

Broken 181

Chapter 181 Give Me All The Details

AMY

A few days passed as I tried to digest the whole thing of me and Clara actually being biological siblings. Now it made sense why no matter how much I tried to keep her out of my life, fate kept finding a way to bring her back. Somehow, she just kept being that bone stuck in my throat and to be honest, I was beginning to feel like Clara would eventually be the death of me. As much as I try not to dwell on it, that thought terrified me. I dressed up and went to work as usual, trying to make sense of my mess of a life only for Daniel to show up at Carter Holdings without warning. I first saw him through the glass wall of my office, standing in the hallway like he had been debating whether to knock. I felt tired the moment I saw him. I already knew what he wanted, because men like Mark always came back with the same story once their support system collapsed. He knocked softly and stepped inside before I told him to. He closed the door, then stood there with his hands behind his back like he was trying to look harmless. "I came to apologize," he said. "I know I messed up. I let Clara twist everything. I let her turn me against you. I should have seen it sooner." I watched him speak and felt no pressure in my chest, no anger, no old emotions. His voice sounded too polished. He shifted his weight nervously, trying to look sincere. I had seen him act before. There was nothing new here. "I'm not interested," I said. He blinked a few times, confused. "Amy, I mean it. I finally understand what she did. I'm not that person anymore. I want to make things right." Ma "You're repeating the same pattern," I told him. "Someone hurts you, you run to me, and you expect me to carry the guilt for how you acted. I'm done with that. I don't trust you. And you're not here for me, you're here because Clara is gone and you have nowhere to place your regret." His face went red. He tried to hold his expression together, but the embarrassment was clear. He made a few more attempts to defend himself, but I didn't respond. Eventually he gave up, muttered something under his breath, and left the office with his shoulders tense. I shut the door and let out a slow breath. I didn't feel relieved or upset. I simply felt done. I walked into the boardroom ten minutes later. The board was already seated, and Mrs. Carter was back from her trip, sitting at the head of the long table. She gave me a calm look and waited for me to settle in. The meeting was the usual list of numbers, regional issues, and public reaction to the latest rumors. Mrs. Carter stayed calm beside me, responding whenever the board became pushy or suspicious. She did not let anyone corner me. She didn't have to be loud about it, she simply held the room together with her presence. It was enough. Still, she kept glancing at me, and I knew she could tell my focus was drifting. My mind kept circling the new information about Selene, Clara, and now Marielle. The board discussed the warehouse repairs, and I realized I hadn't absorbed a single detail. When the meeting ended and the others walked out, Mrs. Carter remained seated. She looked at me with the kind of patience that made it impossible to lie.

"You're somewhere else," she said. I sat down again. "There's more happening than I've told you." She nodded once. "Then tell me now." So I told her everything. I started with Selene's link to my father, the spy's warning, Clara's connection to Selene, and the possibility that Marielle was alive. I kept my tone even because I didn't want the facts to get mixed with emotion. Mrs. Carter listened without interrupting. Her expression changed only slightly when I reached the part about Marielle. When I finished, she leaned back slowly. "You need to prepare for anything," she said. "People who come in the name of family are often the most dangerous. They expect access. They expect trust. And they use both before you notice the damage." I understood her point. Selene had walked into my life with ease. Clara

had reappeared with purpose. Now Marielle might be tied to both of them. None of this looked random. Mrs. Carter placed a hand on the table. "Do not give anyone blind access again. Not even if they claim blood ties." I nodded. I agreed with her fully. I already felt that shift inside myself. Whatever was coming next, I wasn't approaching it with open arms. My phone buzzed. I glanced at the screen and saw Daniel's name. I excused myself and answered the call as I walked toward the elevator. His voice was firm. "He found something." I stopped. "What did he say?" "The second investigator traced a record," Daniel said. "Marielle was moved to a hidden location. It's not on any official map. It's used for private detentions by southern factions. He sent coordinates." My grip tightened around the phone. The hallway felt still, almost too quiet. "So she's alive," I said. "She was alive as of the last recorded transfer," he replied. "We need to move fast." I didn't hesitate. "I'm leaving now. Send me the details." "I already did," he said. "I'll meet you outside." The call ended. I didn't go back to my office. I didn't pack anything. I headed straight to the elevator with a clear purpose forming in my mind. For the first time, there was a location. A real place. A trail that wasn't fabricated or erased. Questions could wait. Fear could wait. Confusion could wait but finding the truth could not. I stepped out of the building and saw Daniel's car already parked out front. Everything else would start from there.

Chapter 182 The Mission

AMY

The moment Daniel finished telling me the investigator's report, I felt something shift inside me. It was not fear. It was a clear push forward. I left the office with him, and we returned to the estate to prepare. Brian, Cole, and two other guards we trusted joined us. Daniel kept his expression calm, but I could see the tension in his shoulders. He tried to hide it because he did not want it to influence me, but I knew he was on edge. I understood why. Everything about Marielle's disappearance was wrong, and every detail we discovered pulled us deeper into the mess that Elias and Clara created. We left before sunrise, flying out in a private jet arranged by Mrs. Carter. The investigator sent coordinates during the flight, and they matched an unlisted island in the South. The island had no name on any current map and no official record of ownership. When we landed at a small airstrip that looked barely operational, a boat was waiting for us. Daniel stayed close to me as we boarded. The trip to the island was quiet. Brian scanned the shoreline with binoculars while Cole watched the water as if something might surface. Daniel never let go of my hand the entire time. I felt the weight of everything pressing on him, but I also felt his trust in me. When we reached the island, the investigator's information lined up. The facility stood behind a line of thick trees. The walls were tall and gray. No guards. No movement. Daniel signaled for the team to spread out. We checked the perimeter first, and I noticed fresh footprints in the sand. Whoever managed the place had left recently. That was the only conclusion that made sense. We entered through the main door. The smell of stale air hit me immediately. Lights were still on in some rooms. A sink was running in the corner of a hallway. Cole shut it off. Open restraints lay on a metal bed. A jacket lay on the floor. Papers were scattered across a desk. It looked like someone dropped everything and ran. "Someone was here not long ago," Brian said quietly. Daniel nodded but didn't reply. His jaw was tight. His focus was sharp. I knew he was thinking the same thing I was: whoever held Marielle knew we were coming. We moved deeper into the building. Each room felt worse than the last. Empty beds. Small storage boxes. Medical equipment pushed aside. I kept my breathing steady because I knew I needed a clear head. My chest felt heavy, but I pushed through it. Then, in the far wing, we found her. She lay on a thin mattress. Her hair was long and tangled. Her skin was pale. She looked exhausted and dehydrated. When the light from our flashlights hit her face, her eyes opened slowly. She looked at me

