

Broken 211

Chapter 211 Something Different

AMY

The day had barely started when the nurse's voice came through the hall before I reached the room. "She's bleeding again!" My heart jumped. I ran faster. When I pushed the door open, Marielle was on the bed, her face pale, and the doctor was pressing gauze against her side. Blood had soaked through the fresh bandage. The air smelled sharp, like metal and medicine mixed together. "What happened?" I asked. The nurse looked up, her gloves already stained. "The wound reopened. We can't stop the bleeding." I moved closer, my hands already shaking. "Step back. Let me try." The doctor nodded and stepped aside. I placed my hands over the wound, just like before. My energy stirred immediately, rushing to meet the broken skin. I focused on the pulse under my palms, the same rhythm I had worked with days ago. But something was wrong. The silver inside the wound burned against my touch, pushing back every time I tried to close it. The harder I pushed, the more it resisted. Marielle grabbed my wrist weakly. "Amy, stop," she said, her voice thin. "You've already done more than enough." "I can't just leave it like this," I said, forcing my focus to stay. "It's spreading." She smiled faintly. "Then let the doctor handle the rest. You'll collapse if you keep forcing it." Her hand felt cold against mine. I could hear the machines beside her bed beeping in uneven patterns. My vision blurred for a second, and I realized how drained I already was. Still, I didn't move. The door opened again, and I felt Daniel's presence before I saw him. He crossed the room fast and came behind me, placing both hands on my shoulders. His voice was calm, low enough that only I could hear it. "I'm here," he said. "You're not alone." I felt him steady me without saying anything else. His breath was close to my ear, his warmth pressing against my back. Slowly, I lowered my hands and stepped aside. The doctor took over again, cleaning the wound while another nurse adjusted the IV. Daniel didn't move from behind me. He stayed there, his arms coming around my waist like he was afraid I might fall. "Breathe," he said quietly. "She's stable now." eyes again, I tried to believe that, but the sight of the blood made it hard. Marielle opened her looking at both of us. "You need rest, Amy," she whispered. "You've been running yourself thin." I nodded, even though I didn't mean it. "I'll rest once you're better." The doctor finished stitching what he could. "We'll monitor her through the night. The silver is fighting every treatment. It's the same type used in the last attack." Daniel's jaw tightened. "Same type?" The doctor looked uneasy. "Yes. Same chemical mix, same grade of alloy. It's not a common type. Whoever made it had connections." Before I could ask more, the door opened again and Cole entered, his expression grim. He glanced at Marielle, then turned to Daniel and me. "We confirmed it. The bullet matches the type distributed by southern mercenaries. They've been working under the southern alpha's contract for years." Daniel's body went rigid behind me. I felt the tension in his grip. "You're certain?"

Cole nodded. "Positive. The pattern on the casing matches one from their last shipment. It's them." Daniel took a slow breath, but I could sense the anger rolling through him. His hand on my arm tightened slightly, then loosened as if he was reminding himself not to show it. I turned to look at him. "Daniel." He met my eyes. His voice was low. "They're crossing every line." "I know," I said. "But don't lose control. That's what they want." He said nothing for a moment, then gave a small nod. "You're right." Marielle shifted on the bed, and I went back to her side. She was watching both of us, her eyes softer than before. "You two need to stand together," she said. "The south will use every weakness they find." Daniel moved closer to her bed and took her hand. "We will. I promise you." She smiled faintly

