

Broken 151

Chapter 151 She Means All

DANIEL

I couldn't sit still. I kept pacing across the living room, running my hands through my hair, trying to breathe. Something was wrong. I could feel it deep and sharp through the bond I shared with Amy. It wasn't just worry; it was panic. Fear and pain hit me out of nowhere, and it felt like was being crushed. my chest I grabbed my phone and called Cole immediately. He didn't pick up the first time. My heartbeat was pounding in my ears. The moment he answered on the second ring, I didn't wait. "Where's Amy?" I demanded. There was a pause. I could hear movement in the background engine. Then his voice came, a bit rushed. "We're on our way home, sir." a door closing, the hum of an "What happened?" there was no response. "Cole!" I barked. He hesitated. "She's fine, sir. I'll explain when we get home." That only made me angrier. My grip tightened on the phone. "You'd better," I said and hung up. I stood by the window, looking out at the gate, waiting for the car headlights. My wolf was restless. It wanted to run, to find her, to make sure she was safe. Every second felt like a knife twisting deeper. Then, finally, the car pulled in. The moment Amy stepped out, I went straight to her. She looked shaken, her hair was a mess, and there was a faint mark on her cheek. I didn't even think. I pulled her into my arms and held her tight. "Where were you?" My voice came out rougher than I meant it to. Before she could answer, Cole spoke up behind her. "She asked me to take her to get ice cream, Alpha. While she was freshening up in the restroom, Selene and Clara attacked her." My whole body went rigid. "What?" He nodded once, his face serious. "I got there before it got worse." Amy tried to speak, but I wasn't listening anymore. The words "Selene" and "Clara" were already echoing in my head like thunder. I hugged her again, just to be sure she was really there, and then stepped back. My hands were still shaking, but not from fear anymore. It was from anger. "Stay here," I said to Amy. "I'll deal with this." "Daniel, wait-" she started, but I was already heading for the door. I didn't stop until I reached my car. The engine roared to life, and I sped out through the gates, heading straight for the east side of town - where I knew Selene usually stayed. My jaw clenched so tight it hurt. My wolf was growling inside me, pushing, wanting out. It took everything I had to keep control. How dare they touch her? By the time I reached Selene's place, I was ready to tear the door off its hinges. I slammed my fist against it, then pushed it open. The place was quiet, too quiet. I stepped inside, scanning every corner. There was no one. "Selene!" I shouted. "Clara!" Nothing. Just silence. The scent of perfume and dust hung in the air, but there was no trace of either of them.

I turned, my anger was burning hotter by the second. I pulled out my phone and called the pack enforcers. "Find Selene and Clara," I ordered. "Now. Bring them in, both of them." "Yes, Alpha," came the quick reply. I ended the call and stood there for a moment, breathing hard. I looked around the empty apartment again - open window, half-packed bag by the bed, a few clothes thrown around. They'd run. "Cowards," I muttered. I kicked the chair beside me and it splintered against the wall. My head was spinning, trying to figure out what to do next. I couldn't go hunting them down myself, not tonight. Amy needed me home. Still, I couldn't shake the image of her face when she stepped out of that car. The fear in her eyes, the mark on her cheek... It killed me. got back in the car and gripped the steering wheel until my knuckles went white. I forced myself to calm down before heading home. The last thing Amy needed was to see me lose control. When I got back, she was sitting on the couch, her hands clasped tightly together. Cole stood nearby, silent but alert. Amy looked up as soon as I walked in.

“Did you find them?” she asked quietly. I shook my head. “They’re gone. But I’ve sent people after them.” She nodded slowly, her eyes dropping to the floor. I walked over and sat beside her. For a moment, neither of us spoke. I just watched her. She was trying to act strong, but her fingers were trembling slightly. I reached out and took her hand. “You don’t have to pretend,” I said. Her eyes lifted to mine, and the wall she was holding up cracked a little. “I just wanted a normal day, Daniel. Just one simple thing.” “I know,” I said softly. “And they took that from you.” Her lips pressed together, and I could tell she was fighting tears. I squeezed her hand. “You’re safe now. That’s what matters.” She nodded again but didn’t answer. I pulled her closer until she leaned against me, her head on my shoulder. I stayed like that, holding her. After a while, I said quietly, “More reason to stay back at home.” She turned her head slightly. “Daniel?” “You still need time,” I said. “To rest.” She sighed, almost relieved. “I was hoping you’d say that.” I brushed a strand of hair from her face. “Then it’s settled. I’ll handle things at the company. You focus on yourself.” For a long time, we sat there in silence. Outside was quiet, but inside me, the storm hadn’t stopped. I wanted to find Selene and Clara and make them pay, but I couldn’t leave Amy again tonight. Not after what happened. When she finally drifted off to sleep against my shoulder, I leaned back and looked at her face. Cedella is a passionate storyteller known for her bold romantic and spicy novels that keep readers hooked from the very first chapter. With a flair for crafting emotionally intense plots and unforgettable characters, she blends love, desire, and drama into every story she writes. Cedella’s storytelling style is immersive and addictive—perfect for fans of heated romances and heart-pounding twists.

