

## Broken 201

### Chapter 201 Keeping Her Safe

BRIAN

After the whole drama and Amy being able to calm her down, I was standing by Marielle's bedside when I noticed the monitors fluctuate. Her oxygen levels wavered, slightly irregular spikes. I didn't panic. I had seen worse, but every second "Stay with her," I told myself, watching the machines carefully. Then I heard the back door of the medical unit open slightly. I turned and saw a figure slip inside, masked, moving fast and deliberate. My training kicked in immediately. "Stop!" I shouted. The man lunged. His movements were precise, military-trained. I barely managed to parry his first strike and grabbed his wrist. He tried to twist free, throwing a sharp elbow, and I felt it graze my ribs. Adrenaline sharpened my focus. "Cole!" I yelled into my earpiece. He arrived within seconds, grabbing the intruder from behind. Between the two of us, we managed to pin him to the floor. I put my knee against his shoulder to keep him still. "Don't move," I ordered, keeping my eyes on him. The man spat something into his mouth. I saw the glint of a small capsule between his teeth. Before I could react, he swallowed it. His body stiffened, and his eyes glazed over. Within moments, he was dead. I exhaled hard and stepped back. Cole looked at me. "Damn. Poison capsule. He didn't even give us a chance to unmask him." I shook my head, my hands tightening into fists. "This isn't normal. Military-grade training, silent moves, poison to avoid capture... Someone wants Marielle dead and they're serious about it." Daniel arrived moments later, already issuing orders. "Full lockdown. No one enters or leaves without my direct approval. Increase patrols on every floor." I watched as Amy collapsed into Daniel's arms. She was crying, and her shoulders shook. She accused herself for not being closer to Marielle when she needed her. "You did everything you could," Daniel said, holding her gently. "We can't control every second, Amy. But we will control what comes next." He carried her out while giving strict instructions to the guards. I stayed behind with Cole to secure the room and investigate the intruder. Cole opened the dead man's pockets and found a folded piece of cloth with a strange insignia embroidered on it. I had never seen anything like it. "Do you recognize this?" I asked. Cole shook his head. "No. Doesn't belong to any pack, council, or recognized group. Whoever sent him is organized, hidden, and trained." I frowned. "Selene and Elias. They're buying outside assassins to avoid leaving fingerprints. This isn't just revenge, they want proof destroyed or silenced before it's exposed." Daniel's voice came over the comms. "Brian, I want you to trace this insignia. Underground channels only. Find out who sent him, who trained him, and their network. We need real evidence. Reaction won't stop them." I swallowed. "Understood. I'll dig through everything I can." Amy returned after a while, standing at

the way her focus was sharp. of the room again. Her eyes were red, but "Brian," she said quietly, "why are they so desperate to kill her before she fully speaks? Marielle hasn't even told anyone the full story yet. Why would that matter so much?" I looked at her. "Because whatever Marielle knows could destroy them—Clara, Selene, and Elias. Whoever they're working with knows that formation could ruin their plans. That's why they're acting so aggressively." Mrs Carter approached, "He's right. Marielle is holding something that could fracture their entire alliance. That's why she's a target before she speaks publicly or gives evidence." Amy knelt beside her mother's bed again, gripping Marielle's hand. Her fingers were trembling slightly. "Please, Mom. You have to survive long enough to tell us everything," she whispered. Marielle's eyes fluttered open. They were weak, but she lifted her lips just slightly. Then she whispered a single name. Amy stiffened immediately, her face draining of color. I didn't hear the name, but I saw the

effect it had, her hands gripping tighter, her body shaking slightly, her breathing quickening. I knelt beside her, resting a hand on her shoulder. "Amy, breathe. We've got you, and we've got her." Amy turned toward me, voice tight. "That name... it changes everything. Whoever it is, it explains why they're moving against her so directly." Cole moved closer. "We'll track it. Whoever sent that assassin isn't getting away. We'll find the trail, Brian. That insignia is our lead." I nodded. "I'll start immediately. Underground channels, contacts, informants, anything to trace it. No shortcuts. We'll uncover the network behind this." Amy went back to Marielle's bedside, holding her hand firmly. She didn't speak, just watched her mother breathe and occasionally adjusted the monitors herself. I stayed close, observing, thinking through how the assassin had entered, the speed of the attack, a resources it would take to keep Marielle safe. Daniel entered the room, he was calm but at alert. He looked at Amy and then at me. "The priority is protecting Marielle and gathering proof. Everything else is secondary. No mistakes." Amy nodded without taking her eyes off her mother. "I won't give up on her. Not now, not ever." Daniel's gaze softened toward her. "Good. That's what I needed to hear. We're not letting them succeed." I returned to my investigation. The insignia was small, but every detail mattered. I traced the stitching, the pattern, and the material. I contacted several trusted informants, asking if they had seen it before. Every response came back negative. Whoever created this symbol had purpose, resources, and secrecy. Hours passed. Amy didn't move from her mother's side. Daniel and I rotated in shifts to ensure she could rest without leaving Marielle unattended. Every time I checked the monitors, her vitals remained fragile. Finally, Marielle stirred slightly again. Amy leaned closer, her voice low. "We're going to protect you. We're not letting anyone take you again." She squeezed her mother's hand, and I noticed a faint heat from her palm, subtle but distinct. ways that It reminded me that her power was growing, that she was connected to Marielle in weren't fully understood yet.

