

Alpha Amanda's love adventure novel

Chapter 51 No Choice Michelle's POV: +10 Free Coins Tears quickly rolled down my face. I gripped the hem of my dress so tightly that my nails dug into my palms. Images of my pack flashed through my mind-we'd been out of supplies for almost two weeks. The Westgate branch was falling apart. Dad said the only way to stabilize things was to ally with the Bluemoon Pack. I had planned to get along with Alan, earn Hugh's favor, and slowly make that alliance happen. But then Amanda showed up. Hugh adored her instantly, and even Alan started paying attention to her.

When I realized our pack might not last much longer, I panicked. "You know what?" Alan's voice was cold as ice. "You completely shattered everything I thought I knew about you-and every bit of trust I ever had." "Please, let me explain. It's not what you think." I tried to defend myself, but the disappointment in his eyes made my throat tighten. Maybe I was wrong. Maybe I shouldn't have tried to frame her. I should've just talked things through. "Now that the truth's out, Ms. Gill," Hugh said, his usual warmth gone, "I think you owe Amanda an apology." The people around us started whispering.

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Their stares felt like sharp needles pricking my skin. Shame burned through me, and I wanted nothing more than to disappear. Then, out of the corner of my eye, I saw my dad, Andrew Gill, standing among the crowd. I rushed to him. "Dad, please help me!" Andrew's face flushed bright red. He shook off my hand and turned to Hugh with a forced smile. "Mr. Hugh, I'm so sorry. Michelle just came back from the North, so she's not used to our rules here.

I hope you won't take her behavior seriously." "Andrew," a deep, familiar voice cut in, "You think saying she 'doesn't know the rules' excuses what she's done?" My whole body froze. Samson was walking over, his expression as cold as stone. That's when it hit me-I'd gone about everything the wrong way. I hadn't just failed to help my pack; I'd also ruined our relationship with the Ortegas. The tears came harder this time-not from/self-pity, but regret. Samson's POV: "Samson, I ... " I didn't let Michelle finish. The calculation and regret in her eyes said it all. No excuse could fix this.

I turned to Andrew, keeping my tone even but direct. "Andrew, the Bluemoon Pack stands by its own. No matter what you think of Amanda, she's one of us. Did you ever stop to think what this does to our pack's reputation?" Andrew's expression flickered. I could see the gears turning in his head. The Midnight Pack had been short on resources lately, barely staying afloat thanks to their protective gear business-and Bluemoon was their 1/2 16:37 Mon, Dec 29 MJA Chapter 51 No Choice biggest client. Sure enough, he quickly yanked Michelle toward him. "Apologize to Ms. Lamb.

Now." 27 +10 Free Coins "Dad, what are you doing?" Michelle cried, struggling to pull away. Her voice cracked, but Andrew ignored her completely. "If you won't apologize," he snapped, "then don't bother coming back to the Midnight Pack!" My brow lifted slightly. Clever move. He was using her exile as leverage to pressure Amanda into forgiving her. If Amanda refused, she'd look like the unreasonable one. The murmurs around us confirmed it. People were already starting to pity Michelle. Eventually, she lowered her head and muttered a quiet apology. I didn't look at her. My eyes stayed on Hugh.

He narrowed his gaze but said nothing-he knew exactly what Andrew was doing too. Still, Michelle clearly hated every second of it. But in this situation, she had no choice. "I'm sorry, Ms. Lamb," she said softly. "It was my fault." I glanced at Hugh again. He was still silent, eyes half-lidded, unreadable. Now, all of us waited for Amanda's response. 2/2 16:37 Mon, Dec 29 KITA 427 G27 Mark

Chapter 52 Wrong Path Amanda's POV: +10 Free Coins Watching Michelle reluctantly apologize, I could tell Hugh didn't want things to get any uglier. He still valued his old ties with the Midnight Pack. But that didn't mean I was just going to let this slide. I took a small step forward, my voice loud and clear so everyone could hear. "Ms. Gill, actually, you don't need to apologize to me." She froze, confusion flashing across her face. "What do you mean by that?" she asked, biting her lip. "It's simple," I said calmly.

