment, the fog of uncertainty that had clouded his heart lifted, revealing a singular path forward—one that led him back to her, where warmth and love awaited amidst the chaos.

What to Expect in Next Chapter?

****What to Expect in the Next Chapter?****

As Kane's world spirals into chaos, the next chapter promises to unravel the depths of his desperation and fury. With Bella's safety hanging in the balance and an unknown threat looming, Kane will be forced to confront not only the external dangers that threaten his beloved but also the internal turmoil that has been simmering beneath his composed exterior. Expect a gripping exploration of Kane's instincts as a wolf, his protective nature ignited by fear, and the lengths he will go to ensure Bella's safety. The stakes have never been higher, and the tension will crackle as he races against time to uncover the truth behind her cryptic plea for help.

In addition to the heart-pounding action, readers can anticipate a deeper dive into Kane's relationships, particularly with his grandfather. The generational clash between duty and desire will come to a head as Kane grapples with the expectations placed upon him as the Alpha. Will he adhere to the rigid traditions that have governed his lineage, or will he forge a new path fueled by love and loyalty? The chapter will delve into the complexities of legacy, challenging Kane to redefine what it means to be a leader in a world where personal connections hold as much power as bloodlines. Prepare for emotional revelations, fierce confrontations, and a relentless pursuit that will leave you on the edge of your seat, eager to see how Kane will navigate the treacherous waters ahead.

chapter 129

BELLA'S POV

+8 Bonus

I should have known something was wrong the moment my head began to feel heavy. At first, I blamed it on the stress, the shouting, the tension in the room.

I thought it was exhaustion finally settling into my bones after holding myself together for too long. But as I kept shouting for them to move out of my way, I realized too late that something was terribly off.

My fingers had begun trembling. My eyelids felt thick, like someone had stitched weights onto them. When I tried to move again, my hand shook enough that I almost fell.

I didn't drink the wine. I was careful about that. I didn't trust any of them. But I hadn't expected them to drug the soft drinks.

I only took soft drinks.

The first wave of weakness rolled through me so suddenly I almost fell. I had to lean on the wall. My heart beat got slower. The voices around me blurred. I could hear something only when someone raised their tone. I blinked hard, trying to stay alert, but everything was beginning to warp.

"Bella, are you all right?" Grandma's voice was filled with fear.

"I'm... fine," I whispered, though even my own voice sounded

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distant.

No, something was wrong. Very wrong.

Then the room tilted.

&

+6 Bonus

Chairs scraped. Hands grabbed my arms. My body wouldn't move the way I wanted it to. My limbs felt like wet sand. They felt heavy, useless. I started to panic but I couldn't even lift my head properly.

"What did you all do to her?" Grandma screamed.

"She'll be fine!" Elena snapped back. "Don't interfere! The Gomez' are waiting."

"You wicked creatures! Let go of her!" Grandma struggled, but someone grabbed her. "Bella, Bella, hold on-

دو

I tried. I truly tried. But the drug was sinking inside me like poison.

My uncles' voices echoed around me as they lifted me from the wall.

"Grab her legs."

“Don’t drop her. The Gomez family paid for someone healthy.”

“She’s so slow. Just move.”

Their hands were **rough**. My head lolled against someone’s

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D

+8 Bonus

shoulder as they dragged me through the house. I could hear

Grandma crying, fighting, yelling my name but her voice grew distant, fading behind a wall of ringing in my ears.

I tried to speak, but my tongue was heavy. It felt useless in my mouth.

C

I tried to fight, but my body wouldn’t respond.

I was trapped in myself, half-conscious, forced to watch helplessly.

We passed through the gate. Cold night air hit my face. I gasped softly, trying to clear my mind, but black spots danced in front of my eyes. My cousins trailed behind, whispering.

“So she’s finally going to be useful,” Jenny muttered.

“It’s for the best,” Charlie said. “She should be grateful.”

My vision blurred again.

As they pushed me into a car, I made one last attempt to reach my pocket for my phone. My fingers brushed the edge of it just long enough to swipe it up and press the first number I could.

Kane.

I didn’t know why I dialed him even without thinking of it. He wasn’t close. He was in another city.

But something in me reached for him before I even thought. 3/7

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"Kane" I whispered "Kane...help. Help"

3

9+8 Bonus

&

I got the call through, but my voice broke apart. I only managed a few desperate words before someone snatched the phone from my hand.