first. There was no hesitation. No confusion. Her eyes widened, and she sat up with sudden energy that should not have been possible considering her condition. "Amy," she whispered. The sound of my name in her voice hit me harder than anything Elias had ever thrown my way. I froze for a second. Not because I doubted it was her, but because she recognized me without needing to think or have me introduce myself. I moved toward her, and she reached for me with shaking hands. She broke down the moment I touched her. I held her gently, steadying her because she could barely stay upright.

Daniel stepped back to give us room. He watched us like he was bracing himself for something he did not want to admit. I knew what it was. The fear that I might find some new reason to pull away from him now that Marielle was alive. That fear had followed him for a long time, even though he tried to bury it. I did not have the energy to reassure him yet, but I knew I would. Everything between us felt stronger now, not weaker. Marielle clung to me, her breathing unsteady. I guided her slowly, letting her rest her head on my shoulder. She kept whispering my name as if she needed to confirm I was real. Brian checked the hall while Cole inspected the room. Daniel crouched beside me. "She needs water and medical support," he said quietly. I nodded. "We take her out now." Marielle pulled back slightly and tried to speak. Her voice cracked. "They told me you died," she said. "They said you died at two. I tried to fight them, but they kept me here. I escaped but they found me again and brought me back here. I stopped searching because I thought there was nothing left to find." I held her hand. "I'm here. We have you now." She shook her head weakly, her eyes filling again. "I wanted to look for you, but they said it was pointless." Her words confirmed everything I already suspected. Someone in the South did not just erase her life. They erased her purpose. They wanted her controlled and isolated. Daniel put a hand on my back. The contact steadied me again. "We're taking her home," he said firmly. Brian and Cole carried Marielle between them after we wrapped her in a blanket. She kept holding my hand as we walked. The moment we stepped outside the building, I felt the world shift. The sun was brighter. The air felt different. It did not fix anything, but it made the moment real. We reached the boat, and Daniel stayed beside me while the others helped Marielle aboard. She sat in the center seat, leaning against me again. She was exhausted, but her eyes stayed open long enough to look at me one more time. "I thought you were gone," she whispered. "I'm not." I said. "I'm right here." Daniel stood in front of us. I saw the conflict in his eyes, even if he tried to hide it. He cared about me more than he wanted to admit sometimes. Finding Marielle did not change anything about what I needed from him. If anything. I felt more grounded with him here. When the boat pulled away from the island, Daniel placed his hand on mine. He did it quietly, like he did not want to interrupt. But I understood the message behind it. He was not going to let anything take me away from him. Not Clara. Not Selene. Not any secret that surfaced after this

Chapter 183 Not The Pack

AMY

The moment we reached the Carter estate, the medical team Mrs. Carter arranged was already waiting. They moved Marielle to a private room on the second floor. I followed them inside and stayed by her side as they checked her vitals, cleaned her up, and started fluids. She was weak and barely awake, but she responded when I spoke to her. Every time her eyes opened, she looked at me with a kind of relief that was hard to understand. I stayed calm for her. I did not want her worrying about anything else. When the nurses told me she needed rest, I stayed in the chair beside the bed. She held my hand for a while, then her grip loosened as she fell asleep. Watching her breathe steadily felt unreal. For years, she

had been a mystery, a file with missing pages. Now she was in front of me, alive, and I did not know what to feel. Relief was there, but so was confusion. Anger was there too, but I pushed it aside because it would not help her recover. The room was quiet. I kept my head against the back of the chair and closed my eyes for a moment, running through everything in my mind. Selene, Clara, Elias, the island, my father. Every part of my life had been touched by someone else's decisions, and I was tired of reacting to their plans instead of making my own. The door opened softly, and Daniel stepped inside. He looked tired too, but he had cleaned changed. He took one long look at Marielle, then came to my side. "Is she stable?" he asked in a low voice. "Yes. They said she just needs rest and proper nutrition for now." up and He nodded and pulled a chair closer. He sat beside me, his knee touching mine. The contact felt grounding. He did not try to pull me into his arms or overwhelm me with comfort. He just stayed close, and it helped. "You did well today," he said. "I did what I had to do," I answered. He looked at me, studying me the way he always did when he wanted to make sure I was not hiding anything behind a calm front. I met his eyes and gave him the truth. "I'm fine. Just tired." Daniel let out a slow breath. "Good. Because things are shifting fast on both sides." I straightened a little. "What happened?" He leaned forward, elbows on his knees. "The board wants a private audit. They want to look at every division where Clara or Selene might have interfered. They think our recent problems are connected to internal manipulation more than outside threats." "They're right," I said. "We already knew that," he agreed. "But now they want you to be part of the review Mr. Carter parhed for it. She told them you're the only one who understands which financial patterns connect to the Souther movement," I understood what that meant. It also meant they would watch every step I took. But I welcomed the pressure. The company mattered to me. It was part of my life as much as the pack chaos was. If Clara and Selene wanted to use Carter Holdings, then stopping them here mattered just as much as stopping them. anywhere else. "What about security?" I asked. "Locked down." Daniel said. "IT sealed every digital route. Finance froze anything flagged as unusual. Mrs.. Carter is going through board communications. They're trying to clean everything at once."

