

Broken 191

Chapter 191 Assumptions And Rumors

DANIEL

I closed the door to my office at Carter Holdings, the low hum of the building fading behind us. Amy sat across from me, while Cole leaned casually against the wall, arms crossed. My mother took her usual seat at the far end of the table, her expression unreadable but attentive. Two analysts I had requested were set up with encrypted laptops, ready to comb through the South Council's communications, Selene's movements, and Clara's recent patterns. "We run this quietly," I began, my voice firm. "No one outside this room sees these reports until we've analyzed every detail. I don't want leaks." I glanced at Amy, noting her silent nod, then Cole, who simply raised an eyebrow. "Understood," Cole said. "We keep this tight. But what if Clara finds out Amy is her twin before we're ready?" His tone wasn't alarmed, just practical. "That's exactly what worries me," I admitted. "If she gets even a hint before we control the narrative, she'll act first—politically, socially, or financially. Selene will exploit it too if given a chance." Amy shifted in her chair. "We have to be proactive, but we can't rush Marielle. She's still recovering, and pushing her for full documentation now could backfire." I nodded, appreciating her judgment. "Good point. Marielle comes first. That said, we need full intel on Clara and Selene. Every communication, every movement—they can't have the first advantage." Mrs. Carter spoke up, her voice calm but firm. "From a corporate standpoint, this bloodline information is explosive. If Amy's confirmed as South Alpha blood, there could be territorial inheritance claims. That's a legal and political risk we can't underestimate. The South Council won't sit quietly if she's recognized officially." "I know," I replied. "Which is why we need a silent approach for now. Cole, I want you to contact our spy again. I need verified timelines, their motives, and any links to Elias. No assumptions, no rumors." Cole nodded, already pulling out his secure device. "I'll reach out immediately. We'll have intel within hours if the network is clean." Amy leaned forward. "We also need to anticipate how Clara might react. If she suspects there's a missing piece or anything confirming Amy's existence, she'll move quickly. We can't wait for her to act first. That means gathering evidence, tracing her communications, and ensuring the South Council can't use any fragment against us." I gestured to the analysts. "Begin your tracing now. Prioritize Clara's direct contacts, any authorizations requested, and her communication logs over the last six months. Every detail counts." One of the analysts looked up. "Sir, should we also flag Selene's social circles? Her influence might extend beyond direct communications." "Yes," I said. "Everything Selene touches could lead back to a strategic move against Amy or Carter Holdings. Track everything discreetly. We're not going public yet." Cole interjected. "Should we confront Marielle again for complete proof like legal documents, South Council recognition, blood verification?" Amy shook her head. "Not yet. She's still weak. Any pressure now could compromise her health. We'll use the intelligence we gather remotely and wait until she's fully recovered to formalize every thing." Mrs. Carter nodded in agreement. "From a corporate perspective, we need to prepare contingencies. If Amy's South Alpha status is revealed publicly, competitors or even internal factions could exploit it. Tight control over internal communications is essential. I leaned back, taking a moment to let the room absorb the strategy. "Agreed. Everything stays within this circle. Analysts, your reports go directly to me and Amy. Cole, coordinate with the spy. No one else sees anything." At that moment, an encrypted alert pinged on my secure terminal. I opened it immediately, scanning the brief but critical message. Clara had contacted someone in the South and requested travel clearance. My stomach tightened slightly, though I kept my expression neutral.

They're moving," I said, breaking the silence. "Clara might already suspect something is missing and is trying to confirm it herself." Amy's gaze hardened. "Then we need to act before she has any proof. Waiting will give her the first advantage, and she will use it." Cole's voice was calm. "We should anticipate her next moves—routes, contacts, possible witnesses she might pull into her orbit." "Exactly," I said. "This is a race. But we control the pace. We don't panic. We prepare, we anticipate, and we move strategically." Mrs. Carter leaned forward. "And on the corporate side, the company remains our first line of defense. Any leaks or manipulations, we neutralize quietly. Public perception stays controlled." Amy looked at me and then at Mrs. Carter. "We need synchronized action. Pack security and corporate defense must run simultaneously. Any misalignment and they'll exploit it." I nodded, squeezing her hand briefly. "Then that's our plan. Synchronized, controlled, and silent. No emotional reactions, no public exposure until we're ready." Amy exhaled slowly. "I'll start coordinating the corporate measures immediately. Secure digital access, restrict external communications, and ensure any internal irregularities are flagged to me first." "I'll handle the pack surveillance," I said. "Cole will monitor movement, routes, and communications. We'll have constant updates." Mrs. Carter finally spoke. "Good. Keep me informed, but let's make sure the internal review remains discreet. If anyone outside this room knows, it's already too late." I looked at Amy. "We do this together. Same page, same strategy. No one outside our team takes control." She nodded, her focus unwavering. "Understood. And I'll make sure the corporate side is airtight. No access, no exposure, until we confirm every detail." The analysts returned with the first batch of initial traces, already encrypted and ready for review. I instructed Amy to stay with me while we went through them carefully, noting patterns and potential risks. Every movement of Clara and Selene was cross-checked with Elias's known network. Cole relayed updates from the spy, detailing communications and indirect contacts between Clara and the South. Each entry confirmed our suspicions—both girls were gathering information, testing loyalty, and potentially preparing moves to exploit Amy's identity. Amy tightened her jaw slightly. "We can't wait. I'll need approval to start preemptive measures—digital lockdown, route monitoring, and legal preparation." "Approved," I said. "Do what you need. I'll make sure Cole has authority to act within pack measures. And mum, you're in charge of board oversight quietly."

