

# A Broken Alpha Heiress' Revenge

## Alpha daughter Ch 341

[ 1,008 words ]

Chapter 341

Aria's POV

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+8 Pearls

The campfire burned low, casting wavering shadows across Carmen's fierce face, Duke's brooding silence, and Lucien's unyielding stare. They were all the same—unyielding, protective, determined to follow me back into the maw of the West.

"I'm coming with you," Lucien said, his voice iron. His wolf aura pressed against mine, a declaration of dominance and loyalty all at once. "Aedric will never listen to you alone. If he sees me, he will know the East stands behind you."

I shook my head sharply. "If he sees you, Lucien, he'll see an enemy Alpha—an invader. He'll strike first and ask questions never. You know this."

Carmen stepped forward, jaw tight. "Then I'll go. Sister, I've fought beside you, bled beside you. Don't you dare think I'll sit back while you walk into a den full of vipers."

Her voice cracked, the endearment sister digging deep into my half-healed memory. She'd always called me that, even before I remembered my true name. My heart twisted, but my resolve did not.

"No," I whispered, softer but firmer. "If he sees you, he'll kill you. He won't hesitate. The same for Duke, the same for Lucien. You three are his enemies, his rivals, his nightmares. If you enter West Pack territory with me, there will be blood before I open my mouth."

Silence settled, thick and heavy. I could feel their wolves resisting, straining against my words. But I would not let them follow me into slaughter.

"I've worn the West's colors for three years," I reminded them, my voice bitter with memory. "I've led their armies south and north, painted the snow with blood until I forgot my own reflection. If anyone can walk into Aedric's hall and leave alive, it's me. But only me."

Lucien's jaw ticked. Duke's eyes flashed. Carmen shook her head in disbelief. But Maeryn—the Professor, the woman who'd both saved and damned me—stepped forward, her presence calm and grounding.

"I'll go with her," Maeryn said. "I brought her into that world. I'll see her out of it."

I turned to the three who wanted to stand at my back more than life itself. "Trust me," I said, my throat tight. "We'll come out alive. I swear it on my wolf."

Their resistance cracked, barely. Lucien's gaze burned holes into me, Carmen's fingers twitched like she wanted to drag me back, Duke only growled low in his throat. But in the end, they stayed.

And I walked into the West with Maeryn at my side.

The West Pack's fortress rose against the twilight, black stone jagged as teeth, banners whipping in the wind. The closer we drew, the more my heart twisted. Every brick in those walls was soaked with war, with blood I had spilled at Aedric's command.

The gates groaned open. Wolves watched from the shadows, their eyes hard, their nostrils flaring at the scent of betrayal clinging to me.

Inside, the air was colder. The hall was exactly as I remembered—wide, firelit, heavy with the weight of Aedric's presence. And there he was.

Aedric Stormbane. Alpha of the West. My commander. My jailor.

His dark hair caught the firelight, his shoulders a mountain wrapped in the pelt of a slain rival Alpha. His eyes—those storm-grey eyes—locked onto me the moment I entered. For a heartbeat, I saw joy. Then fury, sharp and consuming.

"Aria," he said, voice like steel drawn from its sheath. "You came back."

I swallowed hard, every nerve screaming to run. But I didn't. "Not Aria," I answered, my voice steady despite the quake inside me, "Riley. My name is Riley. And I've come to end this war."

His face twisted, torn between rage and something softer, something dangerous. "You dare—" He stood, his aura filling the

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Chapter 341

+8 Pearls

hall, crashing into me like a storm tide. “You dare come back here after what you’ve done? After betraying the Pack that gave you life?”

“I never betrayed the Pack,” I shot back, wolf–fire rising in my chest. “I fought your wars for three years. I slaughtered in your name. I buried myself under blood to pay the price you demanded. But no more. This war will destroy East and West alike. I won’t let it.”

For a moment, his fury faltered. His eyes searched mine, and I saw it—the ache, the longing, the memory of what had almost been between us.

“You could still stay,” he said, softer now, coaxing. “You could still be mine. Be Luna of the West. Together, we would be unstoppable.”

The words cut deep. Once, I might have dreamed of them. Once, before the lies, before the chains of memory loss, before I remembered who I truly was.

“No,” I said, my voice breaking but resolute. “You don’t love me. You love the weapon you made of me. I won’t be that for you anymore.”

His expression cracked. Pain, disbelief, then fury, sharp enough to wound.

“You were mine, Riley!” he roared, the walls trembling with his wolf’s snarl. “I pulled you from death, gave you life, gave you power. And you throw it all back in my face?”

His aura slammed into me, suffocating, but I held my ground. “You gave me chains,” I whispered. “And I’ve broken them.”

The hall went silent, save for the echo of our breathing, the clash of wolves straining inside us both. For a heartbeat, I thought he might strike me down. For another, I thought he might fall to his knees.

Instead, he turned away, his fists clenched, his shoulders shaking. “Get out,” he said finally, his voice raw. “Before I forget that I ever cared for you.”

My chest ached, but I did not falter. I turned and walked from the hall, Maeryn close at my side. My wolf trembled, my heart bled, but my steps did not waver.

Behind me, I could feel Aedric’s storm raging, tearing the hall apart. But I was no longer his weapon.

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## Alpha daughter Ch 342

[ 763 words ]

Chapter 342

+8 Pearls

Third Person's POV

The night around West Pack territory was thick with silence, broken only by the occasional howl carried on the wind. Lucien stood at the edge of the dark pines, his shoulders tense, his wolf pacing restlessly just beneath the surface. Every breath was agony, every heartbeat louder than the last.

Aria was inside those walls. Inside Aedric's den.

Carmen crouched on a rock nearby, her arms folded over her knees, her sharp eyes never leaving the fortress. Though she looked composed, her aura crackled like a storm ready to break. "It's been too long," she muttered. "Something's wrong."

Lucien's jaw tightened. He wanted nothing more than to storm the gates, tear through the West Pack guards, and drag Aria out with his own hands. His wolf snarled at the thought of her being cornered, pressed by Aedric's dominance, forced to face his rage alone.

But he remembered her words. Trust me. We'll come out alive.

It was the only thing keeping him rooted to the earth instead of breaking it apart with his claws.

Carmen turned her gaze on him, sharp as a blade. "If he hurts her..."

Lucien's eyes burned. "If he hurts her, I'll level his Pack to the ground." His voice was low, lethal.

Inside the fortress, Maeryn kept to the shadows of the great hall, her presence carefully measured. She had known Aedric as a boy, seen the ambition in him sharpen into the hard edge of an Alpha who carried the West on his back. But she had also known the other side of him—the part that did not easily break his word.

And tonight, that was the only thread she had to grasp.

Aedric stood before the fire, his aura still raging after Aria's refusal. His storm-grey eyes burned, torn between fury and pain. Aria sat at the far end of the hall, silent, her wolf curling in on itself, bearing the crushing weight of his emotions.