## Chapter 202 The Real Threat

### DANIEL

I called for a confidential meeting with three of the pack elders I trusted most. The room was isolated, secure, and stripped of any electronics. I needed no distractions, no chance of surveillance. The moment they arrived, I placed the small insignia from 'led assassination attempt on the table. "This came through last night," I said, keeping my voice steady. "We've never seen anything like it in the Northern or Southern packs. Whoever sent this has resources and training we can't trace through standard channels." One of the elders, Master Arlen, leaned forward, his eyes serious. "Daniel, be careful. Pushing for proof this aggressively could endanger more lives. Elias has influence inside our ranks, more than you think. Every action you take, every investigation you launch, could trigger consequences." I looked at him. "I know the risk, Arlen. But if we don't act now, we're letting them dictate events. Innocent people will die anyway if we stay passive." He shook his head slowly. "I'm not saying stop. Just... measure every step. Not everyone around you is immune to pressure." I nodded. The warning hit me, but I couldn't let it slow me down. I had to gather evidence, secure Amy, and keep Marielle alive. We went through the insignia carefully, comparing stitching, material, and thread patterns. Nothing matched any known pack symbols. Whoever was behind this was organized, secretive, and dangerous. After the elders left, I returned to the Carter Holdings digital files. I had spent hours reviewing the transactions that had linked Clara's new Southern Alpha finance position to offshore accounts. Several transfers used encrypted identifiers that masked the source and destination, but patterns were repeated. It was clear she had access to significant funds, moving them quietly and methodically. I called an external hacker I trusted, someone with zero connections to the pack system. "I need full tracing on these accounts," I said,

sending over screenshots and transaction logs. “Start at the origin and follow it wherever it leads. I need names, locations, and any identifiable agents facilitating these transfers.” The hacker replied, “Understood. I’ll get back to you within twelve hours with something concrete.” Meanwhile, outside the medical unit, I noticed Mark waiting near the entrance. His posture was desperate, almost pleading. He waved when he saw Amy. I walked closer to see what was happening, keeping my composure. Amy glanced at him and shook her head. “Mark, I’ve told you before. My loyalty doesn’t shift. I won’t entertain this anymore, Leave.” Mark’s face tightened, his voice low. “Amy... you don’t understand-”

“I understand perfectly,” she interrupted. “Now leave. Permanently” I stepped forward and took her hand publicly. My grip was firm, calm. threaten with words. My presence alone sent the message. glare, I didn’t Mark,” I called out calmly, “Amy doesn’t need bad energy around her at this point in her life. Leave now.” Mark’s jaw clenched, and he gave one last glare at both of us. He turned and left, pulling out his phone immediately. I didn’t catch the conversation, but I saw the tension in his posture. Something told me he might become a wildcard, an unpredictable threat we’d have to watch.

Back in the training chambers later that evening, Amy continued her private practice. I had her under supervision, running through physical and mental resistance drills while also trying her healing exercises. She had grown stronger, but tonight she tried something new, healing an injured animal that had a deep gash. I watched silently, not saying a word, letting her focus. The wound slowly closed completely. She looked up at me, wide-eyed, almost frozen. “I... I healed it,” she whispered. “Completely.” I nodded. “You’re learning faster than expected. That’s progress.” “I can’t tell anyone yet,” she said, her voice cautious. “I need to control it fully before anyone else sees.” I respected that. Patience was crucial. I didn’t need her powers exposed before we understood them completely. I reminded her to practice moderation, focus, and clarity, and she nodded, eyes still fixed on the small animal now safely resting in the corner of the chamber. The evening grew quiet, the fortress calm but alert. I knew Selene and Clara were continuing their own moves, calculating, ruthless. Then a secure alert came in from one of our intelligence channels. A package had been delivered to Selene from a hidden ally. I opened the file with caution. Inside were details about a new weapon, a drug capable of paralyzing a supernatural being permanently. Reading it, I knew what this meant. If Selene got it into the wrong hands or used it against Amy or anyone in our pack, the consequences could be fatal. I immediately called Cole and Brian. “This is serious. Selene has received a paralyzing agent designed for supernatural targets. We need to monitor her movements, and our defenses must account for it. She won’t strike openly yet, but she’s preparing.” Cole acknowledged. “I’ll place surveillance and check her known contacts. Nothing moves unnoticed.” Brian added, “We need to double security at Carter Holdings and the me approaches Marielle or Amy without clearance.” I agreed. “Exactly. No mistakes. This is becoming tactical warfare, not just corporate or pack conflict.” Later, I returned to Amy. She was sitting quietly in our room, reviewing her notes and progress logs from training. I could see she was exhausted but determined. I sat beside her and took her hand. “You’re pushing yourself hard,” I said. “But every second you invest now will save lives later.” She nodded. “I know. I can feel something changing. I just... I don’t want to make a mistake that harms anyone.” “You won’t, I reassured her. “We’re going to handle this together. Step by step, move by move. You’re not alone.” She leaned slightly into me, her hand gripping mine tighter. “I know. I just... I don’t want to wait until it’s too late for anyone again.” I held her there for a moment. The night outside the fortress was silent, but I knew the storm was gathering. Selene had the paralyzing agent, Clara was consolidating influence in the South, and Elias was still at large, scheming.

## SELENE

I arrived at the hotel under the alias I had arranged weeks ago. The lobby was nearly empty at this hour, and the staff had been instructed to ignore any unusual requests. Clara was already in one of the private suites, pacing when I entered. "You know this isn't going as planned," she said immediately, her tone sharp. "Marielle is still alive, Amy is still around, and the sympathy she's gaining, people are starting to see her as untouchable. How do you expect us to move with all that?" I stepped inside and closed the door behind me. "Patience," I said evenly. "We're not rushing. There's a larger plan in motion, one that will give us control without exposing us prematurely." Clara's lips pressed into a thin line. "I'm tired of waiting. Every day she survives, every day Amy gains ground, we fall further behind. I want results now." "I understand your frustration," I said calmly, "but impatience is what will make you vulnerable. Remember what I told you last time, emotions are a weakness we can't afford. We operate strategically, not emotionally." She spun to face me, her eyes flashing. "You're scared, Selene. You're always scared someone will see the part of you that can't handle losing control." I didn't flinch. I leaned back against the table and fixed her with my gaze. "Watch your tone. You have leverage over some things, yes, but I have legal and political leverage over you. One misstep, one attempt to cross boundaries, and I can dismantle everything you've built here and in the South. Don't test me." Clara hesitated. I could see her weighing options. Her confidence wavered slightly, but she recovered quickly. "Fine," she said, exhaling. "I'll hold for now, but I need more to feel secure." I reached into my bag and produced a small container with the paralyzing substance we had acquired. I handed her a fraction, keeping the majority for my own plans. "Take this. Use it if necessary, but remember, you have limits. The rest stays with me. Control is not shared." She inspected it carefully, then nodded. "Understood. I won't overstep, but I need this in case things move faster than we expect." I leaned back and crossed my arms. "Good. Then we focus on the larger objective. You keep Amy distracted. I will control the environment and ensure any moves she makes lead her where we want. No surprises, no direct exposure." Clara smirked, but it was a sneaky expression, not a friendly one. "And if she refuses to play along?" "Then we adapt," I said. "She is strong, yes. But she's also predictable in her loyalty. We know where her attachments are. That's where we exert influence. We never need to confront her directly until we are ready. Any attempt to force the outcome now will only backfire." She leaned forward slightly, curiosity mixed with irritation. "So you're saying I wait while you maneuver everything?" I shrugged lightly. "I'm saying we minimize risk. The fewer variables we have, the higher the chance of success. Your role is containment. My role is execution." She didn't like it, but she didn't argue further. She understood the logic. After a moment of silence, I said, "I also arranged a communication through official Southern Council channels. It appears to be a peace invitation for Amy."

