

## Broken 135

### Chapter 135 A Romantic CEO DANIEL

As I left Elias's office, I felt a pressure in my chest that I couldn't shake. No matter how calmly I'd spoken, the tension between us was heavy. I needed to clear my head. I needed to breathe away from the company, away from the questions and the constant weight of leadership. But more than that, I needed to make things right with Amy. The way she'd walked out of my office earlier kept replaying in my mind all day. I didn't blame her. I took out my phone and called a private booking agent I'd used before. Within minutes, I had a reservation made at a five-star hotel in the city—a suite with a private balcony, dinner by candlelight, and a quiet atmosphere where it would just be us. I wanted it to feel like a small escape from everything else. After I hung up, I texted Amy. >"Be ready by seven. Don't ask questions. Just dress nicely." She didn't reply immediately, which didn't surprise me. She was probably still upset. I didn't blame her for that either. But I was determined to make her smile again before the night ended. By six, I was home, showered, and dressed. I wore a black suit. When Amy walked down the stairs, I nearly lost my words. She wore a navy-blue dress that fit her perfectly. Her hair was down in waves, and she looked elegant without trying. "You look..." I started but stopped myself. "Perfect." She gave a small smile, though it didn't reach her eyes. "You said to dress nicely. So I did." I opened the car door for her, and she got in without saying much. The drive to the hotel was quiet, but it wasn't tense. When we arrived, the hotel staff greeted us and led us to the private dining suite I had arranged. The room had soft lighting, a small round table near the window, and a view of the city lights. The table was set with white linens, silver cutlery, and two glasses of champagne waiting. Amy's expression softened as she looked around. "This is... nice," she said quietly. "I wanted to do something different," I replied, pulling out her chair for her. "No work. No interruptions. Just us." She sat down and gave a faint laugh. "That's rare."

"It shouldn't be," I said. "I know I haven't been the easiest person to live with lately. Between the company, the pack, and everything that's been happening..." I paused, trying to find the right words. "I've let too many things get between us." Amy looked at me for a moment, her expression unreadable. "And Selene?" I nodded slowly. "Especially her." The waiter came in with our first course. A grilled salmon with lemon butter. We waited until he left before I continued. "I know what you saw today," I said. "And I get why it bothered you. But nothing happened. She came to my office, tried to talk about the past, and I made it clear that it's over. Whatever she wants from me, she won't get it." Amy poked lightly at her food. "I want to believe that." "Then do," I said softly. "Because it's the truth." She sighed. "I just... I don't want to go through another mess, Daniel." I reached across the table and took her hand. "You won't have to. I promise." For a few seconds, we just sat there, and enjoyed the moment. The second course came—steak with mashed potatoes and roasted vegetables. We ate quietly, talking about irrelevant things—the last company project, Mason's clumsy new intern, even some gossip from the pack that made Amy roll her eyes. Bit by bit, the tension started to fade. Halfway through dinner, she looked at me and said, "You've been quiet since this morning. You're not telling me everything, are you?"

I hesitated. "You mean about Elias?" Her eyes narrowed slightly. "So it's about him." "Yeah," I admitted. "Something about the way he talks about Celine doesn't sit right with me. He said she needed help, that he just offered support, but... I don't buy it. There's something off." Amy nodded slowly. "Then we keep watching him. Like we agreed." "That's the plan," I said. "But for tonight, I just wanted this. Us. No talk about work, no plotting, no worrying." She smiled faintly. "You really went all out, didn't you?" I

shrugged. “You deserve it.” 0:0 Dessert came—a simple chocolate mousse with strawberries. Amy took one bite and laughed quietly. “Okay, this is good.” “Better than your baking?” I teased. She shot me a glare that made me laugh. “Watch it, Carter.” For a few minutes, we just ate in silence again, but it was comfortable this time. When we finished, I stood and reached out my hand. “Dance with me?” Amy looked surprised. “There’s no music.” I smiled. “We’ll make do.” 95 Finished She rolled her eyes but stood up anyway, placing her hand in mine. I guided her gently, swaying in slow rhythm. Her head rested lightly against my shoulder, and for once, everything felt calm. After a few minutes, she looked up at me. “I missed this,” she said. “Me too.” We stopped dancing and we just stood there, looking at each other. I could see that small flicker of trust returning to her eyes. It wasn’t all the way there yet, but it was enough. I brushed my thumb across her cheek. “I don’t ever want you to doubt where my heart is, Amy. No matter who walks in from the past, it’s you I chose. It’s always been you.” She looked at me, and for a second, I thought she might cry, but she just nodded. “Then prove it. Keep showing me like this.” “I will,” I said. We sat back down, and she leaned her arm against mine, more relaxed now. The waiter came to clear the table, and I signed the bill quietly. As we left, Amy slipped her hand into mine. “You know,” she said, “for a CEO and an Alpha, you can be romantic when you want to.” I laughed. “Don’t tell anyone. It’ll ruin my reputation.”

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