

## Alpha Amanda's love adventure novel

Chapter 21 He's Too Close! Amanda's POV: I was still trying to figure out everything that happened tonight when suddenly Samson scooped me up in his arms. "Put me down!" I struggled, but he just held me tighter. Linseed His arms were strong and solid. Even through his shirt, I could feel his heat-it made my ears burn. "Amanda, he's holding you so tightly!" Alice screamed in my head. "His heart's beating so fast!" "Don't move. The wound will open." Samson's voice was sharp and serious, leaving no room for arguing. I glared up at him, but all I could see was his tense jaw. Was he ... worried?

The car pulled away quickly, and he slid me into the passenger seat, reaching for my arm. I yanked my sleeve down fast. "Don't touch it!" His hand froze in midair, eyes darkening. "You need a hospital." "No." I took a deep breath, slowly rolling up my sleeve. The cut that had been bleeding was now just a pale pink line. No scab, no blood. Samson's eyes widened in shock. "What the hell?" "I ..." I had my excuse ready. I lowered my head, voice soft, almost shy. "It runs in my family. My wounds heal really fast.

It's some weird self-healing thing." He went quiet for so long that I thought he'd push, but instead, he started the engine again, his voice flat. "Don't be so reckless again." The car was quiet except for the low hum of the engine. I stared out the window, streets blurring by, and the question I'd been holding in came back. "Samson," I said, casual on the outside but careful underneath, "can I ask you something?" He hummed, eyes on the road. "If ... and I mean if ... " I twisted the seatbelt between my fingers, voice soft.

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"If your destined 1/3 20:20 Wed, Dec 24 D Chapter 21 Pape Foca test Fordshi mate turned out plain, no looks, no abilities, just an ordinary Omega... what would you do?" Alice gasped inside my head. "Amanda, why are you asking this?!" The steering wheel shifted slightly. Samson looked at me, eyes heavy and serious. "Why do want to know?" "Just... asking." I looked away. The car jolted as he slammed the brakes, pulling to the side. you The turn signal flickered, lighting up his face. He looked straight at me. Every word felt heavy. "A destined mate is the Moon Goddess's will.

Looks, abilities-none of that matters." "But-" "My mate," he cut me off, voice full of real sincerity, "as long as she's her, that's enough. I'll protect her. Trust her. Respect her." My chest thumped like something hit it, a dull ache with heat spreading through me. I opened my mouth, but my throat locked. So there really were people ... who didn't care about appearances. When Samson started driving again, the silence didn't feel awkward. It felt softer, warmer, something I couldn't name. Alice hummed a little tune in my head. I didn't scold her. Even the wind outside felt gentler.

The car stopped at the castle gates. When he reached to lift me again, I stepped back. "I can walk myself." He didn't argue and just followed quietly behind. Back in my room, I was about

to close the door when his hand pressed against it. "Let me see the wound again." "I told you, it's fine-" "Let me see." His voice was soft, but he didn't take no for an answer. I gave in, rolling my sleeve up slowly. His fingertips brushed the pale pink scar, cool on my skin, making me flinch. "Does it still hurt?" His head dipped, long lashes casting shadows on his cheek.

2/3 20:20 Wed, Dec 24 Charter 21 He "No." My voice was faint, shaky. Finished He was so close that his pine scent surrounded me, making my breath shallow and careful. My heart spun out of control, slamming against my ribs, as if it wanted to break free. Alice screamed in my head, "He's too close! Amanda! What is he doing?!" I froze, completely still, forgetting how to move. Samson's eyes stayed on the scar, then slowly lifted to mine. His pupils were deep and wide, like a whole sky full of stars. In them was me-this "ugly" face now flushed red.

The air felt thick and heavy, as if even dust would echo if it fell. His fingers still rested on my arm, burning hot against my skin. And then I heard creaking. The door swung open. Who was it?! 58 3/3 20:20 Wed, Dec 24 Alpha Amanda's Love Adventure admin

Chapter 22 Aunt Susan Amanda's POV: When I looked up and saw who it was, I froze-it was my aunt, Susan Lamb. "Aunt Susan? What are you doing here?" Fisher She leaned casually against the doorframe, her thick golden curls falling over her shoulders. Long lashes, sultry eyes, full lips-every part of her screamed confidence and charm. But when her eyes swept over my "ugly makeup," her brows tightened. "Mr. Ortega." She didn't even look at me. Instead, she tilted her chin toward Samson, her voice cool and distant, impossible to argue with. "Give us a minute.

I need to talk to my niece." Samson gave me one long, searching look, said nothing, and walked out, closing the door softly behind him. "What are you up to?" As soon as the door closed, Aunt Susan pinched one of the fake freckles on my cheek, half annoyed, half amused. "You're Glacier Pack's Alpha, for God's sake. Why did you do this to yourself?" Aunt Susan was the head diplomat of the Werewolf Alliance, always moving between clans. Famous for her brains and charm, she was basically the heartbreaker of the werewolf world. "I'm testing them." I lifted my head and met her eyes, voice steady.