Chapter 192 DNA Results

AMY

I sat alone in the private study at the Carter estate, a pen in hand and a blank notepad in front of me. The silence was necessary. I needed to think clearly, to separate instinct from strategy. Emotional reactions could make this worse, missteps now might give Clara and Selene an opening to manipulate the situation further. I closed my eyes for a moment, then opened them and began listing all the possibilities. Clara could want revenge. She could want validation. She might seek status or a sense of belonging she believed she lost. If she learned the full truth about our bloodline, I feared she would fully align with Selene. That would give Selene a psychological advantage, which was unacceptable. I couldn't allow them to unite against me with a stronger position. I called Daniel over the secure line. He appeared in the study within minutes, expression steady. "What's on your mind?" he asked. "I want to confront Clara," I said directly. "But it has to be structured. No anger, no letting her provoke me. Just facts. She needs to see the truth without any room for misinterpretation." Daniel nodded slowly. "I agree. But we need monitoring and backup. You won't go alone, and I want Cole and Brian in positions nearby, ready if things escalate." "I expected that," I replied. "I also want Mrs Carter involved in the planning. Neutral oversight will reduce risks." A short time later, Mrs Carter joined us. She studied my

notes for a moment. "I suggest using neutral ground," she said. "Somewhere under your control but not associated with either of you personally. No cameras, minimal external traffic. That way, if tensions rise, it doesn't become public, and both parties have to focus on the facts." I nodded. "We can use the private lounge owned by Carter Holdings. It's secure, reserved, and monitored for entry, but no recording devices are present. Only invited parties will be in the room." Mrs Carter agreed. "Good. Limit distractions, and present only verified facts. DNA results, birth details from Marielle, testimony notes. Nothing speculative. That will leave Clara with minimal space to manipulate the narrative." I spent the next hour preparing the documents, reviewing Marielle's testimony and the official birth records. I organized everything so it could be presented clearly and logically, without emotion. Each piece would be factual, concise, and traceable. If Clara tried to argue, I would have the evidence at hand. When I finished, I sent Daniel a secure message. "I'm ready for the meeting. Everything's organized. I want to handle this calmly and stick to the facts—no surprises, no emotions getting in the way." He responded immediately. "Agreed. I'll coordinate Cole and Brian for security and observation. My mum will oversee remotely." I felt relief knowing it was a team effort. The last thing I needed was any bad reaction from either side. Meanwhile, across town, Clara was preparing for her own approach. From the information we had on her

movements, she was gathering herself to confront me, suspicion was evident in her actions. She had already arranged a private meeting with Selene earlier in the day and the spy we placed in charge placed a listening device so I was able to hear their conversation. "I don't trust her," Clara said, pacing, "Amy knows more than she's saying. She's hiding something about Marielle." Selene remained calm, seated with a tablet in hand. "If she is hiding something, you won't know it in advance. You need to stay unpredictable. Do not show your true intentions. Observe her. Let her reveal the information first, then respond." "I'll attend her meeting, but I'll stay cautious. I can't underestimate what she knows or what she'll do once she lays it all out." "Focus on what you need from her. Don't react emotionally, Keep your options open. If she's prepared with facts, you'll know immediately, and you can adjust." When I was done listening, I went to meet Daniel in the room and I reviewed a checklist of contingencies. "If Clara becomes aggressive," Daniel said, "we step in. No matter what, you don't argue outside of what the evidence shows. She can't see hesitation or doubt." "I understand," I said. "I won't. Facts first, reactions second. That's the plan." Cole came briefly to confirm his positions and line of sight for observation. "We'll have eyes on all exits and entries. Any sudden movement, we intervene. The room itself is secure" Brian who was coordinating digital security, added, "All comms are encrypted, and no device is allowed inside. No external recording or transmission. If Clara attempts any recording, we'll know immediately and act." I checked my materials one final time, DNA results, Marielle's birth records, official notes from her testimony, a concise timeline of events. Each document was in order, easily accessible, and presented in a way that left no room for manipulation. "Everything is ready," I said. "I'll stay calm and precise. Nothing emotional. We control the pace. Daniel placed a hand on my shoulder. "You've got this. I'll be nearby, as will Cole and Brian. Mrs Carter oversees. No surprises." I allowed myself a brief nod. "Good. That's all I need." By mid-afternoon, the team coordinated entry. The lounge was cleared of anyone except necessary staff, and the documents were arranged in neat stacks on the conference table. Daniel, Cole, and Brian were stationed at discreet points nearby, ready to intervene if Clara reacted aggressively. As I took my seat, I allowed myself one deep breath. I reminded myself that this wasn't about proving dominance. It wasn't about emotional satisfaction. It was about clarity, transparency, and setting a foundation for control before any external reactions could take hold. I sent a final message to Clara's known channels, inviting her to the lounge under a neutral pretext. Moments

later, Daniel whispered, "She'll arrive soon." I nodded, every step had been planned to minimize risk, protect Marielle, and ensure that both Clara and Selene could not manipulate the information.

Chapter 193 Presenting All Options

AMY

Daniel stood near the doorway, a few steps behind me. His stance was calm but alert, and I knew he was ready to step in if necessary. Every detail cross-arielle's testimony were all I organized the documents on the table in front of me. Each file had been checked with Marielle and our records. The DNA results, birth certificates, a ready. I did not intend to overwhelm Clara; I wanted clarity, a controlled conversation, and evidence to end years of uncertainty. "Are you ready?" Daniel asked, his voice low. "Yes," I replied, keeping my tone steady. "I'm ready to present the facts without reaction. We stay in control." He nodded once and moved slightly back toward the entrance. A few minutes later, the door opened. Clara stepped in without a greeting. She walked directly to the table and pulled out the chair across from mine. There was no softening of her tone. "Why did you want to meet?" she asked immediately. I took a slow breath and met her gaze. "Have you ever wondered why your life story had no complete answers?" I asked. Clara shifted in her seat but did not answer directly. "I've had my questions," she said lightly, "but I don't see how that matters now." "It matters because it explains why certain truths were hidden," I said. "You've been living with partial stories, misinformation, and gaps that were not your choice. This meeting is to provide clarity." She raised an eyebrow but said nothing. I opened the sealed document file and placed it carefully on the table. The weight of it seemed to fill the space more than either of us did. "This file contains everything verified by Marielle," I explained. "Marielle is not only my mother, but also your mother. You and I were born on the same day." Clara's eyes narrowed, but she did not move toward the file. Her body language suggested disbelief or refusal. She remained seated but alert. "I am not presenting this to hurt you," I continued. "I am presenting it so we can close a door that has been left open for too long. This is about facts, not arguments." Clara finally spoke, voice edged with suspicion. "Why should I believe you? How do I know this isn't some attempt to claim power or manipulate me?" I opened the first page of the file and slid it toward her. "Every piece of information in this file can be verified. DNA results, birth certificates, and Marielle's own statements. You can review them at your own pace. I am not asking for acceptance, only for observation of truth." She picked up the top document, flipping through the pages slowly. Her expression did not change. "This.... it doesn't prove everything. I want to hear it from Marielle herself. Until then, I have no reason to accept your version."

