

Through Rising Fog We Walk Paths Unknown Yet Comforting

Chapter 241

BELLA'S POV

That evening, the mansion felt unusually quiet. The lights in the hall were soft, but the space still felt too large, too empty.

I stood near the window for a long moment before turning to Kane. He was seated calmly, one leg crossed over the other. His posture was relaxed yet commanding, as if the entire Stonewood Residence belonged to him by right. Well, it did.

"I got a job today," I said at last. "But I'm worried I might finish work late. I don't want to disturb you. I think it might be better if I move back to the cabin."

Kane lifted his eyes slowly. His brows rose just a little, but that small movement carried pressure. "Are you trying to move out again?"

His words made my chest tighten. Not move out, I thought. Move back.

The way he said it made it sound as if this place was already my home. But a mansion this grand could never belong to someone like me. I wasn't even sure if I deserved a home at all

anymore.

It's too big," I said carefully. "I'm not used to living . 48:47

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small place like the cabin suits me better. Nobody is there. It would be a waste not to live there."

For a brief second, he studied me in silence. Then he spoke. "Then you'd better get used to it, Bella. I'll cover the cost of everything"

"No, I-" I started, but his eyes turned cold.

It wasn't anger. It was authority.

The air between us got tight. I felt it immediately. A little bit of his Alpha aura filled the space. My breath hitched.

His dark eyes locked onto mine.

“Bella,” he said quietly, “if you’re really worried about coming home late and disturbing me, you can quit your new job and find another one. Isn’t that better?”

He leaned forward slightly. “Or do you think this job is more important than me?”

A chill ran down my spine.

My first thought wasn’t about myself. It was about Jazz. I thought about her small restaurant and about her deaf son. If Kane wanted to crush a business, a place like that wouldn’t stand a chance.

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I remembered what happened to the other company Kane threatened.

“I.... I didn’t think of it that way,” I muttered.

My fingers curled slowly at my sides. I didn’t want Jazz to suffer because of me. She already carried so much.

“It’s best if you haven’t,” Kane said with a small smile. “You can stay here in peace.”

Then, without warning, Kane reached out. He took my hands gently and lifted them to his face. He pressed my palms against

his cheeks.

“Since you’re determined to find your own job,” he said softly, “go ahead.”

He closed his eyes briefly. “But no matter how late you come back, promise me something.”

I swallowed. “What?”

“Say good night to me,” he said. “Every night.”

I froze.

It was such a simple request, yet it stirred something deep

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inside me. Saying good night to him had once been natural. At **the** cabin, he had felt like family. He felt like someone solid, someone safe.

Were we still that now?

His cheeks brushed against my palms. I felt the warmth spreading through my hands, growing stronger until my skin felt almost hot.

"I promise," I said quietly.

His lips curved into a small smile.

The next day, I took my credentials and went to the small restaurant as planned. Jazz greeted me warmly and gave me a quick briefing. She showed me around, explained the workflow, and finally handed me an electric bike.

"You'll use this for deliveries," she said. "Do you know how to ride it?"

"Yes," I replied honestly. "It's been years, but I should manage."

"Good," she said. "Practice later and don't rush. It's fine to be late. Safety comes first."

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"I understand," I said. "I'll be careful."

She nodded. "Your salary will be paid on the fifteenth. I'll also cover your basic social security. If you have questions, ask me."

"All right." I smiled "Thank you"

Just then, something tugged at my leg. I looked down and saw a small boy clinging to me. His cheeks were round, his eyes wide and curious. It was her son.

“Riley,” Jazz called gently. “Come here.”

But he didn’t move. Instead, he held onto me tighter.

Jazz stepped closer. She looked embarrassed. “Sorry. He’s not usually like this.”

“It’s fine,” I said softly.

I bent down and picked him up. He didn’t struggle. He smiled at me and looked at me with those cute brown eyes of his. My chest tightened at the sight.

“Hello, Riley,” I said, touching his head.

He couldn’t hear me. He only looked at my lips, confused.

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“Could you teach me sign language?” I asked Jazz. “I want to talk to him.”

Her eyes softened. “Of course.”

Around noon, I started my first delivery shift. The electric bike wasn’t so hard. I rode slowly at first. The lunch rush was intense, but by two o’clock, things finally slowed.

When I sat down to eat, Jazz asked, “Are you tired?”

“I’m fine,” I replied.

She smiled. “How old is Riley?”

“He’s four,” she said quietly. “He should be in kindergarten, but they wouldn’t take him.”

“Because of his hearing?” I asked.

She nodded. “I’m saving for a cochlear implant. I should get one in two or three more months.”

Her face glowed with hope as she looked at her son.

At three o’clock, another order came in. I glanced at the address and froze.

The delivery address was the hospital. The one where I used to 6/7

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