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"I want to see if they care about me for who I am or just want Amanda's face and title." Aunt Susan arched a brow and sat beside me. "So you went ugly on purpose? Even joined a physical challenge? If your grandpa knew you got hurt for your mate, he'd skin you alive." "It's just a scratch-" Before I could finish, the door banged open and Josh barged in, muttering, "What, we couldn't take turns? Had to all come at once?" He only got a few steps in before freezing, eyes wide as saucers. "Holy crap! You're the Alliance's Chief Diplomat, Ms.

Susan!" The Ortegas behind him also stopped, completely stunned. The fruit basket slipped from Alan's hands and hit the floor with a dull thud. I guessed he was remembering how he'd been bragging to me earlier about knowing important people, only for my Aunt Susan to be right at the top. 1/2 20:20 Wed, Dec 24 Chapter 22 Aunt Susan : 4 Everyone was shocked-except Samson, who stayed calm and cold. But I noticed that his eyes on me were sharper now, more curious, more probing. Crap. I couldn't hide this anymore. My scalp prickled, my brain blank. Aunt Susan stayed perfectly composed.

She patted my shoulder, rose, flicked her hair back slowly, and smiled at them. "Hello, I'm Amanda's aunt." "Her aunt?" Alan's voice trembled, shame written all over him. I bet he wanted to crawl under the floor. Samson stepped forward, hand out, perfectly polite. "Hello. Are you here to see Amanda too?" "Finished some Alliance work nearby, thought I'd drop in on her." Aunt Susan took his hand, her eyes briefly flicking over his face. Something like quiet approval passed in her gaze. Then, in a warm, family way, she said, "You all came to see Amanda, right?"

You know, she's her grandpa's pride and joy. She's hurt, and our hearts are all tied up in knots." "Sorry. I should've taken better care of her." Samson's voice was low, edged with guilt. "Good. That's exactly what I needed to hear." Aunt Susan's smile deepened, turning sly as she winked at me. "Amanda, honey, this young man from the Ortegas is handsome and impressive. Looks like a good match for you." Samson's face darkened instantly, cold as stone. "Aunt Susan! What are you talking about?!" My cheeks burned, my tongue stumbling over the words.

The little room felt tiny with everyone crammed in, the air thick and sticky. Derrick, quiet until now, finally spoke, his voice smooth. "Since you're here, Ms. Susan, let us give you the welcome you deserve." He lifted his head, eyes locking on me, warm and amused-so different from Samson's icy edge. Then he turned to Samson, voice gentle but firm, making it clear he expected obedience. "Samson, don't you agree?" 58 (i) 2/2 20:21 Wed, Dec 24 Alpha Amanda's Love Aderpture admin

Chapter 23 I Want Cake! Amanda's POV: Samson whispered near my car, short and steady, "Fine. You set it up." I stole a look at Derrick. 44 He and Samson were brothers, but there was always this tension between them, like an invisible line of command and distance-probably the kind of control you get after years of handling clan affairs. Derrick must've felt my eyes because he turned and smiled at me, his voice warm. "Dinner later? Amanda, are you feeling okay to come with us?" "Of course!" The words flew out before I even processed them.

So we all went out to eat together, and the table quickly came alive. Aunt Susan and Hugh were deep in conversation, while Josh and Alan had let go of their earlier tension. But the longer I sat there, the weirder it felt. This wasn't just a welcome dinner. It was Aunt Susan running a full "find Amanda a husband" show. One minute, she praised Samson for being steady, and the next, she was calling Derrick thoughtful, as if she was trying to figure out my future right there. Panicked, I shouted through our mind link, "Aunt Susan! Stop matchmaking me!"

My destined mate is Samson!" Aunt Susan raised a brow at me, lips curling into a knowing smile. She didn't argue, but she deliberately speared a sausage, dropped it on Samson's plate, and winked at me. Sure enough, a moment later, she said, "Samson, Amanda's hand is still hurt. The ketchup over there is too far for her. Could you get it?" I was busy chewing my own sausage when-bam-a bottle of ketchup appeared in front of me. Samson had actually gotten up and fetched it. When he set it down, his fingertips brushed the back of my hand, cool from holding an ice glass.

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I flinched without thinking. "Thanks." I ducked my head and squeezed out the ketchup-but then I realized-he hadn't handed me ketchup at all. It was mustard. That sharp, nasty yellow tang I hated. "Alice, he did that on purpose, didn't he?" I fumed inside. 1/3 20:21 Wed, Dec 24 Chapter Twaortabl & 2 CD "Doesn't look like it." Alice whispered, trying not to laugh. "His eyes were darting all over. Pretty sure he was nervous and grabbed the wrong thing." I shot Samson a glare, shoved the mustard aside, and cursed him in my head a million different ways.