"You don't need this anymore," my uncle growled, throwing it aside.

No. No, no-

My heart dropped. That had been my only chance. And now the darkness pulled me down completely.

Everywhere went dark.

When I woke again, my mouth tasted metallic, and my limbs were nearly numb. The world spun slowly, then steadied.

I realized I was in a dim room with a locked metal door and barred windows

Where was this? A basement? A storage room? I didn't recognize anything.

I tried to sit up, but my legs trembled, barely holding me.

Then I noticed him.

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A man sat on the other side of the room, legs swinging like

+8 Bonus

a child. His eyes were too vacant. His smile was twisted and strange. He stared at me without blinking, as if I were something he had been eagerly waiting to unwrap.

The Gomez family's fool son.

My breath hitched.

I forced myself upright, holding onto the wall to steady my body. I had to escape. No matter how weak I was, no matter how drugged my limbs felt, I had to find a way out. Panic would make everything worse. I had learned long ago that fear could choke you if you let it.

Stay calm. Think clearly. Look for a way.

But every plan fell apart when I tried to stand. My knees buckled immediately. The ground rushed up toward me, and I barely caught myself in time.

My phone... gone. My strength... gone. My options... cut down to nothing.

Why did I call Kane? Why him, of all people?

Tara would have picked up. Tara had connections. The police would have been able to send a patrol. Anyone else would have been logical.

But I had reached for Kane.

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8 Bonus

Maybe I had grown used to him. Maybe his presence had made me feel protected without realizing it. Maybe I had started relying on him more than I should.

That thought scared me more than the locked door.

I shook my head hard, trying to clear the fog in my mind.

The man across the room dropped his head sideways and giggled.

"You're pretty," he said. His voice was childish, and unsettling. "My wife is pretty."

“Oh God...” I whispered under my breath.

I pushed back against the wall, trying with all my strength to stand. My legs trembled violently, but I forced them to move.

He suddenly lunged toward me.

I jerked away, my shoulder slamming into the wall. Pain shot through me, but it kept me alert. I had to stay alert.

He came closer, grinning wider, dragging his feet across the floor. He kept stretching his arms out as if he wanted to grab me like a toy.

“Don’t touch me,” I rasped.

He laughed in a high pitched tone “Wife shouldn’t run. Wife should stay.”

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+8 Bonus

I dodged to the side, but my body moved slowly. The drug still held onto me. It felt like it was pulling me backward.

My vision blurred again. His figure grew larger and closer.

He reached for me again, his smile stretching unnaturally wide.

I stumbled, breath shaking. My heart raced painfully in my chest.

If he touched me- If I failed to get away- If I couldn’t fight—

No. I refused to let that be my ending. I refused to let them break me like this.

But my body was failing me.

And his hand was almost on my arm.

Coin Package: get more free bonus

chapter 130

THIRD PERSON'S POV

+8 Bonus

Outside the room, the Gomez family and the Turner men sat together in the small yard. The air was filled with the scent of alcohol and roasted meat, and the table between them was scattered with half-finished plates and empty beer bottles.

Jeremy Gomez leaned back in his chair, his large belly pushing against his shirt as he burped lazily, pleased with himself.

Frank wiped his mouth with the back of his hand and leaned forward, lowering his voice even though no one else was around. "Mr. Gomez, we brought her for you. Three hundred grand. You cannot go back on your word."

Jeremy's dull eyes brightened instantly. The mention of money sobered him more effectively than cold water. He slapped his knee and nodded "Good, good. Don't worry. As long as they finish up inside, I will give you the full amount."

He was excited for a reason. The Gomez pack had always been small, keeping mostly to themselves. They had enough land to survive, a few steady businesses, and a decent reputation among nearby packs but they lacked one thing desperately: an heir. Jeremy needed his son to have a child, because without an heir, their bloodline ended, and the pack's future became uncertain. He was willing to do anything – immoral or no – to secure that future.

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U

+8 Bonus

Jeremy's wife was a pale woman with narrow eyes and constantly trembling hands. She frowned anxiously. "What if this young lady still plans to run afterward? What if she causes trouble?"