Maeryn stepped forward, bowing her head slightly. "Alpha Stormbane."

His gaze flicked to her, dangerous, but he said nothing.

"You remember our agreement," she said carefully. "Five years ago. When I brought Riley to you—when you saved her with the Moonshade Veyra. The price was three years of her loyalty to your Pack. Three years she has already given you in blood and battle."

His jaw clenched, the firelight sharpening the angles of his face. Maeryn pressed on, her voice calm, steady, like one soothing a wounded beast.

"Now that time is over. You fulfilled your end. She fulfilled hers. It is time to release her, Aedric. That was the promise."

For a long moment, the only sound was the crackle of flames. Aedric's wolf aura pressed against her, testing, measuring, weighing whether her words had teeth.

Finally, he exhaled, a sound that was more growl than sigh. He lifted one hand and waved it dismissively. "Leave me, Maeryn. Until I decide, neither you nor Riley step beyond these walls."

The words were not a roar, not a threat, but they landed with the finality of a stone dropped into deep water.

Maeryn's lips tightened. She had expected resistance, but hearing it aloud cut deep. Still, she bowed, retreating into the shadows.

Outside the room, Aria felt the weight of every word press down on her chest. The fire roared, but she was cold, caught between the pull of two wolves—Aedric's relentless, suffocating bond, and her own wolf's desperate yearning for freedom.

He had once been her anchor in the darkness, the one who had pulled her back from death's edge. She could not forget that. But she also could not forget the chains. The wars. The blood spilled in his name.

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Now he looked at her not as a commander, not even as an Alpha—but as a man who refused to let go.

+8 Pearls

Her heart twisted, torn between gratitude and revulsion. Between the past he represented and the peace she craved.

Her wolf howled inside her, restless, aching, but powerless beneath the storm of his dominance. Every instinct told her to run, yet there was nowhere to go.

The fortress was both her grave and her prison.

She closed her eyes, forcing her breath steady, whispering silently to herself: Three years are over. My freedom is mine. No Alpha, no bond, no storm can keep me chained forever.

But when she opened her eyes, Aedric's gaze was still there—burning, unyielding, a promise of war if she dared defy him. again.

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## Alpha daughter Ch 343

[ 1,089 words ]

Chapter 343

+8 Pearls

### Third-Person POV

The tension inside West Pack had been smoldering since Aria's return. Though Aedric's storm-grey eyes revealed his inner conflict, not everyone under his command shared his hesitation.

Whispers slithered through the halls—rumors of betrayal, of the white wolf's loyalty being swayed, of her true name whispered like a curse: Riley.

Among the ranks, the hardliners stirred. Warriors who had bled for Aedric's expansion, who had followed him into battle with promises of dominance, bristled at the very thought of compromise. To them, peace was weakness. And Aria—once their sharpest blade—had dulled the moment she questioned their cause.

That night, when the moon hung thin and—pale, the plot took form.

Aria lay restless in her chamber, the heavy wooden beams pressing down on her like a cage. She had felt Aedric's uncertainty earlier that day, the way his aura wavered when her eyes met his. But beneath the Alpha's turmoil, another presence lingered -murmurs of unrest, like wolves prowling just beyond the door.

Her wolf stirred uneasily, warning her.

Then the door splintered.

Three warriors burst in, their eyes gleaming with fanatic fire. Before she could shift, before her wolf could claw free, hands clamped down on her arms and throat.

"Traitor bitch," one hissed into her ear.

The sting of a needle pierced her neck. A cold fire spread through her veins, choking her wolf into silence. Her body convulsed, strength draining like water through a sieve. The wolf suppressant—liquid iron burning her blood.

Her vision blurred as they dragged her from the room, the scent of their fury choking her lungs.

Maeryn had been watching.

From her perch in the shadows of the West Pack's library, her wards hummed with alarm as the balance shifted. She felt the magic ripple through the air, felt the sharp drop in Aria's wolf aura. Her heart lurched.

No hesitation.

With trembling fingers, she reached for the rune—stone tucked inside her robes, pressing it hard until sparks flew. The signal shot out like a silent howl.

To Lucien. To Carmen,

“Riley’s in danger.”

Lucien was already pacing the treeline when the rune flared hot against his palm. His head snapped up, his wolf howling inside his chest.

“She’s been taken,” he growled.

Carmen was on her feet instantly, her blade drawn. “Then what are we waiting for?”

Lucien didn’t answer. He was already moving, a blur of shadow and fury tearing through the trees toward the fortress. Guards shouted as he breached the outer gates, but none stood a chance. His claws ripped through armor; his wolf aura blasted aside any who dared to block his path.

Nothing would stop him. Not tonight.

Deep in the underhalls of the West Pack, Aria fought to remain conscious. Her body was lead, her wolf caged by the suppressant, but her mind flickered, reaching for fragments of memory. Carmen’s laughter. Lucien’s steady hand. A promise whispered in the dark.

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Then the memory slipped like sand, leaving her hollow.

+8 Pearls

“East Pack will beg for her,” one of the captors snarled, forcing her down onto cold stone. “We’ll bleed her until they crawl to us on their knees.”

Rage flared, weak but burning, in her chest. She tried to shift, but her body betrayed her, trembling uselessly against the chains.

The door blasted open.

Lucien stormed inside, his wolf blazing like a hurricane, his eyes burning molten gold. The air thickened with his aura, crushing the room in its grip.

“Touch her,” he growled, voice low and lethal, “and I’ll skin you alive.”

The warriors staggered back, choking under the weight of his dominance. But desperation made them reckless. One lunged at him with a dagger tipped in wolfsbane.

Lucien caught the man’s wrist mid–strike, bones snapping under his grip. He tore the blade free and drove it into the stone wall, inches from the warrior’s throat. “Run,” he spat, “and maybe I’ll forget your scent.”

They fled, leaving Aria slumped against the chains.

Lucien was at her side in an instant, his hands shaking as he broke the bindings. “Riley... gods, what did they do to you?” His voice cracked as he gathered her into his arms, her head lolling against his chest.

Her eyes fluttered open, glassy and unfocused. Blood trickled from a cut at her temple where they had struck her.

She looked at him—and froze.

Confusion clouded her gaze. Her lips trembled as she whispered, “Who... who are you?”

The words gutted him.

Lucien’s heart lurched, his breath catching like a blade between his ribs. “Riley, it’s me. It’s Lucien. Don’t you-”

But her eyes darted away, panic rising. She pushed weakly against his chest, her body trembling. “I don’t know you. Don’t- don’t touch me!”

The rejection hit harder than any blade. Then Aria fainted.

Behind them, Maeryn appeared, her face grave, her hands already weaving healing sigils. “The blow to her head... it’s scrambled her mind. The suppressant has only made it worse.”