Halfway through the meal, I propped my chin on my hand, my mind wandering. I realized only Samson and I had barely talked. He sat quietly, his profile softened by the warm light. "Not feeling well?" His voice made me jump. I didn't answer before Aunt Susan swooped in. "Amanda's probably shaken from today and a little worn out. Samson, why don't you take her home?" There it was again. I knew it-telling Aunt Susan meant endless setups. "Alright." Samson agreed immediately, standing. "Sorry to trouble you." I pushed back my chair, cheeks burning.

He'd had some wine earlier, so he called for a driver. We ended up side by side in the backseat. The silence was heavier than at the dinner table. I shifted away. Then again. Until I was practically glued to the door. "You seem scared of me." His voice cut through, soft confusion in it. "N-no," I stammered before forcing a laugh, blurting the first excuse I could. "I just didn't want you crushing my dress. That's all. Ha." He tilted his head, and to my shock, the corner of his mouth lifted. "Is that so?" Samson ... smiled? I froze. In my head, he was always cold and untouchable.

But that little smile-soft, melting- was like winter turning into spring, dazzling enough to blind me. And yet, a flicker of fear stirred in me. What if he was plotting something? "Cough, cough." I choked on my thoughts, yanked my gaze to the night rushing past the window and tried not to think about the man sitting next to me. Maybe it was the food, maybe the tiredness, but soon, I dozed off against the glass. 2/3 Chapter 231 Want Cakel Ú44 eFinished In that half-sleep, a familiar neon sign flashed across my vision-it was that cake shop I'd passed so many times!

My sleepy brain wasn't fully awake, but my mouth shouted before I could stop it, "Pull over here! I want cake!" The words barely left me when I jolted awake to find Samson's eyes already on me. 58 3/3 20:21 Wed, Dec 24 Alpha Amanda's Love Adventure admin

Chapter 24 Who You Really Are Samson's POV: I stayed quiet for a moment, then told the driver, "Stop at that cake shop we just passed. The driver nodded, turned the car around, and parked in front of it. Amanda practically jumped out, slamming the door so hard that it rattled, then darted inside like a tiny, restless animal. \*\*\* "Boss, I want this one, and this one oh, and that one too!" she said, her energy so quick and bright it almost looked cute. When I walked in, she was on her tiptoes picking cakes. She glanced back at me. "Why'd you get out too?" "I'm hungry as well.

Problem with that?" The words slipped out before I realized it-even though I wasn't actually hungry. She blinked, then waved it off. "Sure, whatever." Then she spun back to the cashier. "Make that two of everything!" When she handed me the bag, my fingertips brushed the back of her hand-cool from holding the cakes straight from the display. I frowned. I'd never really

liked sweets. "Don't overthink this," she said quickly, probably seeing the look on my face. "It's just a thank-you for you and your family taking Aunt Susan out for dinner.

If the cake's too small, I'll take you out for a big feast next time." I took the bag, saying flatly, "No need." She didn't argue. She just bent her head and dug right in. The fork dangled from her mouth as she ate, casual and unbothered. Cream smeared her lip, but she didn't care. She looked like a wild cub finally getting its favorite treat. Watching her like that brought back other memories. The time she stumbled into the wrong room, and I felt her skin, which was way too smooth for someone who did hard labor.

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At the physical challenge, the speed she hit at the finish line left even Camilla behind. In the warehouse, where she escaped ropes and fought Levi, a grown Beta. 1/3 20:21 Wed, Dec 24 Chapter 24 Who You Really Are Finished And now today, her aunt, the diplomat, who showed up out of nowhere.... The pieces clicked in my mind. One blurry thought started to make sense-the Glacier Pack's rarely seen female successor Alpha... her last name was Lamb. Rumor said this young Alpha had huge power, but her wolf spirit was unstable, which was why the ceremony kept getting delayed. Could Amanda ...

really be her? But if she was that Alpha, why hide as an Omega, why come to Eclipse Pack at all? I studied her profile as she bent over while eating cake. "Amanda," I said, my voice unusually clear in the quiet night, "are you-" Amanda's POV: Samson barely started before I guessed what he was about to say, and I cut him off fast, lifting my head sharply. "Samson, I want to thank you." He froze, the sharp curiosity in his eyes softening. "For what?" "For always being there." I poked the strawberry on my cake with my fork, my voice low. "That time in the warehouse, and today too ...

You always look like you don't care, always with that cold face, but I know you've been worried about me." He didn't say anything and just looked at me. The light slipped across his lashes, casting a thin shadow. In his deep eyes was something I couldn't name. The air went quiet. All I could hear was my own heartbeat, pounding hard. "Amanda, he's looking at you!" Alice screamed in my head. "The vibe is all wrong! Say something-fast!" I was about to blurt out a random topic to break the tension when the back window rolled down. The driver leaned his head in. "Mr. Ortega, Ms.

