

# Through Rising Fog We Walk Paths Unknown Yet Comforting by Arlo Mason Jett 141

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## Page 1

chapter 141

KANE'S POV

I

had planned to tell her everything. I had prepared the words in my mind a dozen times – what an Alpha should say when he finally stopped hiding.

But the moment I looked at her lying there under the dull hospital lights, her long dark hair spread over the pillow and her face still pale from exhaustion and medication, the words caught in my throat. She looked up at me with those almond eyes that always had worry in them, the kind that came from years of being mistreated until she believed unfairness was normal.

And that was what silenced me. How was I supposed to tell her I was Alpha Stonewood? How could I drop that truth on her when she had just told me how small and powerless she felt?

“Bella, rest well in the hospital and don’t worry about anything,” I told her “After you’re discharged, I will tell you who I am.”

She hesitated, searching my face, as if trying to judge whether she could trust me. Then she nodded slowly.

she yawned then. “Sorry... I don’t know why I feel so sleepy:52

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+3 Bonus

blinked heavily and tried to stay awake a moment longer. The stubborn woman always tried to fight sleep even when her body demanded it. But a few seconds later, her eyes dropped closed.

The room became too quiet.

I sat there and watched her. I didn't plan to touch her, but my hand moved on its own, brushing her cheek lightly. Her skin was warm, soft, and she didn't even flinch. My thumb traveled to her lips, tracing them gently

"Bella," I whispered "Tell me... how should I inform you of the truth?"

But of course, she didn't answer.

I stayed like that for a long time, fighting the urge to confess everything right there, even though she was asleep and couldn't hear a word.

Because losing her trust... that was the one thing that genuinely worried me.

#### BELLA'S POV

When I woke up, the room felt unfamiliar. My body felt heavy, and for a moment I wasn't sure where I was. Then I turned

277

my head and saw Kane sitting by my side, still dressed in

08:53

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(AQ) +3 Bonus

He looked exhausted. I realized he must have stayed awake almost the whole night.

"Are you hungry?" he asked, leaning forward slightly "Should I get someone to bring you food?"

The moment he mentioned food, my stomach answered for me. My tummy growled. I nodded.

"Let me take you to the washroom to wash up, so you can eat breakfast after," he said.

Before I could say anything, he slipped one arm behind my back and the other under my knees and lifted me off the bed as if I weighed nothing.

"I can do it-" I started.

But it was already too late. Suddenly I was in the air. I wrapped my arms around his neck. My body pressed against his chest, and I felt how warm he was. My heart reacted first, beating too quickly.

He carried me to the washroom. Then he lowered me onto a chair beside the washbasin, slipping a pair of soft slippers onto feet before helping me stand.

my

"Can you steady yourself?" he asked. 377

08:53

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+3 Bonus

close behind me. He placed his hands on either side of the washbasin, caging me between his arms, supporting me without touching me directly. Yet the position made it feel like I was being held.

I lifted my head slightly. The mirror showed both of us – me, pale and tired, and him standing behind me in his dark suit, tall, dangerous, impossibly composed.

The sight struck me.

Not just because he was handsome. But because he didn't look like someone who was exiled. His hair was combed neatly. The suit fit him perfectly. His posture, his expression, the way he carried himself... he seemed like someone from another world entirely.

He squeezed toothpaste onto the toothbrush, filled a cup with warm water, and placed it in my hand. My fingers trembled slightly, and I couldn't even tell if it was from weakness or embarrassment. Somehow I managed to brush my teeth, though my mind was somewhere else entirely.

When he wet a towel and wrung it out, I raised a hand "I can do it myself....."

"Isn't it easier if I do it?" he said calmly.

4/7

08:53

He wasn't teasing me. He said it simply, like it was the most

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+3 Bonus

sides, and when he leaned in to bring the towel to my cheek, I felt heat rise under my skin. I lifted my eyes to the mirror again. Kane's hair was pushed back from his forehead. He looked elegant and so freaking handsome.

He looked like someone high up, far beyond the reach of someone like me.

Tara had mentioned it once. She said he never looked like a rogue. But I told myself I was seeing what I wanted to see. Maybe... maybe I kept him close because I was lonely. Because I needed someone who didn't look at me like a mistake.

The truth was different. The truth was standing right behind

1. me.

Who was he really?

"What are you thinking about?" he asked suddenly.

His voice startled me back to reality. I blinked and met his gaze in the mirror.

My face burned.

"Sis, your face is red," he murmured. He leaned in slightly. His lips were so close to my cheek that I could feel his warm breath 08:53 over my skin. The heat shot down my neck, and I clenched the edge of the sink to steady myself.

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"Don't you like me calling you that?" he replied.

"You're not who I thought you were," I murmured. "So you don't have to address me as your sister. You're not weak. You're strong. You're not an outcast like me."

For a moment, the washroom filled with silence thick enough to choke on. Only the sound of running water echoed between us. I felt like I had said something wrong, like I had drawn a line between us. I didn't know if that was good or bad.

"Are you angry with me for deceiving you?" he asked after a long pause.

I didn't know how to answer. I hated deception more than anything. I had been lied to, abandoned, misused, and cheated out of so much in my life. So when someone lied to me, it cut deeper than they realized.

But this was Kane. And the time we spent together had been... warm. If he hadn't saved me, my life would've turned into a nightmare I didn't want to imagine.

I took a deep breath and lifted my head to meet his eyes in the mirror.

"Kane," I said quietly, "I don't blame you."

6/7

08:53

Honestly, I really didn't blame him. But I knew things wouldn't

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He wasn't who I thought he was....at all.

And somehow, that fact alone changed everything.

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chapter 142

KANE'S POV

After she washed up, I carried her back to the bed the same way I had carried her to the washroom – with both arms

wrapped around her because she still looked *too* weak to stand on her own for long.

As I settled her back onto the sheets, she noticed the tray of food that had been placed on the rolling table beside her. It was simple – porridge, a few light side dishes, warm water. The moment she saw it, Bella's stomach growled loudly. Her cheeks flushed in embarrassment.

"The doctor recommended food that's easy to digest," I said, adjusting the table so it sat neatly in front of her. "Eat slowly."

She nodded and looked like she wanted to tie her hair back

before eating. She glanced around the bed for a hairband, her fingers already moving to gather her hair. But I had already expected that.

"Let me do it," I said quietly.

Her hands went still. I reached for the hairband and comb I had placed aside earlier. They weren't cheap things– they were branded, the kind of items she once would have bought for herself. back when she had lived a normal life. I saw something

< chapter 142

"You prepared this?" she asked, surprised.

"Yes." I didn't bother giving excuses. "You need it."

She blinked at me. "Do you know how to do it?"

+3 Bonus

"I've watched you do it every day," I replied simply. "It won't be a problem."

She turned her head forward, and I stepped behind her. I gathered her hair gently. It was softer than I expected. It slipped between my fingers like silk despite how tired she looked. I ran the comb through it slowly. My movements weren't perfect. This wasn't a skill an Alpha was supposed to have but I was careful, making sure not to tug.

As I combed, I found myself studying the curve of her neck, the shape of her shoulders under the loose hospital gown. My wolf watched too. He was alert and strangely protective.

She sat very still. Her pulse raced at the base of her neck. I saw it. I felt it.