Lucien’s wolf howled, clawing at his chest, demanding he remind her, claim her, tear down the walls between them. But all he could do was clutch her hand gently, his voice breaking.

“You’re Riley,” he whispered. “My mate. My everything. And I swear on the blood of the moon—I’ll bring you back.”

Her glassy eyes filled with tears, though whether from fear or some flicker of recognition, none could say,

Carmen arrived then, sword dripping crimson from the guards outside. She froze at the sight of Aria trembling in Lucien's arms, her face pale. "What happened?"

Lucien's jaw tightened, pain and fury warring in his eyes. "They've taken her memories again."

Carmen's chest heaved with rage, but when she looked at Riley—fragile, lost, clutching at the tatters of herself—her anger broke into grief.

Maeryn finished the ward around them, her voice firm though her shoulders sagged with guilt. "We must get her out before Aedric knows. If he discovers what happened tonight, he'll never let her leave these walls alive."

Lucien gathered Riley into his arms once more, holding her as though she might vanish. Her scent—diluted, trembling, faint—still burned through his veins, binding him tighter than chains ever could.

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Even if she didn't remember him, he would fight for her. Even if she turned from him, he would wait.

For now, the only truth was the vow thrumming in his blood.

He would burn the West Pack to the ground before letting them take her again.

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## Alpha daughter Ch 344

[ 1,161 words ]

Chapter 344

+8 Pearls

Third Person's POV

The gates of the Western Pack loomed high and iron-bound, flanked by guards whose hackles bristled with confusion and unease. Lucien strode forward, Aria limp in his arms, her pale face turned into the curve of his chest. His wolf prowled beneath his skin, ready to burst free, the urge to protect her thrumming through every vein.

The moment he reached the threshold, a deep growl rolled across the courtyard like thunder. Aedric had arrived.

The Alpha of the West descended the stone steps, his aura rippling out like a stormfront. His golden eyes burned with barely checked rage, his wolf snapping to the surface. Behind him trailed his warriors, the scent of blood and anger heavy in the air.

Lucien stiffened, shifting Aria carefully into Carmen's waiting arms. Carmen cradled her sister close, whispering her name, while Maeryn pressed forward with trembling hands already glowing faintly with the blue shimmer of her healer's magic.

Lucien's body fell into a battle stance, his claws pricking at his fingertips. If Aedric meant to stop him—if anyone meant to keep him from taking Aria back to the East—he would fight until his last breath.

"You." Aedric's voice cracked like a whip across the courtyard. His gaze swept over the scene: Aria unconscious, Carmen's frantic tears, the healers pressing forward, and Lucien crouched in front of them like a feral beast. His eyes narrowed. "What in the Goddess's name has been done?"

"Ask your own," Lucien snarled, his wolf pushing to the surface. "Your pack's zealots dared to lay hands on her. They tried to /tear her from me." His growl deepened, the gravel of it vibrating through the stone beneath them. "For that, I'll see blood spill."

For a heartbeat, tension snapped like a live wire. The Western guards shifted uneasily, their wolves caught between their Alpha's authority and the wrongness of what had been done.

But instead of meeting violence with violence, Aedric turned. His voice cut cold and final: "Bring them out."

From the shadows, several wolves were dragged forward—members of the radical faction, their wrists bound, muzzles torn from scuffles, their eyes darting with fear.

Lucien's lip curled. He recognized some of them.

“They will answer for this disgrace,” Aedric growled, his wolf aura flaring until every guard in the courtyard bowed their head. The radicals whimpered, trying to resist, but Aedric’s claws struck like lightning. One slash across the ringleader’s throat sent crimson spilling onto the stones. The others cried out, but no mercy was shown. Blow after blow fell, swift and merciless.

Carmen flinched, holding Aria tighter, while Maeryn’s lips tightened, though she said nothing. Justice in the wolf world was never gentle.

Finally, Aedric wiped the blood from his claws and turned back to Lucien. His eyes, though still sharp, had softened with remorse. “What they did was treason,” he said, his voice echoing low. “To you. To her. To the Goddess. Their blood will not erase the insult, but know this, Lucien—this was not my will.”

Lucien’s chest heaved, his wolf still restless, but the sincerity in Aedric’s tone tugged at the thin thread of restraint he clung to.

“She nearly died,” Lucien spat. His voice cracked under the weight of the words. “If she hadn’t—” His throat closed. He couldn’t finish the thought. He wouldn’t.

Aedric inclined his head. “Then I owe her more than an apology, I owe her a debt. And you—both of you—owe no chains here. Take her. Protect her. No wolf will bar your way.”

For a moment, silence stretched, the night wind carrying the scent of blood and smoke. Then Lucien nodded once, sharp and curt, and turned back to Carmen and Maeryn.

“Keep her safe until I take her,” he said, his voice low but iron-clad. “We leave now.”

No wolf dared step forward. Aedric himself raised a hand, commanding his warriors to clear the path. Lucien gathered Aria back into his arms, her weight a fragile anchor against the storm inside him. With Carmen and Maeryn trailing behind, they left the Western Pack’s courtyard, the echoes of justice and bloodshed still ringing in their ears.

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+8 Pearls

The journey back blurred in Lucien’s memory. He did not sleep. He did not rest. He barely breathed, except to check that Aria still did. Every flicker of her pulse against his chest was a reminder of how close he’d come to losing her.

When they finally reached the Eastern stronghold, he carried her to the safest

shielded by both steel and spell. He laid her on the bed as though she were chamber he knew—the private quarters

made of spun glass, brushing a strand of hair from her brow. Her skin was pale, lips parted in shallow breaths, her lashes trembling but never opening.

He sank into the chair at her side and refused to move.

Day bled into night. Night bled into day. Lucien never left her. His wolf paced, restless, pressing its snout against her limp hand, whining low in her dreams.

“Aria,” he whispered into the quiet hours, his voice breaking with memory. “Do you remember? The first hunt under the silver moon? The way you laughed when you beat me to the kill?”

Sometimes he spoke of battles, of the nights they had sparred beneath the pines, of the scars they’d shared, the promises they had once made beneath a sky littered with stars. Other times, his voice turned raw, whispering things he had never admitted even to himself—fears, regrets, the truth of how she had changed him.

Still she did not wake.

Carmen often came, slipping in with food Lucien barely touched. Maeryn worked spells that shimmered over her body, muttering incantations to knit together the jagged edges of her memory. The air in the chamber smelled of herbs, blood, and wolf tears.

“She’s fighting,” Maeryn said one night, exhaustion etched into the lines around her eyes. “Her spirit isn’t gone. But her mind...” She hesitated, her fingers trembling above Aria’s temple. “Her mind has been fractured. The radicals tore at her memories. It will take time to piece them together.”

Lucien gripped Aria’s hand tighter. “Then I’ll give her time. As much as it takes.”