Chapter 152 You Will Never Find Help

AMY

I didn’t know what pulled me under later at night. Maybe it was exhaustion, maybe the heaviness of everything that had happened lately. All I knew was that my sleep didn’t feel peaceful. It felt strange, heavy. Almost like something was pressing really hard on my chest. Then I heard my name. It sounded distant at first, almost like it came from somewhere deep underground, a sewer maybe. “Amy...” I tried to look around, but everything was pitch black. The air felt cold and sharp against my skin. I called out, “Hello?” My voice echoed, but nothing answered. The silence was louder than sound. Then I heard the voice again, this time it sounded closer. It was low and cruel. “You won’t find help here.” it echoed with hate. I turned in every direction, but I couldn’t see anything or anyone. My heart began to race. “Who are you? Where are you?” I shouted. Still, there was no answer. The ground beneath my feet suddenly broke apart. I screamed as I fell. There was no end, no bottom—just endless darkness swallowing me whole. My hair whipped around my face as I kept falling faster. My chest burned. My throat tightened. I tried to call Daniel’s name, but the words wouldn’t come out. Then the voice came again, whispering so close to my ear it made me freeze. “You will be alone forever.” I screamed again, but the darkness only swallowed the sound. My stomach twisted as I kept falling until I couldn’t breathe anymore. It felt like the world had disappeared and it was just me with the empty space pulling me down. Then, a hand grabbed me suddenly. “AMY!” Daniel’s voice broke through the dark. My eyes flew open, and I gasped for air like I had been underwater. Sweat covered my face, and my heart pounded so hard I could feel it in my throat. My entire body was soaked with sweat, I might have drowned in them. Daniel was holding my shoulders. His face was full of worry. “Hey, hey... it’s okay. You’re safe. You’re here with me.” he said to me in a low and gentle tone. It took me a few seconds to understand where I was. I looked around. The room was dim, the moonlight barely touching the curtains. My hands were shaking, and my chest hurt. “I... I was falling,” I whispered. “There was this voice, someone said I’ll never find help. I couldn’t

see anything. It felt real, Daniel.” He pulled me close, pressing my head against his chest. I could hear his heartbeat, steady and strong. “It was just a nightmare,” he said softly. “You’re okay now.” But I didn’t feel okay. The fear clung to me like a second skin that would take me forever to peel off. My hands were still trembling, and every time I closed my eyes, I could still see the darkness swallowing me. Daniel brushed my hair from my face and looked at me carefully. “You’re safe,” he said again, his voice firm this time. “Nothing can hurt you while I’m here.”

I nodded, but my breathing was uneven. I didn’t want to go back to sleep. I was scared that if I closed my eyes again, I’d fall right back into that same pit. He must’ve noticed because he stood up and said, “Come on. You won’t be able to rest like this.” He helped me out of bed and led me downstairs. The house was quiet, and the floor felt cold under my feet. Daniel turned on the TV and scrolled through the channels until he found an old movie. I didn’t even care what it was. The sound and light were enough to keep me grounded. He brought me a blanket and sat beside me. I leaned into him, and he wrapped an arm around my shoulder. After a few minutes, he looked down at me and said softly, “You’ve been through too much lately. Maybe your mind just needed to let it out.” “Maybe,” I murmured, but I wasn’t sure. The dream didn’t feel like something my mind made up. It felt like something or someone was trying to tell me something. But I didn’t say that. I didn’t want to worry him more. The movie played in the background, but I barely followed it. I could still feel the echo of that. It wasn’t something I could just brush off. Daniel rubbed slow circles on my arm with his thumb, like he was trying to ease the tension out of me. “You know,” he said quietly, “no matter what happens, you’re not alone. You have me. Always.” I looked at him and forced a small smile. “I know. I just wish everything would stop feeling so heavy.” He kissed the top of my head. “It will. One day at a time.” We stayed like that for a long time. Eventually, the fear started to fade, replaced by the warmth of his body next to mine. My eyes felt heavy, and my head rested against his chest. Before I drifted off, I heard him whisper, “I love you so much, Amy. I will until my last breath.” Those words were the last thing I heard before I finally fell asleep again. When I woke up later in the morning, the room was quiet, except for the soft hum of the TV still playing. The light from outside filled the living room, it felt warm and calm. For a moment, I thought everything was fine. Then I saw Daniel sitting beside me, holding my phone. He wasn’t smiling. His expression was tight in a frown, eyes focused on the screen. My stomach sank. “Daniel?” I said, my voice still weak from sleep. He looked up at me slowly, his brows drawn together. I sat up and rubbed my eyes, still half dazed. “What are you doing with my phone?” He didn’t answer immediately. He just kept staring at me, then at the phone again. The silence stretched between us, and the air suddenly felt suffocating. Cedella is a passionate storyteller known for her bold romantic and spicy novels that keep readers hooked from the very first chapter. With a flair for crafting emotionally intense plots and unforgettable characters, she blends love, desire, and drama into every story she writes. Cedella’s storytelling style is immersive and addictive—perfect for fans of heated romances and heart-pounding twists.

Chapter 153 Don’t Walk Out On Me

AMY

I sat up slowly, still trying to shake off the last bits of sleep, while Daniel’s eyes stayed fixed on me. He was still holding my phone, his thumb hovering over the screen like he wasn’t sure what to do next. “Daniel,” I called out again, my voice was low. “Why are you going through my phone?” He didn’t answer right away. He just looked at me, his jaw tight. “Why are you keeping things from me?” Those

weren't the words I was expecting. I frowned and sat all the way up. "What are you talking about?" He raised his brow slightly, his tone sounded calm but sharp. "Don't answer my question with another question, Amy. You know exactly what I'm talking about." That made my stomach twist. For a second, I didn't say anything. I tried to think of what he could've seen, what he could've found. My chest started to tighten. "I don't know what you mean," I said carefully, hoping he wasn't referring to the PI. He sighed deeply and looked at me like he was trying to control his temper. "Why did you hire a private investigator and hide it from me?" I froze as the words hung in the air between us. My mind went blank for a few seconds. There was no point pretending anymore. He already knew. I swallowed hard. "Because of this," I said quietly. "Because of how you always worry, Daniel. I didn't want you stressing over something that's mine to figure out." His jaw tightened. "Mine to figure out?" he repeated, his tone almost disbelieving. "You're my mate, Amy. Do you really think your pain doesn't affect me?" I looked away, not trusting myself to meet his eyes. "That's exactly it. You always make it problem. And I can't keep living like I'm being watched every second. I needed to do something on my own." He stood up slowly, still holding my phone in his hand. The look on his face made my chest ache – hurt, confusion, disappointment. All at once. "You still don't understand, do you?" he said quietly. "You don't know how much you mean to me." I opened my mouth to respond, but nothing came out. I wanted to explain that it wasn't about not trusting him it was about wanting to breathe, to think for myself for once. But the words — got stuck in my throat. He placed the phone down on the table and rubbed the back of his neck. I could see how hard he was trying to keep himself calm. His voice dropped lower. "I would've helped you. I would've gone through anything to find answers for you. But you didn't even give me that chance" "Because I didn't want you to get hurt," I said, finally meeting his eyes. "Every time I fall apart, you fall with me. I couldn't handle watching you carry my burden again." His lips pressed together in a tight line. "That's what love is, Amy. Carrying each other when it gets too heavy. I've never once seen you as a burden."