I tied her hair gently, securing it at the back of her head. It wasn't perfect, but it looked neat and soft, like her.

Before I could step back, someone knocked on the door.

2/6

"Come in," I said.

08:53

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+3 Bonus

mid-step. His eyes widened slightly, though he tried to hide it by clearing his throat. Bella stiffened under my hands, suddenly aware of how intimate the situation looked.

I continued tying the last loop of the hairband, unbothered. “

What is it?” I asked without looking at him.

“Uh... it’s...” Jayden hesitated, glancing at Bella, then back at me. The way his jaw tightened told me his news wasn’t meant for her.

I finished tying her hair, smoothing it once with the back of my hand. “Bella, enjoy your meal. I’ll be back soon.”

She nodded as I left.

Outside the room, Jayden followed closely behind me.

“The security guard caught a reporter trying to sneak in,” Jayden reported in a low voice. “The man heard Miss Jameson was admitted last night. He came looking for a story.”

I was confused.

“Is he looking for a scoop?” I asked. “How did he find out she was here?”

3/6

08:53

“He said someone posted on social media about you carrying

< chapter 142

+3 Bonus

A flash of the previous night crossed my mind – Bella unconscious, my arms around her, the crowd outside, the shadows of phones raised in the air. My eyes narrowed. “Was he trying to dig up information about me... or Bella?”

Jayden shook his head. “He seems unaware she was imprisoned. He only knows her name. He thought he could write some cheap article about you.”

My jaw tensed. I kept my voice low. “Continue interrogating him. Don’t release him until he tells you everything. He said he saw a post, find who posted it, who saw it, who shared it. I want every name connected to it.”

“Understood,” Jayden said.

I walked back toward the ward. My blood was already boiling with anger. Someone had watched us last night. Someone had seen her. Someone had tried to make a spectacle of her vulnerability.

I hated that.

When I opened the door again, Bella was holding her spoon, eating slowly. She looked peaceful. Her hair, the hair I tied myself, was resting softly against her neck. For a moment, I simply watched her. But then a thought struck me – what if the reporter had stumbled into something deeper? What if this wasn’t a coincidence?

08:53

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silently, “or something else?”

43 Bonus

Bella lifted her head, sensing something off, and looked at me. My expression must have been harsher than usual. Her eyes widened a little.

Then I calmed my face in an instant. I smiled at her.

“Bella,” I said lightly, “why are you staring at me like that?”

She blinked quickly. “Oh... it’s nothing.”

But her voice betrayed her. She didn’t believe what she saw in that moment. She sensed the difference. She noticed everything. She always did.

Her spoon paused mid-air, and her eyes drifted over my face as if she was trying to decide whether I was the same man who helped her brush her teeth and tie her hair moments ago.

She still didn’t truly understand who I was. She didn’t know how dangerous I could be. But she also didn’t know that I would never let anyone harm her again, not even by accident.

I stepped closer

"Eat," I murmured. "It's getting cold."

08:53

She looked down, nodded, and took another spoonful of

< chapter 142

While watching her, I felt my heart race.

+3 Bonus

I wondered how....just how I was going to tell her who I really was.

6/6

chapter 143-1

TIFFANY'S POV

Ever since I found out that Kane Stonewood was the man standing behind Bella, everything in my life had gone downhill like some cruel joke. The moment the truth hit me, it felt like someone had punched straight through my chest. That meant I couldn't go after Bella anymore. I couldn't get back at the woman who had broken my leg, humiliated me, and ruined my reputation.

Before this, I had been certain I could destroy her easily, show everyone that she wasn't as gentle and pure as she pretended to be. But now? Now she had a man like Kane behind her. A man who attacked without hesitation, a man whose presence made other men lower their eyes to the ground. A man who, apparently, cared enough about her to almost kill for her.

That made me furious.

My friends mocked me when they found out I had been hospitalized because someone broke my leg. They didn't say it to my face, of course. They whispered it to each other, sent me sympathetic messages that dripped with hidden laughter. Everyone in our social circle valued perfection – beautiful body, flawless clothes, expensive lifestyle. Limping around on a crutch didn't fit that image at all. If I didn't recover quickly, people would mock me for the rest of my life. I knew how

chapter 143-1

### +3 Bonus 烏龍

appeared, I wouldn't have ended up like this. Now, she had managed to get someone like Stonewood on her side? She kept quiet about their relationship too, probably on purpose. As if she wanted me to walk straight into her trap. As if she wanted me to make the first move so that Kane could "avenge" her.

The more I thought about it, the angrier I became.

That afternoon, my friends booked a private room in an upscale lounge so I could relax. They did it to cheer me up, but the truth was simple. I couldn't relax. Every step hurt, and the humiliation of hobbling into the room on a crutch made people stare. I hated that. I hated the pity, the curious looks.

Inside the private room, the music was soft. There was expensive wine on the table. My friends laughed too loudly for anything to feel natural. I forced a smile. I tried to pretend I was enjoying myself, but deep inside, all I felt was bitterness.

After a while, I excused myself. I needed air. Or space.

When I stepped out of the private room, adjusting my grip on the crutch, I saw a group of people walking toward me in the hallway. One of them looked strangely familiar. He walked at the head of the group, and when he saw me, his eyes widened in recognition.

08:53

"Miss Silverwood!" he exclaimed, hurrying over with a smile. 2/4 "What a surprise meeting you here! Oh dear—your leg... have

3 Bonus

cheeks hurt. But I couldn't remember him. I stared blankly while he went on.

Finally, he added, "I'm the director of FY Secondary Design Research Institute. We have business ties with the Silverwood Pack. I've met you a couple of times at your company's gatherings."

Ah. Right. That small research institute that got leftover projects from us. Not important ones—just scraps. But still, they were connected enough to know their place.

I nodded politely. "Oh, right. I remember."

I didn't.

He seemed relieved anyway. Behind him stood a small group of his employees. And among them, I noticed a young woman with intense eyes and a neat ponytail. Tara.

I remembered her instantly. She had gone shopping with Bella before. She was her friend. And the moment I recognized her, something hot curled in my chest.

I couldn't hurt Bella. Not anymore. But her friend? That was a different matter.

66

"Are you all having a gathering?" I asked lightly, feigning 08:53 374 casual interest. "I'm free... can I join you?"

< chapter 143-1

"Of course, Miss Silverwood! It would be our honor. Please, please join us!"

+3 Bonus

His excitement amused me. As I nodded graciously, I glanced sideways at Tara. She had stiffened. She looked at me, as if she already sensed trouble.

Coin Package: get more free bonus

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### Page 1

chapter 143-2

Good.

Inside the restaurant's private room, dinner quickly shifted into an awkward kind of celebration. They kept trying to toast me. Because of my injured leg, I couldn't stand much, so everyone came over one by one to toast at my seat. They all gave me polite smiles, polite flatteries, polite fear under their voices.

When it was Tara's turn, she walked toward me holding her glass. Her colleagues watched her like hawks.

She said softly, "Miss Silverwood."

I saw the tension in her shoulders. I saw the hatred for me she tried to hide. And I saw Bella's shadow in her eyes.

Perfect.

I shifted my wrist deliberately, making the wine glass slip out of my fingers. It hit the floor with a loud crack. Wine splashed over my shoe.

I gasped dramatically. "Tara, even if you didn't want to toast me, you shouldn't have made me drop my glass. If you didn't want me here, you could have just told me."