Lamb, if you're done, we should head back. It's late." Reality hit, heat rushing to my cheeks. I shoved the last strawberry in my mouth. "Okay, okay, let's go!" Samson didn't move right away. He handed his barely touched cake back to the staff. "Please box this up." 2/3 20:21 Wed, Dec 24 Chapter 4 Whey Nang Beay Are On the way back, silence filled the car again, but this time, it didn't feel awkward. Then I leaned against the window, staring at the night lights, my chest warm as if it had been baked in an oven. When we got back to the castle, I practically ran straight to my room.

"He was definitely about to ask who you really are!" Alice spun in my head. "Good thing the driver interrupted!" "I know." I peeled off my coat, but a small smile tugged at my lips anyway. I dove onto the bed and buried my face in the pillow. But Samson's look from earlier-it was impossible to figure out. The next morning, I woke up starving. I dragged on my coat half-

asleep and yanked the door open, only to crash straight into a familiar figure. 58 3/3 W 20:21  
Wed, Dec 24 Alpha Amanda's Love Adventure admin

Chapter 25 Howlstead Physical Challenge Amanda's POV: Samson was at my door, dressed in a black tracksuit, sweat shining at his temples-he'd probably just finished a morning run. Finished The sunlight hit his face, softening the usual sharp, cold lines. Even his eyes, normally so icy, seemed a little brighter. "Morning." His voice was low and rough, like sandpaper rubbing gently. I froze for a second, gripping the doorknob. Why was he at my door? My eyes dropped to the takeout box at his feet, and I recognized it immediately. The cake shop box from last night.

"You-" I barely got it out before he turned down the hall, tossing back casually, "Eat, then get ready. I'll drive you to school." I looked at the box and poked the lid with my finger-it was still warm. Fresh bread. He really brought this back for me? Forget it. Probably Hugh told him to. The bread was warm, and the first bite felt like it spread comfort all the way to my stomach. By the time I finished and packed up, Samson was back from whatever he had to do, his face cold as usual. I followed him to the car and slid into the backseat.

As soon as the engine started, my phone buzzed-Aunt Susan. Her voice was warm and teasing. "Samson, the guy who brought you home last night? I like him. He's steady and reliable. And the way he looks at you-it's different. Way better than those brothers of his." I sighed. "Aunt Susan, please don't start." She huffed. "If Grandpa knew you had a boy like that watching over you, he'd probably throw the ceremony right now... When the call ended, I shoved my phone in my pocket, but I caught Samson's reflection in the rearview mirror. He was staring straight at me. 20:21 Wed, Dec 24 Chapter .:

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Finished That look wasn't random-it had weight. My heart sank. Aunt Susan's voice was loud enough to shake windows. Did he hear all that? Sure enough, he turned back to the road, gripping the wheel tight, and then hit the gas. The car shot forward, everything outside blurring. The warm, calm feeling between us vanished. I stayed quiet, cursing Aunt Susan over and over in my head. At the school gates, Samson didn't even say goodbye. He just pressed harder on the gas and disappeared down the street. The taillights were gone before I could blink. I looked at the empty road, lips twisting.

Yep, that was him-his mood changed like flipping a switch. Shaking it off, I turned toward the school building. The second I stepped on campus, it felt as if needles of attention pricked me from every direction. The ceremony fiasco had blown up too big-Alan's fans all knew me now as the "ugly girl." Even though Alan posted on Instagram asking them to leave me alone, the whispers and little stabs never stopped. I'd barely sat down when Josh swaggered over, voice dripping with mockery. Well... Uggo, you really got the guts to show up?

Or have you given up on your face and built immunity?" I didn't look up, just flipped my book. "This face and body came from my parents. A pretty face or an interesting soul-between the two, I'll always choose the second." "Hah!" He threw his head back, laughing as if it were the funniest thing ever. You call yourself an interesting soul when you look like some backwoods clown? You're killing me!" Laughter snickered around us. I gripped my pen tighter but ignored

him. People like this only cared about physical beauty. Josh, annoyed I wasn't reacting, leaned closer, sharper now.

"Don't think winning the challenge made you special. Everyone knows Camilla only lost because she tripped. You really think you're all that?" Before I could answer, a cool, cutting female voice rang from the back of the classroom. "Josh. Maybe try speaking with some decency." I looked up. Camilla stood there, books in her arms. 20:21 Wed, Dec 24 Chapter flows beal Phy de alt detine She locked eyes with Josh.

"That day I slipped, but it had nothing to do with Amanda She's faster than me." Josh blinked, surprised for a second, then sneered, "Camilla, why are you defending her fad the fall knock the sense out of you?" "I'm just stating the truth." Camilla moved to her seat, ignoring him. Josh, looking restless, turned his smirk back on me. "Fine. You think you're so great? Then enter the Howlstead Physical Challenge. That's where the best from every pack show up. Win there, and I'll gladly be your lackey!" The Howlstead Physical Challenge? My pen froze.