Her eyes narrowed. "You're setting a trap?" "It's not a trap," I corrected. "It's an observation. We learn what she knows, how she reacts, and we adjust our next moves accordingly. No unnecessary risks, no impulsive exposure." She nodded reluctantly, folding her hands on the table. "I just don't like seeing her survive so far. She's gaining momentum." I ignored the complaint. After that, I left her to her thoughts. I had a brief window before I needed to return to overseeing operations with my Southern allies. On the drive back, I checked intelligence feeds on Amy and Daniel. Reports came in that someone in the Northern Council had signed a cooperation deal with Clara without Daniel's knowledge. That was unexpected. It meant the system was already shifting, and they were exploiting weaknesses in the network. I smiled faintly, coldly, at the update. "Everything is moving as it should," I said to myself. "The North is distracted. The public is distracted. And Amy is unaware of all the pieces in motion." Still, I knew

we couldn't underestimate her. Amy's focus on her mother, her dedication, and her growing power were factors that needed constant attention. I reviewed the intelligence once more, every security camera angle, every council report, and every travel log connected to her and Daniel. I flagged potential risk points where she could access information before we were ready. I watched from my secure suite as communications progressed between our allies and our informants. Clara was being kept calm, supplied, and partially empowered. She had enough to feel like she could act if necessary, but not enough to disrupt the larger framework. Meanwhile, Amy stayed at the Carter estate with Marielle. I knew she would sense something, even if she didn't fully understand the danger. Her connection with her mother would make her cautious, but I also knew it would anchor her focus. That focus could be used to predict her Reports from the field indicated Amy had placed her hands on Marielle again. I analyzed the energy readings from their medical monitors. It appeared that Marielle's breathing was stabilizing, showing slow progress. Amy's touch seemed to help, but it was not complete healing yet. This meant her power was real, and it was increasing. That was a concern. I had to plan around it. If Amy's power reached full al, any attempt to attack or manipulate her could backfire. We needed a contingency, which was why I retained the majority of the paralyzing agent. I prepared the next step: the false peace invitation. It would appear in Amy's inbox as an official Southern Council email, complete with proper seals, sender authentication, and wording that suggested reconciliation and discussion.

#### Chapter 204 I Am Not Going Anywhere

##### AMY

Marielle was taken for a brief scan to check the progress of her healing, and I followed the nurses until they reached the hallway. When they told me to wait outside, I nodded and stepped back. The moment they disappeared into the scanning room, the stress of the blessed down on me. I sat on the floor without thinking. My body felt heavy, and my chest felt tight. I tried to breathe but everything felt too much at once. I pressed my hands to the cold tiles and tried to steady myself, but my mind ran through every fear I had pushed aside. Marielle's condition. The assassins. The council, Clara, Selene, Daniel. My own abilities kept changing. I had kept holding myself together because there was no other option. Now that I had a moment alone, the pressure was overwhelming me. The door opened, and I heard quiet footsteps approaching. I knew the sound well. Daniel crouched immediately when he saw me. "Amy," he called out softly in a low voice filled with concern. He reached for me without hesitation. "What happened?" I shook my head because I did not know where to start. I looked at him and felt tears forming. My voice refused to come out. He slid an arm behind my back and lifted me gently as if I weighed nothing. He put me into his lap, one arm supporting me and the other holding the back of my head. I let my forehead fall against his chest. "You do not need to carry every burden alone," he said. "You have been holding everything together for everyone. It is too much." My voice finally cracked. "I feel like I am failing everyone. Nothing seems to get better. I am trying, but it does not feel enough." "You are not failing," he said firmly. "Your strength is the reason any of us are still alive. You keep fighting even when the world keeps pushing. That is strength." I gripped his shirt and breathed slowly, trying to calm myself. His presence calmed me in a way that made the pressure I was feeling lighten up. He shifted and lifted me fully to my feet. "Come. You need air." He kept an arm around me as he guided me through the back exit of the medical wing. A small balcony overlooked the pack grounds. The night was quiet, and the air was cool. It helped. I leaned on the railing, and Daniel stayed close, watching me for any sign of distress. I turned to him. "You keep acting like everything is under control. I know you are trying to stay calm for me." "I am calm because I am standing here with you," he said. Then he looked

out at the grounds. . I could not “When I was in that coma, I was trapped inside my own head. I could not because you speak, but I heard you. Your voice was the only thing that kept me alive. refused to let me go.” I faced him fully. I hated remembering that time. “I was terrified. I thought I would lose you.” “You will not lose me,” he said. “I promise you.” I stepped closer and rested my head on his shoulder. The moment felt steady and warm. He lowered his head and pressed a soft kiss to my forehead. It sent a calm through me that I needed more than I wanted to admit. He kept his forehead against mine. “Nothing and no one will separate us. I am certain of that.” I closed my eyes and let myself accept his words. I trusted him. Even with everything happening, I trusted him more than anyone.

