

Chapter Fifty-Nine: Fractured Silence

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Damon POV:

The world had tilted off its axis, the ground beneath my feet no longer solid, the air thick with a tension so sharp it could slice through bone. The news had hit us like a freight train, unyielding and merciless—Phera was missing. My Luna, the love of my life was missing. My mind, a swirling vortex of fear and rage, refused to settle, the pieces of the puzzle scattering just out of reach. Where the fuck did she go? And why the fuck didn't she say anything to us? Just when we thought things were getting better and maybe just maybe she was ready to solidify the bond she went and did this. Fuck, when I get my hands on the little hellion her ass is going to black and blue.

I felt it, the boiling blood, the simmering fury shared between my brothers and me, a silent storm raging within our veins. We had been trying, desperately, to link her, to breach the void that separated us from her, but she was out of range, beyond our call, a fact that sent waves of panic crashing over me.

The packhouse was a hub of controlled chaos, our commands slicing through the night, mobilizing every available resource.

"How did she slip past our defenses?" I roared at the bewildered guards.

My voice echoing off the stone walls, a testament to our

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collective failure. The guilt was a tangible thing, suffocating and relentless, pressing down on us with the full weight of our responsibilities.

Axel, his usual calm demeanor shattered by the urgency of the moment, coordinated with the border patrols, his words clipped, his frustration palpable.

"Every sector, every inch, she couldn't have just vanished!" His commands were a lifeline thrown into the turbulent sea of uncertainty.

Zane, ever the strategist, was already two steps ahead, his mind weaving through scenarios, discarding impossibilities, and forging a path through the fog of war.

"Cameras, scent trackers, inform the neighboring packs. Someone must have seen something. She's our Luna; she doesn't just disappear into thin air!"

The packhouse, usually a place of strength and unity, had morphed into a storm center of fear and action. Warriors, once composed, now wore their worry like armor, their movements swift, their eyes haunted. The undercurrent of dread, the unspoken fears, we all felt them, a silent symphony of dread for our missing Luna.

As we stormed through the compound, our presence a thundering promise of retribution, I couldn't help but feel the piercing gaze of every pack member we passed. Their eyes, wide with concern and fear, reflected our own turmoil, their whispers a swirling eddy of speculation and unease.

"Nate," I snapped, my patience frayed to its breaking point. "What was the last thing she said, anything that might tell us where she went or why?" Nate, looked like

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he'd been through hell and back, his eyes wide, his body tensed as if bracing for a blow.

"She... she said nothing to me but she left a note for mum and dad saying she needed to clear her head, that she'd be back by sunset," he stammered, the words tumbling out in a rush. "I didn't think... I mean, she's always been so strong, so sure..."

The information was a drop in the ocean, insufficient, unsatisfying, but it was all we had. A direction, a sliver of insight into the turmoil that must have been raging within Phera, hidden behind her composed exterior.

The night air was a cold slap against my skin as we burst through the doors, the moon hanging low, a silent witness to our desperation. We took to the borders, our senses extended to their limits, every rustle of the leaves, every shift of the wind scrutinized and analyzed.

The border was a line drawn in the sand, a barrier between the known and the unknown, and as we traversed its length, our frustration mounted. The silence was oppressive, a mocking reminder of our failure, of our inability to protect what was most precious.

"Spread out," I ordered, my voice cutting through the night. "She's out there somewhere, and we're going to find her."

The night wore on, a grueling testament to our determination, our refusal to succumb to despair. We were brothers, united in purpose, driven by a love and a duty that transcended our own fears.

The uproar had only just begun, a crescendo of action and emotion, a battle not just against the elements, but

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against the creeping dread of the unknown. Our Luna was missing, and we would tear the world apart to find her and after that fuck waiting we were binding her to us. We may not have payed our dues but fuck if we were bonded we would be able to find her anywhere.

Axel POV

The world had fucking narrowed down to a single, all-consuming objective: find Phera and then bind her to us forever. Damn the consequences. The panic that had initially seized us transformed into a driving force, propelling us through the dense underbrush and the deepening night. My brothers and I, usually so distinct in our thoughts and actions, were now united by a single, shared heartbeat, pounding in desperate urgency to find our Luna and fucking kill who dared touch what was not there.

The forest, a place we had roamed as children, a place that had always welcomed us with open arms, now seemed alien, hostile. It was as if the trees whispered secrets I couldn't decipher, the shadows mocked our efforts, and the silence, oh the silence, was a cruel reminder of Phera's absence. Why sweetheart? Why did you go without any backup?

"Check every nook, every cranny," I found myself repeating.

My voice hoarse from shouting, my body on autopilot, moving through the familiar terrain with a stranger's detachment. The night was drawing on, the moon a silent, indifferent spectator to our plight.

Damon, ever the storm, moved like a force of nature, his anger a tangible entity, pushing through the foliage with

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relentless determination.

"I smell her. She's here," he growled, more to himself than to us, "She has to be."

Zane, with his eyes that missed nothing, scanned the ground, his brain undoubtedly piecing together the fragments of this nightmare puzzle.

"Over here," he suddenly called out, his voice cutting through the thickness of the night, sharp and urgent.

We converged on him, hearts racing, hope flaring like a match struck in the darkness. But it wasn't Phera we found. It was a piece of her—a shred of fabric from her clothing, unmistakable in its familiarity, a silent testament to the struggle she must have faced. Fuck! That meant she had shifted but why? And, if so where the fuck was she now?

The sight of it, Phera's clothes torn and discarded, ignited a fury in me, a searing, blinding rage.

"This is hers," I whispered, the words like acid on my tongue.

My hands shook as I held the torn piece of fabric, the reality of the situation crashing down on me with the weight of a mountain.

But it was what we found next that turned our simmering fear into a roaring inferno. A dart, small and innocuous, yet its scent unmistakable—wolfsbane. The implications of it, the premeditated malice, sent a chill down my spine. Wolfsbane was a poison to our kind, a tool used by hunters and traitors, a symbol of betrayal.

"Fuck! Fuck! Fuck! We're not dealing with a mere rogue

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attack," Zane stated, his voice cold, his usual calm demeanour shattered by the implications. "This was planned, targeted."

Damon picked up the dart, his expression dark, his anger a palpable force.

"Whoever did this," he said, his voice deadly quiet, "will pay. They've taken her, but they won't get far."

The forest, once a place of freedom and life, now felt like a tomb, the shadows stretching out like fingers, grasping, threatening. Our world had shifted, the ground beneath our feet treacherous and unfamiliar.

"We need to mobilize," I said, trying to keep my voice steady, to be the rock I knew my brothers needed. "We need to alert the pack, call in every favor, every ally. We find her, no matter what it takes."

The night stretched on, endless and oppressive, but we were not deterred. We moved with a single purpose, scouring the land, calling out to the moon goddess for guidance, for a sign. Our hearts were heavy, our spirits battered, but our resolve was ironclad. We would find Phera, our Luna, our mate, our best friend. We would bring her home, no matter the cost and then it was a motherfucking war.

The torn fabric and the poisoned dart were not just clues; they were a declaration of war. And we, the sons of the moon, the protectors of our kind, would answer.