He pressed his forehead to her knuckles, closing his eyes. His wolf pressed closer, wrapping itself around hers in the dreamworld, trying to guide her back.

For the first time in many years, Lucien prayed—to the Goddess, to the moon, to anything that might listen.

“Bring her back to me.”

And though the room stayed silent, though Aria’s eyes did not yet open, a faint shimmer ran across her skin—like moonlight brushing her cheek.

Lucien’s heart clenched.

“She hears me,” he whispered.

And with renewed resolve, he vowed he would never stop calling her back. Not until Aria opened her eyes and remembered who she was. Not until she remembered who he was.

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## **- Alpha daughter Ch 345**

### **Alpha daughter Ch 345**

[ 1,163 words ]

Chapter 345

Third Person' POV

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+8 Pearls

The manor of the Duckgrave Pack lay shrouded in the stillness of night, though not even the shadows could smother the rumors that ran like wildfire through its halls. Word had spread—Lucien had returned from the West with a woman in his arms. A woman who bore the sacred bond of a second chance mate.

At first, few believed it. Wolves whispered in disbelief, some with hope, others with dread. But in the high chamber where the Matriarchs gathered, silence weighed heavier than any rumor.

Matriarch Duskgrave sat rigid in her chair, her silver hair braided back like a crown of winter thorns, her eyes sharp as the moon's edge. Beside her, Mrs. Beck wrung her hands, worry creasing her brow. Mia lingered close, her expression softer, younger, but no less troubled.

"Another mate," Mia whispered. "The Moon Goddess has answered after all..."

Matriarch Duskgrave's lips pressed into a thin line. "Perhaps. Or perhaps the Goddess has tested him. We prayed Lucien might rise from the ashes of grief and take hold of a second bond—but not like this. Not with a wolf of an enemy pack."

Mrs. Beck gave a quiet whimper. "He will not even allow us to see her. Says she is... healing. Says he will bring her when the time is right. But what if—"

"He guards her too fiercely," the Matriarch cut in. "And a wolf who guards too tightly often guards because of fear."

Her words settled over the chamber like frost.

Above their heads, in the highest room of the manor, the woman slept. Lucien kept her door locked, guarded by silence and shadows. None of them had seen her, not yet.

But one had grown restless.

Aurora's wolf blood sang with curiosity, her heart beating fast with a child's need to know. Lucien had shown her pictures once, when he had thought the past safe to share—faded photographs of a woman with a smile soft as dawnlight. Your mother, he had said, voice heavy with sorrow. The one who was taken from us.

And now, upstairs, a woman slept who was said to be her father's second mate. A woman from the West. A woman Lucien would not let anyone near.

Aurora's young wolf bristled. She could not ignore the truth that tugged at her bones. She had to see.

So, beneath the cloak of moonlight, Aurora crept from her chamber and padded barefoot down the long corridor. The door to the forbidden room loomed before her. Her heart thundered as she reached for the handle—unlocked, this time, as if fate herself had left the path open.

The air inside was thick with the scent of wolf magic and herbs, of Maeryn's healing spells and Lucien's presence. But all Aurora saw was the bed—and the woman upon it.

Her breath caught.

The woman's face was pale, lips parted in shallow breaths, but the lines of her jaw, the fall of her dark lashes, the curve of her mouth—Aurora knew them. She knew them as she knew her own reflection.

"She's... she's the same," Aurora whispered to herself, trembling. "Exactly the same."

Her father had not lied. The woman in the photographs, the mother she had long dreamed of—was here. Alive.

Aurora stumbled back, tears pricking her eyes. She could not keep this to herself. She fled down the stairs, the hem of her nightgown brushing the stone steps, and burst into the chamber where Matriarch Duskgrave, Mrs. Beck, and Mia still sat in their circle of worry.

"Come!" she cried, voice breathless. "Come quickly! You must see her!"

"Child, what nonsense—" the Matriarch began, but Aurora seized her hand, pulling with all the urgency of her small wolf

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+8 Pearls

heart.

“No time to explain. Please. Please!”

Confusion gave way to alarm, and the three women followed her, their feet heavy upon the stairs, hearts pounding. Aurora flung open the door and led them inside.

And then silence.

The Matriarch’s breath left her in a sharp gasp. Mrs. Beck clutched at her chest. Mia’s hand flew to her lips.

On the bed lay Aria–Riley to those who had known her before–her chest rising and falling in fragile rhythm, her face like a ghost pulled back from the grave.

“She...” Mrs. Beck’s voice cracked. “It cannot be...”

“It is,” the Matriarch whispered, her hands trembling for the first time in years. Her eyes filled, silver tears sliding down her wrinkled cheeks. “By the Goddess... it is her.”

They moved closer, reverent, desperate. Mia reached out as if to brush Aria’s hair back, her breath breaking on a sob.

“Wake, child,” Mrs. Beck whispered. “Wake and look at us. Wake and return to your family.”

But before her fingers touched, the door slammed behind them.

Lucien stood there, his wolf aura flooding the room with raw power. His eyes blazed, his chest heaving.

“Enough.”

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His voice was a growl, sharp as steel. He crossed the room in two strides and placed himself between the bed and the women, his body a living barrier.

“You cannot,” he said, voice low but fierce. “Not yet.”

“Lucien,” the Matriarch began, her tears falling openly now. “Why keep us from her? She is here—alive, breathing. After all these years...”

“I know,” Lucien cut her off, his jaw tight. His eyes flickered with torment as he looked back at the fragile figure on the bed. “I know. And if I thought she could bear it, if I thought she would not shatter again, I would let you call her name. But she is not whole. Not yet. Her body heals, but her mind—her memories—

He broke off, closing his eyes. “If you push too soon, you could break her forever.”

The chamber fell silent, the women staring at him in disbelief.

Aurora clutched her grandmother’s skirts, wide-eyed. “Father... is she truly my mother?”

Lucien's breath hitched. Slowly, he nodded. "Yes, little wolf. She is. But she has walked through fire and shadow to return. Until she is strong enough, she must rest."

The Matriarch's face crumpled. She pressed her hand to her mouth and sobbed, raw and unrestrained. Mrs. Beck leaned against Mia, both of them weeping openly.

"Moon Goddess," Mrs. Beck whispered, tears spilling. "You have returned her to us. After all the prayers, after all the grief... you have given her back."

"And Maeryn," Mia said softly, her voice trembling. "Without her magic, without her wisdom... perhaps this miracle would never have come."

They wept together in the hallway, clinging to one another, their grief and their gratitude mingling.

Lucien stood apart, his back to the door, his eyes fixed on the floor. His wolf clawed at him, restless, aching to go back to the woman who slept within.