I felt my chest twist again. He meant every word, and that made it worse. "I know," I whispered. "But I just wanted to handle something myself. For once." He looked at me for a long moment, then nodded slightly like he'd finally accepted I wasn't going to say anything else. "You've made your point," he said. His voice was calm, but I could hear the distance in it. He turned and started walking toward the stairs. "Daniel—" I called out, standing up, but he didn't stop. He didn't even look back. I followed him halfway up the stairs, watching as he grabbed his jacket from the hallway stand. He didn't rush, didn't slam the door – he just moved quietly, like someone who didn't have the energy to argue anymore. He stopped by the mirror, adjusted his collar, and finally said without turning around, "I need to clear my head." "Daniel, please," I said softly. "Don't walk out like this." He turned around then, his eyes softer than his voice. "I'm not angry, Amy. It just hurts. You think I don't notice how hard you're trying to be strong, but hiding things from me only pushes us apart." His words made my throat tighten, but I couldn't say anything. I felt guilty, but I also felt trapped like no matter what I did, I'd still end up disappointing him. He grabbed his keys from the counter. "I'll be back later." "Okay," I whispered. He paused for a second longer, like he wanted to say something else, but then he just turned and walked out the door. The sound of it closing echoed through the quiet house. For a moment, I just stood there, frozen. The silence after he left was deafening. I sat back down on the couch and picked up my phone. The screen was still on the message I'd sent to Cole about the PI. That must've been what Daniel saw. I stared at it, my heart sinking deeper. I didn't regret hiring the PI, I needed to know the truth about where I came from but I hated how it made Daniel feel. He'd always been the one steady thing in my life, and now I'd gone and shaken that. Still, part of me couldn't ignore the small, stubborn voice inside saying that I had a right to

do this my way. I leaned back on the couch and stared at the ceiling. My thoughts were all over the place – guilt, frustration, confusion. I didn't even realize tears were running down my face until one fell onto my arm. I wiped it away quickly, angry at myself for crying again. I told myself I'd wait for him to come back, that we'd talk properly later. But as the hours passed, the house stayed quiet. I kept replaying our argument in my head. His face. His voice. The look in his eyes when he said I didn't understand how much I meant to him. Cedella is a passionate storyteller known for her bold romantic and spicy novels that keep readers hooked from the very first chapter. With a flair for crafting emotionally intense plots and unforgettable characters, she blends love, desire, and drama into every story she writes. Cedella's storytelling style is immersive and addictive—perfect for fans of heated romances and heart-pounding twists.

Chapter 154 You Made Your Choice

AMY

He wasn't wrong. I just didn't know how to handle someone loving me that deeply. It scared me almost as much as losing myself. By the time I finally got up, the sky outside had already turned gray. I didn't know if he'd come back tonight or if he just needed space. Either way, I decided not to call. Not yet. I placed my phone on the table, drew in a shaky breath, and sat there for a long time, staring at the door. That was exactly where I stayed waiting and thinking, not sure what would happen next. The clock ticked louder than usual. I'd been sitting in the living room for hours, waiting for Daniel to come home. My stomach twisted every time a car passed by outside, only to fade again into silence. I couldn't sit still anymore. I grabbed my jacket and keys. Cole was outside, leaning against the car, scrolling through his phone. When he saw me, he straightened. "Going somewhere, Luna?" he asked. I scored, "Since when do you call me Luna?" I asked in surprise. "I'm sorry. I heard the argument and I didn't want to overstep." "I'm going to find Daniel," I replied, walking toward the car. He nodded and opened the back door for me. "I'll drive." I shook my head. "No. I need to do this alone." He frowned. "It's late. You shouldn't-" "I'll be fine, Cole." I gave him a look that told him not to argue. "I'll call if anything happens." He sighed, clearly not happy about it, but he stepped aside. "At least take the spare phone. In case yours dies." I took it from him and got into the driver's seat. "Thanks." As soon as I started the engine, the house lights behind me grew smaller in the rearview mirror. I drove aimlessly at first, my thoughts running circles around everything that had happened. I shouldn't have let him walk out like that. Daniel wasn't just my mate, he was the one person who always calmed me. And now, the house felt like it was caving in without him. I checked the first bar near the company district. It was half full with mostly workers winding down for the night. There was no sign of him. I went to another one across town. Same story. The bartender even gave me a sympathetic smile when I asked if he'd seen anyone matching Daniel's description. By the third place, I started to lose hope. Maybe he'd gone somewhere quiet. Daniel didn't drink much when he was upset, he preferred silence. I tried a small café he sometimes visited when he needed to clear his head. The lights were dim, soft music playing, but again -no Daniel. I rubbed my temples and sighed. I was exhausted but not ready to give up. I ordered a cup of coffee I didn't even drink, just to gather my thoughts. When I finally stood to leave, I bumped into someone near the door. "Watch where you're-" I started, then stopped when I saw his face. "Mark?"