The balcony door slid open behind us. Cole walked out, holding a folder. “I am sorry to interrupt,” he said, keeping his voice low. “We found something.” Daniel straightened but kept an arm around me. “What is it?” Cole handed him a tablet. “The insignia on the assassins links to an underground group that hires foreign mercenaries. They operate through encrypted chains, paid in rotating offshore accounts. Someone with high access brought them in.” I tensed immediately. “Does this mean more attacks could come?” “Possibly,” Cole said. “They do not stop unless their employer is exposed or dead.” Daniel placed the tablet down and cupped my face with both hands, forcing my attention back to him. “Listen to me,” he said. His voice was calm, “We will handle this. Together. You are not alone in this. You never will be.” His reassurance helped more than any proof or strategy. I took his hand and squeezed it. He intertwined his fingers with mine, then guided me back inside. The nurses were rolling Marielle’s bed out from the scan room. I hurried over. “Is everything okay?” I asked. They nodded. “The readings show slight improvement in her respiratory stability. It is not much, but it is progress.” Relief hit me slowly but firmly. My healing attempts were working, ever small progress was enough to keep me steady. a little. That Daniel placed his hand on my back. “You see? You are helping her.” I followed as the nurses wheeled Marielle back to her room. I sat beside her bed while Daniel remained behind me, standing guard with silent focus. Marielle’s breathing looked more stable than before. It made me hopeful in a cautious way. When the nurses left, Daniel pulled a chair closer and sat next to me. I leaned into him without thinking. His arm wrapped around me, and I rested my head on his chest. His heartbeat was calm. “You should rest,” he said quietly. “I will stay here,” I said. “I need to be close.” “Then I am staying with you.” I did not argue. His presence gave me stability that my own thoughts could not. I closed my eyes and breathed in slow, steady intervals. Daniel stayed awake. Even with my head on his chest, I could feel the tension in his shoulders. Before sleep enveloped me, I whispered, “Thank you.” His hand moved through my hair in a slow, comforting way. “I am not going anywhere. Rest.”

## Chapter 205 Leadership Questioned

### CLARA

The next morning started with another unwanted meeting, though this one was necessary. I sat across from a southern council strategist in a rented office space that belonged to no one on record. He adjusted his glasses and pushed a folder toward me. “You need to strike now,” he said. “Carter Holdings is already under he picion. A staged audit leak will push the northern council to question Daniel’s competence. It will damage him permanently.” I opened the folder and skimmed the documents. Everything was arranged, fake audit findings, manipulated financial trails, and statements prepared for anonymous whistleblowers. All I had to do was sign off on the release. “This will spread fast,” I said. “Faster than he can counter.”

"That is the intention," the strategist replied. "Daniel has too much support. We need to weaken him from the inside." I took the pen and signed. I felt satisfaction as the strategist took the folder back, pleased with my decision. Before I could stand up, the southern alpha stepped into the room. He gave me a stern look. "Clara," he said. "Do not get too bold. A plan like this can go wrong fast." I met his eyes without hesitation. "Do not try to control me. If you push me, I will expose your hidden daughter scandal, and your entire pack will turn against you. So be careful with your warnings." His jaw tightened. He did not respond. He turned and left without another word. It was enough for me. I was turning the waves in my favor. I returned to my apartment feeling confident, but the mood shifted the moment I turned on the news. Every channel showed Amy. They praised her resilience. They talked about how she had stayed by her mother's side. Some commentators even called her "a symbol of hope for the pack." My irritation grew immediately. Amy was not a symbol of anything. She was a complication that refused to go away. My assistant entered the room, holding a clipboard. "Ma'am, I have the—" "Not now," I snapped. "Why are you always hovering? Get out." She froze for a moment, nodded quickly, and walked out. I did not care if she felt insulted. I was tired of everyone treating Amy like she was some precious figure. I picked up my phone and called Selene. The call rang twice, then stopped. There was no answer. I tried again. This time it went straight to voicemail. My stomach tightened. Selene had never ignored me before. I knew she was intentionally avoiding me. She was hiding something. It was Fine. If she wanted to play distance, I would observe her closely. I did not trust her fully, and this only confirmed it. My phone vibrated. It was a message from an unknown number. I opened it. A video of Daniel standing on a balcony with Amy in his arms started playing. He kissed her forehead. The shot was clear, close, and captured from an angle that could only be taken by someone with direct access to the grounds. Under the video was a message: >"Use this. It will help you destroy him." What do I do with this? I wondered to myself.

A slow, controlled smile spread across my face. I replayed the clip and watched Amy lean into him like she owned him. I felt my irritation turn into something darker. I forwarded the video to a media editing contact and requested a cropped, more dramatic version. Within minutes, I had a shorter clip that highlighted Daniel's kiss and Amy leaning against him. It painted him as distracted, careless, and overly focused on romance. "Perfect!" I exhaled in excitement at being smart. I sent the edited video to a tabloid reporter with a brief message: Anonymous tip. Verify at your own risk. I knew she would not verify anything. She would publish immediately. That was her style. Once the message was sent, I sat back and allowed myself a moment of calm satisfaction. I had taken the first step. The next ones would fall into place. The moment the edited footage went out, I turned on the news and waited. It didn't take long. Every network picked it up faster than I expected, which worked in my favor. Reporters were already replaying the balcony clip, breaking it down frame by frame like it was some political scandal. A live broadcast switched on. The camera followed Daniel and Amy as they stepped out of the medical wing. I watched the scene unfold from my couch, legs crossed, remote in hand. +5 Pearls Pack members around them were staring at their phones, whispering, reacting exactly the way I needed them to. The video had spread through the entire territory. Perfect. A reporter pushed through the crowd and shouted, "Daniel, is it true you're focused on romance while the pack is under pressure?" I chuckled in satisfaction to myself. He was even respected and called alp. Another one added, "Are you neglecting your duties because of Amy?" way I Amy froze. Daniel stepped in front of her immediately, blocking cameras with his hand and guiding her away. He ignored the reporters, but his tension was clear even through the screen. I smiled. This was the image I wanted: an alpha scrambling to protect his mate instead of facing public concerns. It made him look weak, emotional and unprepared. The broadcast cut

to a studio where another reporter repeated the story. Then more headlines rolled in: ALPHA DANIEL DISTRACTED DURING PACK CRISIS LEADERSHIP QUESTIONED AMID PRIVATE AFFECTION DISPLAY Everything was unfolding better than I expected, but the next headline irritated me. "Some sources say Amy brings emotional balance to Daniel," the commentator said. "Observers claim her presence keeps him grounded." I muted the television before I threw something at it. The media always found a way to soften her image. They would praise her for breathing if they could. I replayed the footage on my phone instead. Daniel was shielding her. Amy looked startled. Reporters shouting. People recording. Confusion everywhere. Good. That was what I needed. Confusion turned into doubt, and doubt turned into instability. All I had to do was keep pushing. I placed my phone on the table.