He whispered to himself, too low for the others to hear: "I will protect you. I will protect us. And when you wake... when you

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## Alpha daughter Ch 346

[ 960 words ]

Chapter 346

+8 Pearls

Third Person's POV

The Eastern Pack manor had grown quieter since the night Lucien had carried Aria–Riley–back from the West. The air within its stone walls was thick with healing herbs, whispered prayers, and the restless pacing of a mate who refused to leave her side.

Day after day, Lucien remained near her bed. When she drifted in and out of uneasy sleep, he read softly from old tomes, or told her stories of battles fought and nights when the moon shone silver on their land. His voice was roughened by sorrow, but beneath it, a pulse of love ran steady as a heartbeat.

Professor Maeryn came often, her hands tracing ancient sigils in the air, her spells weaving calm into Aria's dreams. She used roots and crystals, water drawn beneath a waxing moon, and words only the oldest wolves remembered. When shadows of torment rose to twist Aria's sleep, Maeryn's magic smoothed them, easing her mind back into light.

But Lucien was not the only one who kept vigil.

Matriarch Duskgrave brought her strength, sitting like a sentinel in the corner, whispering blessings from the Goddess as she watched over the sleeping woman. Mrs. Beck often came with warm broths and gentle humming, her presence motherly, grounding. Mia arrived with flowers from the garden, always arranging them so that the room smelled faintly of spring. And Carmen—wild, fierce Carmen—would slip in quietly, her eyes burning bright, whispering to the unconscious Aria as if she could hear: Don't leave me again, sister. You promised to show me how to be strong.

Together, they formed a circle of devotion around the woman who had once been Riley, who was now Aria, who was both and neither.

And slowly, the miracle began.

Her breathing steadied. Her restless tossing eased. She began to respond to Lucien's voice, a twitch of fingers, a faint furrow of brow. Until, one morning, when dawn painted the window with gold, her eyes opened.

Lucien was there, as always. He froze, hardly daring to breathe as he met the clear, uncertain gaze of his mate.

"Aria," he whispered. "Or... Riley."

Her lips parted, her voice hoarse from disuse. "Lucien."

The sound of his name on her tongue nearly broke him. His wolf howled inside, claws digging into his heart. He reached for her hand, and this time she held on.

Memories came in fragments at first, scattered like shards of glass. She remembered his hand on hers, guiding her through a forest long ago. His voice raised in argument, but always protective. The warmth of his embrace under moonlight, the way he had whispered promises no war could take from them.

She did not remember everything—her life as Riley, the years stolen from her—but she remembered him. And she remembered enough to understand.

"I was meant for peace," she murmured one night, when the others had left them alone. Her eyes glowed faintly in the dim light, wolf aura stirring around her. "Not endless battles. Not chains of another Pack. The Goddess kept me alive for this."

Lucien pressed his forehead to hers, trembling. "Then we will fight for peace together. No matter who stands in the way."

News of her awakening spread quickly through the manor, through the Eastern Pack, until it reached even the ears of their enemies.

In the West, Alpha Aedric Stormbane stood on his balcony, staring out at the mountains. When the messenger finished speaking, silence held the air heavy between them.

“She remembers?” Aedric asked at last, his voice rough.

“Not all, Alpha,” the messenger replied. “But enough. Enough to stand with Lucien again. Enough to remember her purpose.”

Aedric’s jaw clenched. He dismissed the wolf with a wave of his hand and stood alone beneath the open sky. His wolf shifted

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**10:30 AM**

Chapter 346

+8 Pearls

inside him, restless, aching. He had wanted her loyalty. Had wanted her strength. Had believed he could bind her fate to his Pack’s future.

But in truth, he had wanted her.

And now she was awake, with another. Awake, and her heart was not his.

For a long time, Aedric’s fury churned like a storm. He imagined armies clashing, territories bleeding. He could already hear his council’s voices urging him to strike before the East grew stronger.

But then he remembered her eyes—clear, full of something he had never been able to give her. Not chains. Not a throne built on conquest. But peace.

Aedric exhaled slowly, his breath fogging in the night air.

“War will not bring her back,” he whispered to the mountains. “War will only destroy what little of her I once held.”

When dawn came, he rode to the Eastern border with only a handful of trusted wolves at his back. There, he met the sentries of the East, their hackles rising, their growls warning. But Aedric did not come with weapons drawn.

“Tell your Alpha,” he said, his voice carrying across the wind, “that Aedric Stormbane seeks no more blood. Tell him I will stand at the table of peace.”

The message was carried swiftly back to Lucien.

When Lucien heard it, standing at Aria's side, his eyes narrowed with suspicion. But when Aria placed her hand over his, her wolf aura brushing against his with a warmth he had thought lost, his doubts softened.

"Let him come," she said softly. "If the Goddess gave us this second chance, it is not only for us. It is for all our Packs."

Lucien kissed her knuckles, fierce and reverent. His wolf surged with hope for the first time in years.

Perhaps, at last, the blood-soaked path of the past could give way to a future where their children would not inherit only war.

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## Alpha daughter Ch 347

[ 1,086 words ]

Chapter 347

Third Person's POV

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+8 Pearls

The council chamber of the neutral grounds was steeped in tension, every stone carrying the weight of centuries of bloodshed between the East and the West. Torches guttered along the walls, their flames flickering in the draft, casting sharp shadows across the long oak table where two Alphas sat facing one another.

Lucien of the East, his posture sharp as a drawn blade, eyes burning with the cold restraint of a wolf barely holding back his fury. Aedric Stormbane of the West, his jaw locked, shoulders broad, and aura heavy as a thunderstorm. Between them, Professor Maeryn stood like the spine of the moon itself—old, unyielding, and strangely calm.

She spread her hands over the maps and parchments scattered on the table. "Enough blood has been shed," she said, her voice carrying authority that silenced even the lowest growls in the chamber. "If this war continues, both your Packs will be weakened until the rogues circle like vultures and tear you apart. Neither East nor West will survive alone. The only path forward is peace."

The words hung in the air like a challenge.

Lucien

Lucien's hand twitched at his side, but his gaze never left Aedric's. "And what do you propose, Professor? That I forget the wolves we've buried? The cities burned?"

"And what do you propose I forget?" Aedric shot back, his voice sharp as broken glass. "The warriors who bled on eastern soil, the brothers I carried to their graves?"

Maeryn did not flinch. "I propose that you both remember them—not to continue the slaughter in their names, but to end it. Let their sacrifices mean something."

The silence stretched until Lucien leaned forward, his claws scraping faintly against the table's edge. "The East will cede the Eastern outlands by the river. A buffer zone. Stormbane may have it. But in return, the West will swear before the Goddess not to march against us again."

The chamber erupted.

Eastern wolves growled in outrage, voices rising in a chorus of protest. "The riverlands are ours!" "They've taken too much already!" "How can we trust them?"

Across the table, Western wolves slammed their fists, snarling that it was not enough, that no true Alpha would accept such a pitiful compromise.