"I'm not the one you should be apologizing to." I paused, letting my words sink in before turning to Alan. His eyes were downcast, disappointment written all over his face. "First, you should apologize to Alan. He trusted you as a friend, and you betrayed that trust. Second, you should apologize to your father. You embarrassed not only yourself in front of everyone here, but you also shamed your entire pack. And finally, you owe everyone here an apology. Your actions wasted their time and ruined the mood." Inside my head, Alice clapped her hands. "Well said!

Let her know playing the victim doesn't work. When you're wrong, you admit it!" "You!" Michelle's face turned crimson. She opened her mouth but couldn't get a single word out. A few people around us nodded. "Ms. Lamb's right," someone said. "Werewolves care most about trust and honor. She deserves to be called out." Another voice chimed in softly, "Didn't expect her to be this bold. She looks quiet, but she's actually got a sharp mind." Hugh chuckled, breaking the tension. "She's still young and speaks her mind too freely sometimes. Sorry if she's made things awkward." He waved at me.

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"Come on, Amanda. Let's head inside. The guests are waiting." I knew he was giving the Midnight Pack a way to save face-and at the same time, quietly confirming that I was under the Ortegas' protection. I followed Hugh toward the main hall. Behind us, I heard Andrew's furious voice scolding Michelle. "Get yourself home right now! Stop embarrassing me in front of everyone!" I didn't look back. She'd chosen her path. She'd

have to live with the consequences. Michelle's POV: After Andrew's harsh words, I stood frozen in place.

My fingers clenched the wet fabric of my skirt as tears blurred my vision. 1/2 16:37 Mon, Dec 29 Chapter 52 Wrong Path +10 Free Coins I was so unwilling to accept this. I'd done all of this for the Midnight Pack. I just wanted to ally with the Eclipse Pack to keep us stable. How had everything gone so wrong? But when I looked up and saw Amanda walking into the hall beside Hugh, something in me shifted. I suddenly remembered what people used to say about her-Amanda, the Omega without a wolf spirit, who still managed to win first place at the physical challenge through sheer physical strength.

And just now, when I tried to frame her, she hadn't panicked or backed down. With a few calm words, she turned the entire situation around and earned everyone's respect. Dad's voice echoed in my mind-his tired sighs about how the Midnight Pack was barely holding on, and how the Westgate branch's Betas were ready to leave. I'd always thought the only way to save the Midnight Pack was to ally with a powerful pack like Eclipse. That's why I got desperate-why I tried little tricks, flattered the Ortegas, and dragged Amanda down to make myself look better.

But now, watching Amanda, I realized something-depending on others would never save us. She didn't even have a wolf spirit, yet she stood tall on her own strength. So why couldn't I? Maybe I didn't need an alliance to keep us alive. Maybe I could secure new supply deals myself. Talk to the branch alphas directly. Use my ability to help the Midnight Pack survive-instead of lying and scheming like I did today. I wiped my tears and clenched my fists. The humiliation and panic from earlier began to fade, replaced by something steadier-determination.

Even if I'd ruined things with the Eclipse Pack this time, I wasn't going to walk the wrong path again. The Midnight Pack's future would depend on my own strength. 2/2 Mark

Chapter 53 Commentary Amanda's POV: +10 Free Coins Michelle's little drama didn't leave much of a ripple. After walking into the hall with Hugh, people quickly surrounded us. Some wanted to hand me their business cards, and others tried to talk about potential partnerships. Strangely, it didn't bother me at all. My palms felt steady-much steadier than before. In the past, moments like this would always make my wolf spirit restless. But now, I actually feel grounded. Inside, Alice hummed approvingly. "Notice how your wolf spirit's been calmer lately?"

You've been making real connections-like befriending Emily-and you just handled Michelle's mess with confidence. The more stable your emotions get, the steadier your wolf spirit becomes. Way more reliable than depending on some mate." A tiny smile tugged at my lips, though I didn't answer her. My gaze drifted across the crowd-and landed on Samson. He was standing beside the champagne tower, holding a glass with his long fingers. The light from the crystal chandelier reflected off his sharp features, giving him a cold, distant look. Alice immediately teased me. "What are you staring at?"

You're totally zoning out. Don't tell me you've started catching feelings for him." Don't be ridiculous, I shot back silently. But as I turned my head away, I accidentally met his gaze. My heart skipped hard. I quickly looked elsewhere, feeling heat rise to my ears-thankfully hidden under my makeup. Still, my feet didn't move. I stood frozen as I watched him start walking toward me. "Are you all right?" His voice was lower than before-gentler too, carrying that deep timbre unique to an alpha. I turned to him with a polite smile. "I'm fine.