and closed her eyes. The doctor adjusted her monitor again. The bleeding had slowed, but the wound still looked angry and red. I sat down beside the bed, feeling the ache in my chest grow heavier. I had tried to heal her twice now, and both times it had pushed back against me. I couldn't ignore what that meant anymore. When the nurses stepped out, Daniel sat next to me. His hand found mine. "What's going on?" he asked quietly. "You've been holding something back." I hesitated, staring at my fingers. "When I try to heal now... it feels different." "Different how?" "There's this pull inside me," I said. "Like something inside me wakes up when I use it. It helps me heal faster, but it also feels unstable. Stronger than before, but unpredictable. I don't know what's happening." He leaned forward slightly. "How long have you felt it?" "Since the last attack," I said. "I didn't tell anyone because I wasn't sure if it mattered." "It matters," he said, his tone firm but gentle. "You need to tell my mother. She'll know what to do." I looked at him. "And if she doesn't?" "Then we'll find someone who does," he said. "But you're not facing it alone." I nodded slowly. I didn't want to argue. He was right. Keeping it to myself wasn't going to help anyone. We sat there quietly for a while. The machines kept their steady rhythm, and the night air outside the window looked still. Cole had already left to continue the investigation, and the doctor moved between Marielle's bed and the next room. The silence made it easier to think, but it also made the fear settle deeper. Daniel brushed a hand through my hair and pulled me closer. "You need to rest," he said again. "I can't leave her." "I didn't say you had to."

Chapter 212 Nothing To Chance

DANIEL

I woke to Amy curled against me. Her hair had fallen across her face in soft strands, and the steady rhythm of her breathing made the moment feel almost normal. I brushed her hair back from her cheek and pressed a quick kiss to her forehead. She stirred slightly, then relaxed back into me. I could feel her warmth, her pulse against mine. It felt good. I didn't want to move, but the day was already starting, and waiting was not an option. I shifted carefully, and she opened her eyes. "Morning," she said quietly. "Morning," I replied, keeping my voice low. "You slept well?" "Better than I have in days," she admitted, stretching her arms. Her eyes met mine, and I could tell she was ready to face whatever came next. I held her hand for a moment longer before stepping back. The peace ended as soon as we entered the hall. My mother was already at the office, waiting. Her expression was measured but serious. "Amy, I want you to come with me to the main office. We need to address some investors privately." I stepped forward immediately. "We should send guards. No one can take chances now." Amy glanced at me and nodded. "Agreed. But I'm ready. Let's go." The ride to Carter Holdings' main office was tense. Guards flanked the car, scanning the streets as we moved. I could see Amy's hands folded in her lap, steady despite the situation. I admired that, but my mind was running through every possible threat, every angle. At the office, the boardroom was waiting. Several investors had already gathered, their faces serious, some suspicious. They didn't greet us warmly, they were here to challenge, to see cracks in our leadership. My mother introduced Amy to them formally, then stepped back. I remained at the side of the room, keeping a careful eye on the doors. Amy began speaking, answering questions. One asked if Daniel had approved risky transactions linked to shell companies. Another asked about financial stability and whether recent attacks on the building were related to internal mismanagement. Amy addressed each question directly, citing dates, documentation, and verifiable events. I watched investors' expressions shift from skepticism to measured trust. She didn't hesitate. She didn't falter. She was steady, and she was convincing. My mother watched quietly from the side, her hands folded. I could see pride in her eyes as Amy handled questions others would have stumbled over. I leaned back against the

wall slightly, letting myself take in the sight. Amy's confidence was becoming a weapon in itself. Midway through the meeting, my communicator buzzed. Brian's voice came over the secure line. "Daniel, Selene has been spotted meeting with Elias again. Multiple locations. It's coordinated. Something major is coming." I clenched my jaw. I had expected more moves from them, but this confirmed it. The southern forces were planning something larger than the previous attacks. I signaled Cole silently, and he moved closer.