08:53

< chapter 143-2

"Tara! Apologize to Miss Silverwood immediately!" he said.

"Yes! Apologize!" her colleagues echoed quickly, eager to protect their own jobs.

+3 Bonus

I leaned back slightly, feeling satisfied.. People who feared me always made things easier.

Tara clenched her jaw. I watched her fight with herself, and eventually she walked over, lowered her eyes, and said quietly, "Miss Silverwood, I'm sorry. It's my fault."

I smiled slowly.

"Since you know it's your fault... make up for it." I stretched out my foot slightly. "My shoe is dirty. Clean it, and I'll forget about it."

Her head snapped up. There was a shocked expression on her face. The room went silent.

I spoke sweetly, "I'm injured. You wouldn't insist I bend down to clean it myself, right?"

Her coworkers started begging her. "Tara, please. Just do it."

She looked around, feeling trapped. Then, slowly, painfully, she knelt down and began cleaning my wine-stained shoe. 275

08:54

(3

chapter 143-2

+3 Bonus

this humiliation, not her but since I couldn't get to Bella, her friend would do.

But then Tara did something unexpected.

She lifted her head slightly, and there was a strange resignation in her eyes. As if she wasn't humiliated and only relieved that Bella wasn't the one being targeted. It irritated me.

Suddenly, I lifted my foot and stepped down hard on her hand.

She gasped, crying out in pain.

The room froze.

"Oh dear," I said sweetly. "I'm so sorry for stepping on you."

But I didn't move my foot. I pressed down harder.

Her face twisted, but she didn't cry. She just breathed hard, trembling.

Then, without warning, she jerked her hand upward as she stood. My balance broke instantly. The chair slipped. I fell backward, and the wooden edge crashed down against my recovering leg.

Pain shot through me. I screamed in pain. 375

08:54

< chapter 143-2

+3 Bonus

The director spun toward Tara, looking furious. “Tara! Do **you** want to lose your job?! How dare you treat Miss Silverwood like this!”

Tara’s expression twisted, not with shame, but with disgust.

“You know what? You’re right,” she snapped. “I don’t want this job anymore. I’m here to work for a salary, not to be a slave. Why should I let myself be humiliated like this?”

I glared at her. “You think resigning will save you? I’ll sue you for injuring me!”

She lifted her bruised hand. “Go ahead. Then I’ll sue you deliberately hurting me. I’ll get an injury assessment right now.”

for

Her boldness shocked the entire room. For a moment, I couldn’t speak. I was pissed. I could feel my blood boiling with anger

“You’re so big and mighty because Kane Stonewood *is* backing Bella, right?” I snapped at her.

I regretted it as soon as I said it. Damien told me not to tell

anyone.

Fyck.

08:54

< chapter 143-2

“Nothing” I said.

“Alpha Stonewood is backing Bella? Why?” she demanded. “Why would he protect her?”

My stomach dropped. I hadn’t meant to reveal that.

**+3 Bonus**

“I – I don’t know what you mean,” I stammered, pushing myself up and grabbing my crutch.

She stepped toward me again, but I turned away quickly.

The director chased after me, panicking “Miss Silverwood, wait. Let us help—”

I ignored him and left as quickly as my injured leg allowed.

Behind me, voices erupted in the private room. Blaming Tara. Scolding her. Panicking.

I walked away, hoping I wouldn’t get in trouble for what I just did.

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### **Page 1**

chapter 144

BELLA’S POV

I felt stronger than I had a few days ago, strong enough that the weight in my chest did not crush me with every breath. My phone kept ringing, buzzing against the blanket every ten minutes. I kept getting calls from relatives on my mother’s side. People who had not contacted me in years suddenly remembered I existed because my name had reached the police station last night.

Some called crying, pretending to be heartbroken about what my uncles had done. “Bella, please forgive them... don’t destroy our family. They made a mistake, but they’re still blood.” Their voices shook with the wrong kind of desperation. They were scared of consequences. They weren’t remorseful or bothered at all, not really.

Others tried to pry into the situation. “Who rescued you? Which big shot?” They asked it like I owed them the story. They wanted gossip, not truth. They wanted to know which powerful man had forced the police to act that night.

Then came the worst ones, people asking to borrow money. “Since you know a big man now, you must be able to help us... even a little.”

1/6

I ended call after call. speechless. I wanted to laugh. but my

08:54

< chapter 144

43 Bonus

guesses pieced together a picture. The neighbors had seen the police convoy at the Gomez house. They'd seen Kane carrying me away. The story had spread. And with each call, I began to understand things Kane had not explained – how violently he must have torn me out of that house.

I left the ward to clear my mind and walked down the quiet corridor. My legs still felt heavy, but I wanted to move alone. When the nurse tried to follow me, I stopped her gently.

“You don’t have to. Just stay nearby,” I said “Thank you”

She nodded, relieved. The bodyguards outside the ward glanced at me but didn’t stop me. I had walked the corridor several times today; they had grown used to it.

When I passed the stairwell, I stopped. Through the glass door, I saw Kane.

He stood with his back to me, slightly leaning against the corner wall. His head was tilted down as he held a phone to his ear, and a cigarette burned slowly between his fingers. His shoulders were broad. He looked relaxed yet powerful. His posture made him look like he owned the entire building.

I had never seen him smoke. Not once. Yet the sight didn’t make him look rough; it made him look untouchable. He looked like a powerful man with too many secrets.

08:54

< chapter 144

elegance already belonged to him naturally.

(A) 3 Bonus

Just then, my phone rang again. I flinched and grabbed it quickly before Kane turned around.

It was Tara.

I answered immediately. "Hello?"

Tara sounded like she was scared "Bella?"

I became worried instantly "Tara? What's wrong?"

Her voice was shaky "Bella... are you with Kane right now?"

"Yes," I said slowly.

"Is he next to you?"

"No. He's not." My eyes stayed on his back through the glass. He still hadn't noticed me. The cigarette glowed softly between his fingers.

I had never realized a man could hold a cigarette so elegantly. Even the gesture felt expensive.

"Bella... do you know that Kane might be Kane Stonewood?" Tara's voice cracked on the name.

376

08:54

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My world tilted. I stared at the man behind the glass door. Kane? Alpha Stonewood. The same man?

No. It was impossible. What the hell was she talking about? Why would she say that?

+3 Bonus

But Tara kept speaking. "I'm not completely sure. But I met Tiffany today. She mentioned him. She said Kane Stonewood was backing you and she seemed to believe you were with him."

m. But the only man who appeared in your life recently is Kane. So I thought....Bella, what if they're the same?"

My vision blurred as I stared harder at his silhouette.

Of course the internet had no clear photos of Kane Stonewood. Only distant shots. Blurred angles. If someone didn't want their face found, it wouldn't be. But I had seen a picture once - a back view at Damien and Gina's engagement party. I remembered thinking it looked like Kane's.

Of course, it did.

Because it was him.

My chest tightened with slow, numbing realization.

I had known  
Kane wasn't ordinary. His presence, his control, his power – it was *too* steady.. But Stonewood? Of all people:54 4/6 Stonewood?

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+3 Bonus

A man whose cold order "Let her stay well inside" had justified every cruel treatment I received in prison. People wanted to please him, so they hurt me.

Could it really be him?