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Thanks for stepping in earlier." Alice muttered, "At least he knows better than to pick sides like Alan did." He didn't reply, just studied me for a moment, his eyes unreadable. Then he asked suddenly, "Do you know Theo?" I blinked. "Theo?" Why would he bring him up now? Did he somehow find out Theo had helped erase the surveillance footage? I forced myself to stay calm, pretending to be puzzled. "We just met tonight at the party. Why? Is something wrong?" Alice tensed. "Careful-he's testing you. But don't worry.

Theo's been with you long enough that Samson doesn't get to play detective here." He stared at me for two long seconds. I didn't say anything, but I could tell-he knew I was lying. Still, he didn't press. "It's nothing," he said flatly. "Just... be careful. Theo's ambitious. Don't get too close to him." 1/2 16:37 Mon, Dec 29 M #27 Chapter 53 Commentary +10 Free Coins I almost laughed in my head. Theo's ambitious? Please. I knew exactly what kind of person Theo was. Samson was the one who misunderstood him. But I didn't argue-just gave a quiet "Okay," as if I agreed. Alice started again.

"Speaking of the Ortegas' men, let's break them down, shall we? Samson-your so-called destined mate-still can't get over Læm. One minute, he helps you; the next, he tests you. His attitude's all over the place. "Derrick? Ugh. That guy ignored you for ages, but the second he saw your real face, he turned friendly. Shallow doesn't even begin to describe him. "Patrick? We've seen him, what, three times total? He's basically irrelevant-forget him. "Alan's hopeless; Michelle's got him wrapped around her finger. His apology just now was sincere, sure, but honestly, still stupid.

"And then there's Josh-yeah, he's got a soft spot for Camilla, but at least he respects you as his boss. I'll give him that." I was still listening to Alice's running commentary when I heard someone call my name. Alan walked over, greeting Samson first before turning to me. His ears were a little red, and his voice carried an apologetic tone. "I'm really sorry about what happened earlier. I jumped to conclusions before knowing the truth." I looked at him. His face was sincere-genuinely regretful. So I didn't hold it against him. "It's fine.

Just make sure it doesn't happen again." After all, he'd only been misled by Michelle. It wasn't like he had done it on purpose. And right now, my wolf spirit was calm and steady-so there was no need to dwell on small things. 2/2 Mark

Chapter 54 Two Dinners Alan's POV: +10 Free Coins When I looked at Amanda's calm expression, my throat tightened a little. I was the one who had wrongly accused her, yet she didn't hold it against me at all. Instead, I'd even tried to defend Michelle. Just thinking about it made me feel ashamed. "Michelle wasn't always like this," I said quietly, pressing my lips together before continuing, "She's actually a good person. I don't know what got into her today-maybe she just acted on impulse. Please don't take it personally." The moment I said that, I regretted it.

Why did I sound like I was taking Michelle's side again? What if Amanda thought I was being unfair? I watched her nervously, waiting for her reaction. But she only nodded lightly. "Don't worry. As long as she doesn't mess with me again, I won't mess with her." I let out a deep breath of relief. She was kinder than I expected-far less petty than most people would've been in her place. I used to think there wasn't anything special about her-just an Omega without a wolf spirit.

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But today, after seeing how calmly she handled Michelle's lies and how composed she was under everyone's scrutiny, I realized I'd completely misjudged her. "Thank you, Amanda." She smiled. "You're welcome." I hesitated for a second before adding, "I'm heading to the Midnight Pack soon for a diplomatic visit. As a thank-you, I'd like to invite you to come along. What do you think?"/ She immediately shook her head. "No thanks. I don't need to be caught up in your drama again. Last time was enough of a lesson.

I'm not risking getting attacked by rogues again." "All right, fair enough," I said quickly, scrambling for another idea. "Then how about dinner instead? My treat. I promise I'll pick somewhere you actually like-no cheap excuses this time." Her eyes lit up a little, and she nodded. "Deal. But it has to be good food. If it's not, it doesn't count." The way she said it, with that little spark in her eyes, made her seem unexpectedly cute. Her skin was still tanned, freckles scattered across her nose, but somehow that only made her charm more natural. I couldn't help smiling. "Don't worry.