Frank looked at her "Then take some pictures of her. Use them to blackmail her. Women get terrified of scandals. Lock her up for a while. Once the child is born, where can she run off to? She'll stay here and be your daughter-in-law."

Ben nodded quickly, afraid Jeremy's wife might hesitate. "Exactly. A woman gives birth, and she won't run away. She'll think of the child first. You're a woman so you should understand."

Jeremy's wife pressed her lips together. She understood all too well, and that was exactly why she was terrified. Still, her desire for a grandchild outweighed her conscience. After a moment of silence, she asked something even more quietly. "But... will he be able to do anything? What if she resists? Our son is... he isn't good with confrontation."

Jeremy waved dismissively. "Don't worry! I taught him last night. No matter how stupid he is, he knows what to do now. He won't mess this up."

His wife let out a deep breath but her hands were still shaking slightly.

They continued eating, drinking, and planning as if they were discussing livestock instead of a human life.

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Suddenly, the sound of an engine cut through their conversation.

+8 Bonus

Jeremy frowned, squinting in the direction of the gate. "Who the hell is that?"

Jeremy's wife looked at him in confusion "I'm not expecting anyone. Are you?"

"Hell no. Besides, who would come at this hour?"

He stumbled to his feet, half drunk, and walked toward the entrance. He muttered under his breath about rude visitors and late-night interruptions. When he pulled the gate open, the words he had prepared dried in his throat.

Several police cars were parked outside. Officers stepped out of the vehicles with serious expressions.

Jeremy's alcohol haze faded instantly. His eyes went wide with shock. "What's going on?"

Behind him, the others stood slowly from their seats. Their faces drained of color as officers walked into the courtyard.

Bella's uncles froze. Jeremy's wife clasped her hands together, shaking.

A tall officer approached. "Where is the woman you brought back here tonight?"

The four looked at each other in shock. 3/7

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+8 Bonus

Jeremy stammered, "W—what woman? We don't know what you're talking about."

The officer didn't blink. "Search the properly."

At his command, the police spread out immediately.

Jeremy stumbled forward. He started to panic. "H—hey! Why are you searching my house? You can't just—"

No one listened.

Doors opened. Footsteps echoed. Officers stormed into rooms one by one.

Jeremy's wife clutched her husband's arm. "What do we do? What do we do?"

Her voice shook so badly she could barely speak.

Frank whispered hoarsely, "This is bad... this is very bad..."

In the hallway, an officer reached the farthest room and found the doorknob locked.

"Sir! This door is locked!"

At the same moment, another car rolled up the muddy road and stopped just outside the gates. The headlights shone across the courtyard as the driver's door opened.

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A tall man stepped out.

+8 Bonus

He moved with confidence. His jaw was clenched so tightly the muscles strained. The air shifted around him.

Kane.

Even the police officers straightened slightly as he passed. A sergeant approached him immediately. "Sir, we've searched most of the house. One room is locked. We suspect someone is

inside."

Kane didn't say a word. He walked past everyone.

Jeremy scrambled forward. "Wait...wait! Who the hell are you? That's my private room! You can't just—"

Kane didn't look at him. His eyes stayed focused on the locked door. His expression turned darker by the second.

Jeremy's wife shook her hands desperately. "Please, please don't open it—"

Bella's uncles started speaking all at once, trying to create excuses, distractions, anything to buy time.

But Kane's voice made them all shut up.

"Break it open." He ordered.

His tone was cold enough to freeze blood.

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9 +8 Bonus

An officer lifted an axe without hesitation and swung hard. Wood splintered. Jeremy screamed and tried to rush forward, but two officers pinned him easily.

“You can’t enter!” Jeremy screamed. “You are trespassing! I will sue every one of you!”

No one listened.

One more strike and the door gave way.

The moment it cracked open fully, Kane moved.

He didn’t walk. He lunged. His body tore through the doorway faster than anyone else could react.

The officers behind him started to follow- But before they even stepped over the threshold, a roar exploded from inside.

“NO ONE CAN COME IN!”

The sound wasn’t human. It was powerful enough to shake dust from the ceiling. Everyone froze mid-movement.

The officers stiffened.

Jeremy’s wife clamped a hand over her mouth.

The uncles stared forward the room, horrified and trembling.

Even the air felt charged, trembling with the force of that voice.

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No one dared take another step.

B