That was the most prestigious competition in our world. Every competitor was top alpha Glacier Pack sent someone every year. Grandpa always said once my wolf spirit stabilized, he'd send me. Josh took my silence for fear, his grin spreading. "What's wrong? You scared? I knew you- "Fine." I lifted my head, locking eyes with him, voice crisp. I'll enter." Josh's grin froze mid-smirk. Whispers and side chatter in the classroom died instantly. 58 W 313 admin

Chapter 26 The Deadliest Amanda's POV: 28 +10 Free Coins "How are you so sure I'll mess up? What if I actually take first place?" The second I said it, Josh couldn't hold it in and burst out laughing. He clearly thought I was joking. The Howlstead Physical Challenge-did he even know what that was? That was the arena where only the strongest alphas from every pack competed. Forget winning-just getting there meant you were special. He laughed so hard he had to bend over. "If you actually take first in that competition, I'll say my name backward for the rest of my life." I raised a brow. "Oh?

Then how about we make a bet?" Josh's grin faltered, a flicker of doubt crossing his face. Probably scared I might actually do well, he added quickly, "Participation trophies don't count. You have to place at least the top three." "Fine." I smirked, teasing him. "Do you even dare, or are you just talking big?" "Bet then!" He snapped, stiff-necked. "What's at stake?" I locked eyes with him, every word slow and clear.

"If I win first place, from now on, you avoid me whenever you see me-and in front of anyone, you call me Boss." Josh looked at me as if I'd lost it, and that last bit of doubt disappeared. "Deal! But if you lose, you pack up and leave the Ortegas right away. Go crawl back to your little country town." "Fine." I said it crisp and steady, without hesitation. Josh's POV: That was it? Done just like that? I stared at Amanda's fake-calm, ugly face and almost laughed out loud. The Howlstead Physical Challenge? Did she even know how brutal that arena was?

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Forget winning-if she finished it alive, she'd be lucky. Once she lost and got tossed out, I'd never have to see that face again. Just thinking about it made me excited. Hell, it even made her look a little less ugly. I shoved the training, MON 11 5 training/3 O < 16:33 Mon, Dec 29

MJ. Chapter 26 The Deadliest schedule back at her and strutted out of the classroom. +10 Free Coins I pulled out my phone, opened the family chat, and typed fast. "Brothers, great news! That ugly freak, Amanda, is finally about to leave! Time to celebrate!" Alan replied, "For real?"

You finally did it?" I wrote back, "Ugh! You think I'm desperate? I'm just using justice to make her quit!" Alan texted, "Oh, yeah? What do you mean?" Grinning, I typed out the whole bet, finishing with, "Just wait for me to win and throw the victory party!" Satisfied, I tucked my phone away, humming as I walked toward the field, picturing Amanda sneaking out of Eclipse Pack in shame. That afternoon after school, Alan came to pick us up. He rolled in with his flashy silver sports car but was wrapped up like a mummy-cap down to his eyebrows, mask over half his face.

Probably scared of fans again. I yanked open the passenger door and slid in. Amanda slipped quietly into the back. As soon as we left the school gates, Alan peeked at Amanda through the rearview mirror, stretched his arm back, and nudged her. "You really made a bet with that idiot, Josh?" Excuse me? I glared at him. "Hey, who are you calling an idiot?" He just shrugged, ignoring me, and kept his eyes on Amanda, waiting for her answer. Amanda gave a calm little "Yeah," steady enough to almost fool you into thinking she had a plan. Alan clicked his tongue, not buying it.

"Not to scare you, but those competitors are monsters. Even Samson back then-he nearly killed himself and still only scraped by with a second-place trophy." When he said it, he bit down hard on Samson's name. In my eyes, Samson was godlike in terms of strength, strategy, and leadership-there was nothing he didn't dominate. Even Patrick and Derrick respected him. But from the backseat, Amanda caught the one detail she cared about and asked, "Samson entered before?" Alan froze, eyes wide like a cat that just got stepped on. "Don't you dare set your sights on Samson!"

He doesn't even like your type!" Amanda must've been shocked-her face went blank, mouth opening and closing without a word. Up front, I almost laughed listening to their back-and-forth. 2/3 16:33 Mon, Dec 29 MA Chapter 26 The Deadliest 20 +10 Free Coins Alan probably realized he overreacted. He cleared his throat, shifted gears, and dragged out his words, making it dramatic. "Back in the day... " He stretched the sentence, selling the suspense. "Samson was the deadliest one on that field. Only shame is Served her right for being nosy. 43 n 3/3 11 5 O < 16:33 Mon, Dec 29 Mark

Chapter 27 Læm Amanda's POV: KIRA +10 Free Coins That stupid Alan cut himself off halfway, dragging the last word out forever, clearly just to make us hang I swallowed my irritation, turned to the window, and snapped, "Who even cares about Samson? I'm not interested." But even as I said it, my ears were straining anyway. Samson had entered the physical challenge? And he'd gotten second place? That man-always so cold and distant-what did he look like out there in the arena? Did he stay calm and steady like always, or ... did something sharper show through? Alice laughed inside my head, "Liar!"