Had I been living with the man who ruined my life all this while? The thought of it alone made my chest ache.

"Bella, are you listening?" Tara asked. I could hear the worry in her voice.

"I... I'm listening." My own voice trembled. I could barely breathe. My hand felt weak around the phone. The room seemed to be spinning around me. everything was happening too much all at once.

I swallowed hard. "Tara... I'll call you later."

“Okay. Bella... just don’t be too sad.”

Sad? Sad was too small a word. I felt betrayed. I was heartbroken. I was bitter.

This is deceit in its purest form.

The call ended.

5/6

08:54

stood there, frozen, staring at Kane through the glass. The

< chapter 144

slept. The man who made porridge and tied my hair.

He was the same man whose shadow had haunted me for

years.

“I was the stupid one,” I whispered to myself.

+3 Bonus

In that moment, I felt a bitter, hollow ache spreading through my chest.

Quietly, without giving myself time to think, I reached for the stairwell door. My hand shook as I grabbed the handle.

My breath trembled.

Then I pushed the glass door open.

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chapter 145

KANE'S POV

The moment I stepped out into the hospital corridor, Jonas's voice was already grating on my nerves from the other end of the call. He sounded too awake, too nosy, too entertained for the God-forsaken hour.

"What kind of woman could make you leave your family's Old Master in the middle of his holiday and run straight to another town to save her?" Jonas asked "I mean, Kane, you flew out of there like someone lit a fire under you."

I leaned against the railing, my jaw ticking as I stared at the city lights outside the window.  
"How do you even know about this?"

"I happened to meet the deputy director of the police station earlier today. The man wouldn't stop bragging about how he saw you rushing into a besieged building like some vigilante Al pha." Jonas snorted. "You're famous now. Congratulations."

I shook my head "What a gossip."

"I know." He chuckled. "But enough about him. Why don't you bring that woman over and let us meet her? I'm curious about her. All of us are. What does the woman look like? The neon ran over a hundred kilometers for in the middle of the night?"

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+3 Bonus

I didn't want them curious about her. I didn't want them talking about her. And I certainly didn't want their eyes on her. Jonas, Eric, the rest of them... they lived in a world where women hovered around them like moths to flame. Especially Eric – any woman he so much as smirked at ended up falling into his bed sooner or later, even when both sides knew it wouldn't last.

If Eric ever became interested in Bella...

My grip on the phone tightened.

The thought alone made me feel irritated. For other people, the name “Stonewood” came with power, and obedience, and the certainty that I could have any woman I wanted without lifting a finger. But with Bella... those three letters became something else entirely.

I didn't like the fact that they wanted to meet her. I would hide her away if I could.

“It's just a woman,” I said finally, in a detached tone. The practiced tone I used when I wanted nothing getting past me. “What's there to see?”

“But this woman is different,” Jonas said. “You even abandoned your grandfather for her—”

2/8

didn't abandon him.”

08:54

< chapter 145

disgraceful runaway Alpha just to go save her. Don't tell me you've fallen for her and want to hide her away?”

+3 Bonus

The more he joked, the more something twisted in my chest.

And then another thought hit me...Just moments ago, I had actually feared she might fall in love with another man. I'd never had that fear for any woman.

Had I really fallen for Bella?

No. Impossible. I had sworn long ago that love was something I would never let close again. Love demanded vulnerability. Weakness. And I had killed those parts of myself years ago. I would never fall in love with a woman.

No. I just liked being around her. That was all. I liked her company. I liked how she softened the world without realizing it. I liked how good she was, even after everything she had endured.

But love? I refused to believe it.

"There's nothing different about her," I said flatly. "It's just a game to kill time. I've been bored. That's all."

**99**

The words tasted metallic in my mouth. They felt wrong.

08:54

But Jonas didn't notice. He chuckled again and began to say something else-

**hapter 143**

I froze.

+3

**3 Bonus**

The phone stayed pressed to my ear, but I no longer heard Jonas's voice. My entire body locked as a chill slid down my spine.

I turned. She stood there.

Bella. She looked pale. Her bandaged right hand trembled slightly.

How long had she been standing there? How much had she heard?

—

A feeling I had not felt in years – fear – spread through my chest.

When did she come here? And how much did she hear...?

She looked so calm. Too calm. The kind of calm people have right after their last hope breaks.

My throat tightened.

"I said, Kane-" Jonas was still talking.

I hung up without another word. The cigarette between my fingers kept burning until the heat licked my skin. Only then did I flick it away.

08:54

(4)+3 Bonus

Just... calmness.

Dangerous calmness.

She took a small breath. "Alpha Kane Stonewood?"

Hearing my full name from her lips felt like a punch to the chest.

She continued "When I came out and heard you say it was just a game... that it was something you did because you were bored... everything suddenly made sense."

Every word she said sliced deeper inside me.

"Of course that's the answer," she murmured, almost to

herself. "Why else would someone like you stay in a cabin with someone like me?"

My jaw clenched.

**66**

"It was always a game," she said quietly. "A game between the rich and the poor."

She thought that? She believed that?

And the worst part- I couldn't blame her. I was the one who'd just handed her that blade.

08:54

**Topic 143**

炸雞

+3 Bonus

She stood right in front of me, but it felt like she was miles away. Like something had already slipped out of my hands.

“Are you Kane?” she asked again.

I swallowed. Finally, I nodded. “Yes.”

“Okay. I understand.”

She bent down, picked up the phone she had dropped, and turned to leave.

No. No, she was not walking away from me. I wouldn’t allow it.

My hand shot out and grabbed her arm. My other hand pressed against the glass door beside her, trapping her between my body and the door.

Her breath hitched as she looked at me.

“What do you understand?” I asked.

“That you are Alpha Stonewood” she said softly. “And that this was just a game.”

My jaw hardened.

what I should do. If this is your revenge, then... I think you

“Alpha Stonewood,” she added gently, “don’t worry. I know 678

08:54

< chapter 145

(64) +3 Bonus

Revenge? She thought I was doing this for Sophia Monroe? Sophia Monroe wasn’t even significant enough for me to be bothered by, let alone seek revenge.

A heavy wave of heat stirred under my skin.

But her calmness- Her calmness was worse than rage. It felt worse than accusations. Worse than tears.

She wasn't fighting me. She was letting me go.

And I hated it. Hated it more than anything.

"As you said," I replied coldly, "what do you have for me to take revenge on?"

"Alpha Stonewood," she whispered, "could you let me pass? I... I want to go back to the ward and pack my things."

"I haven't allowed you to leave the hospital," I said. I leaned closer and her eyes widened slightly as I lowered my face to hers. "And since you called me by my name before, you'll continue to call me that."

She swallowed. "Alpha Stonewood... I don't think it's necessary to continue this game. I don't think there's any need for me to stay in the hospital."

7/8

A game.

08:55

< chapter 145

86

+3 Bonus

She kept saying it like it was a simple truth. Like she no longer cared whether I denied it or not.

It had started as a game. Yes.

But somewhere along the way, I stopped playing.

"If you really think this is a game," I murmured, lowering my head "then it's up to me to decide when it ends."

I closed my eyes briefly, leaning in closer to her. Her breathing got heavy

Mine wasn't any steadier.

I was panicking inside.

## Through Rising Fog We Walk Paths Unknown Yet Comforting by Arlo Mason Jett 146

admin9-12 minutes

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### Page 1

chapter 146

BELLA'S POV

"Am I right?" Kane had asked me.