## Chapter 206 Chaos All Around

### DANIEL

The moment we reached the upper floor, I contacted the communication team and ordered an emergency meeting. I was tired of watching the situation spiral while the board and the council acted like spectators waiting for my fall. When the team gathered around the long conference table, their faces the strain of the last few days. I sat at the head of the table, and Amy sat beside me. I did not care who noticed. I needed her close. One of the senior communication officers started the briefing. "Alpha, the video spread faster than expected. We have already flagged it as manipulated content. We're drafting a general statement." I leaned back. "A statement won't be enough. The board is already using this as an excuse." Another officer adjusted her tablet. "The board requested your temporary removal during the investigation. They believe public trust will rise if you step aside." "I am not stepping aside," I said. My tone came out sharper than I intended, but I did not retract it. "I refuse to surrender control because of a staged leak." Amy placed her hand gently on my arm. "Daniel, you do not need to respond the way they want. You know the truth. You should not let noise push you." Her calm voice eased the pressure in my chest. I looked at her briefly and nodded. She did not need to say more. Her presence alone was enough to calm me. "She is right," Cole added from the corner. "The board is reacting, not thinking." Before I could speak again, Brian entered the room in a rush. He carried a folder secured with a digital lock. He placed it in front of me. "I found the source of the leak," he said. "It came from the south. Encrypted addresses. The same signature from Clara's previous media trails." The moment he said her name, I could feel the heat rise in my chest. Clara again. Always pushing. Always trying to insert herself into matters she no longer had any right to touch. Amy slid her hand under the table and laced her fingers with mine. The gesture grounded me instantly. My anger settled enough for me to stay rational. I opened the folder. The evidence was tighter than I expected. Multiple traces. Repeated patterns. Enough to implicate Clara in the staged audit leak and the video spread. "This is deliberate," I said. "She wants more instability. She wants me too focused on damage control to protect the rest of the pack." Brian nodded. "And there is more. I found a connection between her activity and someone operating within the council." Just as he said it, the room fell silent. I could feel every person watching. "We'll address that internally," I said. "For now, the communication team will continue countering the narrative. Keep the message clean. No aggression or defense. Only facts." The meeting ended shortly after. When everyone left, I stayed seated, staring at the table. The pressure kept stacking higher every hour. I had fought council politics, rogue alliances, assassins, and old enemies. But watching Amy get dragged into it made the whole situation feel heavier. She nudged me softly. "Let's take a break." I agreed. We walked to the private training room in the fortress. The guards stayed outside while I locked the door behind us.

Amy sat on the floor first. I joined her and leaned my back against the wall. For the first time in days, I allowed myself to stop pretending everything was fine. "I feel cornered," I said quietly. "Everywhere I turn, someone is plotting something. Clara, Elias, the southern council, the media. And now even the northern council has people working behind my back." She listened without interrupting. That alone helped more than any strategic advice. "I keep thinking about what will happen if I lose control of the situation," I continued. "If everything collapses at once." She shifted closer and rested her hand on my chest. "You have not lost anything. The pressure is real, but you are still standing. I am proud of you. I am here with you. Nothing Clara does will break us." I pulled her closer and kissed her deeply. She kissed me back with the same intensity. Her hand came up to my jaw, she held me in a way I missed so much. When we finally pulled back, I rested my forehead against hers. "I trust you more than anyone," I said. "Stay with me through everything, Amy. Every meeting. Every crisis." "I will," she whispered. "Always." We stayed like that on the floor, in silence, until Cole's voice came through the door. "Alpha, we have a situation." His tone was urgent. "You need to see this." I opened the door and stepped out. Cole handed me another secured file and a small clear evidence bag. Inside the bag was a familiar insignia, the same one found targeted Marielle, assassin who "We found it again," Cole said. "This time near a planned attack site. Someone was preparing to hit Carter Holdings headquarters. The plot failed only because our patrol caught unusual movement." My grip tightened around the evidence bag. The attacks were escalating. Whoever backed these assassins was getting bolder. Amy came to my side the moment she heard the update. She looked tense, but her voice stayed steady. "We will face it together," she said. I reached for her hand and held it. "I know." Then I leaned close enough for only her to hear. "I love you." Her eyes softened. She squeezed my hand. "I love you too." In that moment, despite the chaos all around us, I felt calm again. The threats were real. The betrayals were growing. But she was here. That small certainty kept me going. I will deal with the council tomorrow. Clara, the media, and whoever was hiding behind these assassins. As for tonight, I allowed myself to enjoy the company of my wife.

## Chapter 207 Make It Happen

### COLE

I started the day by running through the perimeter checks myself. After discovering the assassin's insignia, I knew we couldn't leave anything to chance. Every access point had to be monitored, every blind spot accounted for. I positioned undercover guards in elevators, parking lots, rooftops, and I multiple sweeps of security cameras and manually inspected potential weak points.