I nodded. "Then I'll take the corporate side. You handle the pack issues." Daniel looked at me again. His voice softened. "Are you sure you want that weight right now? Your mother "Yes," I said quietly. "I want it. I need it. I spent years working in that company. I'm not giving Clara or Selene space to ruin that part of my life too." He gave a small nod that carried more meaning than words. He trusted me, and he respected my decision. That steadiness between us mattered more than anything else at that moment. There was no push and pull, no dramatic conflict. We were holding on to each other and it felt good to have a shoulder to lean on. We stayed there together in silence for a while. Marielle slept peacefully, the rise and fall of her breathing the only movement in the room. Then Daniel's phone buzzed. He pulled it out, looked at the screen, and his expression tightened. "The spy?" I asked. "Yes." He opened the message and read it silently. His jaw locked. That was enough to tell me it was bad. He handed me the phone. The message was short: "Selene is moving north with a small group. Clara is with her. Their target is not pack territory. It is Carter Holdings. Prepare for anything." I read it twice to make sure I understood it exactly. "They're coming for the company," I said. Daniel nodded. "That's what it looks like." I felt something sharpen inside me. Everything they had done—every file they touched, every financial move they made, every secret they kept was building toward this. They wanted control. Not over the land. Not over the pack. Over the empire Mrs. Carter built and trusted me with. "This is about me," I said quietly. "Not the pack." Daniel did not deny it. He sat back, his eyes fixed on mine with steady clarity. "They want to take your position, your work, and your influence," he said. "They think that will break you." I felt the answer rise inside me with no hesitation. "It won't." Daniel reached out

and took my hand. The warm, steady connection grounded me again. “We face this together,” he said. “Corporate or pack, it doesn’t matter. You’re not standing alone.” I looked at Marielle sleeping. I looked at Daniel. And I felt something I had not felt in a long time. I felt somewhat whole and I loved that I now have direction.

Chapter 184

AMY

I got back into the room-sized medical wing before sunrise. The house was quiet in a way that felt uncomfortable. Marielle was awake, propped up by pillows, and staring at the ceiling as if she was waiting for someone to tell her what was real and what wasn’t. I sat beside her and went straight into what mattered. I didn’t have the patience for emotional buildup. I asked her about Clara. I wanted the full truth without gaps. “I really need you to tell me about your relationship with Clara.” I said to her without beating about the bush. She blinked fast, like my question made her throat tighten. She didn’t stall or try to build a soft explanation. She said she once had a relationship with a South pack warrior long before I was born. She didn’t say it with regret. She said it like she was tired of hiding that part of her past, even from herself. “I never knew Clara existed until recently because I was told she died at birth.” she paused. It didn’t sound like a defense, and it didn’t feel like a lie either. “Clara was the result of something I wasn’t allowed to continue, and the warrior disappeared after he returned to the North. After I found out he was an alpha, I went to meet him to take responsibility but he told me he has no business with me and I assumed I was on my own. I never knew that would be the worst nightmare of my life because I had assumed it ended there.” She finished. I listened and kept my voice calm. I didn’t show anger because it wouldn’t change anything. Shock stayed inside my body like ice that refused to melt. The idea that Clara existed before me, without anyone mentioning it, made my mind feel like it had too many loose wires. Marielle reached for my hand, but I kept mine still. I wasn’t rejecting her. I just didn’t know what to do with physical comfort yet. She didn’t push it because I think she understood. Finally, I found my voice, “I need to place private security around you, not because I suspected you, but because our history was now tied to a war that was still brewing.” I said to her, She nodded without any form of argument. She said she understood she wasn’t safe on her own and she didn’t want to slow me down by pretending she could handle anything alone. She asked if Daniel agreed to it. I told her he and I were working as a single unit, and she didn’t need to worry about decisions splitting us. She smiled in a weak, proud way. For the first time, I didn’t feel anger toward her. I only felt a sense of unfinished business. When I left the medical wing, Mrs. Carter was waiting near the hallway. She had that expression she always wore during corporate emergencies. Calm, firm, prepared. She said she arranged a discreet board meeting at Carter Holdings about potential internal sabotage. She didn’t say “sabotage” in a dramatic tone. She said it like a simple fact. I respected that. We both walked to the private meeting room at the estate, and she updated me about her call with the internal audit director. No one wanted public panic, not with Clara and Selene moving like ghosts. The next morning, we went to the office as we normally would. Once at Carter Holdings, we entered the

executive conference room through the back entrance to and rumors Only the core body we present. No assistants. No tech staff. No digital log Everyone looked tense fut professional Mrs. Carter laid out the concern there were patter activity that did not align with authorized access. Financial movement reges, the tracking, and gyd pings matched the time windows when Clara and Selene were active artward company semi pers They all agreed not to make statements or raise alarms until we isolated the

source, became public genu would only give Selene more leverage. I added my position. The company had survived crises before. This one was different, but prenic crested mistakes. Fear created openings. We needed a silent investigation with screened personnel only. I requested access to every security log and digital trail with a separate clearance code. No one complained. The board approved a quiet internal review instead of a public announcement. After the meeting ended, I walked out with Mrs. Carter. She put a hand on my shoulder in a comforting way. She said I needed to prepare for both outcomes: loyal insiders and hidden traitors. I told her I was building trust based on proof, not relationships. She nodded, almost like she had waited for me to become that version of myself. When I returned to the estate, Daniel was waiting at the entrance with two guards behind him. The guards stepped back when I got close. He asked if I wanted to walk or ride. I said walk because I needed air, not a controlled environment. We walked across the estate grounds in silence at first, then he broke it by telling me everything on his side was under preparation. He already spoke with our pack officers, advisors, and two tech experts, because pack conflict wasn't always physical. He planned to track movements, deals, and coded messages across territories. I told him the board approved everything and that Mrs. Carter agreed not to expose the issue until we understood who was involved. He asked how I was handling the part about Marielle. I told him I didn't feel broken by it. I felt focused. Shock didn't have space to grow into anything dramatic because the future was busy demanding action. He told me that was why we worked: neither of us collapsed when hit by truth. We paused near the field fence, and he took my hand without pulling or gripping too tight. He didn't treat me like someone who needed saving but like someone who was going to fight with him. We agreed to operate as a united front in pack and company work. He would handle external threats and pack affairs, and I would take charge of Carter Holdings.