But Maeryn's voice cut through the uproar like steel. "Silence! The first step is always the hardest. Concessions must be made -for survival, for the generations to come. If you cannot see that, you are not worthy of the packs you claim to lead."

Lucien's gaze swept across his packmates, his wolf aura flaring in a silent command for obedience. "You question me?" His voice was low, dangerous. "You dare to defy the Alpha when I tell you this will keep your pups alive? When I tell you this will end the funerals?"

The dissent faltered beneath the weight of his fury, though mutters still simmered.

On the other side, Aedric rose to his feet, his aura pressing heavy against the chamber. "Enough." His voice shook the walls. "You call me weak for seeking peace? Then you are fools. I have fought enough wars to know victory is nothing but ashes when you

bury your sons in it. If you cannot follow me into peace, then you do not deserve to follow me into battle either.”

Even the most hardened of his warriors lowered their eyes. For the first time, Aedric did not look like a conqueror demanding loyalty—he looked like a leader should, bearing the weight of his people’s future on his shoulders.

Aria sat further down the table, her heart caught between both worlds. She rose slowly, drawing every gaze to her. Her voice was calm, but the white wolf within her pulsed through every word.

“I fought for the West for three years,” she said. “I led battles against the North and South. I stained my hands with blood because I believed it was survival. But survival bought with endless war is no survival at all. The Goddess spared me for this moment—not to fight, but to unite.”

Her words carried more than conviction. They carried memory, pain, and the sharp edge of truth. She turned toward

1/2.

Chapter 347

+8 Pearls

Lucien’s side of the chamber, meeting the doubtful stares of the Eastern wolves. “I understand your fear. You think they will betray us. But war has already taken everything from us—mates, children, homes. Do you want to give it more? Or will you trust that the moon still shines on us all?”

Then she faced the Western side, her voice sharpening. “And you—my brothers and sisters of the West. You fear you are giving too much. But I gave you my life once. Three years of it. Will you

tell me it

was worthless? Will you spit on what I sacrificed by rejecting the only chance for peace?”

The chamber quieted, the weight of her presence pressing into their bones.

Maeryn’s eyes glowed faintly as she stepped forward. “The agreement is simple. Ten years of peace. Ten years where no wolf of East or West draws a blade against the other. Ten years where pups are raised beneath the same moon, without learning to hate their neighbors. Ten years where trust may grow.”

A long silence followed.

Lucien's jaw tightened, then he inclined his head once. "The East agrees."

Aedric's eyes met Aria's across the table. Something inside him warred—resentment, longing, regret—but at last he nodded. "The West agrees."

The chamber exhaled in a collective release, though not all were content. Whispers of doubt still wound through the gathered wolves. But the foundations had been set, fragile as they were.

Outside the chamber, as the moon climbed the sky, Aria found herself beside Lucien. His hand brushed hers, rough, warm, steady.

"You spoke well," he murmured.

"I only spoke the truth." She glanced up at the stars, the same stars that hung over East and West alike. "But truth alone won't hold the peace. We'll have *to* fight for it."

Lucien's lips curved in something between a smile and a snarl. "Then let them come. This time, we fight not for conquest- but to protect what we've built."

Behind them, Maeryn lingered in the shadows of the chamber, her old eyes heavy with both relief and dread. The first stone had been laid for peace, but she knew how fragile stones could be.

Still, for the first time in years, the moonlight seemed less like a blade, and more like a promise.

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## **Alpha daughter Ch 348**

[ 1,040 words ]

Chapter 348

+8. Pearls

Third Person's POV

The moon hung like a silver crown above the valley, casting its light upon the sacred clearing where the reconciliation ceremony was to *be* held. Torches lined the perimeter, flames snapping in the night wind, while members of both the Eastern and Western Packs gathered in solemn silence. What had once been a battlefield now bore the protrusion of peace, the scent of war slowly dissipating into the crisp night air

At the center of the clearing stood Lucien, his figure tall and commanding, yet softened by the woman who stood at his side, Riley was no longer the broken, unconscious figure he had carried from enemy territory. Tonight, she stood radiant, her wolf aura calm yet undeniable, *her* gaze steady as she looked out over the united packs. She carried with her not only the fragments of her past but also the strength of her rebirth

The Matriarchs, elders, and warriors of both sides filled the circle. Their voices murmured with both awe and disbelief—two packs who had once sworn to spill each other's blood were now here to swear something different peace. At the head of the Western delegation stood Aedric, his expression grim but resolved, his wolf restless beneath his skin

The ritual began with Maeryn, the ever-neutral professor, lifting her staff and calling upon the Moon Goddess. Her voice, low and resonant, echoed across the clearing, and the torches flared as though in answer. She spoke words of unity, of a truce

woven not merely in treaties but in the hearts of wolves who had suffered enough loss

Lucien tightened his grip on Riley's hand, and she squeezed back, grounding him. For a fleeting moment, their eyes met, and it was enough—a promise sealed not by words but by the bond between them.

When the vows were spoken and the oaths sealed, the packs roared their approval. Wolves shifted, howls sang to the heavens, a chorus of triumph and relief. The sound carried through the mountains, not as a war cry but as a hymn of survival. Lucien and Riley stood together, watching enemies embrace, rivals clasp forearms, and wolves who had buried their dead in hatred finally see the possibility of peace.

But even amidst the celebration, tension hummed in the air. Lucien felt it before he saw it—the unwavering stare of Aedric. When the howls died down, Aedric stepped forward, his gaze fixed on Riley.

"Aria," he said softly, using the name that had once bound her to him. "May I speak with you alone"

Lucien bristled, his wolf surging with possessive fire, but Riley touched his arm, a silent reassurance. She nodded. "Of course."

The two walked a short distance away, to the edge of the clearing where the shadows of the forest cloaked them from curious eyes. Aedric's jaw was tight, his voice a low growl when he finally spoke.

"I had to see you like this," he admitted, his eyes burning with an intensity that made Riley's chest tighten. "Alive. Whole. Stronger than before. I told myself I was ready to let you go, but seeing you now..." He shook his head, a bitter laugh escaping him. "You should be in the West, by my side. I could give you everything. I could protect you. Aria-

Riley raised her hand, silencing him. Her expression was calm, her smile tinged with sadness but also with unshakable certainty.

"You're wrong, Aedric," she whispered. "The woman who belonged to the West—Aria—she never truly lived. She was broken. silenced, half of herself. But Riley... Riley belongs here. With them. With him."

She turned slightly, her eyes drawn back to where Lucien stood, his presence like a pillar in the moonlight. Her gaze softened, filled with love that could not be mistaken. "This is my home. These are my people. And he is my mate. I cannot, and will not, go back."

Aedric's wolf surged at the rejection, his breath coming heavy, but he forced himself to master it. His eyes glistened—not with anger, but with the sting of a bond slipping through his fingers. He stepped closer, lowering his voice.