Keep a perimeter," I said. "Amy and Mrs Carter need immediate security if anyone tries to interfere." I returned my focus to the meeting, but my mind ran over contingencies. Every exit, every hallway, every door became a possible risk. Amy noticed my tension and brushed my arm lightly. Her hand was calm, reassuring. She whispered, "We handle it together. One step at a time." I nodded, grateful. She didn't need to know all my worries. She didn't need to carry my burden. But her presence helped me focus. The meeting continued, and investors asked follow-up questions. Amy remained composed. One investor tried to bait her, suggesting that my distraction with personal matters could compromise the company. She didn't flinch. Instead, she referenced recent decisions, clarified timelines, and reminded them of oversight measures in place. They listened. They began to take her seriously. Then the lights flickered twice. Everyone froze for a moment. Security personnel moved immediately, checking cameras and access points. The flicker was brief, but my gut told me it was more than an electrical fault. I turned to Cole. "Check the lower floors. Now." Cole's head went down to his tablet. "Someone breached the building. Entry point is near the main conference area." My mother remained calm. She addressed the investors calmly. "Please follow me to the designated safe area," she instructed. Amy guided them, her tone firm, her movements deliberate. She moved them efficiently toward the panic room. I didn't wait. I signaled the guards. "Bring Amy and Mrs Carter into secure hall C, now. All entrances locked behind them." Amy reached me as we entered the secure area. She didn't hesitate. She ran straight into my arms. I pulled her in, holding her tight. Relief swept over me at seeing her safe. "What is it?" she asked quietly, sensing my tension. "Lower floors were breached. Security detected someone moving near the conference stage," I said, keeping my voice low. She nodded, her hand gripping mine. "We're together. That's what matters." I let her stay close for a moment longer, then motioned for the guards to sweep the area. They moved quickly, efficient, trained. I followed them, eyes scanning every shadow, every angle. Cole found a device planted under the conference stage. He held it up for me to see. "Device is deactivated, but the fingerprints match Clara's assistant. Same pattern as the last planted device." I felt the surge of frustration rise but kept it contained. "Good work. Everyone needs to be extra vigilant. We can't leave anything to chance." Amy stayed by my side. "I will not let fear push me back," she said softly. Her words hit harder than any threat. I nodded, appreciating her determination. She wasn't just my support; she was active in protecting herself and the family. We monitored the building for the rest of the morning. Security teams moved through every floor. Every hall was checked twice. I stayed with Amy and Mrs Carter, ensuring they were never alone. The investors had been moved to the secure area and remained calm under Amy's direction. By the time the meeting room was safe again, I knew the breach had been calculated, meant to intimidate, not destroy. But it was a reminder that Selene and Clara were becoming more trouble. And Elias's involvement made it worse. I held Amy's hand and looked at her. "We're going to handle this. One step at a time."

Chapter 213 I Don't Need Anyone

AMY

I woke up the next morning to the sound of Marielle stirring beside me. Her eyes were open, sharper than before, more focused. She looked at Daniel and me and spoke with authority that made me stop mid-breath. "You need to gather everyone," she said. "Now. Mrs Carter, Cole, Brian. Everyone who can help me make this clear." I felt a chill run through me. Something was coming. Something important. I glanced at Daniel, and he nodded slightly. Without a word, I rose and went to help. By the time we reached the meeting room, Mrs Carter was already there. Cole and Brian arrived moments later, scanning the room for any potential interruption. Marielle sat upright, using the support Daniel had arranged. She looked at all of us and began speaking clearly. "I want you to understand everything. I was taken when the twins were very young. Clara first. She was taken and raised under strict conditions. I was forced to stay hidden, to keep the truth about both girls from being known. The man who took me was paid to hide my identity from the family and from anyone who could connect me back to the South." I sat stiffly in my chair, my hands clasped together. Daniel's hand found mine under the table, squeezing gently. I felt a little steadier knowing he was there, grounding me. Marielle continued. "Clara doesn't know about Amy. She believes she is alone. Selene is not your full sister. She is a half-sister. The captor had his own reasons for separating us. Everything was a calculated bomb waiting to explode." Marielle shook her head slowly. "I could not. The timing was wrong. Every moment I waited risked more exposure. The captor had people watching, monitoring every move. It was dangerous. I could not put either of you at further risk until now." Brian spoke up from the side, holding a set of papers. "There's more. I found inconsistencies in Selene's birth records. The date has been falsified. Someone erased her original identity. That means there was a deliberate effort to hide who she really was and connect her to the North without anyone knowing her true origin." Daniel moved closer, wrapping an arm around me lightly. "It's okay," he whispered. "We'll get through this. All of it. Together. Hopefully this would sniff them out." I let myself lean into him, resting my forehead against his shoulder. The tension in my body eased slightly, though my mind raced. Marielle had survived all of it, only to be targeted again. Mrs Carter leaned in beside Marielle. "We will protect you," she said firmly. "Nothing will happen to you while I am here." Her voice was calm. Cole stood near the doorway, his phone already in hand. "I'll contact my informants," he said. "We need Selene tracked immediately. If she's involved, we need to know her movements and connections before she makes the next move." Marielle nodded. "Yes. And everyone here must understand how carefully everything needs to be handled. No one can act alone. One wrong move will give the enemies leverage. They are patient. They are precise."