zones. I ran I briefed Brian and the other security officers, making it clear that the level of threat was high. Despite all our preparations, the explosion came without warning. I was at the control room when the alarm blared. One of the lower storage wings had been hit. The fire suppression system activated immediately, but smoke and debris spread through the corridors. My stomach sank as I calculated the risk. No casualties were reported, but the chaos was enough to throw operations into disarray. I rushed out with a team, making sure the perimeter was secure while simultaneously keeping routes clear. Daniel arrived with Amy and Mrs Carter, and I could see the media swarming outside the estate gates within minutes. Reporters shouted questions, cameras flashed. I kept the team tight, forming a secure corridor for them. Mrs Carter immediately took control. She stepped forward, issuing a firm public statement denying all allegations and confirming that the attack was targeted at our family. Amy stood behind her, composed and calm as always. I noted how her posture didn't change, how her eyes scanned the crowd but remained focused on Mrs. Carter. Daniel glanced at her and smiled slightly, as if

he couldn't hide his admiration. I understood that look, she was calm under pressure, something a lot of people couldn't do. Once the crowd was managed and the initial press statement concluded, I returned to the security room to review the footage. Every angle had been captured, and I watched carefully, frame by frame. That's when I saw a masked figure moving deliberately through the storage wing, placing the device. The person's movements were precise, and fast. The figure's body shape, height, and gait almost matched Clara's but not exactly. It was the kind of detail that could have been used intentionally to mislead us. I called Daniel into a private corner of the room. "I think we need to talk," I said. He followed without hesitation. "The person who planted the device matches Clara's build and movement. Could be a copy, could be her. Either way, this is deeper than we thought." Daniel's eyes narrowed. "You're sure about the match?"

"As sure as I can be from footage alone," I said. "The way they moved, the timing, the way they carried the device, it's either someone trained to mimic her or her herself. I'm leaning toward the first, but we can't rule the second out." Daniel nodded, processing the information. "Good work, Cole. We'll tight assistant, every staff member, every routine has to be reviewed." monitoring. Every

I stepped back, my attention shifting to Amy who had overheard part of the conversation. She fell silent, her expression tight, and I saw the realization on her face. Clara's involvement was more personal than any of us had assumed. The stakes had just escalated. Later, in the evening, I coordinated new rotations and added redundancies to the internal and external security teams. I called for briefings with every team leader, making it clear that no one leaves their post and that every access card, key, and camera feed is to be monitored for anomalies. After that, I was asked to check the building's data systems and monitor digital security as well. Someone could attempt to sabotage remotely, and we had no room for error. I sat at the terminal, running checks and logging every unusual access attempt. Everything had to be precise, one missed alert could mean another attack. At night, I observed from a distance as Daniel and Amy sat together in his office. They were quiet at first, sitting close, talking softly. I could see Daniel's shoulders slump slightly, tension leaving in slow exhalations. Amy walked behind him and rubbed his shoulders gently. He leaned back, eyes closed. He spoke with certainty. "Once this is over, I want us to take a long private trip. Somewhere quiet. No press, no threats. Just us." Amy smiled and nodded. "I'd like that." Even from the doorway, I could see the relief on his face. It was rare for Daniel to allow himself to pause. Amy's presence clearly provided a momentary respite from the stress, and I made a mental note that their emotional stability was as important as the physical security we were providing. I returned my focus to the monitors, checking blind spots again and running last-minute sweeps before the end of my shift. I traced every access log, reviewed security camera feeds from the surrounding streets, and coordinated with Brian and the patrol teams. Nothing would get past us tonight. Later, I briefed Daniel privately, summarizing potential threats. "We have to assume the person who planted the device might strike again. It could be another location in the estate or targeting someone specifically. We need eyes on every vulnerable area, and we should consider reassigning staff routines to avoid predictability." Daniel listened, nodding. "Understood, Cole. Make it happen." I also provided him with a contingency plan for evacuation of key personnel and emergency medical support. Every route had a second, even third, layer. Nothing was to chance. and even Amy joined us briefly to review updates. She asked questions, gave suga identified potential blind spots in our current rotations. I made adjustments based on her observations. Her attention to detail, combined with her calm composure, made it clear why Daniel relied so heavily on her judgment. As the night progressed, the southern alpha received an anonymous warning about Clara's recent actions. I monitored the situation

quietly, ensuring that the communication lines stayed secure and that the warning didn't leak. Clara's reach was extending, and her influence could create complications

## Chapter 208 Healing Herself

### SELENE

I paced in the southern safe house, my patience thinning with every minute. News had just come in about the explosion at Carter Holdings. I frowned, annoyed. Clara had overreacted again. I had wanted a slow downfall, a series of w would weaken Amy and Daniel without drawing attention. This reckless a explosions, alarms, and chaos risked exposing us all. moves that f hers of The masked buyer who had supplied me with the paralyzing drug arrived shortly after. He remained quiet until I gestured for him to speak. "You're aware the incident is being traced," he said evenly. "The more Clara acts without control, the higher the chance authorities connect this to the south. She's careless." I nodded but didn't respond immediately. He was right. Clara had always been impulsive when it came to her own desires. If she wasn't careful, her actions could undo all the planning I had done. I had built contingencies for her, but even the best plans could unravel if attention came too early. The buyer gave me the paralyzing drug container for inspection. I ran my fingers over the seal, verifying its integrity. The dosage was correct, and the substance was stable. I placed it back in my bag, storing it where only I could access it. He nodded, stepped back, and left without another word. I checked my phone and froze when a message from Elias appeared. The screen displayed: "Private meeting. Final strategy. Urgent." I stared at it for a long moment, weighing my options. Elias was unpredictable. I didn't trust him entirely, but I had to hear him out. If he was planning something major, being uninformed could put me and our objectives at risk. I could handle him, I decided, but I would remain cautious. I didn't trust his motives, and I had no intention of letting him lead me into a trap. I slipped the phone back into my pocket and ran a hand through my hair. While I considered Elias's message, my thoughts drifted to the north. Amy. She had been training in secret again, I knew that much. Rumors of her growing abilities reached me through scattered reports. The thought annoyed me. I needed to keep my focus, but I couldn't ignore the threat she had become. I watched from a small security feed as she practiced in one of the northern chambers. I saw her place her hands on an injured guard. The wound on his arm began to close slowly, and I noticed her concentration intensify. She was testing herself, trying to push her limits. For a moment, I thought to myself If she improved, Daniel's advantage would increase. We needed to move faster. this time