His smirk came before his words. "Amy. It's been a while." I felt my entire body tense. "Not long enough," I said flatly. He chuckled, stepping closer. "Still sharp. I like that." I rolled my eyes and tried to move past him, but he blocked the doorway. "What do you want, Mark?" He leaned against the

doorframe, pretending to look casual. "Maybe a chance to talk. I heard your little fairy-tale romance with Daniel is still ongoing. It must be nice having everything you want handed to you." I crossed my arms. "You don't know a thing about me." He tilted his head. "I know you used to have better taste." That did it. "You're drunk," I said, pushing past him. He grabbed my wrist lightly, his voice low. "You don't have to act like you're so happy, Amy. We both know how fake some things can be. Come on, why don't we—" I yanked my hand free. "Why don't you shove it down your throat and go back to Clara where you belong?" His smirk vanished. "Clara and I—" "I don't care," I cut him off. "You made your choice a long time ago. Now let me make mine." For a moment, he just stood there, face tight with frustration. Then I turned and walked out. The cold night air hit me hard, but it helped clear my head. I took a deep breath and got back in the car. My hands were shaking slightly as I gripped the wheel. Enough wasting time. If Daniel wasn't at home, or the bars, or the café, there was only one place left to check which was the office. He often went there when he needed to think, especially after arguments. Work gave him control when everything else felt out of order. The drive felt longer than usual, the streets were quiet except for the hum of my engine and the sound of other cars driving by. My heart pounded harder the closer I got. When I reached Carter Enterprise Holdings, most of the building was dark except for the faint glow on the top floor – his office. Relief and anxiety tangled in my chest. He was there but what do I say when I get there. I parked and walked through the empty lobby. The guard nodded politely when he saw me, no questions asked. you that makes rethink every word you've pace The elevator ride up was slow, the kind of slow said in the past twenty-four hours. By the time the doors opened, I was a bundle of nerves. The hallway leading to Daniel's office was silent. Light illuminated from under his door. I hesitated for a second, then knocked softly. There was no answer. I turned the handle and stepped inside. He was sitting at his desk, the lamp casting a warm glow across scattered papers. His jacket was off, sleeves rolled up. He looked tired, but too calm.

Chapter 155 We Need To Talk

AMY

When he looked up, his expression didn't show surprise, just resignation. "Amy," he called out softly. I froze at the sound of my name. It wasn't angry, but it wasn't warm either. "I've been looking for you," I said finally. "I know." He leaned back in his chair. "Cole called." I blinked. "He did?" He nodded. "He was worried. Said you refused to let him drive you." I sighed. "I needed to clear my head. I couldn't sit and wait anymore." His eyes softened for a moment before he looked away. "You shouldn't have gone out alone, Amy." "I know," I admitted quietly. "But I had to find you." The room went quiet again. For a long time, neither of us spoke. The space between us was thick with everything we hadn't said fear, guilt, love, exhaustion. — Finally, I took a few steps forward, stopping by the edge of his desk. "Can we talk?" He nodded slowly, pushing aside the papers. "Yeah," he answered. "We need to." And just like that, I realized that maybe this wasn't about who was right or wrong anymore. Maybe it was about finding our way back to each other before the distance between us grew too wide to close. That thought alone kept me standing there, holding onto the little bit of hope left inside me. I stood in front of him, feeling every ounce of tension that had built up over the last day. Daniel's arms were at his sides, his jaw tight, eyes searching mine like he wanted to read my thoughts. I took a deep breath. "I... I shouldn't have kept things from you. I thought I was protecting you, but I see now that I just made you feel shut out." Daniel's expression softened slightly. He stepped closer, his hand reaching out, brushing a strand of hair from my face. "Amy... I should've trusted you more. I let my fear and worry get the better of me. I should've come to you before jumping to conclusions." I looked down for a moment, feeling the tension

in my chest case just slightly. "I'm sorry, too. For hiding it and for... for making things more complicated than they needed to be." His hand cupped my cheek now, warm and steady. "We both messed up. But we fix it together, yeah?" I nodded. "Together." He leaned in, and I felt his lips press against mine in a deep, passionate kiss. It wasn't gentle, it was the kind that swept away the doubts and fears and left only the raw pull between us.

I wrapped my arms around his neck, needing that closeness, needing him to know I wasn't going anywhere. We pulled back just enough to catch our breaths, and I rested my forehead against his. "Daniel..." I whispered, my voice shaky. "I don't want to fight with you ever again." He shook his head, his eyes dark with emotion. "Neither do I. You mean too much to me. I can't go a day without knowing you're okay, Amy." I smiled faintly, a mixture of relief and lingering nerves. "I know... I just need time to sort through things. But I want you to know I love you. I've always loved you." His lips found mine again, slower this time, as if he wanted to memorize the moment. My hands slid down to his chest, feeling the steady rise and fall of him. The intensity between us built, a heat that made everything else fade. I felt safe and wanted, and it wasn't just desire but it the trust and love we had for each other. Daniel rested his forehead against mine, his hand still holding my cheek. "I've missed this," he murmured. "I've missed you," I admitted. "And I've missed us being... normal, without secrets and fear." He gave a small chuckle, rubbing his thumb across my cheek. "We'll get there. Step by step." I let out a long breath and smiled. "You know what I'm realizing?" "What?" he asked, tilting his head. "I'm hungry," I said, teasing lightly, trying to shake the lingering tension.

Daniel's face lit up, that small smile that always made my chest tighten. "I know the perfect place," he said confidently. "Trust me, you won't be disappointed." I laughed softly. "I trust you. Let's go." He grabbed my hand and guided me out of his office. The air between us had shifted, it was lighter now. I felt safe with him again, like nothing else in the world mattered at that moment. As we walked toward the car, his fingers tightened around mine. "Amy," he said softly, "I'm sorry for the doubts. For the tension. I'll never stop fighting for us." I stopped for a second and looked up at him. "Daniel... I'm sorry, too. Thank you for never giving up on me. And for loving me even when I made it difficult." He leaned down and kissed me deeply again, slower this time. It wasn't about passion now, it was about reconciling and knowing we were in this together. Finally, we pulled apart enough to breathe. I pressed my forehead against his chest, hearing the steady beat of his heart. "Okay," I whispered, "let's go eat before we talk ourselves into a fight again." Daniel chuckled, "Good plan," he said. "I know exactly where to take you." We stepped out into the evening air, the city lights twinkling faintly around us. I felt happy. And walking beside him, hand in hand, I knew that no matter how complicated life got, we'd find our way back to each other. As we got into the car, I glanced at him, still smiling softly. "Lead the way," I said. Daniel returned my smile, and in that simple exchange, all the tension from earlier seemed to melt away. He started the car, and I rested my hand on his arm, leaning close as he drove. The city blurred past us, and I couldn't help but feel an over flowing peace of mind.