You're saying you're not interested, but he's all you can think about!" I ignored her and just stared at the blur of city streets sliding past. The car stayed quiet for a while, except for the soft hum of the engine and Alan humming off-key now and then. Then my phone buzzed with

a text from Theo. "Boss! Those racers who challenged you a few days ago are back! This time their offer's insane-they said if you show up, they'll pay 30 million Crowns and even let you use Blackrock Pack's modified Firestorm for a month! You in?" My brows shot up. The Firestorm?

That was Blackrock Pack's ultimate ride-rumor said its engine had a wolf spirit crystal inside, letting it go faster than sound. I couldn't deny it sounded tempting, but still... 1 "Say no for me." I bit my lip, forcing myself to refuse. "Last time was already an exception." Theo must've guessed. He didn't push, just sighed. "Got it, Boss. I'll tell them to quit bothering you." Samson's POV: "Mr. Ortega, she refused again." My assistant's voice was careful, almost sorry. My pen froze in my hand. My brows tightened. In my head, I saw last week's underground race again.

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That tall, lean figure in a black leather jacket, face hidden by a helmet-yet the way the car tilted on turns, turn \$13 11 MON 29 G 5 ||| O < 16:33 Mon, Dec Chapter 27 Læm her wrist flicking the gearshift ... +10 Free Coins And then that single glance back after the finish line, cold light flashing through the visor. Every detail is burned into my memory. I'd spent the past days going through Eclipse Pack's entire info network trying to track her. I watched race footage, traced her exit, and checked every female Alpha in three nearby packs who might fit. Nothing.

It was as if she appeared from nowhere and vanished just as fast, leaving no fingerprints, no scent, and no trace. The more impossible it seemed, the more I became obsessed. "Raise the offer to 50 million Crowns." My eyes stayed on the black blot on the file in front of me, voice sharp as ice. "Tell them-if she shows up, she names her price. She can take the Firestorm. She can even use Blackrock's head mechanic. "Got it, Mr. Ortega. I'll handle it. I'll make sure ... I'll make sure we bring her to you." My fingers moved on their own to the bottom drawer of my desk and slid it open.

Inside lay a worn CD, edges chipped, surface rubbed smooth. The plastic still faintly read "Howlstead Racing League," though the letters were blurred with time. I'd kept it for three years. I slipped it into my computer. Instantly, the footage came alive-three years ago, Racing League finals. Glacier Pack's racer, Læm, in a silver-gray car, tore through the last curve with a perfect 360-degree drift, overtaking Blackrock's frontrunner, who had been half a lap ahead. The timer at the finish line flashed her record-three full seconds faster.

The crowd's cheers spilled out of my speakers, distorted but still powerful, shaking something inside me. From that day, I remembered the codename: "Læm." I'd loved racing since I was a kid. I'd watched that clip at least 100 times-slowing it down, freezing frames, studying every move, trying to figure out how she did that drift. But there was no trick to find. It wasn't just skill. It was something else... raw instinct, like being one with the car, something only an Alpha fully in tune with their wolf spirit could have. Then the day after Læm won, she vanished.

Gone, as if she was never there. Until last week, when that mystery racer appeared again. I pulled up her footage, froze the frame at her final turn, and placed it side by side with Læm's clip from three years ago. Every detail matched. Identical. 11 5 ||| O 29 2/3 16:33 Mon, Dec

29 J Chapter 27 Læm TEA Could it be her? My fingers tapped the desk, my eyes locked on Læm's face on the screen. I didn't care who she was, which pack hid her, or why she disappeared. I would find her. Maybe... maybe I could try another angle through Amanda, the girl who always had secrets.

She was Glacier Pack too, right? 11 5 III O C28 Mark

Chapter 28 I Can Train You Amanda's POV: +10 Free Coins I thought saying no to that racing invite would be the end of it, but the second the bell rang for class, my phone buzzed with a message from Theo. "Boss! They've completely lost it! On top of 50 million Crowns, they're even offering a wolf spirit crystal stone! The kind that stabilizes a wolf spirit and makes you stronger!" A wolf spirit crystal stone? My pen froze mid-click. My wolf spirit, Alice, had been getting better lately, but sometimes she was still shaky.

If I got that crystal stone, it wouldn't just fix the hidden danger-it'd also give me extra backup for the Howlstead Physical Challenge. "Amanda! Say yes! That's a wolf spirit crystal stone! Money can't even buy that!" Alice was practically jumping around inside my head. Hesitating, I bit my lip while rubbing my fingertips on the edge of my notebook without even noticing the teacher had been staring at me for ages. "Amanda!" The teacher's voice snapped like a whip, and a piece of chalk clattered onto my desk.