He was referring to the last question he asked, about him deciding when the game would be over.

Yes, he was right.

If it was a game, he would be the one to determine when it would be over. He was Alpha freaking Stonewood. He could decide anything he wanted.

We returned to the ward in silence, walking side by side but feeling worlds apart. The moment we stepped inside, Kane dismissed the nurse with a tilt of his chin, not even needing to raise his voice. She left immediately, closing the door behind

her.

Suddenly, the room felt too small. Too quiet. I sat stiffly on the chair, lowering my head, trying to steady my breathing. I didn't know what he planned to do next.

If he believed I had not suffered enough after leaving prison and wanted to crush me again, why save me on Thanksgiving? Why pull me out of that house? Why carry me through the night?

+3 Bonus

had learned how small I was in the eyes of people like him. He was powerful, untouchable and used to bending lives with a flick of a finger.

"Don't you have anything else to ask me?" he asked me.

My body trembled. The sound of him always reached me too deeply, as if his voice could brush against the edges of my soul.

I forced myself to raise my head.

He stood before me, tall and composed.,

My teeth sank into my lower lip before I even realized it, a habit from the past I never fully broke. But this time I bit down too hard. I didn't feel the pain. I felt nothing. Only the cold inside my chest.

He noticed before I did. His brows drew together, and he leaned down slightly, lifting my chin with two fingers.

"Don't bite your lip. It hurts." His voice softened in a way it shouldn't have. His tone was gentle and soothing. It was the tone he once used when he wasn't Alpha Stonewood, when he was simply Kane, when he treated me like someone precious instead of someone broken.

08:55

I still couldn't believe my Kane and Alpha Stonewood were the same person.

43 Bonus

admitted this had been a game.

His thumb brushed lightly across my lip. I jerked my head away, leaning back to escape the heat of his touch.

"Alpha Stonewood... exactly when will this game end?" I asked.

His eyes got darker. "Is that all you want to ask?"

What else could I ask? If he sought revenge, the question of how far he intended to drag me down didn't matter. He would do what he wanted. People like me never had a choice. That was true three years ago. It was true now.

I stayed silent.

He reached for my hands suddenly, enclosing them between his palms. The warmth of him flooded through my cold skin, and he rubbed my hands gently, just like he used to, back when I believed he was just a quiet man living in an old cabin. Back when I let myself think I could heal in his presence.

But now the warmth only made fear crawl up my spine. I didn't know what he intended anymore. I didn't know which version of him stood in front of me.

I tried to pull my hands back. His fingers tightened, refusing to let go.

5780. 5780.

08:55

μπαμιει 140

“Call me Kane,” he murmured. “Didn’t you always call me Kane?”

My lips trembled.

“Just think of it as my order,” he said softly, lowering his head closer. “Call me Kane.”

I stayed silent for so long that even my heartbeat felt loud in my ears. Finally, I forced the name out.

“...Kane.” I whispered.

A slow smile appeared at the corner of his mouth. A smile I once trusted. A smile I once believed was untouched by the world. I had wanted so badly to protect that part of him once.

But the truth hit harder now. He wasn’t clean. He wasn’t gentle. He was Alpha Kane Stonewood. He was rumored to be blood—

soaked and ruthless, feared by every pack, whispered about in every political circle. Nobody survived after provoking him.

And I... had believed I needed to shield him.

How stupid of me. I was pathetic, really.

"When I first met you," he said quietly, "I did treat it like a 4/6 game. But later.... it was pleasant being with you.

08:55

side from now on?"

I froze. Of all the things I expected, this was nowhere near it.

"Stay... by your side?" I asked in confusion.

"If you stay with me," he said, "I'll give you your old life back. It'll be even better than before. Anything you want, I'll give it. You used to be a doctor.

I can restore your license. If you want to open a clinic, I'll arrange it. If you want your name cleared, I'll make it happen. You were cast out of your pack... I will have you reinstated."

I laughed bitterly. I couldn't help it.

Reinstated. Did I really want that? I don't think so. My pack had already shown me how quickly they could abandon me. Perhaps their rejection was a blessing in disguise.

But the idea of regaining my career – the piece of me that prison had stolen – hit something raw inside me. I had buried those dreams long ago. They were nothing but unreachable fantasies. Yet he spoke as if he could pluck them out of thin air and hand them to me.

"Why?" I asked quietly. "Didn't you say you wanted revenge?"

08:55

He shook his head "If I wanted revenge, I would not have saved 5/6 you that night." His voice softened again. "I told you already... I

## Chapter 140

+3 Bonus

“And then what?” I whispered. “Wait until you’re tired of me?”

The silence that followed felt heavier than the walls around us.

“Yes.”

My heart sank. The final confirmation I needed. Once he tired of the novelty, once the game lost its flavor, I would fall from a much higher place and hit the ground far worse than before.

That hurt me more than anything. I trusted this man yet....he was no different from the people who used me, the people who hurt me. I thought....I thought he was different.

He wasn't who I thought he was.

I sighed quietly. Maybe this was simply my fate. When powerful men played, someone like me was bound to break.

He watched me closely, as if reading every thought written inside my silence.

And all I felt was cold.

# Through Rising Fog We Walk Paths Unknown Yet Comforting by Arlo Mason Jett 147

admin9-12 minutes

“If you wish to put me on a pedestal and then let me fall, you don’t have to go through so much trouble ...” Bella said.

Her voice trembled, but not weakly, more like she was forcing herself to stay upright even as the world shook beneath her feet. She was too calm. Too resigned.

It irritated me, and it also made something in my chest twist. She wasn’t even giving me any emotions and that hurt me more than anything.

“...I’m already miserable. I’m just a sanitation worker with little money to my name and I was kicked out of my pack. I no longer have my wolf. Or do you want me to kneel before Sophia Monroe’s grave and ask for forgiveness? Or do you want me to take my life, a life for a life—” she said.

“Enough.” I snapped.

It surprised me how quickly she shut her mouth. She stood there, small and exhausted, staring at me as if I were about to pronounce a verdict that would finish her off. Her fear was quiet—not hysterical, not dramatic, just there, sitting deep inside her bones. And somehow, it hurt me even more.

08:55

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+3 Bonus

She always underestimated the intensity with which she affected me. Her presence lit up things in me I had long buried. She had no idea the effect she had on me.

I exhaled slowly and stepped closer, looking at her hands. They were still in mine, shaking a little. I had held them for half the night, trying to warm them, but the chill never left. Her hands were so cold.

It wasn’t the room. It was fear. Fear of me.

“Sophia Monroe is not worth me doing such things,” I said quietly. “All you have to do is stay by my side.”

Her lashes twitched, but she didn't pull her hands back again. She only looked at me with a hollow, guarded expression that had haunted me ever since she learned the truth.

How many times had she trembled in silence over the years because of me? How many times had she swallowed pain I never bothered to understand?

I tightened my fingers around hers. "I know I lost my temper just now."

I hated admitting *it*, hated how easily she could make my emotions unravel when I spent years mastering every shred of control I had. She stirred things in me without effort. She.55 always had.

08:55

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before. "You should rest well tonight. Don't say such foolish things again."

I released her hands. She immediately pulled them to her chest, as if she needed to protect what little warmth she had left. It struck me far harder than I expected. But instead of reaching for her again, I turned away.