I remained calm. "I understand. You have the right to confirm directly from her. That does not change the facts, only the timing of your recognition." Clara's lips pressed together. "I don't trust this," she said finally. She stood abruptly, chair scraping slightly against the floor. "You're lying. I know you're lying. You are trying to take what belongs to me, including identity, legacy, and bloodline." I rose to meet her, keeping my hands visible. "Clara, this is not about taking things from you. This is about knowing the truth and understanding where we come from. There is no claim to override your life or your choices." She shook her head sharply. "I don't care. Selene already told me you would try this. That steal everything from me. Everything." you would try to "I am not Selene. I am not trying to take anything, there is nothing to take." I said firmly. "The information is here to clarify, not to dominate. You can verify it at any time with Marielle." Clara's eyes flared briefly. She glanced at the documents on the table, then back at me. "I don't need proof from papers alone. I need to hear it directly, and even then, I will decide

what to do. Right now, I am not accepting anything from you.” She stepped back, tension in her shoulders, and turned toward the door. I reached out instinctively. “Clara, please wait. We can discuss this calmly. There’s no need to leave in anger.” She did not stop. “I have nothing to discuss with you. I will confirm the truth myself. And when I do, we’ll see who was honest and who was pretending.” The door closed behind her before I could respond further. I remained standing for a moment, watching the empty space she had left. Daniel entered quietly, moving to my side. “She left fast,” he said. His tone was calm but measured. “She’s already processing. This will not end here. We need to prepare for whatever actions she decides to take next.” “I know,” I said. My voice was steady, though my mind was running through every possible next step. “She refused to accept the documents. She doesn’t trust the facts without Marielle herself. That means she will investigate, and she may act quickly.” Daniel nodded. “We can control some of it, but not all. We need to be ready for any attempts to manipulate this or to reach the South Council with partial information. Cole and Brian are already coordinating observation.” I sat down finally, resting my hands on the table. “We need to keep Marielle safe, and we need to be prepared if Clara or Selene moves next. But we have the upper hand in clarity. We know the truth; we can act strategically. She doesn’t.” Daniel placed his hand over mine. “We’ll handle it together. Nothing she does changes what we know or what we control. You presented facts, calmly and clearly. That counts for something.” I nodded, allowing a small sigh to escape my lips. “It counts for a lot. But it also counts against us if she chooses to twist the narrative outside this room.”

“Then we prepare,” he said. “We do not react emotionally. We respond methodically. That’s the difference?”

Chapter 194 Bloodline

CLARA

I did not look back when I left the North. My mind felt heavy, because after the day southern alpha interrupted my conversation with Marielle, he dumped me at my place and warned me strictly to stay away from the south. I wanted answers from the only source who could not lie to my face. If then I would walk away with certainty. If he confirmed me, then everyone me with respect, not sympathy. the South denied me, ed to hide it would face The ride to the South territory felt long, silent, and tense. I kept thinking about Marielle, Selene, and Amy. Nothing made sense. If we were connected, why did nobody say anything? Why did I grow up without a clear past while others spoke with pride about their roots? Why was I brought up in a foster home? I did not want pity. I wanted facts. The South Alpha Council building was large, guarded, and tight. Security officers checked everyone who entered, even council members. When it was my turn, I kept my voice firm. “I am here to see the South Alpha. Not his secretary. Not his assistant. I need a private session.” The guards looked at each other. One asked for a referral code to prove that I was not seeking an unofficial meeting. I gave the code slowly, word by word. Only someone with blood access or direct training could know it. The guard’s expression changed. I had bribed my way to get it a few days ago. He asked me to wait. I stood in the reception area, not shaking, not moving, and not greeting anyone. I kept my eyes forward. After a few minutes, a door opened and another guard signaled for me to follow. I walked down a long hallway and entered a private office. The South Alpha sat behind a wide desk. His eyes were kind of mean. He did not offer a seat. “You used a code that is not public,” he said. “State your reason for coming.” I spoke without emotion. “I want to confirm my identity. I believe I am your biological daughter.” He pressed a button on his desk. Two male guards entered and stood close to me. “You are not free to move around this

territory until verification is complete. You will be kept under controlled supervision. If your claim is false, you will be punished for identity fraud and unauthorized access." "I already know the truth," I replied. "So holding me here will not change it." "You are not the first who tried to claim a link to this seat," he said. "Most are wrong." "I am not most," I replied. He told the guards to take me to a waiting cell while they checked hidden files. I did not step back. "If you lock me up, I will speak in the Council Chamber. I will tell them everything I know. My story will reach every South member who thinks they deserve a clean record. If you are innocent, my voice cannot harm you. If you are guilty, the rumors will spread before your facts are ready. Think carefully about what you are doing and stop pretending we haven't met before." He looked up. "You think threats will help you?" he asked. "I am stating conditions. Not threats," I answered. "And if you do not lie proof." That part was not fully confirmed, but I knew I had to sound certain. The Alpha lifted his hand. The guards stepped back and left. He stood up, walked around his desk, and faced me. "Say it again." "I am your daughter." He did not confirm. Instead, he observed me slowly.

forth already has recorded "You have the same direct tone as someone I once knew. But the tone is not proof." "I came for more than proof," I answered. "I came for the position." That caught his full attention. "Explain." "If I am truly part of this bloodline, then I want value, not just a title. I want a place in your company. I want access to decision making. I want control in areas that secure long-term power." The Alpha folded his arms. "You speak like someone trained in corporate strategy. Who taught you?" "I learned while fighting for recognition," I said. He asked what I wanted in specific terms. I spoke clearly. "I want an executive office. I want a strong salary and benefits package. I want influence in the finance department. I want involvement in voting decisions. I want authority that cannot be removed through manipulation or gossip." He stared at me without blinking. "You want influence, but what do you offer?" "Silence, loyalty, intelligence, data and protection for your reputation. And a planned mode of operation against Carter Enterprise Holdings." His voice lowered. "So you want to be a partner in strategy, not just a child seeking identity." "Yes." He paced slowly across the room. He seemed to measure risk and outcome.