"It's bad enough you're daydreaming, but I just explained cross-pack wolf spirit resonance. Tell me, when Glacier Pack's snow wolves resonate with Eclipse Pack's wind wolves, which three energy conflict points must you avoid?" The room went silent. Dozens of eyes snapped toward me.

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Josh, sitting in the front row, twisted around and shot me a look, eyebrows wiggling, that smirk on his face basically saying, "Let's see you choke now." I knew this was a tough one-it went deep into the core differences between the two packs' wolf spirits, something even upperclassmen often messed up.- But Grandpa had drilled pack lore into me since I was little. This stuff was burned in. I stood up, voice clear. "First, avoid the clash between the snow wolves' 'Ice Core' and the wind wolves' 'Swift Pulse, or energy will get messed up.

"Second, during resonance, keep the snow wolf's 'Frost Aura' under 30% so it doesn't freeze the wind wolf's 'Breeze Pathways!' "Third, during the release phase, the wind wolf must pull back first, the snow wolf last, or both wolf spirits will backlash." Silence hit the room. The chalk slipped out of the teacher's hand and hit the floor. Josh's sneer froze solid. 1/2 16:33 Mon, Dec 29 Ma 28 Chapter 28 I Can Train You +10 Free Coins "C-correct." The teacher blinked hard, stuttering like he needed air. "Sit down.

Next time, pay attention." Sliding back into my chair, I caught Josh spinning around, cheeks puffed with frustration, and I couldn't stop the corner of my mouth from twitching. Trying to embarrass me? Dream on. Walking home after school, I barely reached the gates of the castle when I spotted Samson leaning against his car. He wore a black trench coat, the sunset spilling over his shoulders, softening the cold, sharp lines of his face. "Get in." His voice cut

through the air. Before I could react, he'd already opened the passenger door. "What for?" I narrowed my eyes.

"The Howlstead Physical Challenge." His tone was blunt and direct. "I can train you. I guarantee you'll win." I froze-why the sudden generosity? When the car moved, I couldn't stop myself from saying, "Alan said you used to compete too. Why'd you quit?" His hands stiffened on the wheel, voice lower. "Because Grandpa wanted me lined up as the next Alpha. To avoid injuries from unnecessary tournaments, I stepped back." So that was it. The air in the car shifted, heavy with something unspoken, the sunset stretching his shadow long across the seat.

Then Samson suddenly turned his head, gaze locking on me, voice sharp and serious. "Amanda, do you know Læm?" My heart jumped, fingers instantly clenching the hem of my shirt. Why would he bring this up out of nowhere? Mark

Chapter 29 What Was She Hiding? Chapter 29 What Was She Hiding? Amanda's POV: +10 Free Coins When I heard the name "Læm," it felt as if invisible hands had grabbed my heart and squeezed, making it hard to even breathe. Why would he ask that? What did he know? I forced myself to calm down, lowering my lashes and putting on a clueless look. "Lam? Who's that? Never heard of them." My fingers pinched the edge of my shirt, voice soft, pretending I didn't know a thing. "I'm just a normal Omega.

I've never even been near races, let alone know any racers." As soon as I said it, I turned toward the window, acting like the scenery rushing by caught my attention, my tone light. "Anyway, didn't you say you'd help me train? When do we start? I don't know anything about how the challenge works." I could feel Samson's eyes on me, studying me, but he didn't push. A few seconds later, he finally looked away, voice cool again. "Right now. We're going to the training grounds." Eclipse Pack's training grounds were huge, with soft, non-slip sheepskin mats everywhere.

In the corners, machines measured speed and strength. I walked to the center, hunching my shoulders on purpose, trying to look like someone totally lost. "Start with the basics. Dodging." Samson grabbed a practice staff wrapped in foam. "I'll attack from different angles. You try to avoid me. Don't worry. The staff won't hurt." Before he even finished, the staff swept toward my waist. I staggered a beat too slow on purpose, wobbling like I might fall, and let out an exaggerated "Ow!" Samson frowned and stepped closer. "Focus. Don't zone out." For the rest of the training, I held back.

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He showed me how to steady my breathing, and I deliberately learned slowly, sometimes forgetting when to inhale. He showed me how to strike in close combat, and I pretended my wrists were weak as I blocked sloppily, seemingly all over the place. "Wrong." Suddenly, he was right behind me, his hand on my wrist. His palm was warm, just a little rough, his grip firm but careful as he nudged my arm into the right angle. "Power comes from your core, not just your arms." He was close-too close. The pinewood scent of his skin, mixed with faint sweat, brushed the back of my neck.

I flinched before I could stop. 1/2 16:33 Mon, Dec 29 Chapter 29 What Was She Hiding? Alice screamed inside my head, "He's too close! Your heart's going crazy!" +10 Free Coins I bit my lip, pretending to be nervous, my voice trembling. "I-I still can't get it ... Maybe I'm too dumb." "Don't rush." His voice was low, softer than usual and patient. "Try again. I'll watch you." This time, I tried a little harder, blocking like he showed me. When the staff tapped my arm, he pulled back just in time. "Yes. That's it." His tone had approval now, fingertips brushing my wrist lightly.