Chapter 156 Daniel Don't

Daniel

Over the next few days, the silence in the packhouse wasn't peaceful anymore. It was a warning. Every creak of the wooden floors felt like footsteps sneaking away. Every whisper stopped when I entered a room. Something was wrong. I could feel it like a splinter under my skin. Cole had reported seeing Clara's car near the perimeter fence two nights ago. She had no reason for her to be there especially not

after the way she and Selene had hurt Amy. I needed proof. I'd learned the hard way that accusing without evidence only caused division. But tonight, proof didn't matter. Instinct did. I'd doubled the night patrols, and ordered extra men on the borders. I told them it was a training exercise. The last thing I needed was panic spreading through the ranks. The pack was already tense. Since Selene slithered back into town, everything had shifted- loyalties, trust, even the way people greeted Amy had changed. She tried to pretend she didn't notice, but I did. I always noticed. By midnight, the house was too quiet. My head pounded from excessive pacing. I tried focusing on the reports spread across my desk, but the words blurred together. Missing supplies, unauthorized movements near the southern woods and now, one of my best men-Carter hadn't reported back. That wasn't like him. The front door opened softly behind me and Amy stepped in, wearing one of my shirts, her hair was still damp from the shower. She looked calm, but I could see the worry in her eyes. "Still no word?" she asked, voice low. I shook my head. "Nothing. He should've checked in hours ago." "Maybe he got caught up in something minor," she offered, trying to sound hopeful. "No," I said. "Carter doesn't make mistakes." I ran a hand through my hair, frustration enveloping me. "Something's happening, Amy. And I think it's connected to Selene and maybe to Elias." Her brow furrowed. "Elias? What could he possibly-" "His files," I cut in. "Before he traveled that time, he was tracking something-or someone. Half the pages were coded. I thought it was about rogue activity, but what if it wasn't?" Amy stepped closer. "You're scaring me, Daniel."

"Good," I said quietly. "Because I'm scared too." She stared at me then, as if seeing the cracks I tried to hide. "You can't do this alone. Whatever this is, you have me." "I know you do," I said, meeting her gaze. "But I need to keep you safe. There's a difference." Her expression hardened. "You think I can't protect myself?" "That's not it-" "Then what is it?" she snapped, stepping in front of me. "You keep shutting me out like I'm a fragile human, Daniel. I'm not. Stop treating me like I'll break. You tell me that I should involve you where as you don't want to involve me? Why would we laugh together and I can't share in your pain?" Her voice trembled, not from fear but from anger. And she was right. I'd built walls around her out of love, but those same walls were starting to suffocate us both. I exhaled and looked away. "If you knew what I've seen... what I've done to keep this pack standing-" "Then tell me," she interrupted. "Stop carrying it alone. If we're going to make this work, you need to let me in."

I hesitated, then the truth slipped out. "I think someone inside is feeding information to the Alpha of the South." Her eyes widened. "You're serious?" "Cole thinks Clara's involved," I said. "And Selene's too quiet. That woman doesn't breathe without a plan." Amy shook her head, disbelief mixing with anger. "We can't accuse them without proof. It'll tear the pack apart."

"It's already tearing apart," I said flatly. "I can feel it." The tension thickened until she sighed and took my hand. "You're scaring yourself into paranoia. Promise me you won't lose yourself in this." I wanted to promise. I really did. But something deep inside told me that this wasn't just politics or jealousy-this was war brewing under our noses. I brushed my thumb along her cheek. "I'll try." Her eyes softened. "That's not a promise." "No." I admitted. "It's not."

Then she reached for me, and all that tension, worry, fear, and anger all faded away as we kissed deeply. She clung to me like she was trying to pull the weight off my shoulders. For a moment, the world outside didn't exist. We kept kissing deeply and passionately and it was like time itself faded and nothing else mattered. I just wanted to remain lost in the labyrinth of the moment. When I finally broke the kiss, I pressed my forehead to hers. "Whatever happens, I won't let them touch you." Before she could reply, glass shattered behind us and the sound ripped through the air. We both turned. A brick lay on the living

room floor, shards of glass glittering around it. I bent down and picked it up. There was paper tied around it, soaked in something dark and sticky. I looked at it closely and discovered it was blood. Amy covered her mouth. "Daniel..." I untied the note and read the words scrawled in crimson: "She doesn't belong here." The letters dripped, the edges smeared, but the message was clear enough to burn. I looked back at Amy, my pulse hammering. Her eyes searched mine for an answer, but all she saw was my confusion. "That's it," I said quietly. "No more waiting. No more guessing." Her voice was barely a whisper. "What are you going to do?" "What I should've done weeks ago," I said, crumpling the note in my hand. "Find whoever's behind this and make them regret ever stepping foot on my land." Amy caught my arm. "Daniel, don't-" But it was too late. My decision was already made. I'd been trying to play by the rules, to keep order and peace. But peace was a luxury for the innocent and we weren't innocent anymore. Tonight, the hunt began.