Chapter 185 All The Difference

DANIEL

I arrived at the Pack council chamber just as the sun was rising. The room smelled faintly of old wood and polish, and the council members were already seated, eyes alert. I straightened my jacket, cleared my throat, and began. "We need to address Selene and Clara's potential alliance," I said. "I don't believe open confrontation is the answer. I propose a controlled surveillance network across the North. We monitor their movements, know their contacts, and act strategically rather than reacting impulsively." An elder leaned forward, frowning. "Surveillance only? What if they strike while we're just watching? How do we protect our people?" He asked a very important question but what all of them questioning me didn't know was that I had answers to all their questions. I had thought this through before coming to them and before I painted Clara and Selene to be a threat, which was true. I knew there would be doubt of them thinking I was making the right decisions but they had no idea that I was good at being alpha and deeply care about the pack. I met his gaze steadily. "We protect them with knowledge. This is not about waiting idly. It's about precision. Force can come later if needed. Right now, we need to know their plans before they act." Another council member, younger and sharper-eyed, interjected. "You assume they will make mistakes. Selene and Clara are experienced trouble seekers. What if this backfires?" "I don't assume," I said firmly. "I plan. We stay proactive without exposing every resource. Cole will handle internal security. He has no ego. He will identify threats, relay information to me, and act when necessary." There was a pause, some murmured and then a woman spoke up finally. "You ask us to trust a network instead of strength. You must be certain it will work. The North cannot be left exposed." she interjected. I nodded. "I am certain. This method keeps the North secure, minimizes risk, and ensures we see every attempt to infiltrate. I won't allow panic to drive decisions. Calm, steady

observation is our strength right now.” After several more questions and hesitant nods, I concluded the meeting. “Report any anomalies immediately. Nothing moves without my knowledge. Dismissed.” Once the council cleared the room, I found Cole waiting outside. “Daniel,” he said, “I’ll take the lead internally. You’ll get updates without interruptions.” I clapped him on the shoulder. “Exactly what I need. No interference, no overreach. Keep me informed at every step.” He nodded. “Understood. You have my word.” I left the council chambers and headed back to the estate. Amy was already in our room, a stack of tablets and folders spread across the table. She looked up as I entered, her eyes sharp but with a hint of exhaustion. “How did it go?” she asked. “Controlled, but some members remain skeptical,” I said. “Cole is handling internal monitoring. I want you to focus on Carter Holdings. Your insights there are critical.” Amy leaned back, rubbing her temple. “I’ve already identified a few shell companies attempting silent acquisitions. I blocked them this morning before anyone noticed. They underestimated our speed.” I smiled slightly. “Good. That’s why I trust your judgment. We operate in parallel—pack and company. Both fronts require attention.” She glanced at me. “We’re finally on the same page. Feels... steady.” I took a seat across from her, reaching for her hand. “We are. And we’ll stay that way. No surprises between

us.” She gave a small nod and turned back to her work. “I just need everything logged and cross-referenced. I want full transparency for the board and security team. Nothing hidden.” “Agreed,” I said. “And I’ll handle any pack-related surprises. You handle Carter Holdings. We won’t step on each other’s responsibilities.” She looked at me for a long moment. “I trust you, Daniel. Even with everything going on.”

“And I trust you,” I replied. “That’s why we work.” We spent the next hour reviewing updates. She showed me the blocked transactions, her notes on shell companies, and potential vulnerabilities. I updated her on the council’s concerns, noting which members were most doubtful about the surveillance plan. “So far,” I said, “nothing indicates an immediate strike. But that doesn’t mean we drop our guard. Cole’s network will keep me informed of anything unusual.” Amy tapped the screen thoughtfully. “We need to prepare for contingencies. Both corporate and pack. If they attempt anything simultaneously, we must be ready.” I nodded. “That’s why I proposed parallel strategies. You handle company security, I handle the pack. We meet here to combine updates, then act. Efficient, precise, no wasted effort.” She leaned back, letting out a quiet breath. “It’s exhausting, but... it feels right. I like that we’re aligned. I squeezed her hand again. “Exactly. We operate as one. And no one—Selene, Clara, or anyone else gets to manipulate either side without facing consequences.” She gave a small smile, returning to her tablets. “Then let’s make sure they don’t get that chance.” Later, before bed, I watched her gather her folders and devices. She looked tired, but focused. I felt a quiet pride. “You know,” I said softly, “I trust your judgment completely. I don’t need to micromanage Carter Holdings because you’re in charge.” Amy glanced up, a faint smile forming. “I appreciate that, Daniel. It makes a difference.” I sat beside her on the edge of the bed. “We handle this together. Every step, every move. Pack, company, ... all of it.”— She leaned her head briefly on my shoulder. “I know. And that’s enough for now.” I nodded, feeling the weight of responsibility but also a steady reassurance. “Tomorrow, we will continue. Every angle covered. Nothing missed.” I felt a little relieved, and I went to sleep knowing we were on the same side, fully aligned, ready for the challenges ahead. I didn’t want Amy to be more stressed out than she already is but the only way I could ensure that was to make sure Clara, Selene and Elias are out in their place.

AMY

The next morning, I walked into Carter Holdings with a tight knot in my stomach. Something felt really off, though I couldn't yet put my finger on it. I headed straight to my office, ignoring the usual pleasantries. My eyes immediately scanned the shareholder activity logs. "Brian, come here," I called, motioning him over. He arrived quickly, sensing urgency. "What's going on?" he asked, looking over my shoulder. "Look at this," I said, pointing at the series of minor stock purchases. "Someone's trying to acquire silent shares through a shell company. The purchases are small, but the timing is precise. This isn't random." Brian frowned. "It's subtle. They could gain influence without anyone noticing." "Exactly. And that's the problem. Block it immediately. Notify the legal department to verify the transactions and secure the shareholder registry," I instructed. "We can't let them gain a foothold, even if it seems minor." Within minutes, our legal team confirmed that the attempts had been halted and all related funds frozen. I allowed myself to exhale briefly in relief, but the feeling of tension didn't fade. Whoever was behind this knew exactly how to manipulate small vulnerabilities. Brian's expression changed. He hesitated, then said, "Amy, I... I need to talk to you privately. I have information, but I want assurances first. I can't go on record without protection." I shook my head. "No deals, Brian. No protection conditions. Tell me the full truth first. I need the facts, not negotiations." He glanced at me, then nodded slowly. "Okay. I'll tell you everything." We moved to the conference room. Once the door closed, he lowered his voice. "Elias approached me months ago. He offered me a high-ranking position if I assisted in destabilizing Carter Holdings. He promised influence, control, and access to internal systems. I didn't know whether to accept at first, but I realized how dangerous it could be for the company and for everyone around me. Especially you, Amy." I leaned forward, my fingers tapping on the table. "Did you give him anything? Data, access, insider information?" "No," he said quickly. "I resisted. That's why I needed protection. I was afraid of the consequences if I refused outright." I nodded, keeping my tone firm. "Good. Now, everything goes on record. I want it recorded in full. your confession, every detail, every interaction. I do not want any omissions. We need details and they have to be details that can be pinned to him so that he can be declared a rogue wolf with no relationship to this pack anymore." Brian exhaled, visibly relieved, and recounted the details once more while I activated the recording. Once the recording ended, I immediately sent a secure copy to Mrs Carter and our legal advisor. Moments later, Mrs Carter arrived at my office. She looked calm, measured, but I could see the sharp focus in her eyes. "I've reviewed Brian's statement and the shareholder activity," she said. "Amy, we now have grounds for action. The evidence is solid, and the attempted purchases link directly to Elias's network." I closed the tablet. "I agree. But we need to move carefully. Elias thrives on chaos and public attention. We can't make this visible too soon."