"If I give you power, you will be expected to work at full capacity. No complaints, no excuses and no emotional conflict." "I can handle it," I replied. He returned to his desk. It is real work and carries "I will appoint you as Head of Finance in our main corporation. It is no responsibility. You will start immediately. You will move into the official executives. All your communication will be monitored until full confirmation is completed." "I accept." provided for senior "You will sign a nondisclosure agreement. If you break it, the consequences will not be negotiated." "I understand." He handed me a digital pad. The agreement listed strict conditions. I read every line. No hidden sections. No unclear language. I signed. "Good," he said. He sat again. "One more thing. Selene does not know about any of this. She still believes she is the only one tied to this bloodline." That detail gave me an advantage. He called a staff officer and ordered that I be taken to the finance building for orientation.

Chapter 195 Things Getting Out Of Hand

CLARA

I arrived at the Southern Alpha corporate headquarters early in the morning. Security already knew my new access status, so they did not stop me at the main gate. Workers who would typically look bored suddenly looked alert when they saw executive elevator. I kept my steps slow and elegant. Today was not about position, and clarity. enter through the Today was about power, When I reached the top floor, the

screen near the hallway displayed the morning announcements. I turned my head and saw it clearly. "New Appointment: Head of Finance – Ms. Clara" There was no mistake, no temporary label, no pending review tag. It was official. Employees walking by paused. Some whispered, some looked confused, and some simply froze. They were not used to sudden power adjustments without political gossip or staged promotion ceremonies. I did not care. Their reaction only confirmed that my presence had weight. I walked into my new office and closed the door gently. The office was large, simple, clean, with full access screens and direct communication privileges. My name tag was already positioned on the table. I sat down and turned on the system. I started reading the finance division structure, payroll authority forms, project budgets, and internal audit schedule. I did not wait for a welcome reception. I did not need it. Ten minutes later, the office door flew open without any knock. Selene walked in. Her steps were aggressive. Her breathing sounded too fast. Her eyes were sharp with confusion and offense. She spoke before shutting the door. "What is the meaning of this? Why is your name on the announcement board? Who approved this?" I did not lift my voice or stand. I kept typing while talking. "You saw it correctly. I am the new Head of Finance. The Alpha approved it. It has been logged." Selene stepped closer, almost reaching my desk. "You think you can joke with me? You have no right to hold any high position here. I have worked here longer than you. I am the known successor of this territory. You cannot bypass me." I looked up. "This is not a discussion, Selene. It is an official appointment with authorization codes. If you are confused, speak to the Alpha. I am not here to debate." Her voice rose louder. "You are not qualified. Everyone knows you are unstable, unreasonable, and always chasing attention. I will not allow you to stand above me in ranking. I refuse to accept this." I clicked my system to open the hands. sent file and folded it "You do not need to accept it. The confirmation does not depend on your approval. It is done." Selene leaned forward over my desk. "I will call the Alpha right now. I will demand that he corrects this immed I stood and looked her straight in the eyes. "Call him. If he confirms it in front of you, your reaction will only embarrass you further." Her face shifted from anger to disbelief. "You are not special. You are not from this territory. You are not even recognized by the council. You are nothing but a desperate outsider who will try anything to rise." She paused to breathe. "And you think taking a job I deserve will make you important?" I waited for her to finish. "Are you done?" She glared.

Yes. Say whatever excuse you want." I spoke clearly. "I am not here on excuse. I am here based on blood approval. I am a biological daughter of the Southern Alpha." Her expression froze. Her voice, which had been loud, suddenly lowered. "You are lying." I shook my head once. "No. I am not." She clenched her jaw. "When did you find out? And how long have you been planning this?"

"I confirmed it recently. I do not owe you a full report of my steps. That information is private." Selene laughed out loud in clear sarcasm, but it did not sound confident. "The Alpha would never allow you in any executive space without long investigation and proof." I opened a file drawer and brought out one printed document with a restricted verification code watermark. I placed it on the table between us. "This is confirmation of identity access level. Only the Southern Alpha can approve this code. You know that better than anyone." She stared at the paper for several seconds. She did not touch it. "You think this changes everything?" "It already changed everything." Her voice became shaky, then turned into anger again. "You planned this behind my back. You walked into my territory and thought you could take what belongs to me. I will not let it go. You are hiding something. I can feel it." "That is your assumption. I am not required to convince you." "You think you can survive in this building while I am here? I will expose you." I leaned forward slowly, not threatening, but direct. "We are both here now. So

yes, you will see me often. Prepare yourself. She pointed at me. "You are playing a dangerous game." I shook my head. "No. I am starting my official duty." She tried one last strike. "You should leave this building immediately before things get out of control." I walked back to my chair and sat again. "Conversation is over. I have work to begin. Please close my door on your way out." Her body shook slightly with rage. She stared at me like she wanted to continue arguing but lacked new points. Then she turned, stormed out, and slammed the door. When she left, I let out a deep breath, not from fear but from winning the argument. I knew she would not give up. I also knew this was only the first confrontation. But one thing was clear. I was no longer standing outside any system. I was inside. And she could not remove me with empty threats. This was the start of a new power structure. And I would not step back until I ruin Amy.