I won't disappoint you." Then I remembered how long it'd been since I'd hung out with the guys. Without thinking, I said, "Maybe Samson should come too. It's been ages since we all got together. I'll host a dinner for everyone." "Hey!" Amanda glared at me immediately. "Seriously? You said you were treating me! When did this become a guys' night?" 1/2 16:37 Mon, Dec 29 MA Chapter 54 Two Dinners +10 Free Coins Her round eyes widened, and her lips puffed out slightly in annoyance. My heart skipped a beat, and I quickly tried to fix it. "Haha, okay, okay. Then I'll take you out separately, too.

How's that?" "That's more like it," she said with a satisfied nod. "And don't forget-you owe me two dinners now." I chuckled. "Two dinners? Easy. I can handle that!" Then I turned to Samson. "So, Samson, will you come?" Truth was, part of me was secretly hoping he'd say no. If he didn't show up, maybe I'd get that extra dinner with Amanda-just the two of us. Samson gave me a sidelong glance, then looked briefly at Amanda

before replying, "We'll see. If I'm not busy, I'll come." "Deal," I said quickly, smiling to cover my tiny spark of hope. Amanda's POV: The party finally came to an end.

The moment I got back to my room, I locked the door and sat down at the vanity. I couldn't wait to wipe off that ugly makeup and finally reveal my real face underneath—refined, clean, and nothing like the heavy disguise I'd worn all night. After putting on a face mask, I was just about ready to go to bed when my communicator suddenly started buzzing. It was an unfamiliar number. Frowning, I hesitated for a moment before answering. "Hello, Amanda," a man's voice came through the line. "Do you still remember me?" 6 2/2 Mark

Chapter 55 A Favor Amanda's POV: 4:27 +10 Free Coins I was peeling off my face mask when I heard a familiar voice coming through my communicator. My fingers froze midair. It was Baxter. The last time I'd seen him was three years ago at the Werewolf Language Academy, when he was working with the Bureau as a translation support officer. "Hey, Baxter. How come it's you?" I said softly, tossing the mask into the trash. "I just got back to Glacier Pack," he said with a laugh through the speaker.

"I was scrolling through my contacts and saw your number, so I figured I'd give you a call, How have you been? Got time to meet up?" I walked to the window and looked down at the streetlights glowing outside. "I'm staying with some relatives in Eclipse Pack right now, so it's not that easy to get away." "You're in Eclipse Pack?" His voice paused for a second, then he chuckled. "What a coincidence. I'll be heading there later today. How about we meet tomorrow?" Before I could ask anything else, a notification popped up on my communicator. He'd already sent me his location.

It was less than a half-hour drive from Ortega Castle, in one of the old neighborhoods. I stared at the address, puzzled. Even Alice spoke up in my head, "Weird. What's he doing in Alexandria? Don't tell me he's coming just to see you." "You're actually pretty close to me," I said. "Exactly," he replied casually. "I'll swing by and pick you up tomorrow." His tone left no room for refusal. I thought it over, then agreed. Baxter wasn't the kind of person to reach out for no reason. If he wanted to see me, it probably had something to do with work.

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We'd known each other for years—it would've been rude to avoid him. The next day happened to be the weekend. I told Hugh I was going out with Emily to visit a bookstore. I didn't ask the driver to take me; I just called a cab and headed to the address Baxter sent. When I got to the old street, a sleek black Maybach pulled up right in front of me. The window rolled down, revealing Baxter's face. He smiled. "Amanda, get in." "That's strange," Alice muttered in my head. "Even Josh didn't recognize you with that makeup on. How did he see through it right away?" I didn't ask.

I opened the passenger door and climbed in. The car rolled deeper into the neighborhood until it stopped in front of an old mansion covered in ivy. As I stepped

inside, the wooden floor creaked softly under my shoes. Faded old photographs hung on the walls, and the brass handrails on the staircase gleamed with age. If Baxter could afford a place like this in Eclipse Pack's historic district, his background was even more impressive than I'd thought. 1/2 "Amanda, what have you been up to lately?" he asked as he poured me a cup of tea.

