

08 Ours Requested The Same

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~Sylvester~

(Liam's father and the King)

I didn't know how much Liam had grown until he made that dangerous request. Despite my instincts telling me to shut it down, I could see the determination in his eyes. The permission he sought was merely a formality; he had already made up his mind.

Liam was just like me, driven by an unwavering determination and a sense of responsibility. Every fibre of my being screamed that he would continue with his investigation, even if I tried to dissuade him. Tamia, too, recognised this, which explained her tears. We both knew that nothing we said would make him hold back. He was resolute in his mission to save Sophia, and nothing would deter him.

This was no trivial matter. Liam cared deeply for the girl, and while we suspected there were romantic sparks between them, we never anticipated the magnitude of his devotion. Unbeknownst to him, he was willing to walk through fire for her. I couldn't allow him to traverse this path alone. My father had caused me heartbreak, and I couldn't bear to see Liam endure additional pain. I would try my best to find a way to support him while ensuring his safety.

Tamia walked to me, where I stood frozen after Harper and Liam had left. I welcomed her into my embrace, holding her close.

"Why does he have to be so much like you?" she mused, and I chuckled softly.



"I'm not the stubborn one; that title belongs to you," I teased, a hint of amusement in my voice. Tamia remained nestled against my chest.

"He's still our baby, and we can't allow him to get entangled in this mess," she expressed, breaking away slightly to meet my gaze.

"I might sound selfish, but Mike didn't consider the well-being of his family when he committed that crime. So why should we let Liam sacrifice himself for their sake?" she pondered, her words tinged with frustration. She looked at me, seeking understanding.

"Did he really commit the murder?" she inquired, her eyes searching for the truth. I nodded solemnly in response.

"All the evidence points to him. Two eyewitnesses saw him leaving the alpha's house in wolf form, covered in blood. I didn't delve into the details with Christian back then because I thought it wasn't our concern. But now, Liam has made it our concern," I confessed, the weight of the situation heavy in my voice. Tamia nodded, absorbing the information.

"What if we assist him with the investigation?" she suggested desperately, searching for a solution that would keep Liam out of direct harm.

"This isn't eighteen years ago when we roamed about playing detective and risking our lives. Some of us barely survived the Stepanov encounter. We managed to maintain peace and avoid similar situations. This is a matter specific to Grizlo, and we don't know its full extent. It wouldn't be wise for us to interfere. Besides, it falls outside our jurisdiction. Unless Alpha Christian brings it before

the council and they deem it necessary for us to intervene, we can't get involved," I explained, hoping she would understand the limitations we faced as royals. Tamia nodded, acknowledging the wisdom in my words.

"Don't you think I'm aware of all that? I understand the consequences. But I'm desperately searching for a way to prevent Liam from going to Grizlo. Once he goes, Harper will follow, along with Lilly, Charlotte, Gemma, and Jewells. And let's not forget about Marvin, Miles, and Oliver. They're all so close to him. Avery won't find it amusing, and Linda will be beside herself. I can't even begin to imagine what Vino and Claudia would say. There's no separating them, and none of them would dissuade him. If anything, they would encourage him. We need to find a way to take control of the situation ourselves, so they won't have to play detectives," Tamia pleaded. While I knew she was right, I couldn't help but fear failure. What if something terrible had already happened to Sophia and Margaret? Even if I got involved, it wouldn't change Liam's pain and loss. I didn't want to let him down; that was my greatest fear. Additionally, I knew it would be wrong to stick my nose in Christian's affairs without being invited or obligated to do so. This was an incredibly challenging situation.

"I don't know how we can officially intervene," I confessed, the weight of uncertainty evident in my voice.

"Leo and Devin could propose that it becomes a continental matter," Tamia suggested, her voice tinged with hope. I shook my head, realising the difficulties.

"The council meeting is in three weeks. By then, it'll be too late.

Moreover, everyone would see it as an influenced decision for personal reasons since it isn't a secret that Sophia is close to Liam. Leo is my cousin, and Devin is our friend, not to speak of Erik and Andrew, who are also distant relatives and friends. People will wonder when we started caring about small-town murders?" I remarked, highlighting the challenge we faced. Tamia understood my perspective immediately.