Chapter 196 Because You Want Power

SELENE

I walked out of Clara's new office feeling angry and confused. My hands were shaking but I refused to show weakness in the hallway. People were still watching me, waiting to see my expression or reaction. I straightened my shoulders and walked to the elevator without saying a word. As soon as the doors closed, I took out my phone. I was not going to accept Clara's sudden rise without checking what she was. Alpha's daughter, but I wanted proof beyond some printed document. She claimed to be the I contacted one of my external informants who specialized in private data retrieval. He never asked personal questions, only collected payment and delivered results. I sent a short message: "Check Clara – hospital records, foster system records, travel history, hidden documents." I locked my screen and waited for the elevator to reach the ground floor. When I stepped out of the building, I went directly to my car. I sat inside for several minutes in silence, tapping my nails on the steering wheel. I did not like losing control and today felt like control was shifting away from me. Thirty minutes later, my phone vibrated. I opened the message expecting data, but instead, the message read: "You are looking in the wrong direction. Elias is back. He wants to meet." My eyes widened. Elias had been quiet and off the grid for a long time. Many believed he was still hiding or trying to escape legal attention. I asked for a location, and the response came with an address and a warning: "Come alone. He said, "You understand why." I agreed because I needed answers. I started the engine and drove out, keeping my mind focused. If Elias was truly back, then he had something planned. He never acted without gain. The meeting address led to a private apartment building outside the main business district. It looked intentionally normal, nothing that would draw attention. I parked and walked up two flights of stairs. The door to apartment 2B was not locked, which made me cautious. I pushed it open and stepped in. Elias was sitting on the couch like he owned the place. He looked clean, well-rested, and confident. There was no sign that he was stressed or running. His eyes met mine, and he smiled slightly. "I see you found the place," he said. I folded my arms. "Why did you call me? I thought you were hiding." He shrugged like it was irrelevant. "People hide only when they have no strategy left. I don't fall into that group." I stayed near the door. "Say what you want. I don't have time for pointless stories." He reached for a brown document file on the table and tapped it once with his finger. "Everything happening right now is connected. Clara is not the only one preparing for higher ground."

"What does Clara have to do with you?" I asked. He leaned forward. "You're focusing too much on her. That makes you blind to the bigger move" I narrowed my eyes. "Which move?" He opened the file

slowly, like he was handling something valuable. I stepped closer, unable to hold back curiosity. Inside the file were organized documents, printed communicate financial records, and

email screenshots. "What is this supposed to be?" I asked. Elias spoke with a calm voice. "A full case showing Daniel used pack and corporate funds to support private arms deals." He paused. "There is also email proof that he planned to leave the North and join a foreign company, abandoning both pack and business responsibilities." I stared at the papers. They looked complete, recorded, and traced through convincing systems. There were digital stamps, transaction chains, and date logs. Anyone seeing it without inside knowledge would believe it. "This looks real," I said quietly. "That is the point," he replied. I turned to him. "What are you trying to do with this?" His expression turned cold. "I want Daniel removed from power. He embarrassed me, blocked me, and destroyed my plans. Now it's his turn to fall." I studied him carefully. "If Daniel loses leadership, the North becomes unstable. The council will step in. Investigations will spread. Everyone connected to him will be reviewed." I paused. "That includes Amy." Elias nodded without remorse. "Yes. When Daniel loses credibility, Amy loses value. Clara can rise without competition, and the power vacuum will create new space for negotiation." I felt my heartbeat steady as I realized the potential outcome. The North would collapse into confusion, Clara would grow stronger, and I would not be left out. If chaos opened a new leadership space, I could use it. Elias continued. "The elders in the North trust documents more than words. Once they see these files, they will suspend Daniel while they investigate. His image will drop. People will question his decisions, and Amy will not be protected." I looked down at the documents again. "They will trace the source." "You will send it anonymously," Elias said. "Use a neutral channel. You will pretend you want to help them by revealing hidden activity." I closed the folder. "Why should I work with you?" He smiled. "Because you want power, and this gives you a path. Clara thinks she won. Amy thinks she is safe. Daniel thinks he cannot be touched. But we can change everything." He was right. I wanted recognition, authority, and a permanent place in leadership. Watching them lose control would put me in position. I could not reject a plan that offered advantage. I nodded slowly. "Fine. I will deliver it. But if this backfires, I will not protect you." He leaned back. "It will not backfire if you follow the plan." I held the file firmly. "No contact between us after today." He agreed. I left the apartment with confident steps and returned to my car. I placed the file on the passenger seat. The weight of it did not feel like paper. It felt like the start of something new. This plan was dangerous, but I wanted results. If chaos opened leadership space, then I would not waste it. I drove away without looking back.

Chapter 197 Another Kind Of Pain

DANIEL

I walked into the council hall expecting routine business, not trouble, but trouble was already waiting on the polished round table. Several elders sat with unreadable faces, and a thick brown folder lay open in front of them. The tension was obvious. One of the elders pushed the file toward me authorization codes were tied to funds wired into a private overseas an fake. Whoever forged it did a careful job. d why my signature and unt. I knew instantly it was The stamps, dates, and legal formatting were almost perfect. They wanted a scandal that could not be dismissed with laughter. I looked at all of them before speaking, "I would not fight the accusation with anger. I remind you all that every major approval requires dual verification, and none of the supposed transactions existed in our official audit trail." The elders stared and said they would conduct a formal investigation regardless. I agreed without hesitation. Fighting the council only makes a man look guilty, and I was not giving the hidden enemy that victory.

When the meeting ended, I stepped outside and found Amy waiting near the door with a phone in her hand. Her eyes asked questions before her mouth could catch up. I didn't want to worry her, but she deserved honesty. I explained the situation in simple terms: someone forged international transfers under my authority, and the council would now begin a full inquiry. She froze before speaking, then said she trusted me completely. She wasn't loud, dramatic, or emotional; she was steady. That kind of support calms a man faster than any speech. Mrs Carter joined us in the hallway, asking for every detail. After listening, she recommended we release controlled evidence to the public before the false story spread. I disagreed at first because reacting too fast can make things worse, but Amy reminded me that lies always multiply when silence gives them space. She was right. I realized the best defense was not a private argument, but complete truth. We had been planning to confirm identities, past crimes, and hidden family ties eventually. Now the timing was no longer optional. It needed to happen, and it needed to be public. The only real risk was Marielle because she wasn't built for heavy crowds, cameras, or interrogation. She had lived most of her life handling pain quietly. Asking her to stand in front of the world felt unfair, but necessary. That night, inside our private lounge, we gathered around a long table with documents, medical records, dated birth forms, and sealed testimony envelopes. We went through them until nothing was missing, nothing was conflicting, and everything was verifiable. Marielle listened without interruption, then asked what we needed from her. I told her we were not forcing anything and she could choose to speak or stay silent behind legal documents. She sat back, looking exhausted, but her voice didn't shake. She said she would speak, not for attention, but because Amy deserved closure and I deserved protection against lies.