His gaze lingered on me with a teasing smile. "I heard you went back to the training camp to study again. With your talent for languages, you could be teaching there. Isn't that a bit of a waste?" I wrapped my fingers around the warm teacup and smiled faintly. "Baxter, don't tease me. I didn't really have a choice." I knew he hadn't come all this way just to chat. Baxter had always been close to the Bureau and often worked on projects involving the Werewolf Alliance. He definitely had a reason for calling me out here. He chuckled.

"You're still as sharp as ever. I can't hide anything from you." Then his expression turned serious. "You're right. I do need a favor. You know I trust your skill with languages-especially translating between ancient werewolf dialects and human languages. You're the best person I know for the job." "Baxter, come on. You don't need to be so formal with me," I said. "If you need help, just say so." He hesitated, then pulled a sealed folder from his briefcase-but didn't open it. "I need you to translate an ancient werewolf text," he said quietly.

"I need two versions-one in the Werewolf Common Language and one in human language. You know how my work goes. Officially, I'm just a language instructor at the Royal Training Camp. But I'm still working with the Bureau. This document is highly classified. You can't tell anyone about it-not even the people close to you. And under no circumstances can its contents be leaked." 2/2 16:37 Mon, Dec 29 MA Mark

Chapter 56 Not Qualified Amanda's POV: The moment Baxter finished speaking, I already understood the point. He wanted me to translate a Finnish document into two versions-and it was for the Bureau. Honestly, helping the Bureau could be a good way to build connections. It wasn't a bad deal. But the words "Bureau" and "classified" made me cautious. +10 Free Coins Alice's voice echoed in my head, "The Bureau's files? What if it's something about werewolf packs? What if this gets you in trouble?" I tapped my fingers on the table and thought for a moment.

"Baxter, what exactly is this document about?" He didn't answer directly. Instead, he gave me a calm look. "You don't need to worry about the content. Just focus on the translation. I trust you, Amanda. I know you won't cross any lines." That reassurance eased me a little. Baxter would never harm me, and with my language skills, as long as I didn't leak anything intentionally, the translation itself should be safe. I lifted my gaze and nodded. "Alright. I'll help. When do I start?" He visibly relaxed, handing me the folder. "I'll give you the physical copy later tonight.

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Will three days be enough?" "That's fine," I said. When my fingers brushed the sealed edge of the folder, I could already feel how thick the stack of papers inside was. "Good. Give me a second," he said, getting up and heading toward the stairs. I sat on the couch and was about to check the time on my phone when the doorbell suddenly rang. I frowned. Who would visit Baxter at this hour? Regina's POV: I held the silk ribbon of the gift box tightly as I stood beside my parents at the front door of the old mansion. But when the door opened, I froze. Amanda was standing there.

She wore a simple white T-shirt, her skin still that same dull, uneven tone from her ugly disguise. But somehow, standing in Baxter's doorway, she looked like she belonged there-like the house was hers. "Amanda? What are you doing here?" I asked, my voice trembling as I gripped the ribbon even tighter. Why is she here? How could she even know Mr. Duncan? He is the top language instructor at the Royal Training Camp-someone the Bureau itself hired for translation work. And Amanda is just some Omega from the countryside, someone who doesn't even have a wolf spirit.

My parents quickly stepped in, offering polite smiles. "Excuse us, is this Mr. Duncan's home? We're here to see him." 1/2 16:37 Mon, Dec 29 MA Chapter 56 Not Qualified Amanda didn't even glance at me. She simply just nodded. "Please wait a moment." €27 +10 Free Coins Just then, footsteps echoed from the stairs. Baxter appeared, holding a sealed folder. When he saw us, he discreetly moved the folder behind his back before smiling. "Come in." I stepped into the living room, but the question slipped out before I could stop it. "Mr.

Duncan, are you planning to take Amanda as your student?" My heart raced as I met his eyes-half anxious, half terrified. If Amanda really became his student, she'd gain influence at school. No one would dare look down on her again. But Baxter didn't answer right away. He glanced at Amanda instead. "You two know each other?" "We're classmates," Amanda said calmly, her voice flat and emotionless. Baxter then turned to me, his tone cool and firm. "She's not qualified to be my student." Relief washed over me instantly. I almost smiled. Of course, she wasn't qualified.