Chapter 157 All About Me

AMY

When I opened my eyes the next morning, the other side of the bed was cold. Daniel was gone. The curtains were half drawn, and a ray of sunlight shone across the floor. His scent lingered faintly, but the silence around me made it obvious that he had been gone for hours. I sat up and looked at the clock. It was barely seven. On the nightstand was his watch and a folded note that only said, "Went to handle it. Stay inside. I didn't need to guess what "it" meant. It was the attack from last night, the broken window, and the warning note with blood smeared across it. I went downstairs, hoping maybe he'd left someone around, but the house was quiet. Cole wasn't outside either. My chest tightened with unease. It wasn't just Daniel's absence, it was the silence from the private investigator Cole had hired. It had been days without a single update. Not even a call. That wasn't like him. I tried to shake the feeling, made some coffee, and sat at the kitchen counter. The warmth helped for about five seconds. Then the questions started again. What if Daniel's enemies weren't just outsiders? What if there was someone inside the pack still pulling strings? By midmorning, I gave up pretending to stay calm. I called Cole. He picked up after a few rings. "Cole, where's Daniel?" I asked. "He's out," Cole replied carefully. "Checking on last night's incident." "And the PI?" There was a pause. "He's... still working on it." "That's not good enough," I said. "He should've reported back by now." Cole exhaled. "Amy, maybe it's better if you-" "Don't say stay out of it," I cut in. "Just tell me what he found last." There was another pause. I could hear the sound of his car engine idling. "Daniel told me to hold off on sharing anything until he approves it." So Daniel had told him to keep quiet. The betrayal hit harder than I expected. I ended the call before Cole could say anything else. My fingers were trembling, partly from anger and partly from confusion. If Daniel really trusted me, why keep me in the dark? I didn't think long before I made my next decision. Daniel's study had always been his private space neatly arranged, locked drawers, everything labeled. But I knew he kept files there that never made it into the main office. If he wouldn't tell me what was going on, I'd find out myself. I walked quietly to his study. The door was unlocked, which was unusual. Papers were spread across his desk, but they were all recent reports from patrols. Nothing on the PI. Nothing about Elias or Selene. I checked the cabinets next. On the bottom right side, behind a stack of folders, I found a narrow drawer with a faint lock line on the edge. The kind that looked like part of the wood. I pressed against it and heard a click. Inside were older files – yellowed photos, folded documents, and an envelope marked with my mother's name: Lena. My throat tightened as I pulled it open. The first photo was of her standing beside Elias, both much younger, smiling at something off camera.

—Behind them was a man I didn't recognize tall, dark hair, wearing a pendant I'd never seen before. I picked up the photo and looked closer. The pendant carried a symbol moon split by a claw mark. — a crescent It wasn't from our pack. I had seen that symbol once before, on a border document Daniel had shown me — the mark of the South Alpha's pack. The next thing I found was a torn note folded into the corner of the envelope. My mother's handwriting was faint, but I knew it instantly. The words made my stomach twist: He will find her when the moon bleeds. I didn't understand what it meant, but the timing, the threats, the unrest, Selene's sudden appearance. It couldn't be a coincidence. Before I could read it again, I heard footsteps outside the door. My heart jumped. I quickly tucked everything back into the drawer and closed it. The door opened. Selene stepped inside, her arms crossed, wearing that same confident smirk she always did. She didn't look surprised to see me there, which made it worse.

"Well," she said slowly. "Curiosity suits you, Amy. Shame it's going to get you hurt." I kept my voice steady. "What are you doing here, Selene?" She walked around the room like she owned it. "Daniel isn't home, is he? Out chasing shadows again?" Her gaze lingered on the desk. "You really should've stayed out of this. Some truths ruin people." I stood still, my hands clenched. "If you came here to gloat, you can leave." She tilted her head, smiling faintly. "You think this is about gloating? No, Amy. It's about you pretending you belong here. You don't. Daniel will regret making you part of this. He always does with the weak ones Her words burned, but I didn't give her the reaction she wanted. "You don't scare me." She leaned closer. "You should be scared. You're chasing ghosts that don't want to be found." She smiled wider, "Wait long enough, and you'll wish you never looked." Before I could respond, she turned and walked out, leaving the faint echo of her heels against the hallway floor. I stood there for a moment, staring at the closed door, my pulse racing. I could still feel the chill she carried with her. When I opened the drawer again, the note seemed heavier in my hand. He will find her when the moon bleeds. I didn't know who "he" was or what the phrase meant, but I knew one thing, this wasn't over. Selene's words weren't just threats. They were warnings. And if she knew about that file, then she knew more about my mother than I did. I locked the drawer again, this time more carefully. My hands were still shaking when I walked out of the room. The house felt too big, too quiet, and for the first time in a long while, I wasn't sure who I could trust anymore. Whatever was coming, it wasn't just about the pack or old grudges. It was about me and the shadows that followed my name.

Chapter 158 This Is Ending Tonight

DANIEL

The morning was heavy from the start. The report came in before sunrise that one of our men had been found dead near the southern border. Cole delivered the news quietly, "They said it looked like a rogue attack." I didn't buy it. Rogues killed to survive, not to send a message. But this one had a message written all over it. The guard's body was positioned facing south, throat cleanly cut. It was deliberate. I called for Elias right away. He didn't come to me, so I went to him. When I walked into his office, he was sitting behind his desk, reading like nothing had happened. His posture was calm, his eyes distant, as if death on our borders was routine. "Another one of my men is dead," I said. "South border." Elias didn't look up. "That's unfortunate." I stepped closer. "Unfortunate? He was one of yours once. You trained him." Finally, he looked up. His expression didn't change. "You think this is the first time blood has been spilled between packs?" I slammed my hand against the desk. "Don't do that. Don't act like this is normal. You know exactly who sent that message." He leaned back in his chair, eyes fixed on me. "Then say it." "The Alpha of the South," I said. "He's making a move, and you're the only one who'd know

why." Elias's face stayed blank, but something in his eyes shifted – are debts that never die, Daniel. You'll understand soon." That wasn't an answer. It was a threat wrapped in wisdom. "Are you protecting him?" I asked. regret, maybe. Or guilt. "There He stood up slowly. "I'm protecting the balance. You wouldn't understand what that means yet. You're just a boy." I stepped closer until there was barely any space between us. "Try me." Elias's tone was calm. "You're angry. That's natural. But anger doesn't make you ready. When the time comes, you'll see what kind of man you really are." He turned away, dismissing me. I left before I did something I'd regret. My jaw was tight, and my chest burned from holding it all in. Cole was waiting outside. His face said he already knew it hadn't gone well. "I need names," I said. "Anyone who's crossed the southern border in the last week." Cole hesitated. "That'll take time." "Then start now." He shifted on his feet. "Daniel... people are nervous. Nobody wants to deal with the South. They're saying—" "I don't care what they're saying." My voice came out louder than I meant. "Find out who's been moving around. Do it quietly." He nodded, though I could tell he wasn't sure how far he could push. By the time I got back home, the sun was already setting. The moment I opened the door, I knew Amy was upset. She was standing in the hallway with her arms crossed, eyes red like she'd been holding back tears or anger, probably both. "We need to talk," she said. I nodded, bracing myself. She held up the note I'd left on the bed earlier, the one that said Stay-inside. "You went out there alone again. Then I find out you've been hiding things from me – files, my mother's picture, that note she wrote. How long were you planning to keep me out of this?" I sighed. "Amy—"