Preparations started the next morning. Mrs Garter contacted trusted media instead of mainstream outlets because we needed controlled reporting, not gossip hunters. We selected an indoor location at Carter Estate Auditorium for controlled security. Brian and Cole supervised the guards personally, giving strict rules: no free entry, no unfamiliar staff, no unexplained equipment, and no sudden movement around the stage. Inside the auditorium, long cables, microphones, and camera tripod dramatic set pieces, just a clean stage and a single podium. The com filled the next, and selected witnesses sat quietly at the sides. Every so ranged neatly. No banners or the front row, journalists it longer than usual. Minutes before going live, Marielle stood with me, Amy, and Mrs Carter in a private waiting room. She wore a plain suit jacket and held a small handkerchief. She wasn't trembling, which made me strangely proud. I thanked her for agreeing to speak. She said she had been afraid of her own story for too long and that fear had never given her peace. Today was simply a different kind of pain. A guard informed us that the camera feed was ready, and the broadcast countdown had started. We walked toward the exit door. The hallway felt too narrow for breathing. When we reached the entrance to the main hall, the sound of camera movement and whispering filled the air. Marielle stepped forward first. At that moment, a sharp noise cracked like heavy glass breaking. We ducked instinctively. A bullet tore through the far window and hit the wall behind Marielle, close enough to count distance in inches. Security reacted faster than thought. Two guards grabbed Marielle and pushed her to the floor behind cover. Another slammed the door shut as others triggered lockdown alarms. The hall erupted in panic. Journalists screamed, chairs fell over, and equipment crashed to the ground. The livestream feed cut out instantly. Amy screamed and dropped to her knees, thinking Marielle was shot. I pulled her away and told her Marielle was alive. Her breathing was unstable and she clutched my shirt like she was falling. Mrs Carter demanded immediate relocation of Marielle to a secure room with no windows. Brian and Cole ordered a full sweep, sealing every exit. Guards spread out like trained response units. I called my private tactical team and told them this was no longer political trouble, it was now active warfare. I ran

toward the back hallway to chase the possible shooter route. The broken window gave only partial direction. The shooter was already gone, likely using a pre-planned exit. There were no random mistakes here. It was planned with good timing and calm execution. The estate gates were shut and locked. Security drones scanned rooftops and perimeter walls. Anyone inside the grounds would eventually be caught, but part of me suspected the shooter was never actually inside. A long-distance shot could be done from outside the main fence if calculated with proper equipment. Inside, chaos continued. Some journalists were crying, others secretly recording, and online platforms were probably already spinning wild theories. I walked back to check on Amy. She sat next to the secured room door with shaky hands as she tried to breathe.

Chapter 198 A Sniper Issue

AMY

I expected the crisis to move fast, but it still felt unreal when it hit. We had barely stepped away from the lockdown after the sniper attack when the phones in the estate began to blow up. Reporters, business analysts, bloggers, foreign partners, shareholders, p e investors, even charity partners everyone wanted answers. – News channels began running headlines that were not only incomplete but twisted. They made it sound like we were hiding military crimes, abusing power, silencing whistleblowers, and using violence to protect family reputation. The worst part was that none of it had been confirmed. No press release came from us. No official source gave statements. Yet it was spreading like someone planned it before it even started. Within minutes, I checked the stock activity dashboard, and the numbers shifted fast. The company chat group was full of panic messages from staff who feared job loss and public humiliation. I saw messages like: “Should we start sending out CVs?” and “Is payroll safe?” That alone told me that if we did not act quickly, we would lose control inside and outside. Mrs Carter walked into the main conference room with her tablet in hand and did not waste time. She looked more focused than shaken. I stayed beside her, keeping track of every update coming from our communication team. Two minutes later, Mr. Rawlings rushed in. He did not sit down, not even for a second. He opened the digital file on the screen and gave a direct briefing. “Four major shareholders submitted emergency withdrawal documents from their legal departments. Two international partners have sent immediate suspension notices, and one merger project has been paused until further clarity.” He spoke like he had rehearsed it to avoid panic. My heart tightened, but I forced my face to remain neutral. We needed strategy, not emotional meltdown. Mrs Carter asked for clarification. “Are the withdrawals completed or still pending review?” “Still pending,” Rawlings replied. “Twenty-four to forty-eight hours window for counter-evidence. If we fail to respond in time, the withdrawals become active and public.” That meant the wrong narrative could become fact, not just rumor. Before we could begin discussing legal options, the estate security system beeped – police and federal corporate investigators had arrived at the gates requesting access. Not with a warrant, but with “urgent inquiry letters.” That phrase alone showed that someone wanted us boxed into defensive mode. Mrs Carter stood. “Let them in. We cooperate fully. The guilty ones are outside, not here.” No one argued. It was the only right move. Daniel joined through secure video since he was still under council supervision and not allowed to move freely. His tone was calm, but I could hear the pressure under it. He asked for a full update, and Rawlings repeated everything. Daniel listened without interrupting. When Rawlings finished, Daniel said something I did not expect. “They are performing a coordinated takedown not random, not emotional, not desperate. This is structured funded, and timed.” — He was right. Everything looked like a three-step attack: first reputation company collapse. It had all the signs of

professional sabotage. leadership credibility, then Cole soon joined the call from the estate tactical room, where he and Brian were checking external security threats. Cole rarely looked bothered, but this time he looked tired and angry.