Mrs Carter nodded. "We'll initiate a corporate-level counteraction. Internal audits, legal documentation, and coordination with security. Everything remains discreet until we're ready to act. You're in charge of the initial measures." I exhaled slowly. "I'll draft a secure report for the board, framing this as a preventative compliance measure. No one needs to know Elias is behind it yet." "Exactly," she said. "Keep your team limited. Only trusted personnel. No leaks." I spent the next hour coordinating with our legal team. We tightened shareholder verification protocols, froze suspicious accounts, and installed alerts for any unusual digital activity. Each move was deliberate, controlled. Still, I couldn't shake the thought that Elias may have anticipated some of these actions. "Do you think he expected us to catch this?" I asked Brian quietly during a break. "Possibly," he said. "He always plans several moves ahead. But he didn't expect your speed and decisiveness." "Good," I said. "That's why we

act immediately. Every move counts, and we can't leave room for error." Later, Mrs Carter returned to my office. "Amy, make sure all executives understand that nothing is final until every transaction is verified. If Elias or anyone from his network tries again, we need full traceability and documentation." "I'll prepare a secure channel for updates. Only trusted personnel will have access," I confirmed. She studied me for a moment, then placed a hand briefly on my shoulder. "You've handled this well. But remember, Elias won't stop with minor purchases. Expect escalation. Stay alert." "I understand," I said. "We'll respond swiftly and legally. Nothing goes unchallenged." As she left, the weight of responsibility settled over me. Elias's moves were no longer abstract threats, they were tangible, immediate, and dangerous. But I had the evidence, the legal tools, and the authority to act. I paused at my desk, thinking about Daniel. He managed the pack threats, I managed corporate threats. Our strategies ran parallel but aligned. Both fronts were critical, and neither could be neglected. Brian shifted in the corner. "No protection deals, understood?" I said firmly. "Yes," he said, relieved. "Completely." I returned to my reports, updating the board on the halted purchases, the legal documentation, and Brian's confession. Carter Holdings had been shielded, for now. By evening, I leaned back in my chair, mentally reviewing every step. Elias had underestimated us this time, but the battle was far from over. Tomorrow would bring another challenge, and we needed to be ready. For now, at least, the company was secure, and I had the evidence to act if Elias made another move. For a little while, I had not been obsessed with Marielle because I've been too occupied with Clara and Selene mess. I yawned widely, stood up from my chair and went to get a cup of coffee. I needed a booster before the day would end.

Chapter 187 Shipment

AMY

Just like my daily routine, I walked into the house after work and went straight to the Carter estate situation room with my laptop in hand, and found Daniel already leaning over the table, reviewing the latest pack intel Cole had sent. His brow was furrowed, but his posture was calm, as if he carried the tension lightly even though I knew he didn't. "Hi baby," I said, setting my laptop down. "Hey my love," Daniel replied, leaving me a peck on my forehead. "I've compiled the corporate side of things. We're seeing shell companies attempting to buy silent shares again. Legally freezing them, but it's clear someone is trying to establish influence quietly. I informed him. Daniel looked up, his green eyes sharp. "Any connection to Elias or Clara?" "I traced the funds," I said, opening my laptop. "They originate from accounts linked to Elias's known network. Clara's involvement is possible, but the money trails are complex enough to hide her hand. That's why I think we need simultaneous strategies: pack and corporate. We can't let one front distract us from the other." Daniel nodded, leaning back. "I agree. Cole confirms that Clara and Selene are stationed just outside the Northern territories, gathering allies. They haven't crossed the border yet, but they're consolidating support. If we act slowly, they could expand their influence without us noticing." I tapped the table. "So here's what I'm thinking. On my end, we tighten internal corporate controls, monitor every transaction, and prepare a legal plan that can go live immediately if Elias or anyone else tries another move. On your end, we establish controlled surveillance and secure the borders. No reactionary attacks. Just observation and intervention if they step over the line." Daniel leaned forward, resting his hands on the table. "Balanced. Not emotional retaliation, just strategic containment. That's smart. It also gives us the ability to move in if they make a wrong step without overextending ourselves." I gave him a small nod. "We both have to trust our teams to execute precisely. If I miss something in the corporate sphere, it could cascade into pack tensions. And if you miss anything in the field, the pack could be destabilized." Daniel smirked lightly. Sounds like we're