"Don't 'Amy' me," she snapped. "You told Cole not to tell me anything, didn't you?" I didn't answer, and that was enough for her to know. She shook her head. "You say you're trying to protect me, but all you're doing is controlling

me." I took a step closer. "You don't understand what's happening."

"Then make me understand!" she shot back. "Stop acting like I'm some fragile thing you need to hide behind walls." "I'm not hiding you. I'm keeping you safe." She let out a shaky laugh. "That's the same thing." The space between us felt colder. I didn't mean for it to sound that way. I just wanted her out of the line of fire. But she saw it as me shutting her out again. Her eyes glistened. "You still don't trust me, do you?" "That's not true," I said. "I trust you more than anyone. But there are things you don't know, things that could—" "Hurt me?" she interrupted. "Everything already hurts, Daniel." I stared at her, words stuck in my throat. She lowered her voice. "You think I haven't noticed how scared you've become? You're trying to hold everything together, but it's slipping. And you're pushing me away in the process." I reached out, but she stepped back. "I can't lose you," I said. "Then stop making it so hard to stay," she whispered. For a long moment, neither of us spoke. The argument had drained us both. I wanted to tell her everything the border death, Elias's cryptic words, the fear that this was all part of something bigger but the words wouldn't come out. – She turned away first, walking toward the stairs. "I'm tired," she said quietly. When she was gone, I sat down on the couch and pressed my palms to my face. I'd fought rogues, traitors, and rivals, but none of them hit as hard as this distance between us. Night came fast. I didn't bother eating. I just stared out the window, trying to figure out what Elias meant by debts that never die. The phone rang at around ten. I grabbed it before the second ring. It was Cole. His voice was low, tense. "We found something." "What is it?" "Clara's car," he said. "It just crossed into the southern territory. Fast. She's not alone." Every thought I had about staying calm vanished. "Keep tracking her," I said.. "Daniel—" "I'm ending this tonight." I hung up before he could argue. I grabbed my jacket and my keys. The last thing I saw before leaving the house was Amy's closed door upstairs and the faint light still on beneath it. I left the house without alarming her.

Chapter 159 Losing Control

AMY

After Daniel left, I couldn't stop pacing. My heart was racing, and no matter how much I tried to calm myself, something inside me kept screaming that things were falling apart. It wasn't just Selene or Clara that bothered me—it was the look in Daniel's eyes before he left, and the way Elias had been acting. Everything felt wrong, like there were pieces of a story everyone knew except me. And the worst part, he didn't tell me before I tried sitting down, but it didn't help. The house was too quiet. Every sound made me flinch, every creak of the floorboards made me look toward the door. I needed answers, and I couldn't wait for anyone to give them to me. My mind went back to a place I hadn't thought about in years, Mrs. Smith's old home. It was a small cottage outside the main town. She used to take me there when I was little, saying it was a safe place. I didn't understand why back then. But now, I wondered if she'd hidden something there, something that could explain why all of this was happening. I grabbed my car keys and left. The drive was quiet, the kind of silence that made every second feel longer than it was. The roads were nearly empty, the forest on both sides thick and shadowed. When I reached the old house, I parked and stared for a while. It hadn't changed much. It was still small, still standing at the edge of the woods, like it was waiting. I unlocked the door and stepped inside. The air smelled stale, like no one had been there for years. Dust covered the furniture, and the floor creaked under my steps. I walked through the living room slowly, my eyes scanning the shelves, the walls, the floorboards. I didn't know what I was looking for, but I had the strange feeling that I'd know when I found it. I stopped in the corner near the fireplace. Something about the floor there looked odd—one of the boards had a small crack near the edge. I knelt down and ran my fingers over it. It shifted slightly. I pushed harder until it came loose, revealing a small wooden chest hidden underneath. My pulse jumped. The chest wasn't locked. Inside were a few folded letters, old and worn. The first was addressed to Elias. I opened it carefully. Elias, If you're reading this, it means the past is catching up. The Alpha of the South will come for what's his when the blood moon rises. Keep her safe. Don't let him find her. – My throat went dry. The handwriting should be my mother's. I read the words again and again, trying to make sense of them. The Alpha of the South... something must be really wrong. But this letter changed everything. It meant he hadn't rejected her. It meant he was still looking -for me. I sat back on the floor, holding the letter in my hands. My mother had known this would happen. She'd known someone would come. My chest tightened as I realized Daniel had been right about one thing, there was something bigger going on, something we both had been walking into without knowing. A sound from outside made me freeze. A car door. Then footsteps. I quickly folded the letter and slipped it into my pocket. The front door creaked open before I could move. Two figures stepped inside—Selene and Clara. They looked different from the last time I'd seen them. They were both were dressed in black, and Clara's hand rested casually on something that looked like a weapon tucked under her jacket.