He confirmed that edited clips from the assassination attempt were now online with misleading captions suggesting that we staged it ourselves for public sympathy. Selene and Elias came to mind immediately, but I knew this attack had more than two participants. It was too layered for amateurs or emotional revenge seekers. The board emergency meeting started through encrypted connection. Some members supported us, but others sounded ready to jump ship. I hated watching people show loyalty only when things were peaceful. True loyalty shows during chaos. Still, I kept quiet and let Mrs Carter lead. She had spent decades building Carter Holdings from the ground up. She knew how to speak to people blinded by fear. She told them, "Do not let unconfirmed rumors turn you into cowards. Everything will be addressed with documented facts. No one here has ever run a fraudulent company, and we will not begin now." Some nods appeared, but tension remained strong. One board member, Mr. Leonard, asked, "How do you expect us to explain the sniper issue to our international partners? They are asking if the estate is a threat zone. security breach, attempted assassination, and full cooperation with authorities. There will be video evidence, medical reports, ballistic analysis, and timeline breakdown. Nothing reckless, no exaggerations, no emotional triggers. Straight facts." I answered before anyone else. "We will release controlled information showing Everyone went silent for a few seconds, then someone finally muttered, "We hope you know what you're doing." That sentence annoyed me because it carried doubt but not help. When the meeting ended, Daniel asked to speak to me privately. His voice dropped lower, firm. "This isn't just hatred between rivals. Someone wants us removed, not criticized. Removed from leadership, public credibility, and future influence." I agreed. "They're attacking every structure at once—personal, financial, legal, and public opinion. Whoever planned this wants to bury us permanently, not just embarrass us." He nodded slowly, as if piecing together missing links. "They want us accused, not heard." "So we fight through evidence, not emotion. We don't play their style." Daniel looked directly into the camera. "This is no longer personal. Someone wants to erase us. The room swallowed his words like heavy air. While everyone else returned to their tasks, I sat with my laptop and hit a counter-strategy plan. If they Is. If they wanted to damage wanted chaos, we would use order. If they wanted noise, we would trust, we would increase transparency. I started with three major pillars: Crisis press control: Only two official spokespersons. *Document dump: Verified, timestamped, digitally protected. *Public timeline disclosure: No guesswork, only facts. I typed until my fingers hurt, ignoring calls that were not relevant. Every minute mattered.

Chapter 199 Silver And Wolfsbane

AMY

I stayed by Marielle's side in the medical wing, refusing to leave even for a moment. The pack medical team worked very fast, checking monitors, running tests, and taking notes. Each time they adjusted her oxygen or changed her IV line, my eyes followed every movement, every reaction. The wound on her side was still looking really bad and she was Eventually, their analysis confirmed my fears. The bullet was made with wolfsbane. Nothing they did could accelerate her recovery. silver and coated with I clenched my fists. "How could get this far?" I demanded, my voice trembling despite my ebon stay calm. Daniel stood behind me with one hand resting lightly on my shoulder. "Amy, I know it's frustrating, but we can't react before we know exactly who's involved," he said. "We need proof and control. Every move

we make matters.” to I shook my head. “I don’t care about control right now. I care about her being alive. I can’t sit here while she suffers. She can’t die. Not when I just got her.” Daniel crouched slightly to meet my eyes. “I get that, but anger won’t help her. We can only work with evidence. That’s how we stop them from gaining the upper hand.” I looked down at Marielle, whose shallow breaths reminded me of how fragile life could be. I placed my hand lightly on the wound, almost instinctively, and felt a reaction that caught me off guard. A warmth ran from my palm into her body, and her chest rose slightly as if her body had started trying to heal itself. At the same time, dizziness hit me, and the room tilted. “Amy?” Daniel’s voice cut through the haze, sharp and concerned. I tried to speak but my words failed. My eyes rolled back, and I collapsed, unconscious for a few minutes. When I regained consciousness, I was sitting on the floor with Daniel kneeling beside me, his hands were on my shoulders. “You okay?” he asked, his tone even but edged with concern. “I... I think so,” I said, taking a shaky breath. “Something happened why reacted. I touched her wound. I felt... it Mrs. Carter, who had been observing from the doorway, stepped closer. “That was significant, Amy,” she said quietly. “You didn’t fully understand it, but I can tell you have a strength that hasn’t fully unlocked yet. You need to train and understand it, before you let anyone see it.” I nodded slowly, swallowing hard. “I want to train. I don’t want to wait until someone tries to attack publicly. I want to understand my ability, what I can do, before it becomes a risk or a weapon against me or my mother.” Daniel nodded. “We’ll set up private sessions. Cole and Brian will stay with her at all times. She’ll be safe, and you’ll have the freedom to practice.” I stood up, feeling a lingering heaviness in my head, but determined. “I need to be ready. I can’t afford

mistakes.” Daniel’s hand found mine, holding it firmly. “You won’t be alone. I’ll be here. We’ll protect her together.” The medical team returned to monitor Marielle, and I pulled a chair closer to her bed. I stayed silent, letting my hand hover near the wound again, sensing the subtle pulse of life in her body. The faint heat I felt in my palm told me something was changing, and that knowledge both terrified and motivated me. Later, Daniel’s phone buzzed. He glanced at it and frowned. “Clara h Marielle alive,” he said. “She’s angry because she expected the attacked a message. It’s an image of e her entirely.” I didn’t react immediately. My eyes stayed on my mother. “Good,” I muttered. “Let her be angry. We know she failed.” Daniel shook his head slightly. “Anger won’t stop her. She’s already reaching out to her allies. The Southern Alpha partner is involved. Clara wants immediate action.” I turned toward him. “Did he cooperate?” Daniel rubbed his forehead. “He told her to wait. Public attention is focused on Carter Holdings right now. He doesn’t want to draw suspicion. Clara will have to be patient.” I exhaled slowly, still keeping Daniel’s gaze. “We can’t be patient. We have to stay awake, alert, and ready. She can’t get the chance to move against us again.” That night, I didn’t sleep. I stayed by Marielle’s side, my hand resting lightly against hers. Daniel sat beside me. We talked in low voices occasionally, about training, about pack and corporate security, about next steps. Mostly, I just watched Marielle, monitoring her breathing, watching the monitors, and feeling the heat in my palms whenever I touched her wound. Hours passed slowly, but I didn’t leave. I refused to let myself do it. Every time she moved slightly or groaned, my hand reacted again. The warmth spread, it was subtle but real. I felt something in me shifting, a control emerging that I had never experienced. “Daniel, I whispered finally, voice tight but calm, “I’m not giving up on her. Not now, not ever.” He took my hand, squeezing it lightly. “I know. I won’t let you either.” The night stretched on quietly except for the monitors and the soft breathing of my mother. My focus never wavered. I felt heat again in my palms, steady and stronger this time, as I held my hand closer to Marielle’s wound. I realized that I could do more than I had imagined, but I needed training and control. I stared down at her, “I will not let Clara, Selene, or Elias succeed. Not again. No one will hurt my family.” Daniel rested his head lightly against my shoulder. “We’ll make sure

of it. Together.” I nodded, holding onto the feeling of his warmth and love. The night with me still sitting by Marielle, palms warm, heart steady, and mind set on training, protection, and preparation. I knew something was changing within me, and I wouldn’t let anyone take advantage of it.

