

06 A Unseen Request

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~Tamia~

We remained in the garden, engrossed in conversation about various topics until evening when we received word that our children had returned from Grizlo. I quickly rose from my seat, followed by Claudia, Linda, and the rest. Nicole, whose children were grown and residing in Lucland City, didn't share the same sense of anticipation as we did.

With haste, I made my way towards the driveway in front of the mansion. The vans had arrived, and our children were disembarking. Keith and Joseph immediately embraced Harper as she emerged from the vehicle, and she reciprocated their affection with a radiant smile.

One by one, the others showered our returning children with hugs and warm greetings. Charlotte playfully tousled their hair, patiently waiting for her younger siblings to join. It was a joyful but crowded scene, the culmination of the news they had shared and the realisation that their graduation meant they wouldn't need to return to Grizlo.

I approached Harper, and her face lit up with a wide grin upon seeing me. "Mom," she exclaimed as we embraced.

"He's still in the van," she whispered to me, referring to Liam, and I gave her a gentle pat on the back. "Your father is in his office," I whispered back, well aware of the special bond they shared. Harper broke the hug and headed inside, followed by everyone else.

Finally, Liam stepped out of the van. Although he appeared outwardly fine, I knew better. His eyes held a haunted and pained look, and without hesitation, I enveloped him in my arms. "You'll be okay, son. It will get better," I whispered reassuringly, and he allowed himself to be embraced. It was clear that he needed this comforting gesture, and I was grateful that he let me provide it.

After our hug, I posed a question to Liam.

"Would you like to see your father first, or would you prefer to go to the bungalow?" I asked, noticing his gaze fixed on the entrance.

"I suppose I should see the King first and find out my fate," he replied, and I couldn't resist playfully ruffling his hair, though I knew it embarrassed him. He may have grown up, but he would always be my little boy.

"Come on, I'll walk you there," I offered, understanding his concerns about facing his father after causing worry by going missing for a few hours. I knew that Sylvester was more worried than angry, but I doubted he would want our son to witness his vulnerable state.

As we entered the mansion, a newfound vitality filled the previously quiet halls. The building was bustling with activity, with omegas bustling about attending to various tasks. I knew the dining room would be lively tonight, and I felt a deep sense of gratitude that I had my children with me, safe and sound. My heart went out to Margaret and Sophia, and I wished them the best of luck.

We reached Sylvester's office, where Harper was seated on the couch, engrossed in an animated conversation with her father. He

sat behind his desk, attentively listening and wearing a smile. I could tell that Sylvester was genuinely relieved to have them back, and I felt a wave of reassurance wash over me. The moment Liam and I walked in, the room fell silent.

Sylvester stood up from his chair and approached us. Without a word, he pulled Liam into an embrace. Witnessing their interaction, I felt a sense of relief knowing that this wouldn't be a heated argument, as had sometimes been the case. Despite their occasional clashes, they shared a deep connection.

As they released the hug, Sylvester placed his hand on Liam's head in a gentle grip, gently resting it against his own while gazing at him intently. I knew they were having a telepathic conversation, and Liam eventually pulled away, nodding in agreement to whatever had been communicated between them.

"I'm glad you all are home safely," Sylvester expressed, and Harper beamed with joy.

"Mom, Dad said we'll be going to our house in the city for the weekend," Harper shared, and I glanced at Sylvester, who shrugged in response.

"She mentioned that she doesn't like feeling isolated here. I believe the others will follow suit. It'll only be for the weekend. Besides, we could use some family time before our visit to Mountain," he explained, and I didn't see any reason to object. It sounded like a good idea, especially since I could also see Joseph and Keith off to school on Monday. I nodded eagerly, but I noticed that Liam didn't share the same enthusiasm.

"Don't you like the idea?" I asked him, curious about his reaction. He looked at me, his eyes dancing with unspoken thoughts, signalling that he had something to say.

"What is it?" I asked Liam, sensing the urgency in his expression. He glanced at his father before speaking up.

"We need to help them," Liam said, and Sylvester's smile vanished, replaced by a serious expression.

"Help who? The Maguires?" I questioned, seeking clarification, and Liam nodded in response.

"Mike committed familicide, a grave crime that even the royal family wouldn't dare commit. Their lives are essentially forfeit," I stated, grasping the severity of the situation, and Liam confirmed my understanding with a nod.

"I'm certain something doesn't add up..." Liam began, speaking rapidly, and before I could interject, Sylvester intervened, signalling for me to let Liam continue.

"Tell me why you think that," Sylvester urged, leaning on his desk and focusing his attention on Liam while maintaining a stoic demeanour.

"Sophia told me they're being held captive on a boat. Her phone was thrown into the water, and her mother was taken away on the deck. They were kept in the cargo section. She used her mother's phone to call me, but I haven't been able to reach her since. If Mike intentionally committed this murder, why are his family members being held captive? Furthermore, he lied about not seeing me that

night. We did see each other, and we spoke. He only denied seeing me to ensure I wouldn't get entangled in his mess. That's what I believe," Liam explained passionately, laying out the details that I hadn't been aware of.

"If he was truly a villain, why hesitate to involve the royal family in his predicament? His life was already forfeit. By keeping this information as leverage, he might force us to assist him. I think something is amiss," Liam concluded, and I realised that there was much more to the unfolding events than I had initially understood.

"Grizlo has its own set of laws, and the North has a Head Alpha. Unless the matter is brought to the Council by the Head Alpha, and the Council deems it necessary to address, our hands are tied," Sylvester explained to Liam, his tone tinged with a hint of frustration. Liam nodded, acknowledging the limitations.

"I understand that, but perhaps we can involve another alpha. Maybe Max and Kyle? They have a reputation for being excellent investigators. We could..." Liam suggested, but Sylvester chuckled, interrupting him.

"Max and Kyle may not be the best investigators, Liam. Leo, along with his beta, Casper, on the other hand, possess the skills needed. However, I highly doubt your uncle will want to become entangled in a situation that doesn't directly concern him. He has enough on his plate as it is," Sylvester explained, casting doubt on Liam's proposal.

Liam let out a sigh, his determination emanating from his very aura as he pushed his chest forward.

"In that case, I request, as my first assignment, that you send me to

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Grizlo as their new alpha," Liam declared, leaving both Sylvester and me stunned by his audacity.

A heavy silence hung in the air as none of us were eager to speak. Why would Liam consider something so dangerous? The weight of the moment enveloped us, and the question loomed: How could Liam ask us to send him to assume the position of a man who had been murdered under mysterious circumstances?



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