If

I stayed another minute, I'd end up doing something reckless, like pulling her into my arms or demanding she look at me without fear.

I walked out without looking back.

Behind that door, I knew she was staring at her trembling fingers, drowning in fear I caused.

I hated it. I hated myself for it. I hated that she could make me feel anything at all.

When Jayden drove me back to the building across from the hospital, my thoughts were so messed up and loud that I barely heard him speaking. I forced myself to sit still and breathe, but every time I closed my eyes, I saw Bella's face. She looked so scared of me.

3/7

She had known who I was before she overheard my

08:55

43 Bonu

I opened my eyes as the realization hit me.

“Check Bella’s phone,” I ordered. “See who she spoke with recently.”

“Yes, Alpha.”

It took Jayden barely moments to retrieve the logs. “The most recent call Miss Jameson made today was at 6:35 p.m. The owner of the number is Tara. Tara Yonis.”

My jaw tensed. Tara. Bella’s friend

“That’s Bella’s best friend” I muttered.

How did Tara know about this?

“Yes,” Jayden said. “Should I-”

“Find

out who Tara met today. Every person, every location, every conversation. I want details.”

“Understood.”

The car rolled to a stop at the private hospital wing. Jayden opened my door, and I stepped out.

08:55

When we reached the entrance of the ward, I asked the guard, *When “Is Alpha Allen asleep?”*

Allen was my grandfather’s name.

“He’s not, Alpha.”

Of course not. The old man rarely slept at night. He only slept when the sun came up, as if daylight exhausted him more than anything else.

“You wait outside,” I said to Jayden, then pushed open the ward door.

The room smelled like medication. I could still feel his dominant aura even though he was old.

My grandfather sat in bed, flipping through a photo album. I recognized it. That particular album was filled with pictures of my mother, from puphood to adulthood. Her smile was wide in those photos, her eyes bright, her posture confident. She used to be the Old Master’s pride.

He claimed to resent her for the man she chose, but the truth was simpler: he loved her too much. And too late.

He looked up at me when he sensed me enter.

I didn’t speak. I pulled out the chair beside his bed and sat. We didn’t need to fill the room with noise. We never did.

5/7

08:55

The silence stretched for several minutes. He turned the last

< chapter 147

“I’m not happy with you,” he said.

“It’s nice to see you too,” I replied dryly.

+3

1. oa) 3 Bonus

“Don’t take that tone with me,” he snapped. “You may be Alpha now, but it is my power that runs in your veins.”

I

held back a smirk. He could talk about bloodlines all he wanted, but nothing could change reality – the transition was final. The power was mine now. It was in every shred of my being

. He could dislike it, resent it, try to lecture me for the rest of his life, but he could never take it back.

“I looked into it,” he said. “That woman is Bella Jameson. She was Damien Silverwood’s girl friend. And she was the one who killed Sophia Monroe three years ago, wasn’t she?”

“Yes.” Of course, he’d done his research. He always did.

“She’s been to jail. She’s been exiled. Declared rogue. She cleans the streets for a living.” He stared at me in hard disbelief. “Is this the type of woman you believe befits the Stonewood Pack family?”

## **Through Rising Fog We Walk Paths Unknown Yet Comforting by Arlo Mason Jett 148**

admin9-12 minutes

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### **Page 1**

chapter 148

BELLA’S POV

Kane’s lips were on mine and my heart kicked painfully against my ribs.

“Kane. No...” I pushed at his chest, his shoulders, anywhere I could reach, but it was useless.

He didn’t force me down, didn’t hurt me, but his strength locked me in place as easily as if he were holding a child. I hated that a part of me already knew resistance was pointless. I hated even more that another part of me didn’t truly want to

get away.

“Please,” I whispered, breathless. I felt frustrated, tired in a way that lived deep in my bones. “Let me go.”

“You don’t mean that,” he murmured against my skin.

He was right, and that made it worse. My silence gave me away, and he felt it. His mouth brushed my jaw slowly then trailed down the side of my throat. The kisses were soft, gentle, and yet they shook me. My breath stuttered when he paused at my collarbone. He lingered there as if tasting the heat of my pulse before placing another kiss.

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08:55

“Stay by my side.” he whispered. “Didn’t you say that in this

**υπαριστή** 148

+3 Bontra

His words pierced straight through me. They stabbed at a **place** I’d been protecting fiercely ever since my release.

“Yes,” I said quietly, struggling to hold myself together. “I did say that once. But hearing it now...” My voice cracked “It feels like a huge mockery.”

His head lifted. He looked down at me. His eyes were unreadable.

“You’re not my Kane,” I whispered. “Not the man I thought you were. You’re not the exiled Alpha who looked like he’d been beaten by the world the same way I had. You’re the Alpha Stonewood. The real Alpha. The man who can change the weather in this city.”

He stared at me. His jaw tightened. “

I am,” he said slowly, voice growing colder. “But if you want me to, Bella, I can be the way I was then. I can act how you like.”

I let out a tired breath, the kind people make when they’ve reached the end of something they didn’t want to lose. “Even if you acted that way... you’re not Kane.”

He frowned

“My Kane doesn’t exist anymore,” I whispered. “He was a hallucination from start to end.”

08:55

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eyes darkened, but instead of leaving gently, he looked irritated.

+3 Bonus

“You’re repulsed by ‘Alpha Stonewood?’ he asked “Have you thought about this? I am Kane. And I’m the only one in this city who can turn your fate around. The only one capable of offending anyone for your sake.”

His voice got darker “If not me, Bella... who would dare stand for you?”

He straightened. His eyes held mine with a cold distance hadn’t seen before.

Then he turned and walked out.

The door shut softly.

Only then did my body unlock. I slowly sat up and fixed the buttons of my hospital gown with trembling fingers. Once they were in place, I grabbed the thin blanket and wrapped it tightly around my shoulders, as if that alone could stop the shaking.

He hadn’t truly wanted me just now. Not in the way that mattered. He just wanted to prove that if he did, I wouldn’t be able to refuse him. That his strength, his status, his dominance – all of it – would always overshadow me.

3/7

08:55

I can’t even refuse him,” I whispered, pressing a hand to my

+3 Bonus

was the truth I could no longer deny.

A part of me... hadn’t wanted to refuse.

My eyes burned, but no tears came. I had cried too much already. I pulled my knees to my chest and stayed in that curled-up position for a long time, trying to steady the emotions moving through me. Kane had turned my world upside down once before, and I had survived it. But now, it felt like he was pulling me into something deeper, something that could break me or make me stronger.

I didn't know which I feared more.

#### KANE'S POV

Jayden waited outside the building when I stepped out. The night was cold, but it suited my mood. He fell into step beside me without a word.

"We found something," he said once we were away from the entrance. "About Tara."

I didn't slow my pace. "Who?"

He hesitated "Tiffany."

477

08:56

**mapie** 140

"What about her?"

+3 Bonus

Jayden cleared his throat. "A few of Tara's colleagues said Tiffany confronted her the day everything went wrong. And.. during their fight, Tiffany mentioned your name."

My jaw ticked once. So that was the loose thread. She was the one who told Tara about me. I knew Tara enough to know she was smart. She must have put two and two together.

"It didn't occur to me the slip-up came from Tiffany Silverwood." My eyes narrowed. "Good to know."