Jard tense under I continued observing through the hidden feed. She had moved to an more seriously injured. Her hands hovered over the wound. I could so her touch as the flesh began knitting together. I noted the difference, she was becoming stronger. Her gift was developing faster than expected. Then Daniel entered the room. I held my breath, studying his body language. He didn't speak or interrupt. He simply observed, silent and deliberate. Amy's focus didn't change either, though I could sense the subtle tension in her posture. She was testing herself fully, aware he was watching but undistracted. I watched as her second attempt at healing completed. She removed her hands slowly and stepped back, breathing lightly. Daniel approached her cautiously and placed a hand on her cheek. His touch was gentle, grounding, and I noticed her shoulders relax immediately under his presence. "I'm proud of you," he said softly. "No matter what happens, I'll protect you. No matter who comes at us, I'll make sure your gift stays yours." I observed their conversation carefully. His voice was really calm. She responded with a subtle nod and a small smile. Their trust in each other was strong. That bond could not be

underestimated. Amy had someone who could stabilize her under pressure, someone who could defend her abilities and prevent them from being exposed too soon. That made me more conscious of the fact that the longer we waited, the more powerful she would become. I leaned back from the feed and considered my next move. Elias's message had not been dismissed. I needed to meet him, and I needed to understand what he was planning. I could not let Amy or Daniel continue building their trust. I made my way to the underground location Elias had specified. The corridor was narrow, dimly lit, and completely hidden from the main building. The sound of my heels on the floor echoed slightly, but I knew the space well. Security had been reinforced, and I checked the access points as I moved to ensure no unexpected onlookers were present. When I entered the meeting room, I stopped immediately. Clara was already there. She was sitting at the far side of the table, relaxed, and smiling. I narrowed my eyes, taking in the scene. She hadn't expected me to arrive first or maybe she had known I would come. Either way, the situation had shifted. Her smile was calm, "You're on time," she said. Her voice carried neither warmth nor aggression, but the underlying threat was clear. I kept my expression neutral. "I see you're making yourself comfortable Clara's eyes didn't leave mine. "Elias wants to speak with both of us and I intend to be the one in control when he does." I stepped closer to the table, keeping my hands visible, my mind working. I could see immediately that she had already positioned herself to manipulate the conversation. She had learned to leverage her presence against me, and I needed to anticipate her next moves. I took a seat across from her, maintaining distance. I would not let her dominate this conversation. I needed information, clarity, and the ability to act without revealing my hand. My phone vibrated slightly. I checked it, Elias confirmed the meeting would start in ten minutes.

## Chapter 209 Organized Goals

### CLARA

Selene walked into the underground room and stopped when she saw me sitting in the chair. Her reaction was predictable. She looked annoyed in a very direct way, and I enjoyed watching it so where I was, legs crossed, hands on my lap, steady and unbothered. "You're early," she said. Her tone made it clear she wished I wasn't here at all. "I prefer to be prepared," I replied. "You should try it sometime." face. I stayed She shut the door behind her harder than necessary. She remained near it as if keeping distance from me would soften her irritation. Before she could continue, Elias stepped into the room. He must have been waiting outside long enough to hear the start of the tension. "Good. Both of you are here. Sit," he said. Selene walked to the opposite side of the table. Elias took his place between us, standing as if he didn't trust either of us enough to sit first. The room felt colder than usual. The walls were rough stone, the air still, the ceiling low. It was not a place meant for comfort. It was meant for secrecy, which suited me fine. Elias looked from Selene to me. "The situation is getting out of control. I called this meeting because the next steps must be handled without more noise." I kept my voice calm. "Nothing I've done has harmed the plan. Everything I've set in motion pushes us forward." Selene leaned on the table with both hands. "Your noise is drawing the council's attention. They're watching every move." "Good," I said. "Let them watch Daniel fall. That's the point." She shook her head. "You act without restraint. You act without telling anyone." "I act when others hesitate," I answered. "That's why you both need me." Elias raised his hand before Selene could snap again. "Clara, Selene, save the personal issues for another time. What matters is the plan." He waited until we both focused on him. "The south leadership will publicly shift blame for the explosion at Carter Holdings onto Daniel. The narrative will be that his mismanagement allowed a device to be planted inside his own building." Selene nodded once. She kept her attention on Elias instead of letting toward me. per turn back Elias

turned his eyes to me. “Clara, you will supply the documents you stole years ago from Mrs. Carter’s office. They give us leverage to push this narrative further.” I smiled. “I never throw away anything useful. They’re in perfect condition.” Selene frowned. “You took documents from Mrs. Carter without anyone knowing?” “Yes,” I said. “That’s why the documents are valuable now.” Elias continued. “Selene, you will handle the elders. They need to hear our version of the story before rumors spread. Use the private channels. Do not allow outside ears.” “I know how to handle them,” she said. “I’ve been doing it for long enough.” I added, “Just be careful. Their attention is strong right now.” She gave me a cold look. “I don’t take advice from someone who starts fires and expects others to clean up after her.” I leaned back in my chair. “I don’t start fires. I test weaknesses. If Daniel collapses under pressure, that’s not my fault. That’s a flaw in his leadership.” Elias interrupted before Selene’s annoyance could rise again. “There’s one more thing. We need the new evidence Clara planted this morning to stay undetected for the next forty-eight hours. After that, the investigators should find it on their own.” Selene turned toward me quickly. “You already planted it?” “Yes,” I answered. “The wing was empty, so the timing was perfect. If I had waited, security would have increased.” She narrowed her eyes. “You worked behind our backs.”