covering each other's blind spots. I like it." We spent the next thirty minutes reviewing intel. Cole's reports were detailed movements, supply caches, recruitment activity. I added my corporate data, blocked transactions, shell company accounts, and patterns that suggested a coordinated effort. Together, we mapped a timeline, comparing pack movements with corporate financial signals. "Look at this," I said, pointing to a spreadsheet. "Every time a minor share purchase is attempted, we see increased chatter outside the Northern borders. Someone is coordinating timing." Daniel frowned. "They're trying to stretch us thin—divide our attention between the pack and corporate. That's exactly the type of distraction Elias thrives on." "I know," I admitted. "That's why we need to sync our moves. Nothing unilateral, nothing reactive." Just then, my phone buzzed. I picked it up and showed Daniel the screen. "The spy just got back to us. He confirms a shipment is heading toward Carter Holdings. The documentation is falsified, hiding the contents and the source." Daniel's expression hardened. "Do we know the type of shipment?" "I don't have full details yet," I said. "But based on past intel, it could be digital equipment, hard drives, or materials intended to compromise internal systems. I want security to intercept quietly—no alarms that could alert them." Daniel leaned back in his chair. "Agreed. We can't let them know we're aware. This is precisely why controlled surveillance and a quiet corporate shield are necessary. We move preemptively without tipping them off." I tapped my pen against the table. "I'll call security now. Brian and Cole will manage the operation. I want logs, photographs, and chain-of-custody documentation. We can't leave room for error or ambiguity. This is the first real test of our synchronized strategy."

mine. "We've handled worse. You lead the Daniel reached across the table, resting a hand lightly corporate front, I'll handle the pack front. If we move together, nothing falls through the cracks." I nodded, appreciating the quiet assurance. "We keep communicate immediately. No surprises." each other updated every hour. Any irregularity, we Daniel's phone buzzed. He glanced at it and read the message, then looked back at me. "Cole just confirmed that Clara and Selene have fortified a perimeter outside the Northern borders. They're not advancing yet, but they're actively recruiting. Any minor misstep could escalate." I frowned. "Which means they're testing us. That's escalate." then the main strike." consist "Exactly," Daniel said. "And if we're both aware, their window. approach is crucial." with Elias's pattern—pressure points first, for error shrinks. That's why this combined I updated our internal communication channels, encrypting messages to security teams and board members. "I want reports every thirty minutes until the shipment is secured. Any movement from outside the borders is noted immediately." Daniel leaned forward, scanning my notes. "You've thought this through. That level of detail in the corporate sphere parallels the field monitoring. I trust your judgement, Amy." I allowed a small smile. "And I trust yours. But we can't rely on trust alone. Procedures, checks, and verification are what will keep us ahead." Just then, our secure line beeped. The spy was on the call. Daniel picked up first, then handed the phone to me. I pressed speaker and looked at Daniel. "Let's hear it directly. No filtering this time." The voice on the line was calm but urgent. "The shipment heading to Carter Holdings contains falsified legal documents, digital keys, and hardware meant to override your internal systems. Approach with caution, this is a coordinated attempt to compromise your control of the company." I glanced at Daniel. "This confirms our suspicions. They're aiming to destabilize Carter Holdings at the corporate level while Clara and Selene press the pack front." Daniel nodded. "Understood. Security intercepts immediately?"

"Yes," I said. "Brian and Cole are ready. They have full instructions. We move quietly, gather evidence, and maintain plausible deniability." Daniel exhaled slowly. "Then we're aligned. Pack defense, corporate

offense. Both fronts covered, no surprises." I leaned back in my chair, "Ready for the next step?" Daniel asked.

Chapter 188 No Mistakes

AMY

"Always," I said. "Let's make sure Elias and Clara learn that their moves are no longer hidden from us." He gave a small smile. "And if they misstep, we're already in position. Both sides, coordinated, balanced." I nodded. "Exactly." For the first time that morning, the situation room felt like the command center it was meant to be. We spent the rest of the day reviewing details, issuing discreet instructions, and confirming schedules. Even as tension lingered, our teamwork was precise, and fully synchronized. By the time the shipment arrived and was quietly intercepted, we had already mapped out contingencies for every plausible scenario. Security confirmed the contents, and I sent a summary to Mrs Carter. Daniel relayed updated pack positions. As we stepped out of the situation room together, Daniel said, "This is exactly how we handle threats, coordinated, without losing control." I smiled briefly. "And without letting them know we're aware. That's our advantage." He nodded. "Agreed. One step ahead, on both fronts." We left the room together. I watched the shipment being unloaded in the secured Carter Holdings bay, my hands resting lightly on the edge of the table as Brian and Cole inspected the contents. The crates were labeled as corporate hardware, but a quick scan revealed the truth: forged documents, hard drives, and digital keys—everything needed to overwrite our internal systems. I exhaled slowly, forcing myself to focus. "This isn't just about destabilizing me or Daniel," I said quietly, turning to Brian. "They're trying a corporate takeover. Everything points to Selene and Clara coordinating this." Brian nodded, his expression tight. "The materials are sophisticated. Whoever engineered this knew exactly how our network operates." ———— I closed my laptop and walked toward the secure bay. "Then we need to treat it as both a legal and technical crisis. I want everything documented and preserved as evidence. Chain of custody, every photograph, every log." Cole looked up from the inspection. "Do you want me to tighten perimeter security while we process the shipment?" "Yes," I said. "I want zero movement from anyone outside the authorized team. This is priority one. After the crates were secured, I called Mrs Carter. "We need an emergency meeting. Closed-door. Now." Within the hour, Mrs Carter joined me in the boardroom. I gestured toward the materials on the table. No Mistakes "They've sent everything they need to compromise us. Documents, digital keys, hard drives. This isn't personal. This is a takeover attempt." Mrs Carter's gaze was sharp. "And you're sure it's connected to Clara and Selene?" "Yes. I cross-referenced the shipments with rec all lines up," I said. "We have to respond strategically, internal anomalies and external account movements. It not impulsively. I want to tighten digital access immediately, limit who can execute changes, and monitor everything." She leaned back. "Who are you considering for the

ask?" I listed names, three executives I trusted completely. "These three will handle system privileges. No one All coctions logged. Any attempt to circumves will be immediately reported a me are Mrs Carter nodded slowly. "Good. And the press?" legal." "I'm preparing a private communication strategy. If any of this leaks, we control the narrative. They won't frame this as a corporate collapse or internal betrayal." "I like it," she said. "You've thought of everything." I offered a tight smile. "It has to be airtight." At that moment, Daniel entered the boardroom. He looked tired, but his posture was steady. "Amy," he said, his voice calm, "I'm bringing Marielle to live in the private wing temporarily. It's not just for her safety but ours too. We need to limit exposure while we manage both fronts." I walked to him