"Then promise me one thing, Riley," he said, his tone almost pleading "Promise me he will treat you as you deserve. Because if he fails you—if he wounds you, betrays you, or lets you fall—I will not hesitate. I will tear apart every agreement we signed. every oath we swore. I will break this peace and drag him into the dirt."

Riley did not flinch. She simply met his gaze, unwavering. "I don't need that promise from you, Aedric. I already know he won't fail me. But.. thank you. For caring, even in your way"

10:30 **AM**

Chapter 348

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For a long moment, silence stretched between them. Finally, Aedric let out a shuddering breath. He straightened his shoulders, his Alpha pride pulling him back from the brink. He gave a stiff nod.

"Then may the Moon Goddess bless you," he said quietly. "Both of you."

When they returned to the clearing, Lucien's wolf rumbled deep in his chest, protective and wary, but Riley touched his hand once more. Her warmth was enough to soothe the storm. She leaned into him, her presence claiming him before the entire assembly.

The rest of the night unfolded with celebration. Wolves from both packs mingled, stories were exchanged, and for the first time in decades, laughter rang out where only grief had lived. The Matriarch Duskgrave wept openly, Mrs. Beck clasped Riley's hands, and Mia whispered prayers of gratitude to the Moon Goddess.

Yet through it all, Lucien never left Riley's side. His gaze followed her as though she were the only light in the clearing. And when the torches began to dim and the ceremony drew to a close, he leaned down, brushing his lips against her temple.

"We made it," he whispered. "Together."

Riley smiled, her wolf rising inside her with fierce, undeniable pride. "Together," she echoed.

Above them, the moon shone brighter than ever, its silver glow bathing both packs in its blessing. And though shadows lingered—though threats always loomed in a world of wolves—for that moment, peace reigned.

And for Lucien and Riley, that was enough.

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## Alpha daughter Ch 349

[ 1,113 words ]

Chapter 349

+8 Pearls

Third Person's POV

The moon was swollen and radiant, its silver light spilling over Stormridge's ceremonial grounds like a blessing from the Goddess Herself. Tonight was not merely a ritual. It was history. After decades of bloodshed and shadows, the East Pack would crown its new Luna—Aria, the White Wolf, reborn from loss and fate's cruel twists.

The clearing was filled with wolves. Elders in flowing cloaks, warriors in their finest leathers, maidens crowned with flowers woven through their hair. The air smelled of pine smoke, burning sage, and anticipation. Wolves shifted back and forth between skin and fur, some howling to the heavens in celebration, others whispering prayers under their breath.

At the center of it all stood Lucien, his dark figure a pillar of power. His aura rolled across the grounds like thunder, commanding silence and reverence in equal measure. Tonight, he would stand with his mate before the pack and the Goddess. Tonight, he would give Aria the place she was always meant to claim.

Behind the veil of the ceremonial tent, Aria took a deep breath. Draped in a flowing gown the color of moonlight, she was luminous. Her wolf stirred beneath her skin, restless but proud. She was ready—or so she believed.

Until the moment a harsh voice split the air.

“Riley!”

Aria froze, her hands clutching the edge of her gown. Another voice followed, shrill, broken, desperate.

“Riley! It’s her! It’s Riley!”

Gasps rippled through the gathered wolves. The guards surged to block the disturbance, but the damage had already been done.

Two figures forced their way into the torchlight. One was gaunt and wild-eyed, her tangled hair streaked with gray, her tattered gown hanging off her frail frame—Luna Zara, escaped from the asylum. At her side stalked a man whose very scent reeked of bitterness and iron chains—Kael Vale, freshly released from his long imprisonment.

Both of them pointed, their voices cracking against the night.

“That’s her! Don’t you see? That’s Riley! She’s alive!”

Aria’s breath caught. Her heart thudded in her chest as she turned, eyes wide, searching their faces. Their voice clawed at her consciousness, digging into the fragile walls of her mind. Riley. She didn’t know why the name made her chest ache, why the sound of it rattled her bones. She had no memory—no certainty—but something deep inside her stirred.

Lucien was there in an instant, a wall of muscle and fury. His wolf snarled so loudly it silenced the murmurs of the crowd. His golden eyes burned like fire as he stepped in front of Aria, shielding her from their madness.

“Enough,” he growled, his voice carrying like a whipcrack through the clearing. “You will not taint this night with your delusions.”

Zara shrieked, trying to claw her way forward, but Lucien’s warriors were faster. They seized her arms, dragging her back as she kicked and screamed. Kael roared his defiance, muscles bulging as he tried to break free, but half a dozen guards restrained him with brutal efficiency.

Lucien turned to his captain of the guard, his expression carved in stone. “Take them as far from Stormridge as their legs will carry them. If they return-” His wolf growled, a sound edged with lethal promise. “—break them.”

The guards bowed and dragged the struggling pair into the shadows, their cries fading into nothing.

Lucien turned to Aria then, his hand lifting to cup her cheek. She was pale, shaken, her eyes wide with questions she couldn’t voice.

“Who were they?” she whispered, her voice trembling. “Why did they know my name?”

Lucien pressed his forehead to hers, his voice low and steady, meant for her ears alone. “They are nothing, Aria. Broken wolves. Mad wolves. Do not let them into your heart. Tonight is ours—yours. Don’t let their poison steal what you’ve fought

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Chapter 349

+8 Pearls

*to reclaim.”*

Aria closed her eyes, clinging to his words, to the warmth of his hand against her skin. She nodded, though unease lingered in the pit of her stomach.

“Good,” Lucien murmured. He kissed her brow, then stepped back, offering his arm. “Come. Your pack awaits their Luna.”

The ceremony resumed, though whispers still threaded through the crowd like smoke. The tension slowly melted as the rituals began, wolves bowing their heads in reverence as Aria emerged. The air shifted, awe flooding the grounds as she stepped into the moonlight. She was radiant, her aura unmistakable—the White Wolf reborn.

But not every gaze in the crowd was loud with awe.

Near the back, tucked into the shadows, a man sat quietly, his eyes locked on her. Ronan. Once her mate, once her betrayer. Now, simply a wolf with regret heavy in his bones. Beside him sat his younger sister, Tessa, her small hand gripping his arm tightly.

Ronan had suspected the truth the moment whispers reached him of Lucien carrying home a pale-haired warrior woman. He had sent spies, pieced together fragments, and at last confirmed what his heart had known before his mind dared admit: Riley lived. She was here. And tonight, she would rise as Luna of another.

He could have stormed the grounds. He could have shouted her name, demanded answers, begged forgiveness. But those days were gone. The wolf she had once loved had died with his arrogance, with his blind devotion to others over her. What remained was a man who could only watch from the shadows.

