

Chapter 0195

"They are dead," Killian growled out, clearly still unhappy about my treatment in my old home and pack. That would never go away, but I would always be blessed for the life I had now.

"I'm sorry to hear that as well," Henry said, looking to Aurora for help as the room fell into an uncomfortable silence once more.

Joselin smiled widely, and I narrowed my eyes as I glared at her. "What's so funny?"

Her laugh was musical and made me relax as she sounded more like her old self. "The tension is amusing. I am glad I am here to witness this."

Killian growled, and Joselin rolled her eyes but pressed her lips together in a failed attempt to hide her amusement. I was more curious about her than ever before. After overhearing her conversation with my mother, I wanted to pull her aside and ask her what she had seen in the mountains. Something there had shaken her, and I felt it was more than just her getting stabbed.

"Why don't you stay with us for a while, Henry?" Killian offered, and I was grateful that he was willing to let my father stick around to get to know me. "It'll give the two of you a chance to bond."

"That won't be a problem. It'll allow my eldest to get his feet wet running the pack. I think it will be good for him. My eldest son, I mean." He smiled widely, and his slightly crooked teeth only made him more charming. It was a warm smile, one that expressed his genuine excitement.


"How old is he?" I asked, mentally kicking myself when I saw Aurora flinch at his answer.

"Brandon? He is nineteen, a few months younger than you. You recently turned twenty, from what I understand." His eyes flickered over to Aurora briefly before looking back to me. "My youngest, Holden, is eighteen."

I bit my lip as I realized he was right, and Killian turned to me with a scowl that almost resembled a pout at the news of my missed birthday. In my defense, we had been a bit busy.

Aurora stood suddenly, excusing herself politely before making her way out of the room. It had to be hard hearing how the love of her life had moved on so quickly. Not only did he mark another woman in the short time she was away, recharging, but while she was all alone trying to raise a newborn in The Sanctum, he was at home loving and caring for another woman's baby. His baby.

Henry's eyes dimmed as she left the room, and I knew no love was lost there. I only hoped the two of them realized that for themselves one day soon. They had spent enough time apart and shouldn't waste any more.

 +5 BONUS

"You should probably go after her," I whispered, standing up and feeling Killian's hand immediately finding my lower back.

"I think we have done enough talking over the past few days. She needs space, but I would love to take you up on your offer and stay for a while. It would mean the world to me to get to know you. Maybe we can go on a run later?" He looked hopeful, and I was filled with excitement. Mainly because we wouldn't have to fill the time with uncomfortable small talk.


I nodded, "I would love that."

"I'll need to run to town to buy a few things since I'll be staying, but I look forward to it." Henry moved toward the door, sounding excited. He paused on his way past me, and I tensed as he placed his hand on my shoulder. "I..." His voice cracked, and he cleared his throat. "I've always wanted a daughter."

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