and nodded. "I agree. Thank you for thinking ahead. Let's make sure she's protected and not part of this chaos." He reached for my hand, squeezing it lightly. "We handle this together. No third party will dictate our future—corporate or pack." I returned his squeeze, feeling steadier. "Agreed. No one interferes. Not Elias, not Clara, not Selene. We manage our own space and our own moves." We spent the next two hours reviewing protocols. I went through network access logs, verified which employees could modify critical files, and confirmed that all systems had dual authentication. Brian and Cole monitored communications, while I coordinated legal oversight for every digital and financial step we were taking. "Do you think they'll try again immediately?" Daniel asked quietly, as we moved between rooms. "I don't know," I admitted. "They've been methodical so far. If they move, it'll be calculated. That's why we need multiple layers—digital, legal, and strategic." Daniel nodded. "Good. That's why I trust you to lead the corporate side. I'll handle pack intelligence and movements. We'll intersect when needed, but we don't duplicate effort." I appreciated his clarity. "I'll keep you updated every step. If anything shifts, you'll know before it becomes a problem." While we worked, Mrs Carter joined us again. "Amy, your plan is solid. But remember we need contingencies for everything. If they push hard publicly, we have a press release ready. If they escalate in the background, we act quietly and decisively." I nodded, feeling the weight of responsibility. "Everything is prepared. I've coordinated with legal and security. Nothing moves without my knowledge, and every action is logged" By late afternoon, the shipment had been fully processed, documented, and secured. I went over every detail one last time with Brian and Cole. "Any discrepancies?" I asked. "None," Brian said. "Everything matches your documentation. Any attempt to remove data will be caught immediately." "Good," I said. "Let's maintain this vigilance. We're not finished yet." Daniel joined me again, leaning against the doorframe. "You look exhausted." "I am." I admitted. "But this is necessary. We can't afford mistakes." He smiled softly. "I'll handle the pack side. You handle corporate. Together, we cover everything." I returned his smile, grateful. "And we do it without letting them dictate our moves. No reactionary decisions, only strategic steps." He reached for my hand again. "Exactly. We move as a single front, united in both worlds." I nodded, gripping his hand firmly. "We'll stay ahead of them, Daniel. No one comes close to destabilizing us—neither personally, corporately, nor with the pack."

Chapter 189 A Promise To Keep

AMY

Marielle was finally stable after two full days of close monitoring. The private medical wing smelled clean and quiet. Two guards that Daniel trusted stood outside her door. They did not speak unless necessary, and I liked that because I was already tired of chaos. The doctor told me she could now hold a calm conversation without emotional damage, and I chose to visit immediately. I needed answers, not comfort. I paused by the entrance and took a slow breath before walking in. She sat up in bed, her back slightly supported by pillows. Her face still looked weak, but her eyes were alert. She tried to smile. "Amy, you are here." "Yes," I said, pulling a chair closer. "The doctor said you could talk. I have questions. I need clear answers. No delays and no missing details." She nodded slowly. "I understand." I sat down. "First, I want to know the full truth about Clara." There was no hesitation. "You and Clara are sisters." I stared at her. "By birth or adoption?" "By birth," she said. "You are biological sisters." I held her gaze. "Explain from the beginning. I want everything in order." She adjusted her breathing. "You and Clara were born on the same day. You are not identical, but you are twins." I blinked. "Twins?" "Yes," she whispered. "You were infants when everything changed. The South Council got involved. There was fear of scandals, inheritance fights, and leadership disputes. They believed the existence of twins would

cause instability." I swallowed and kept my voice steady. "So they separated us?" "Yes," she said. "The South Council decided that only one child could remain in the South because of succession rules and that you were both an abomination because I was nothing but a mistress. Clara was taken away and placed in foster care with ties to the Council. You were secretly moved to the North to avoid attention and then I got you back. Sadly, you are missing. After years of searching, you were declared dead." I struggled to find words. "Did you support that decision?" She shook her head, her voice weak. "No. I was forced out. I was unable to fight it. They told me I had no right to question the Alpha lineage system. They insisted I was a risk." I leaned back slightly, trying to process. "I lived my entire life not knowing I had a twin, and Clara lived her life without knowing I existed."

"That is correct." I pressed further. "Then tell me where Selene fits into this. She knew things before anyone else. Why is she connected?" Her expression tightened, and she exhaled with effort. "Selene is your half-sister. All three of you share the same father, but Selene has a different mother." My heartbeat increased. "So Selene is also a biological family?" "Yes," she said. "Your father had a legal mate. She gave birth to Selene. I came into your father's life later, in private. My relationship with him was never approved by the Council."

My voice sounded unfamiliar to me. "So Selene had status, power, inheritance rights, and a legitimate title, while Clara and I were trashed?" "That is the truth," she said quietly. "And she knew?" I asked. "She knew many things," Marielle replied. "She grew up close to Council members. She was trained to lead. She carried pride and entitlement from a young age. She always believed she deserved every position and recognition, but she never knew that she was the daughter of the southern alpha until a few weeks ago when she found me where I was hiding." The room felt colder. "She saw us as competition regardless." "Yes," Marielle said. "For Selene, it got worse when she learned that not all of your father's children remained in the South. She felt betrayed. She believed you both were threats placed outside her reach." I rubbed my palm with my thumb, trying to stay grounded. "Clara and Selene working together makes no sense if they both felt abandoned." Marielle looked at me with tired eyes. "They are not stable in their loyalty. Their resentment grew from different directions. Selene is angry because she believes her birthright was challenged. Clara is angry because she grew up without belonging. They want recognition, but they do not trust each other: They are attached to each other by anger, not unity." I stared at the floor. "Did Clara know I was alive before you met?" I asked still trying to wrap my head around the whole thing. Marielle answered slowly. "She discovered fragments of the truth a few weeks ago. She did not know you were her twin. She was told you died as a toddler. She never looked deeper because she did not trust the Council enough to question them. She believed what she was told." "So none of us had the full truth," I whispered. "Correct," she replied. "Everything was controlled by the South Council. They made decisions that shaped your lives without concern for emotional damage." I raised my head again. "Why not fight back when you escaped or gained freedom?" She looked down. "I was injured, threatened, and isolated. When I tried to speak, I was silenced. I lived with the belief that you died. When I heard rumours that a girl in the North had similar birth records, I began searching. That was when everything changed and I was captured again! My hands slowly curled into fists, but I kept my tone neutral. "So Selene grew up knowing she was the legitimate one, while Clara grew up believing she was disposable, and I grew up thinking I was completely separate." "Yes," she whispered. Silence stretched between us. For the first time in a long time, my chest felt heavy in a way that was not fear, anger, or sadness. It was pure confusion and disbelief. She looked at me, voice trembling. "I am sorry for everything you suffered. I wish I could undo it." I shook my

