

Chapter Fifty-Eight: Shadows and Codes

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Zane POV:

I was pacing my office like a caged animal, frustration boiling within me like a tempest. The screens on my wall, usually a source of pride with their streams of financial data and pack communications, were now taunting me, displaying incomprehensible numbers and transactions that made no sense.

"Dammit!" I slammed my fist onto the desk, the impact sending a shiver through the wood, mirroring the storm inside me. "Who the fuck is behind this?"

Axel and Damon were on the speakerphone, their voices blending into the chaotic symphony of my fury. I could barely distinguish between their reports, each word another drop in the flood of bad news washing over me.

"...and then there's the shipment that never arrived," Axel was saying, his voice strained with the same frustration I felt.

"And the energy grid disruptions are no coincidence," Damon added, his tone grim but laced so much fucking fury the person on the other end of the phone would drop dead. "Someone's targeting us, Zane. But who? And why?"

I growled, my wolf close to the surface, itching to break free and hunt down whoever dared to threaten our pack.

"We'll find them," I vowed, more to myself than to them. "We'll rip them apart, piece by bloody piece."

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Just then, the door flew open with such force that it banged against the wall. Adam stormed in, his usually calm demeanor replaced by an urgency that immediately drew my full attention.

"Zane, you need to see this," he panted, barely out of breath from his sprint.

In his hands, he held sheets of paper, but it was what was on his laptop screen that he pointed to with a shaky finger. I leaned over the desk, my eyes scanning the lines of code displayed on the screen. To anyone else, it might have looked like random sequences, but to Adam, our tech genius, and to me, who had spent years learning the ins and outs of cyber security, it was a message, a clue maybe not intentional but it was clear as fucking day.

"This... this is a virus, but not just any virus," Adam explained, his voice a mix of awe and horror. "It's sophisticated, beyond anything we've seen. It's been siphoning our funds, rerouting them to untraceable accounts, and it's been doing so under our noses."

I studied the code, the patterns becoming clearer the more I looked. It was a masterpiece of deception and malice, a wolf in sheep's clothing within our systems.

"Can you trace it back?" I asked, my voice low, a deadly calm settling over me as I shifted from frustration to focus.

Adam shook his head, his expression grim.

"I'm sorry Brother. It's been bouncing through so many servers, it's like chasing a ghost. But I found something, a signature, something left behind, maybe on purpose, maybe not."

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He zoomed in on a section of the code, highlighting a series of characters that stood out from the rest. It wasn't much, just a small anomaly, but in our world, it could be the thread that unravels the entire scheme.

Axel's and Damon's voices faded into the background as they yelled their lungs out at our employees back in the human realm as me and Adam honed in on our new lead. This wasn't just an attack on our finances; this was personal, a direct challenge to our pack, to our family.

"We'll find them," I repeated, this time with a cold certainty. "Start with this code. Break it down, track every possible lead. No stone goes unturned."

Adam nodded, his usual calm returning as he absorbed the task ahead.

"I'm on it, brother. We'll catch this bastard."

As he set to work, I turned back to the phone, where Axel and Damon were waiting for an update.

"We have a lead," I told them, my voice the steel of a blade being drawn. "It's time to hunt."

I laid the code in front of my brothers and explained everything and what it meant. Their wolves were coming closer to the surface with every word I said, mine wasn't that far behind his brothers either. The raging fury was boiling over.

Finally, when I finished Damon was the one to speak up, his voice cutting through the tension like a knife.

"This isn't just an attack; it's a message. Whoever is behind this wants us to know we're targeted, that we're

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vulnerable. But there's more," he paused, a frown marrying his brow as he delved deeper into the abyss of his thoughts.

"The structure of this code, it's familiar, eerily so. It's not just an echo of the past; it's a replica, a continuation of a threat we thought we had buried with our parents. This," he gestured to the haunting lines of code, "is not the work of a new enemy. This is personal, a vendetta that has been simmering in the shadows, waiting for the right moment to strike."

The room felt colder, or maybe that was just the chill running down my spine as Damon's words sank in. Axel and I exchanged a confused look, both of us trying to piece together the connection between our current crisis and the darkest day of our lives.

"Damon, what are you talking about?" I demanded, my patience wearing thin. "What does their death have to do with this mess?"

There was a heavy pause, the kind that weighs down the air, thick with unspoken fears and buried secrets. Finally, Damon spoke, his voice low and heavy with memories we all tried to forget.

"When Mom and Dad were killed, it wasn't just a random attack, Zane. There were signs, patterns that Dad was tracking. He was onto something big, something dangerous. But he kept us out of it, said we were too young, not ready."

I felt a knot form in my stomach, the past and present colliding in a way I hadn't anticipated.

"You're saying this has happened before? That what we're

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facing now is connected to their deaths?"

Axel, who had been silent, finally spoke up, his voice a mixture of anger and disbelief.

"Are you suggesting that whatever took them out is back? That it's been waiting, watching us all this time?"

Damon's sigh crackled through the speaker, a sound of weariness and deep-seated pain.

"I don't know for sure, but I can't shake the feeling that there's a link here we're missing. Dad had files, information he was compiling. It's all back at the old house, in his study. I think it's time we take a look, see if there's anything that can help us now."

The idea of dredging up the past, of opening old wounds we'd all worked so hard to heal, sent a shiver through me. But Damon was right; if there was even a slim chance that the answers to our current nightmare lay buried with the ghosts of our past, we owed it to ourselves, to our pack, to face them.

"Axel," I said, my voice firm with newfound resolve, "go to the old house. Dig up everything you can find in Dad's study. We need to know what he was on to."

Axel's response was immediate, a testament to the bond between us, unbreakable even in the face of our family's darkest secrets.

"I'm on it, Zane. If there's anything there, I'll find it."

Turning back to Damon, I found my voice steadier, my resolve hardened like forged steel.

"Damon, go over everything we know about the attacks,

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the financial leaks, every detail. We're missing something, and I bet it's hidden in plain sight."

"And Adam," I continued, glancing at our tech wizard who had been quietly following along, "keep working on that code. Anything, even the smallest detail could be the key we're looking for."

The room was filled with a new energy, a determined, grim resolve that bound us together. We were not just leaders; we were brothers, united by blood and tragedy, standing against the shadows that threatened our family, our pack.

As the meeting ended, and the screen went blank, the silence that followed was not one of defeat but of a quiet, steely determination. The past might hold our demons, but it also held our salvation. And I was ready to face whatever we found, for the sake of our future. But just as we were all about to go and find the fucker who had dared and mess with us not once but twice and had probably taken our parents from us Nate bragged in saying the three words that had ice freezing in our veins.

"Phera is gone"