Chapter 200 Balance

AMY

After a few days, Marielle was feeling much better and we were back to the Carter’s estate. Daniel woke me up earlier than usual. I didn’t complain because I knew why. He had arranged for me to train in a private chamber inside the pack heirs only. I followed him silently, still tired from the repeated night— an area reserved for alpha beside Marielle, but alert. “Everything that happens in here stays confidential,” Daniel said as we entered. “No one can know your powers are developing. If they find out, someone will strike before we’re ready.” I nodded, understanding the stakes. “I know. I’m ready.” The chamber was simple, wide, and completely empty except for some basic equipment. Daniel began by running me through resistance drills, both physical and mental. He placed small weighted restraints on my arms and legs, instructing me to resist pressure while maintaining focus. “Don’t overthink it,” he said. “Let your instincts guide you.” I struggled at first. My mind wanted to calculate every movement, but my body resisted. Daniel noticed immediately. “You’re strong, Amy,” he said, holding me in place whenever I lost balance. “You’ve done more than most could in your position. Don’t let frustration take over.” Afterward, the pack medical staff brought in injured animals for me to practice healing. I knelt beside a wounded fox, placing my hand over its body. Warmth radiated slightly from my palm, and the fox’s breathing eased, but its deep wound didn’t close. I frowned. “I can’t heal it fully,” I said, frustrated. Daniel knelt beside me. “You don’t need to. You’re learning the limits, and limits can expand over time. You’ve done more than anyone expected this early.” “I feel weak,” I admitted. “If I can’t fully heal, what good is this?” He shook his head. “You’re not weak. Healing isn’t just about closing wounds immediately. You relieve pain, stabilize life, and strengthen recovery. That’s real progress. Trust yourself. You’ve come far already.” I exhaled, trying to steady my thoughts. “I’ll keep trying.” Later, Mrs Carter arrived, walking quietly into the chamber. I wasn’t surprised she knew where to find us. “I need to share something you probably haven’t been told,” she began. “Historically, women born during strong moon cycles in the pack were often gifted with unique abilities. Records were destroyed decades ago, intentionally by rival packs who feared the power these women could have.” I looked at her. “So you think I might be one of them?” “I do,” she said firmly. “The reaction you had with your mother, the warmth you felt, there’s no other explanation. You’re stronger than you realize, and your control will grow with practice.” Daniel moved to stand beside me. “We’ll guide it. Step by step.” Before I could respond, Cole and Brian entered, faces tense. “Media pressure is increasing,” Cole said. “There’s a protest forming outside Carter Holdings headquarters. Investors and board members are getting restless. They’re demanding Daniel step aside until investigations finish.” 45 Pearls I felt a pang of anger, but Daniel placed his hand lightly on my shoulder, calm. “We’ve handled worse. We can handle this.” I nodded, turning to him. “I’ll stand with you. No matter what happens, we’ll face it together.” He smiled, relief visible on his face. “I need that,” he said. “This isn’t just about pack politics or corporate maneuvering. It’s about us. Our future.” I reached for his hand, holding it firmly. “It’s still ours. Nothing can

at away.” He nodded, pressing a soft kiss to my temple. We didn’t need words beyond that. The weight of everything pressing in on us—the attacks, the media, the enemies plotting from North and South—felt a little lighter with that simple confirmation between us. The training continued through the morning

and into early afternoon. I practiced focusing my energy, stabilizing my emotional state, and testing subtle healing reactions. Daniel corrected my posture, my breathing, my mindset, all the while encouraging me to trust my instincts. I noticed that when I became emotional, concerned for my mother or frustrated at a failed attempt, my ability became stronger. When I overthought or doubted myself, it weakened. By mid-afternoon, I was exhausted but more aware of the pattern. I turned to Daniel. "I think I understand now. My emotions aren't a weakness, they guide the energy, but I have to control it." He nodded. "Exactly. You can't ignore them, but you also can't let them control you. That balance is what will keep you effective and safe." Mrs Carter checked in again, looking over my progress. "You're improving quickly," she said. "I underestimated how quickly the abilities could grow under proper guidance. Keep this private, but also, keep pushing. Your strength is more important now than ever." Just then, Cole returned with a report. "The protest is building. Media coverage is growing. Board members are putting pressure on the estate. Daniel, you're being asked to step down temporarily." Daniel clenched his jaw, then exhaled. "Not happening," he said firmly. "We've got evidence to counter all claims. No one steps in while we're organizing. Amy, we'll make this clear once you're ready." I nodded. "I'll be there with you. We can face it together. No hesitation." He looked at me, his expression softening. "I don't have to worry about you doubting that." I shook my head. "I won't. Not now, not ever." For a moment, the room was quiet. Daniel and I held hands, trying to comfort each other. Suddenly, a wave of instinct hit me. I froze and focused, "Something's wrong," I whispered. Daniel immediately tensed. "What do you mean?" "I don't know yet, but I can feel it," I said, hand tightening around his. "I need to check on Marielle. Now." Without hesitation, we left the chamber. Cole and Brian followed, moving efficiently, no words wasted. We ran through the fortress halls to the estate medical wing. The feeling in my chest intensified as I approached her room. Marielle lay in her bed, monitors active, and the medical staff tense but attentive. Her breathing was steady, but my instinct told me to act quickly. I knelt beside her, placing my hands lightly on her side again. Heat spread from my palms, stronger than before. Daniel placed a reassuring hand on my back. "We're right here. Focus on wait." Stay calm. Everything else can