Her foreign language skills were terrible-she struggled just answering questions in class. There was no way she could impress someone like Baxter. I stepped closer, my voice eager. "Then, Mr. Duncan, could you take me as your student instead?" He looked at me evenly. "I only take students based on talent-not on what others say about them." 2/2 Mark

Chapter 57 Strict Standards Regina's POV: 427 +10 Free Coins My dad, Kylan Yeoman, stepped forward and smiled at Baxter. He tried to help. "Mr. Duncan, Regina has always been good with languages. Other teachers say she's very talented. Please take her as your student." I watched Baxter's face, hoping. My heart beat fast. But before he could answer, Amanda spoke up. "Mr. Duncan, is my material ready? Could you give it to me? I need to go." Baxter took the sealed folder from behind the TV and handed it to her. They exchanged a quick look. There was something hidden in that look.

I stared at the folder and felt sick. They were clearly more than just friends. How could Amanda have Baxter's secret file? Baxter walked Amanda to the door. After he left, the living room had only the three of us. Kylan asked quietly, "What is your classmate's relationship with Baxter?" I bit my lip and said nothing. Inside, I felt panicked and messy. No matter what, I had to make Baxter accept me as his student today. Baxter came back soon. He glanced at me and said plainly, "I choose students based on talent. Let me see what you can do." I grabbed the paper and sat down on the couch.

I felt proud. Translating ancient language should be easy for me. I always got full marks on tests. No problem. The first two lines were normal sentences. I wrote them fast and smiled. But when I reached the fourth line, my pen froze. The words were all technical terms. Some I had never seen. My fingers were sweaty. My mind went blank. Sweat ran down my temple and soaked the corner of the paper. I glanced at Baxter. He was looking down at the document. But I felt like he was staring at me. I felt nervous. At last, the time was up. I handed my translation to him. My hands were shaking.

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Baxter read it quickly. Then he looked up. "Your basics are okay," he said. "But you don't have enough technical vocabulary. Now let's test your speaking." He handed me a book. I breathed deep and began to read aloud. Teachers always said my pronunciation was good. But as I read, I felt it go wrong. Baxter's brow furrowed more and more. When I finished, he closed the book. His tone was blunt. "Your basics are fine, but you can't keep up my pace. If you study with me, I'm afraid I'll only hold you back. You should find another teacher." Those words hit me like a bucket of cold water.

All my hope died. Kylan pleaded, "Baxter, please look again. Regina is really good. Please reconsider." with 1/2 16:38 Mon, Dec 29 MJE Chapter 57 Strict Standards 27 +10 Free Coins "Language study requires talent," Baxter said firmly. "She is clearly average. My standards are strict. I'm sorry, but your daughter does not meet them." I clenched my dress and looked up stubbornly. "What must I do to meet your standard?" I asked. He pressed his lips and gave me a pitying look.

"Your classmate Amanda-if your speaking could match hers, then maybe I would consider it." I left the old house with my head down. My nails dug into my palm. Kylan kept muttering, "It's okay. We'll find another teacher." I didn't hear him. One thought filled my mind. Amanda, how dare you be better than me? You just act pitiful and win sympathy. I walked for a while and then stopped. My eyes grew cold. Since Mr. Duncan said I was worse than her, I would make her slip up. 2/2 Mark

Chapter 58 Advanced Question Amanda's POV: 027 +10 Free Coins By the time I got back to Ortega Castle with the sealed folder Baxter gave me, the sky was already dark. I locked myself inside my room and only turned on a small warm night lamp. Then I carefully tore open the seal. Inside were over 30 pages of yellowed paper, filled with ancient Firish werewolf terms mixed with Eclipse Pack energy symbols. It was even

more complex than the Bureau letter I had translated last time. Alice warned me in my head, "These symbols look really tough. Be careful not to mess it up." I didn't answer.

I just picked up my pen and began matching each symbol with the reference guide, word by word, line by line. I had only finished two pages when there was a knock on my door. A maid's voice came from outside. "Ms. Lamb, Mr. Hugh asked me to bring you a glass of milk." My heart skipped a beat. I quickly shoved the papers under my pillow and pulled the sheet over them. Then I cracked the door open, grabbed the glass, and shut it fast. The Bureau had made it clear-this had to stay secret. Even the Ortegas' servants couldn't see these files.

I took a sip of the milk, warmth sliding down my throat, then sat back at my desk. I kept translating until past midnight, but I'd only finished a third. I locked the papers in the hidden compartment of my wardrobe and rubbed my temples. Three days wasn't much time-I'd have to move faster. By Monday morning, sunlight spilled across the werewolf training grounds, carrying the scent of damp grass. As I walked through the school gates, I spotted Emily running toward me with her backpack bouncing. "Amanda!" she called.