I worked ahead,” I said. “There’s a difference.” Elias pressed his fingers against the table in a steady pattern, almost thinking out loud. “We’ll release the story by tomorrow afternoon. Once the public shifts focus toward Daniel, the council will hesitate to defend him.” Selene folded her arms. “And Amy?” I shrugged. “She will fall with him. She built her image around supporting him. If his foundation cracks, her image cracks with it.” Selene said nothing. Elias watched both of us carefully, as if measuring our cooperation before it turned into something unmanageable. “I’ll contact the southern representatives tonight,” he said. “Clara, make sure the files are ready. No duplicates. No edits. We need them exactly as they were.” “They’re untouched,” I replied. “I keep important things close.” Selene didn’t hide her annoyance anymore. She stared at the floor, then at Elias, then at me. “If this plan fails, the south gets hit first. I met her eyes. “Then don’t let it fail.” Her jaw tightened. She didn’t like my confidence, but confidence came from competence, and she knew it. Elias dismissed it with a wave. “We have a clear timeline. No more freelance decisions from either of you unless I approve them.” I nodded because agreeing cost me nothing. Selene nodded as well, though hers came slower. Elias stepped back. “This meeting is done.” Selene turned at once and walked to the door. She didn’t say goodbye. She didn’t even spare me another look. Her irritation filled the room even after she left. When the door shut behind her, Elias looked at me. “She doesn’t trust you,” he said. “She doesn’t need to,” I replied. “She only needs to follow the plan.” He gave a short nod and left the room as well. As soon as I was alone, I pulled my phone from my pocket. The signal was weak underground, so I walked toward the stairs until the connection returned. I dialed my assistant. He answered quickly. “Ma’am?” “Tomorrow morning,” I started, “I want you to leak another document. Use the same channel as last time. Make sure it reaches the right people before noon.” “Yes, ma’am. Which file?” The one that links Carter Holdings’ old security failures to Daniel’s lead D. Make sure the formatting stays untouched.” “I’ll handle it.” “Good,” I said. “This is the start. Daniel weakens, Amy falls with him, and we move forward.” I ended the call and walked up the stairs without looking back. My goals were simple, my steps were organized. And neither Selene nor Daniel nor Amy understood how far ahead I already was.

Chapter 210 Timeline And Facts

DANIEL

I woke up early, earlier than usual, because the legal team kept sending alerts to my phone. By the time the sun came up, my inbox was full of flagged messages. I saw shirt from the previous night, and scrolled through each document anything. v office, still in my o avoid missing The new files claimed I had approved risky transactions through old shell companies tied to Carter Holdings. I knew they were fake. The signatures were wrong. The dates did not line up. The internal codes used on the copies were outdated. These were things only someone familiar with our system would know how to falsify. Someone close to us had passed them on. That fact bothered me more than the forged documents themselves. I sat back in the chair for a moment. My eyes felt heavy, not from lack of sleep but from the steady pressure building since the explosion. Every hour came with a new problem, and all of them pointed to the south. When the office door opened, I expected Brian or one of the security heads. Instead, Amy walked in with a small tray. She looked tired but calm. Her hair was pulled back, and she wore one of the long shirts she usually stole from my side of the closet. "I brought breakfast," she said. I felt the tension in my shoulders ease a little. "Amy... you didn't need to." "I wanted to," she said, placing the tray on the table. "You haven't eaten." I looked at the food but did not move. My appetite had been gone since I opened the first legal notice. She came closer. "Daniel. You need to eat." I shook my head. "I have too much to handle. I can't slow down." Instead of arguing, she picked up a forkful of food and held it near my mouth. "Open your mouth." "Really?" "Yes. Open it." I didn't know when I laughed. I leaned forward and took the bite. The simple act cut through the stress more than anything else had in days. She smiled a little, then set the fork aside and sat on the edge of my desk. "Better?" "A bit." She reached for my face and I held her hand. The room felt less tense win her near me. I pulled her closer and kissed her. It came from exhaustion, fear, and the need to feel something that wasn't pressure. She kissed me back without hesitation. We ended up tongues rolled and soon my cock felt hard. I didn't realize when I turned her over and buried my cock in her insides. It felt so juicy and warm. After so many hard thrusts and slap sounds, we both finally gasped for air in satisfaction. When we finally stopped, she rested her forehead against mine. For a few minutes, we held onto each other like the world wasn't trying to pull us apart. "You're doing your best. And you're not alone." I nodded because I needed to. Amy got dressed and we talked for a while until a knock at the door forced us apart slightly. Amy stepped off the desk but stayed close. Brian walked in with a tablet in his hand. His expression warned me that the news was not good. "We found something," he said. "Or rather, someone." "Who?" "One of Clara's known associates. He was spotted near the storage wing on the night of the explosion. His face was covered, but the body match is almost exact. He used to run deliveries for her before she cut ties with most of her old workers." My frustration grew. I rubbed my hand over my jaw. "She's not even trying to hide anymore." Amy touched my chest lightly. "One step at a time, Daniel. We'll process this first."

Her voice grounded me again. I breathed out slowly and focused. "Get me the raw footage," I told Brian. "And keep this quiet for now. No leaks." "Already handled," Brian said. "There's more. Legal thinks the new documents were prepared weeks ago. Someone planned this carefully." That lined up with my own suspicion. Clara had always been calculated. Before we could continue, my mother walked in. She carried a folder under her arm and me a sharp look that meant she was ready to take control of whatever needed fixing. "We need to discuss crisis management," she said. "And we need to be s out it." gave I nodded and gestured for her to sit. Amy moved to stand beside me. My mother opened the folder. "The press is pushing hard. The council is asking questions. The public is confused. If we do not

speaking soon, the narrative will run without us. I suggest a controlled press meeting. We show transparency. We answer what we can and shut down anything we cannot." "I agree," I said. She looked at Amy. "And you want her beside you. Correct?" "Yes," I said without hesitation. "I want her in every meeting, every announcement, every room. She stays with me." My mother studied my face, then nodded. "Good. It will help the public see unity. And it will make it harder for our enemies to imply internal problems." Amy gave a small nod of appreciation. I felt her hand brush mine. We spent the next hour planning details. When my mother left, she looked more confident than she had since the explosion. That gave me a bit of hope. Later that afternoon, Amy and I went to speak with the head of the internal council. They waited for us in the conference room. Five elders. All of them older, all of them stubborn, all of them watching me with suspicion. The head elder, Maron, opened the meeting. "Daniel, we received concerning documents this morning." "They're fake," I said. "And I can prove it." Another elder, Varrin, frowned. "This is not the first problem you've had in the Explosion, media scandal, and now financial questions. You are making it difficult for us to defend you." past week. Amy stepped forward before I could respond. "With respect, Elder Varrin, your statement is inaccurate. The explosion is under federal review and not tied to Daniel's leadership. The media scandal began with an edited video that has already been debunked. And the documents if you're referencing use internal formatting that Carter Holdings stopped using six years ago. you track the file history, you will see it." The room fell silent. Varrin blinked. "How do you know that?" "I work with Daniel," she said. "I know how his systems run. I know the the facts."