head gently. "This is not about apologies anymore. This is about truth, accountability, and protection. I will protect you here, but I will not ignore any part of this story." She wiped a tear that slipped down her cheek. "Please do not let history repeat itself." "I won't," I said. "That is something I can promise." I stood up slowly. "Thank you for telling me. I will need time to process everything. I will also need to inform Daniel and Mrs Carter. Nothing stays hidden anymore."

Chapter 190 Fraternal Twins

AMY

I took a few minutes alone in the hallway before entering the room. I needed my head clear, not shaking like someone who couldn't handle her own history. I'd cried enough in my life over things I didn't cause and this wasn't going to be added to the pile. I inhaled, squared my shoulders, wiped my eyes, and repeated in my mind: clarity over panic, control over emotions. When I walked in, Daniel was sitting at the edge of the bed as if he already sensed I wasn't fine. His eyes lifted immediately, scanning my face. "I'm ready to talk," I said while closing the door behind me. He nodded once. "Come here." I walked to him, and before I even sat, he held out his hand. I placed mine into his and it felt warm. For a second, I thought I might actually start shaking, but I didn't. "I found something out," I began. "It sounds insane, but it's true. And I need you to hear it without reacting first." "I'm listening," he replied. No judgement, no impatience. I explained everything—Marielle's confession, Clara being my twin, Selene's involvement, and how it all tied back to my biological roots. I didn't sugarcoat anything. When I finished, Daniel didn't say a word for a moment. He just looked at me, thumb brushing lightly across my knuckles. "You're not responsible for the secrets other people buried," he finally said. "And you don't owe anyone an apology for where you come from. This changes nothing between us." "You're taking it better than I expected." "I meant every word I gave you. Loyalty isn't assigned by bloodlines. A person earns their value through character, actions, and choice. Biology is paperwork. Trust is currency." I let out a deep breath, feeling the pressure in my chest loosen a little. "I was scared this would put another crack in things we're barely holding together. We already have enough pressure." "There's no crack," he said. "And if anyone thinks they can use this against you, they'll meet me first." I nodded, finally feeling like the floor under me wasn't tilting anymore. "We need to tell your mother. She deserves to hear it directly." "We will," he agreed. "And we'll handle it as a united front/ Mrs Carter didn't know anything was coming when it was dinner time. The dining room was warm, quiet, and almost too calm for what I was about to lay on the table. She walked in with her usual composed confidence, her hair neatly pinned and her expression sharp but calm. Daniel pulled out her chair, and I sat across from her. She poured some water, took a sip, and looked between us. "Something is going on," she concluded before we could even start. "Either tell me now or eat first and tell me later, but my instinct prefers the first option." "We'll talk. I said, keeping my voice flat. No dramatics, no suspense, no emotional explosion, just the truth. She leaned back slightly, giving me permission to go ahead * confirmed today that Clara isn't just my enemy. She's my fraternal twin. Selene is my half-sister. All three. of us are South Alpha bloodline descendants. I wasn't adopted randomly or by accident. I was hidden. Daniel didn't interrupt. Mrs Carter didn't blink for a moment. It was the first time I'd ever seen her mind freeze. Her lips parted slightly, not in shock that made her lose control, but in shock that demanded instant recalculation. "Fraternal twin?" she repeated slowly. "Yes"

And Selene?" "Half-sister." She placed both her elbows lightly on the table, fingers touching as she processed. "South Alpha bloodline is a major political asset. This information, if public, isn't just

personal... it's territorial." "That's exactly the problem," I replied. "And Clara is unstable enough to use it as leverage." Mrs Carter exhaled, "No wonder Selene got involved with corporate sabotage. It wasn't revenge alone, it was positioning." Daniel spoke next. "Elías probably knew. He might have been counting on it, maybe even planning to negotiate with it. Especially with all the power plays surrounding Carter Holdings." Mrs Carter's eyes narrowed slightly. "If the South Council becomes aware of Amy's survival and her affiliation with this family, we could see claim disputes, marital interference demands, and territorial rights hearings." "In short," I said, "chaos." "Not just chaos," she corrected. "Political war masked as tradition. And enemies waiting to exploit either outcome." I tapped my fingers lightly against the table. "The only way we stay ahead is by acting fast and staying quiet. Clara hasn't made her move openly yet, which means she's waiting for an advantage." Mrs Carter nodded. "I want to meet Marielle privately. I need to confirm the legitimacy and full scope of the bloodline and what risks tie back to Carter Holdings. If this leaks to the Council, it won't be gossip, it will be handled as a strategic claim." "That's fair," I replied. "She'll cooperate." Daniel leaned forward slightly. "No matter what, Amy stays protected and her place here doesn't change." His mother met his gaze. "She is not leaving. That is final. Bloodline or not, she is a Carter by marriage, decision and contribution." "I don't want to wait for fallout. We need to be proactive. The longer Clara has silence, the more room she gets to design her move." "I agree," Mrs Carter said. "From tonight forward, all private information about you becomes sealed. No casual discussions, no staff whispers, no digital traces." Daniel added, "I'll inform the private security division and Marcus. Only vetted personnel stay active around us." Mrs Carter stood slowly. "After dinner, I'll contact legal and cybersecurity. Headquarters will receive a confidentiality lockdown. Nobody speaks without clearance. If anyone talks, they will be dealt with legally and internally." I placed my palms flat on the table and spoke quietly, "We are going to finish this, and Clara won't get the upper hand." This wasn't just family history anymore. It was war declared quietly.