I swallowed hard. "Who are they, Mother? Who orchestrated all of this?" I felt my chest tighten. I wanted to scream at the unfairness of it all, but Daniel's hand kept me calm. I could feel his presence through the touch, reminding me to breathe, to stay focused. Brian stepped forward, spreading the papers across the table. "The falsified records, the transactions, the attacks—they're all connected. I traced the document edits, and every action ties back to a central point in the South. Whoever is behind this has been planning it for years." I stared at the papers, my mind spinning. The lines between what I had assumed and what was real had blurred completely. Daniel noticed my distress and pulled me closer again. His chin rested lightly on my head as he whispered, "I know it feels like too much, but you are not alone. We will survive this, step by step." The room was quiet after Brian finished. Everyone was processing, but I felt the weight of everything pressing down. I wanted to act, to fix it immediately, but I knew this wasn't possible. Daniel's voice cut through my thoughts. "We need a plan. Not reaction. Information first, strategy second." I nodded. "Yes. That makes sense. We need to control what we can and watch the rest carefully." Mrs Carter added, "I will work on investor communications and make sure the public sees the truth without letting the opposition manipulate it. Cole and Brian will track

movement and gather intel. Daniel, Amy, you focus on the pack and immediate threats. Coordination is key." Even though the room had been filled with shocking revelations, I could see the structure forming. We had a plan. We had allies. We had Daniel. I looked at my mother. Marielle's expression was firm but relieved. She had spoken, and now the people she trusted were aware of the depth of the threats against us. I felt Daniel's hand tighten around mine. "We will protect them. We will protect you. And we will protect each other."

"I know," I whispered. My voice was steady now, though my heart still raced. I rested against him again, letting him anchor me while I processed the new reality. Cole walked toward the doorway and spoke quietly into his phone. "Track Selene. Get everything you can. No movement is too small." Mrs Carter gave a final nod. "We'll hold until further updates. Then we move, coordinated and precise." I glanced at Daniel, then at my mother, then at Brian and Cole. I realized for the first time that even with everything revealed, we were not powerless. We had information, allies, and a plan. It wasn't complete, but it was a start. I let my head rest lightly against Daniel's chest, feeling the tension ease slightly. "We can do this," I said. He pressed his hand to mine. "Yes. Step by step, we do this together."