As the ritual reached its climax, Lucien placed a crown of silver and obsidian upon Aria's head. The pack erupted in howls, the night sky trembling with the sound of unity. Aria lifted her head, her eyes gleaming with tears, her wolf blazing through her aura. For the first time, she stood not as an outcast, not as a prisoner of memory—but as Luna.

Tessa's eyes blurred with tears. She pressed her hand to her mouth, her chest aching with both sorrow and joy.

"She's so beautiful," she whispered. Her voice broke. "Riley... you have to be happy. Promise me you'll be happy."

Ronan rose, his expression unreadable, though his jaw clenched tight. He rested a hand on his sister's shoulder. "Come," he said quietly. "She's where she belongs."

Together, they slipped from the crowd, unnoticed. No one saw the shadow of grief in his eyes, nor the way Tessa wiped her tears as she followed him into the night.

On the dais, Lucien drew Aria into his arms, his lips brushing her temple as the pack roared their devotion. She leaned into him, her wolf purring with belonging.

And Stormridge would never forget the night the White Wolf claimed her crown.

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## Alpha daughter Ch 350

[ 1,213 words ]

Chapter 350

Aria's POV

The echoes of the howls from my pairing ceremony had long faded, but their resonance still lingered in my heart. That night had marked not only my union with Lucien but the birth of a new era for the packs. And yet, the moon had turned many times since then, and life in Stormridge flowed forward with a peace I once thought impossible.

Carmen and Duke sealed their bond not long after Lucien and I. I still remember the gleam in Carmen's eyes when she stood with Duke before the Goddess, her wolf shining as bright as the sun at midday. For a moment, I thought of the girl who had once clutched my hand and called me "sister." Now, she was mated, radiant, and no longer a shadow of longing. The Goddess had finally written her joy into the stars.

Two moons after the ceremonies, Carmen came to me with trembling hands, pressing mine to her belly. Her eyes were wide with wonder, her lips parted on a breathless laugh. "Aria," she whispered, "we carry the future."

I laughed and cried with her that *day*, though I had a secret of my own swelling inside me. For I, too, bore the spark of new life within. When I told Lucien, he froze as though struck by lightning, then pulled me into his arms, crushing me against him until I could barely breathe. His wolf howled so loudly the entire pack lifted their heads to the sky in answer.

From that moment, Stormridge brimmed with joy. Elders spoke of blessings, pups danced around me as though I carried magic itself, and the air seemed sweeter. Yet no one was more protective than Matriarch Duskgrave, Mrs. Beck, and Mia. The three of them hovered over me as though I were a fragile crystal that might shatter if breathed on too hard.

"Eat this," Mrs. Beck would say, sliding another plate in front of me though I was already full.

"Rest, child," Matriarch Duskgrave scolded, scowling if she caught me so much as lifting a basket.

And Mia—sweet Mia—braided my hair every morning, humming softly as though weaving blessings into every strand.

And then there was Aurora. My little girl.

今

She clung to me with an intensity that left Lucien sulking more often than not. If I sat, she crawled into my lap. If I lay down, she curled against my side, her tiny fingers tangled in my gown. Once, when Lucien tried to scoop me into his arms, Aurora planted herself between us with all the ferocity of a wolf pup defending her den.

“She’s mine,” she declared, glaring up at her father with the same fiery eyes he wore into battle.

Lucien’s jaw tightened, his golden gaze narrowing. “She’s my mate.”

“She’s my mama,” Aurora countered, baring the tiniest hint of her baby fangs.

The two of them stood there, nose to nose, until I burst into laughter that shook my belly. My wolf purred, basking in the warmth of it. My family. My home.

And though I still had not recovered Riley’s memories—though whispers of her haunted the edges of my dreams—I realized, at last, that perhaps it no longer mattered. I was Aria now. Aria, Luna of Stormridge. Aria, mate to Lucien. Aria, mother of the future. Whatever had come before, whatever shadows lingered in the past, this was my truth. This was my life,

Even the world beyond our borders seemed to reflect this change. Aedric, once consumed by ambition and fury, now steered the West Pack toward a future of renewal. He rooted out the corruption of his council, punished those who had betrayed peace, and began reforms that breathed life into his people. When he crossed into Stormridge lands now, it was not with sword or threat, but with open hands. He and Lucien would sit across a fire, their voices low but steady, shaping the fragile threads of trust into bonds that could not be easily broken.

And Maeryn—blessed, wandering Maeryn—did not remain in one place. She roamed, her wisdom flowing wherever it was needed most, but she always returned. Her presence was like the whisper of the Goddess: steady, watchful, eternal. When she looked upon me, her eyes shone with a knowing I could never quite understand, as if she had seen all of this long before we walked it.

Sometimes, in the quiet hours of the night, Lucien and I would sit together by the hearth, his hand covering mine over the swell of my belly. His wolf would hum in my chest, vibrating with contentment, and his eyes—those fierce, untamed eyes—would soften until they were only for me.

## Chapter 350

+8 Pearls

“You’ve given me everything,” he would whisper. “A pack healed. A daughter reborn. And now-” His palm pressed against the tiny life within me. “—a future neither of us thought we could have.”

I would smile and rest my head against him. “No, Lucien. We gave it to each other. And to them.”

For it was true. Peace was not born from one wolf’s strength but from the choice to stand together when the world threatened to pull us apart.

The days passed, each one bright with laughter, howls, and the scent of fresh life. The land itself seemed to breathe easier- rivers ran clearer, the forests whispered softer, and even the moon seemed to glow warmer in her cycles.

I no longer feared what lay behind me. I had Lucien, who would burn the world to keep me safe. I had Aurora, whose giggles chased away every shadow. I had the pup within me, a promise of tomorrow. And I had a pack that stood united, no longer by fear or dominance, but by love,

One evening, as the sun bled gold over the horizon, Lucien led me to the high cliffs overlooking our territory. He wrapped me in his cloak against the cool wind and held me close, his chin resting atop my head.

“Look,” he said softly. “Our kingdom.”

Below us, wolves moved as one—families gathering, children playing, warriors training side by side. Not East. Not West. Just wolves.

Tears burned my eyes, spilling before I could stop them. My wolf howled in my chest, a sound of pride, of belonging, of peace.

This was the life I had fought for. This was the home I had bled for. And finally, finally, it was mine.

I don’t know if I’ll ever remember Riley. Perhaps she will always be a shadow at the edges of my soul, a name whispered by the wind. But I know this: I am Aria. I am Luna. I am loved, I am whole, and the future shines bright before me.

And when the moon rose high that night, painting the land in silver fire, I lifted my face to the sky and whispered the only vow that mattered:

“I will protect this peace. I will cherish this love. And I will never let go of the life the Goddess has given me.

The wind carried my words, and somewhere in its song, I swore I heard the Goddess answer.

The war was over. The wounds had healed..

And at last, the White Wolf had come home.

-The End.

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