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"Morning, Emily," I said, smiling as I slowed down: She grabbed my wrist, eyes sparkling like a little wolf pup trying to please. "Um... I couldn't solve the last two problems on the wolf spirit energy homework. Can I copy yours?" The assignment from last week involved energy conversion rates between different packs. It sure was tricky. I reached out and ruffled her hair. "I'll teach you later. Copying won't help-you've got to understand the process." Emily nodded right away. "Okay!

Learning from you is way better than figuring it out myself anyway!" We chatted and laughed all the way to the classroom. As soon as we sat down, I pulled out a scrap of paper and started sketching an energy chart for her. "Look," I said, "the Eclipse Pack's base energy value is 18.7, and the Shadow Pack's conversion rate is 0.63. Use the cross formula here, and you'll get the wolf spirit's stability threshold ... " Emily's eyes lit up. "Amanda, you're amazing! This is way easier than what the teacher explained!" 1/2 11 16:38 Mon, Dec 29 MJ.

Chapter 58 Advanced Question +10 Free Coins Just then, the wolf spirit energy teacher walked in with his lesson plan. Emily quickly shoved the notes into her bag. I opened my textbook, pretending to follow along, but under the desk, I pulled out my translation notes. I already knew everything in this class by heart. Might as well use the time to finish more of the Bureau's work. I had barely translated two lines when the teacher's sharp voice broke the silence. "Amanda!" I looked up. He was frowning, pointing at the board. "You're not paying attention.

Come solve this problem in front of everyone-and explain your process!" Every head turned toward me. Most of them looked like they expected me to fail. Alice whispered,

"Here we go again. He's just picking on you." I stood and walked to the front. On the board was an advanced-level problem-way beyond our class. It required calculating the resonance value of three packs' mixed energies, with environmental factors included. I glanced at it once, then grabbed the chalk. My fingers moved fast.

First, calculate the base resonance rate, then factor in environmental variables, and finally use the simplified formula to cancel the extra values. The whole process took less than a minute. My steps were so clear that even the students in the back could follow them. The teacher leaned closer, squinting through his glasses. His expression shifted from surprise to shock. "This ... this method is even simpler than the textbook version! And every step is correct-the numbers match perfectly!" The class erupted. "Whoa, Amanda's incredible!" someone whispered.

"She solved an advanced question in seconds?" Another student started copying my steps into their notebook. The teacher tapped the board and said to everyone, "You should all learn from Amanda's approach! Even when she seems distracted, her ability stays solid!" From that day on, no matter what I did in class-translating, writing, or daydreaming-the wolf spirit energy teacher never called on me again. He probably realized that nothing in his lessons could challenge me anymore. 2/2 Mark

Chapter 59 Trash Regina's POV: 22 +10 Free Coins The bell for gym class had just rung. I watched everyone rush to the locker room and pretended to move slowly, staying last on purpose. The moment the classroom door closed, I hurried to Amanda's desk. My fingers dug into my backpack strap. I was still angry about Baxter's house. Today, I would make her look ridiculous. I unzipped her bag. Besides textbooks, there was a thick folder inside. I pulled it out and flipped it open. The pages were full of twisted, ancient-looking script. I didn't recognize a single word.

"What is this junk?" I sneered. She's clearly showing off with stuff nobody understands. She wants people to think she's smart. I didn't hesitate. I grabbed the whole stack and tossed the papers onto the floor, even stomping on some of them. Seeing them scattered felt satisfying. I waited and waited to watch her fail. If she couldn't explain her own notes, Baxter wouldn't think she had talent. Just as I dropped the last sheet, I heard footsteps at the classroom door. I rushed back to my seat and pretended to straighten my books, but I kept watching the doorway. Amanda and Emily walked in.

Emily saw the papers and bent down to pick one up. "Who threw all this trash?" Amanda's face changed. She lunged forward and snatched the paper from Emily's hand. Her fingers were white from gripping so hard. I laughed. "Amanda, is this all yours?" She ignored me and hugged the scattered pages to her chest. Prunella walked over, picked up one page, and put on a show "Huh. I can't read a word of this. Do you, like, know some ancient language or something?" "Was this you?" Amanda finally looked up. Her eyes were ice-cold and fixed on me. I turned my face away and acted innocent.