Clara's lips curved into a faint smile. "You should've stayed where you were loved, Amy," she said softly. I stood up slowly, keeping my distance. "What do you want?" Selene tilted her head. "You already know. You were never meant to be here. You think Daniel can protect you, but he's only delaying what's inevitable." I felt my heart pounding so hard I could barely breathe. "If you're here to threaten me again, you're wasting your time." Selene took a step forward, her eyes sharp. "I'm not threatening. I'm finishing what should've been done a long time ago." I took a step back, hitting the edge of the table behind me. My hands trembled, but I didn't want to show fear. I'd had enough of running, of pretending to be helpless. Selene smirked and lunged toward me. Before she reached me, a deep growl echoed

through the doorway. Both of them froze. Daniel stood there. His clothes were dusty, his expression deadly calm, but his eyes burned with fury. "Touch her," he said, his voice low, "and it's the last thing you'll do." Selene's confidence flickered for a second, but she quickly recovered. Clara glanced at her, waiting for a signal. Neither moved. I stood still, my heart pounding, unsure of what would happen next. Daniel didn't look away from them. "I warned you both before," he said, stepping forward, "but you didn't listen. Now you'll regret it." The air in the room was thick with tension. No one spoke. The three of them stood frozen, waiting for the next move. I stayed near the wall, afraid that any sound would break the fragile stillness. My eyes darted between them—Daniel's clenched jaw, Selene's sharp glare, Clara's hand twitching near her weapon. The moonlight spilled through the cracked window, dim and red against the dust-covered floor. That was when I realized what night it was the blood moon. My mother's letter echoed in my head: He will come for what's his when the blood moon rises. I didn't know if that moment had already begun or if it was still coming. All I knew was that it wasn't over. And as Daniel took another step forward, his voice steady and cold, I knew everything was about to change. I could feel my wolf that had been silent for so long itching to be set free but I was super of losing control.

Chapter 160 Southern Pack Crest

CLARA

I stayed away for a few days after what happened at the cottage. Everyone probably thought I was hiding, but I just needed to breathe. The whole mess with Amy, Selene, and Daniel had gotten too loud. I didn't even know why I'd gone that far with Amy in the first place. It wasn't just hate anymore. It was confusion and clearly jealousy. I could not stop. It was clear I was losing it and it would only confirm their opinion of me being mentally imbalanced. I could not risk that. Selene had shown up again without warning. One minute, she was gone. The next, she was acting like we'd been planning together the whole time. I liked her, but she was too controlling. She spoke as if I was supposed to follow every order she gave. I wasn't her servant. I wanted answers for myself now, not just her revenge games. I stayed at a cheap motel outside town. It wasn't much, but it was quiet. I tried to think clearly for once, but my mind kept circling back to one thing—my past. I didn't remember much before I was about six. The people who raised me always said I'd been dropped off by a woman who couldn't stay. No name. No reason. Just gone. I kept wondering why I'd never asked more questions. Maybe I was scared to know. Maybe I liked pretending I didn't care. But now, after everything, I couldn't stop thinking about who I really was. The next day, I went out to get a drink. I picked a small bar on the edge of town. It was almost empty and it had just a few people drinking quietly. I was halfway through my glass when someone called my name. "Clara?" I turned, and was really surprised to see Mark. He looked different. His hair was shorter, and there were dark circles under his eyes. I hadn't seen him since our last argument and with the way he left, I thought I'd never see him again. "Didn't think you'd talk to me again," I said. He gave a tired smile. "I wasn't sure you'd want to hear from me, but I found something you should see." I frowned. "What are you talking about?" He glanced around before sitting across from me. "Old records. Pack files from before either of us were born. I didn't mean to find them, it just happened while I was helping a friend clean out one of the southern storage vaults. And please don't ask me what took me to the south pack, I cannot tell you that." That got my attention. "And what's that got to do with me?" Mark hesitated. "It's better if I show you. Not here, though. Meet me tomorrow at noon. The café by the train stop." I stared at him, trying to read his face. He didn't look like he was lying. He looked... bothered. "Fine," I said. "But if this is a trick, you'll regret it." He nodded in response. "It's not a trick, Clara. You may be a pain in the ass but you deserve to know." That night, I couldn't sleep.

The room felt too small, too hot. I turned on the lamp and sat at the edge of the bed, staring at the wall. My mind wouldn't shut up. I thought about the foster home I grew up in. It wasn't bad, but no one ever stayed long enough to care. The only thing they told me was that my mother left me because she had to protect me. I used to imagine she was some great person—strong, kind, maybe even part of a pack. But that fantasy faded the older I got. I tried to remember her face. Nothing came. Just a vague image of dark hair and the sound of someone humming.

When morning came, I still hadn't slept. I got dressed and went to meet Mark. He was already there when I arrived, sitting outside the café with a cup of coffee. He looked nervous. "You look like hell." I said as I sat down. He gave a weak chuckle. "You're not far behind." He reached into his bag and pulled out a sealed brown envelope. "Here. It's from the Southern territory. I didn't read all of it, but I saw your name on the first page. Not the name you go by now though. the one they gave you when you were born." I frowned and took it from him. "You're telling me this is about me?" "Yes," he said quietly. "It's yours, Clara. I found it in a file marked "Transferred for Safety." The envelope was heavy. I turned it over in my hands, and there it was—written across the front in faded ink—Liana. My old name. The one from before the foster home. I hadn't seen it in years. I didn't know what to say. My hands shook as I opened it. Inside were several old papers, yellowed at the edges. The first was a registry file. It listed my birth date, but what stopped me was the name under "Parent." The file read: Father – Alpha of the South. My chest tightened. My breath hitched. There was a small photograph attached at the bottom corner—a baby wrapped in a blanket. It was me. Underneath, in clear handwriting, someone had written: Child of the House – Liana. I looked at the symbol printed next to it—the Southern Pack crest. A mark I'd seen only once before, on the Alpha's ring. Mark leaned forward, his voice low. "You understand what that means, don't you?" I didn't answer. I couldn't. My entire body felt frozen. Everything inside me started to turn. The Alpha of the South. My father? That couldn't be true. Why would he abandon me? Why send me away? The bar noise faded in my head. All I could hear was the sound of my own pulse. I looked back down at the photo. The baby in the picture had my eyes. Same color. Same shape. My stomach twisted. I shut the file quickly and held it close. "Where did you get this?" I asked, my voice low.