"Let me discuss this with my cousins and brothers, and then we can devise a plan. Have Wilson, Levi, and William keep a watchful eye on the children, especially those who are more likely to act impulsively and head to Grizlo. I'll ensure my men are stationed at all the dock and sea ports, searching every arriving boat, regardless of its size, for any signs of the Maguires," I decided, laying out the initial steps. Tamia nodded, understanding the urgency, and swiftly left my office to carry out the assigned task.

I was well aware that time was not on our side, and my children, especially Liam, could grow impatient and take matters into their own hands. The determined look in Liam's eyes troubled me because I knew he wouldn't back down easily. I had to make a choice: either allow him to proceed or find a way to convince him otherwise. For now, my goal was to buy enough time to find a viable solution.

"I will dispatch men to search every coast, including those on the outer islands that are farther from our continent. Although the more distant islands will take time to search thoroughly, the ones closer to us will be more manageable. I hope this is a good starting point," I communicated with Liam through our mental link, hoping for a positive response. A positive response would indicate that I had successfully bought some time.



"That's a great idea, Dad. Assign me to oversee the operation, so I won't just sit around waiting," Liam responded, his message coming through our mental link. I felt relieved that I could grant this request since it didn't involve him directly entering Grizlo. Hopefully, this task will yield some positive results and help put this issue behind us.

"You'll need to work closely with your Uncle Vino on this, so I'll ask him to get involved," I relayed to Liam before breaking the link. Following that, I contacted everyone else, instructing them to gather in my office. The responses came quickly from all except David and Dominic, who were likely to be clueless about the situation since their children weren't directly involved.

After waiting in my office for about fifteen minutes, the others began to enter one by one. Marcel appeared visibly worried, as did Theo. Vino was clearly angry, while Dominic and David seemed lost and confused. I didn't have to guess why Marcel, Vino, and Theo were feeling that way. It all revolved around Sophia.

"I'm sure by now you all know why I've called this meeting," I began, and Theo nodded in agreement.

"The Maguires," he stated, and I nodded in confirmation.

"What? What business do we have with Grizlo fugitives?" Dominic questioned, clearly irritated that we were even discussing this matter.

"We don't have any direct involvement, but our children do. Liam asked me to appoint him as the Alpha of Grizlo for his first assignment," I revealed, causing David and Dominic to exclaim in surprise.

"Marvin mentioned that he would be joining Liam in Grizlo on official duty. He was confident about it. Avery was in shock. They just graduated yesterday. In our time, we were partying and living our lives," Marcel added, indicating that our children had already made plans among themselves.

"Miles, Oliver, and Lilly are also insisting that I find a way to assign them to Grizlo for their first mission. I tried to explain to them that they had just returned home and were entitled to a six-month rest period before taking on any assignments, but they wouldn't hear of it," Theo shared, reflecting the stubbornness our children often displayed when they were determined to achieve something.

"I don't think I need to mention Charlotte and her sisters. Initially, I thought it was a boy problem, maybe a crush, because they didn't seem particularly friendly towards Sophia. But when Charlotte and Gemma started insisting, mentioning Liam's involvement, it became clear. They were hell-bent that Liam was going to be Alpha of Grizlo, and they wanted to help him with his investigation. I don't understand why our children believe we would allow them to risk their lives like this. It seems they may have planned it before even returning home," Vino expressed, and I nodded in agreement. It appeared that our children had already set their minds on this course of action.

"I have a plan to keep them away from Grizlo and ensure their safety. We can assign them to supervise the search at the docks and ports. This way, they will be involved in the investigation but not directly in Grizlo itself," I shared, presenting my proposed solution.

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"Additionally, we should contact Alpha Christian to provide us with updates on the situation. This will give us insight into the direction the investigation is heading. As things stand, if we don't receive any favourable news, those children will find their way to Grizlo with or without our consent, and there will be little we can do about it. They are grown and of legal age," Marcel added, highlighting the reality that our control over their actions had diminished. They had reached an age where they had to forge their own paths. Our role now is to protect and guide them, but what should we do if they refuse to follow the guidance we give them?

I nodded in agreement with Marcel's words. It was a new phase of parenthood, one where we had to navigate the delicate balance of guiding and supporting our children while respecting their autonomy and choices. Our primary responsibility was to ensure their safety and well-being, even if it meant adapting our approach to their desires and wishes. I told Vino he would be overseeing the task, and he was more than willing; Theo insisted on being a part of it, too, and I had no choice but to oblige. As things were, it was clear our children would be running the show.



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