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"Amanda, don't blame me." "You better not be the one who did this," she said, low and dangerous. "If you are, I won't let it go." Prunella shivered and mumbled, "It wasn't me," before slipping back to her seat. I sat up straight, but my hands were shaking. Amanda didn't sound like she was bluffing. Amanda's POV: 1/2 16:38 Mon, Dec 29 Chapter 59 Trash KIRA 27 +10 Free Coins My fingers burned as they gripped the crumpled papers. My wolf spirit felt hot and tense. This was Baxter's sealed file for the Bureau. If it leaked, I'd be in trouble-and so would he. I didn't argue with Regina.

I pulled out my phone and dialed Theo. My voice was low and sharp, a command, not a question. "Theo, bring my laptop here now." On the other end, Theo had been joking around, but he snapped serious when he heard me. "Boss, who messed with you? I'm on my way." "You have 15 minutes to get my laptop here. Don't be late." I hung up and focused on the papers. I counted -thankfully, all 30-plus pages were still there, though some were dirtied from being stepped on. Emily leaned close and whispered, "Amanda, should we tell the teacher?" "No," I said. I glanced at Regina.

She pretended to read, but her shoulders were tight. I smiled coldly inside. Since she dared touch my things, she would pay. This time, whoever did it would face the consequences. 2/2 Mark

Chapter 60 The Consequences Amanda's POV: I had just smoothed the last page when the classroom door slammed open. 27 +10 Free Coins Theo rushed in carrying my laptop. Sweat dotted his hairline. He dropped the laptop on my desk. "Boss, I brought your stuff." I opened the laptop and typed fast. The school hallway security feed popped up. I sped up the timeline. In two minutes, I found the gym period footage. There was Regina. She sneaked into the room, pulled papers from my backpack, and scattered them on the floor. She even stepped on some pages with her shoe.

"The one who made you angry-this her?" Theo leaned in. A hard look flashed in his eyes. "How dare she touch the Boss's things. That's crossing a line." I turned the laptop so he could see. "Do it," I said calmly. "Show me what you will do." Theo sat up straight and started typing fast. A profile of Regina filled the screen. Her pack, the Midnight Pack, makes protective gear for werewolves. They were negotiating a deal with Eclipse Pack. The whole pack depended on a few big clients. Theo smiled at me. The smile was sly. "Don't worry.

I'll teach her a lesson she won't forget." I closed the folder and put the papers back into the sealed envelope. The footage was proof. There was no need to argue with Regina. Theo's methods would make her and her family pay the price. Regina's POV: Air conditioning hissed in the dining hall. I bit into a steak and laughed with Prunella and the others. "Did you see Amanda? She looked so weak when she picked up the papers. Her hands were shaking. She couldn't even explain what was written." Prunella curled her nose. "She's faking it. Ancient language?

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She can't even name all 26 letters." "But Amanda's stare was scary," another girl whispered. "I'm still shaken." I scoffed and waved my fork. "She's just a country girl. Nothing to fear." Then my mind link buzzed. It was Dad. I frowned and answered. "Yes, Dad?" "Regina, have you made enemies at school?" His voice trembled. "I just got word another pack wants to stop cooperating with us." My heart dropped. I thought of Amanda first. But then I shook my head. Amanda was an Omega without a wolf spirit. How could she cause this? "I didn't do anything," I snapped. "Who would I offend?"

I get along with everyone." 1/2 16:38 Mon, Dec 29 M Jau Chapter 60 The Consequences "Are you sure?" Dad pressed. He sounded worried. +10 Free Coins "Yes!" I snapped back. I was annoyed. "Are people spreading rumors? Also, my allowance is almost gone. Can you transfer some money?" Dad hesitated. "Okay. I'll send it after I eat. Stay out of trouble at training camp." I hung up and tossed the phone on the table. I turned to Prunella and the others with a grin. "No class this afternoon. Let's go buy Chanel No. 5. You said you wanted it, right?" Prunella lit up. "Yes!

How do we tell the coach?" "What do you mean? We just leave." I grabbed my bag. I barely heard Dad's warning. I didn't believe Amanda could hurt us. 2/2 Mark