“It’s not good for her,” Jayden replied.

Of course, it wasn’t. Damien knew I was with Bella. But Tiffany had chosen the worst possible moment to expose my identity to the wrong person. That made her a liability. And liabilities were things I removed quickly.

“The Silverwoods,” I muttered. “They really are becoming a problem.”

Jayden waited silently for my decision.

“Bring Tiffany to the hospital,” I said coldly.

“Yes, Alpha.” 5/7

08:56

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“And?”

(m) +3 Bonus

“It started from inside,” Jayden said. “A nurse posted a picture on her Facebook Moments of you carrying Miss Jameson into the emergency unit. Someone screenshotted it before she could delete it, and it spread fast.”

Of course, it had.

“Although we scrubbed everything off the internet,” he continued, “we can’t determine how many people already saw it.”

My teeth clenched. Hospitals were supposed to be controlled spaces. Discretion was expected. Bella didn’t need more eyes watching her, especially not while she was vulnerable.

“Look

into her legal liability,” I ordered. “And strengthen security around the ward. I don’t want anyone getting close to Bella. Not reporters, not curious pack members, not anyone.”

Jayden nodded. “Understood. Nothing like that will happen again.”

Good. It better not. The world outside irritated me. But inside that hospital room, there was only one person who mattered. One person whose fear, whose sadness, whose trembling voice still echoed in my mind:

08:50

< chapter 148

She was wrong. He existed.

He was just much, much more dangerous than she thought.

Coin Package: get more free bonus

## Through Rising Fog We Walk Paths Unknown Yet Comforting by Arlo Mason Jett 149

admin9-12 minutes

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### Page 1

chapter 149

TIFFANY'S POV

I had been pacing across the Silverwood mansion's living room for so long that the floor had begun to feel uneven beneath my feet. My leg, still wrapped tightly in bandages from the last punishment, throbbed every time I shifted my weight, but the fear twisting in my stomach hurt more. I couldn't sit still. My hands wouldn't stop shaking. I kept replaying that disastrous conversation with Tara over and over again. If I had known she would react like that, if I had known she would connect things, I would never have gone near her.

"Had I known earlier," I muttered under my breath as I limped another restless circle, "I wouldn't have bothered Tara. Now I'm the one who's scared... I'm so stupid."

If Tara figured out the truth and then told Bella... and Bella told Kane...

My leg broke last time for something much smaller.

What would he do if he learned that I accidentally exposed him? The Alpha Stonewood. The man everyone feared.

“Tiffany, what’s wrong?” Damien’s voice cut through my thoughts. He had been watching me from the couch. “You’re so restless? Did you stir up trouble again?”

(2)+3 Bonus

Damien stood, studying my face with the same expression he always used when he suspected I’d done something idiotic. He looked worried, annoyed, and exhausted. Our parents had gone out to visit friends; he had planned to go with them, but I’d begged him to stay. I told him I felt lonely. The truth was I was terrified.

“Damien,” I said suddenly. My throat tightened, but I forced the words out. “Please help me. The other day, I... I carelessly blurted out the fact that Kane and Bella were together.”

“What?!” Damien shot up from the sofa as if he’d been electrocuted. “Who did you tell, Tiffany?”

“It was Bella’s friend. Her name was Tara... or Tessa... I don’t know,” I said shakily. “I don’t know if she told Bella. But if Bella told Kane that I said anything, he’ll find out. Damien, what if he punishes me again? What if he-”

“Stop talking.” Damien pressed his fingers to his temples. His face had gone ghost-white. “Do you even understand what you’ve done? You told a woman about Kane. Kane, Tiffany! Are you insane?”

The words stung, but they were nothing compared to the fear sinking its claws deeper into my chest.

0866

Before I could respond, a servant rushed into the living room. His face was pale.

chapter 149

that Miss Tiffany meet Alpha Stonewood at the hospital. Immediately.”

The servant might as well have declared my death sentence.

Damien and I exchanged a look. His eyes were wide with dread. Mine were already watering with panic.

+3 Bonus

Who in this entire city would dare refuse an order from Alpha Stonewood?

Ten minutes later, we were seated in the back of a black car that felt more like a hearse carrying us to my funeral. Damien held my arm tightly, as if afraid I would jump out and run. My leg ached with each bump in the road, but I was too terrified to complain.

When we reached the hospital, everything felt heavier – the air, my breathing, even the walls. The place was crawling with security. As soon as we entered the corridor leading to the VIP ward, two guards stepped forward and blocked Damien with a single movement.

“Alpha Stonewood asked for Miss Silverwood alone,” Jayden said calmly.

Damien tried to argue. “She’s injured. Let me-”

3/7

Jayden’s expression didn’t change. “The Alpha was very

08:56

+3 Bonus

wouldn’t make a difference.

Jayden pushed open the door, and I stepped inside.

My breath caught instantly.

Bella lay in a wide hospital bed, looking thinner than she had the last time I’d seen her. The gown was simple, but the room screamed wealth. It looked like quiet luxury. It had expensive equipment and warm lighting. I had been hospitalized with a broken leg and barely got a shared room, but she – a former convict, a street sweeper – got this?

A spike of jealousy burst through me, but it quickly turned into confusion when I realized... Bella wasn't injured. She was sick? Was it something serious? A cruel thought slipped through me before I could stop it: I hope it's something that keeps her bedridden for months.

But that was when I noticed him.

Alpha Stonewood.

He was seated casually on the sofa near Bella's bed. He wore a crisp white shirt and beige trousers. The sleeves rolled to reveal his forearms. Even relaxed, his aura filled the entire room, making the air feel tighter.

4/7

My heart slammed painfully against my ribs.

08:55

from afar. Still, no Alpha in this city had that presence. The calm violence. The effortless authority. The kind of beauty that made women dream and men tremble.

Even without me ever seeing his face, I knew it was him instantly.

In the past, this close proximity would have thrilled me. It had been every high-born girl's fantasy to catch his eye. But all I felt now was the urge to turn and run. His presence suffocated

1. me.

"You're here," he said quietly.

Just two words, and my knees trembled.

I bowed head quickly, adopting the weak, pitiful expression I always used around powerful men. "Alpha Stonewood," I whispered, bowing slightly. "It's an honour. Thank you for seeing me."

He didn't respond. He didn't even look at me.

My palms went damp. "Did... did you call for me for any specific reason?"

Bella's face showed confusion too. Clearly, she didn't understand why he had summoned me like a criminal 577

108:56

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+3 Bonus

Sis? He called her Sis?

I choked on my own breath. My eyes shot to Bella, who looked just as surprised as I felt.

"On the second night of Thanksgiving," Kane continued smoothly, "your friend Tara met Miss Silverwood. She made things difficult for your friend."

Bella's eyes widened slightly as everything clicked for her. I could see it – the moment she remembered that day at the mall. Tempers rising, Tara stepping in, defending her fiercely.

Of course Bella would put the pieces together.

And she did.

I saw her inhale sharply. There was a guilty expression on her face. Meanwhile, Kane leaned back slightly, observing both of us with calmness. He looked like a judge about to deliver a

sentence.

When I heard him say "Sis," my head nearly snapped off my neck. The man who terrified the entire city was calling Bella, a nobody street sweeper, an ex-convict, his sister? His equal?