"Do it a few more times. Get the feel." The sunset streamed through the skylights, stretching our shadows across the mats. He stood across from me, eyes fixed on every move. Every time he corrected me, his touches-quick, light -sparked, leaving my fingertips tingling. I stared at his serious profile, caught in a haze. If he knew I'd been faking all this time, would he still be this patient? Samson's POV: Amanda's movements were awkward, even clumsy. Her footwork when dodging was frantic. Her wrists shook when she blocked-like a normal Omega who'd never trained in combat.

But something felt wrong. Back at the warehouse, when she broke free of Levi's ropes and fought back, her moves had been sharp, precise-like a little wolf ready to strike. And during the physical challenge, her speed was something no normal Omega could've achieved. Yet here she was, hiding herself, struggling with the easiest basics. "Raise your wrist higher." I moved in, taking her hand from behind. Her wrist was delicate, skin smooth, not what you'd expect from someone who trained. But her fingertips had faint calluses. Was it from writing? Or gripping a steering wheel, like racers do?

Her breath came uneven, a little hot against my skin. The sun dipped lower, painting her hair with soft gold, even making her awkward face look gentler. I watched her eyes fixed on the staff, long lashes casting shadows. That flicker of panic when I asked about Læm earlier-that wasn't fake. What was she hiding? MON C 11 Mark

Chapter 30 You'd Better Pray Samson's POV:  $\text{₩}1000 \times 0.027 = \text{€}27$  +10 Free Coins "Yes. That's it." I watched Amanda finally block the staff the right way, my voice carrying a little praise. She looked up and smiled at me, her eyes sparkling as if they caught a bit of starlight-her first real smile around me. Even with her awkward, slightly uneven features, there was this tiny, undeniable spark of life in her. For a moment, my heart skipped a beat. The wind from the skylight swept through the training hall, carrying a faint smell from her skin, mixing with the warm sunset, and settling deep in my chest.

That warmth wrapped around my heart like quiet vines, curling tighter and tighter. And I knew clearly that I was falling for Amanda. But the next second, reality hit me hard-wolf-pack rules, family duty, and Grandpa's old prophecy about the "destined mate" slammed over me like ice water. Our kind always followed the Moon Goddess's path. A destined mate was fate. And as Eclipse Pack's heir, that duty pressed heavier on me than most. She wasn't my destined mate. There was never a future between us. I yanked my hand back, losing that warm touch instantly. My breath went deep and cold on purpose.

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I looked away from her eyes, refusing to get lost in that sparkle. My voice sharpened. "That's enough. We're done for today." As I turned, I felt her confused gaze on my back, but I couldn't look. If I did, that spark I'd just buried would explode. This couldn't go on. I kept telling myself that with each heavy step while fighting the vines inside me. But somewhere in my chest, it still hurt-sharp and bruised, as if something hard was stuck there, making even breathing sting.

Amanda's POV: Samson's hand disappeared so suddenly, his warm touch gone, along with all the patience he'd just shown I froze, staff still in my hand, staring at his back as he walked away, heat flaring inside me for no reason I could explain. 1/2 16:33 Mon, Dec 29 MJ Chapter 30 You'd Better Pray One minute, he was fine, and the next, he flipped? What did I do this time? +10 Free Coins "Hey, what's going on?" I hurried after him, my voice sharp and hurt. "You just quit like that? I haven't even mastered it yet!" He didn't look back or slow down. His voice was cold as ice.

"We'll practice tomorrow." That attitude was so different from the patient way he'd just corrected me. I bit my lip and tossed the staff aside, temper flaring. Fine. No more practice. Not like I'd care! The whole way back, neither of us spoke. The air in the car felt heavy, pressing down on my chest. Even the hum of the engine sounded sharp and annoying. I leaned against the window, refusing to look at him, cursing him in my head a hundred ways. That two-faced, moody jerk!

When we finally pulled up to the castle gates, the first thing I saw was Josh, slouched against the doorway as if he had nothing better to do, lazily spinning a basketball. The moment he saw us climbing out-me following Samson silently, the chill between us thick-he smirked and walked over, his face full of mockery. "Well, well, what happened here? Training falling apart already? Told you, Amanda, you're way too dumb to learn. Just wait-you'll fail so badly you won't even make it to the arena. And you wanted me to call you 'Boss'? How embarrassing." His words were like a lit match.

My anger flared all over again. I stopped, spun on my heel, and glared at him so icily that it even startled me. "Josh, you'd better start praying..." I let it hang there, watching his grin falter, stiffen, then freeze. Only then did I finish, slow and deliberate. 2/2 11 5 O < Mark