His tone wasn't mocking either. It was casual and familiar, like

he

be called her that all the time.

08:56

< chapter 149

**+3 Bonus:**

“B-Bella?” I stammered before I could stop myself. “You... you and the Alpha are-”

Bella ignored me, her eyes fixed on Kane. “How did she make things difficult for Tara?” she asked softly.

Kane let a slow smile curve his lips. Not warm. Not kind. Something far darker.

“Tiffany,” he said, turning his attention back to me, “would you like to explain it yourself? Or should I?”

My stomach dropped to the floor.

Bella watched me. Kane watched me. The air grew suffocating.

And I knew-

I was in deep fucking trouble.

## **Through Rising Fog We Walk Paths Unknown Yet Comforting by Arlo Mason Jett 150**

admin9-12 minutes

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**Page 1**

chapter 150

TIFFANY'S POV

I did not understand how everything had spiraled into this nightmare. One minute I was standing stiffly in the center of Bella's hospital room, trying to figure out what Kane wanted from me, and the next I watched him rise from the sofa calmly.

There was something terrifying about how slow and calm his movements were. He walked to the side of Bella's bed as if he had all the time in the world, as if nothing in this room could possibly threaten him. And then, he bent down in front of Bella, picked up the pair of soft slippers waiting on the floor, and gently slid them onto her feet.

My breath stopped.

He didn't rush. He even steadied her ankle in his palm. Kane – Alpha Stonewood, the most feared man in the region – was kneeling on the floor, helping an ex-convict, a street sweeper, a woman everybody judged and avoided, put on shoes.

It felt like watching the world tilt.

What kind of charm did Bella have? What secret made a man like him treat her with this kind of devotion?

1/7

08:56

I had mocked her for being ordinary. But nothing about the

**υπαριστή του**

3 Bonus

A horrible weight filled my chest.

And then he picked her up. Not awkwardly, but smoothly. He had one arm under her knees, the other supporting her back. Bella let out a quiet gasp as her arms went around his shoulders. He carried her to the sofa as if she weighed nothing, as if she belonged in his arms.

I couldn't stop shaking. Every step he took made me feel smaller.

He settled her gently on the sofa cushions, fixed the blanket over her legs, and only then did he finally look at me. His expression was unreadable. It was calm to the point of cruelty.

“Let’s get started,” he said.

The words hit me like cold water.

“Start?” I blinked, unable to hide the panic in my voice. “Start what?”

Jayden stepped forward. He held a small stack of tissues in

his hand  
and extended one toward me. “Miss Silverwood, please clean Miss Jameson’s shoes. Just like the day when Tara cleaned yours.”

My stomach turned to ice.

08:56

< chapter 150

stupid. Do as you’re told.

+3 Bonus

I felt my face burn with fury. I glared at Bella, who looked startled and uncomfortable but said nothing. Her silence enraged me more. Why wasn’t she stopping him? Why was she sitting there acting delicate and innocent while I was being humiliated?

“Alpha Stonewood,” I burst out, “this woman is just a street sweeper! She’s good at seducing men. When

she was with my brother, she fooled him with all kinds of tricks. Otherwise he would never have fallen for a woman from such a background! She is – she is – she’s a lowlife rogue! Alpha, please don’t be fooled by her!”

My voice cracked. I wanted him to believe me. I wanted him to see Bella the way I saw her. I wanted him to snap out of whatever spell she had cast.

But Kane didn’t even look irritated.

He took Bella's hand instead. Then he asked softly, "What's wrong with wiping shoes for a street sweeper? Are you so much better than her, Miss Silverwood?"

My lips parted, but no words came out.

Of course, I was better. I had status. A **family** name. pedigree. But the way he looked at me made every excuse taste

08:57

< chapter 150

**+3** Bonus

Jayden

cleared his throat. "Miss Silverwood, please hurry. Alpha Stonewood does not have much patience. If he runs out of it, wiping shoes will be the least of your concerns."

A tremor ran down my spine. My broken leg throbbed. My hand weakened around my cane.

I had no choice.

My pride screamed, but fear chained me down. With slow steps, I limped toward Bella. Every inch felt like walking into a fire. When I reached her feet, I bent down with effort, my injured leg barely supporting my weight. I pressed the tissue against her clean shoes.

Bella watched me with wide, confused eyes. Something in her expression softened, but she didn't stop me. I wiped the shoes again and again. I felt a wave of humiliation tightening around my throat. For a moment, my anger overshadowed my shame, and I wondered how Bella had managed to charm Kane into becoming her sword and shield.

The fucking bitch.

As I wiped, Bella's gaze drifted, and I could tell she was thinking of Tara. She must have been imagining her friend kneeling like this, scrubbing my shoes while everyone watched. A look of guilt appeared in her eyes. And still, she said nothing. 4/7

08:57

## U

+3 Bonus

Kane's lips curved into a small smile. "Not yet. How could this be enough?"

My heart fell.

At that moment, Jayden stepped forward. He crouched beside 1. me.

"Miss Silverwood, don't scream," he advised calmly.

Before I could process what he meant, he brought his heel down on the back of my hand.

The crack of bones echoed inside my skull. Pain exploded up my arm so violently I nearly collapsed. I shrieked and screamed.

"What are you doing?!" I cried as my eyes blurred with tears.

Kane leaned back slightly, still holding Bella's hand in his.

"He's just doing what you did to Tara that night," Kane said. "Did you not?"

I froze. My breath stuttered. I had done it. I had stepped on Tara's hand when she dared to speak back to me. I had wanted her to feel small. I had wanted her to remember her place.

5/7

Now I was the one kneeling.

08:57

DONUS

didn't you say Tara is important to you?" His thumb brushed along Bella's knuckles. "Then let me vent the anger for her. Are you satisfied?"

He sounded pure, almost innocent, as though he was doing nothing more than trying to please her.

Jayden increased the pressure on my hand. My bones felt like they were being ground into dust.

"Alpha – my hand – my hand is going to break!" I sobbed, shaking. "Alpha, please... please let me go..."

Kane didn't even glance at me. He kept looking at Bella, waiting.

"Sis," he murmured, "what do you think? Is it enough?"

At this point, no matter how much I hated Bella, I had no choice but to beg.

"Bella," I cried, voice cracking, "I – I was wrong, okay? I shouldn't have treated your friend like that. I can apologize. I can apologize to your friend. Please... spare me..."

Bella looked at me with a strange expression. It looked like pity mixed with disappointment. She wasn't convinced. She wasn't softened. She simply understood the truth: I wasn't apologizing because I regretted anything. I was apologizing

08:57

## #5 BONUS

everyone who witnessed what happened that day. You'll pay her medical bills, her work compensation – everything. That's the only way."

I nodded so fast that my neck hurt. "Yes – yes, I'll do it. I'll pay everything. I'll apologize. I swear."

Jayden lifted his foot at last. Agony pulsed through my hand, and I cradled it against my chest. I couldn't even grip my cane anymore. My fingers trembled violently.

Kane didn't look at me once. His eyes stayed on Bella as if I was already forgotten.

"Jayden," he said calmly, "call Damien. He can take her home."

"Yes, Alpha," Jayden replied.

He walked to the door, and when it opened, I saw Damien rush toward me. I saw the horror in his eyes as he took in my swelling, crushed hand.

He didn't speak. He couldn't.