Chapter 214 Stay Focused

AMY

I woke up the next morning feeling completely drained. My body was heavy, and my mind spun with every detail from the previous day. Daniel stayed close, his presence calmed me as I tried to calm my breathing. Even sitting up felt terribly hard, but I knew we had work to do. "Morning," Daniel said quietly, brushing a strand of hair from my face. "You slept okay?" I shook my head slightly. "I'm exhausted," I admitted. "But I need to keep moving. We can't afford to fall behind." He nodded and held my hand for a moment. "We'll take it slow. Don't push yourself too hard. We are in this together and don't carry more than you can handle. You are my woman and I do not want you unnecessarily stressed out." I forced a small smile and swung my legs off the bed. We moved quietly to the study where Cole and Brian were waiting. The room smelled faintly of coffee and paper, a reminder that work never stopped in this house. Cole looked up as we entered. "We need an update," he said. "Any progress on Clara's operations? Were you able to come upon anything new?" I straightened my back, brushing the fatigue aside. "We've mapped some of her financial moves, and we're tracking her communication patterns. We also confirmed she accessed files months That's when the breach happened, though the system didn't flag her. ago. Brian raised an eyebrow. "Do we know how she managed it?" "I shook my head. "Not yet. But the access matches a period when Clara wasn't logged into the main pack systems. It seems she found a backdoor months ago. I want to check older archives and cross-reference her movements with pack access records. She's receiving feeds from us but we haven't figured out how. Until we stop how she's doing that, we can't rid ourselves of her." Daniel noticed my posture stiffen, the way I pressed my hands against my stomach. "Are you okay?" he asked softly. I nodded, hiding the wave of nausea that suddenly hit me. "I'm fine," I said. "Just focused." Cole glanced at me but didn't press. Brian made notes quietly. The room was tense, but it wasn't in a bad way. We moved through files, noting every irregularity, every suspicious timestamp. I felt myself push through exhaustion, forcing my mind to track patterns. By late morning, I had isolated a few access points that matched the timeline of the data breach. My fingers hovered over the keyboard, cross-referencing system logs. The moment of clarity came when I found one small irregular entry which was a temporary login from a location outside pack headquarters at a time when Clara's presence wasn't documented anywhere. I leaned back and

exhaled slowly. "This matches the breach timeline perfectly. She had access without being noticed." Daniel leaned over my shoulder. "Good work," he said. "We'll need to use this to predict her next moves. But you need to slow down. You've been pushing yourself too hard."

I shook my head, refusing to let fatigue win. "We can't wait. She's already done too much damage. I need to see the full extent of her access before she gets ahead again." He studied me for a moment and then reached out, holding my hand. "I know you're tired. I know it's overwhelming. But none of this changes who you are. Or what we're building together." I felt a warmth spread through me. His words were steady, real. I looked into his eyes, and for the first time in hours, I allowed myself to lean on him completely. "I'm scared," I admitted. "I don't want to fail anyone." Daniel brushed a hand down my arm. "You won't. You can't fail. You're strong enough to handle this. And I'll be here every step of the way." I let myself lean into him, resting my head against his shoulder. He pulled me closer, holding me firmly but gently. "I can't imagine facing any of this without you," he said quietly. I closed my eyes and let his presence be my anchor. He held my hand and we stayed like that for a while. I felt really calm as I felt the steady rhythm of his heart beat. We spoke in whispers for a while and we also joked about how our lives have been a roller coaster for a while now. I remembered I had not eaten and my body was beginning to protest. "Come on, you need to eat something. I can't afford you falling sick in all this chaos." We sat quietly on the couch, our hands were still intertwined. I felt a bond with him that went deeper than words. The day was stressful, but this moment felt priceless. I told him my plan for monitoring the systems and cross-referencing any new irregularities with the breaches we had already found. He nodded, supporting every step logically, giving me space while remaining close. "I'll help you test anything you find," he said. "We'll figure out her next move before she makes it." I looked up at him and smiled faintly. "Thank you. I don't know what I'd do without you." He bent down, pressing a gentle kiss to my temple. "You won't have to find out," he said softly. "I'm not going anywhere." I leaned into him again. The exhaustion was still there, but it was manageable now. I realized that no matter how strong Clara or Selene tried to be, we had each other and that mattered more than anything. We stayed like that for some time, discussing strategies and planning our next steps. There were no dramatic moves, no rushed actions. Just steady progress. I realized I could face this chaos, one step at a time, as long as Daniel was by my side. By the time we stood up again, ready to resume monitoring and coordinating, I felt a lot better. The fatigue was still there, but the clarity had returned. I knew we had work ahead of us, but we could handle it together. I let go of his hand reluctantly, standing straight. "Let's see what else we can find," I said.

Chapter 215 You Are Done For

DANIEL

Deep into the night, I woke up to the sound of Amy shivering beside me. The room was quiet except for her occasional cough, and I could feel the tension in her body. She was sweating and running a temperature, and her face was pale against the pillow. I stayed awake most of the night, watching her, making sure she didn't move too much or slip further into weakness and to also know if she would need a doctor. I kept a hand lightly on her back, checking her breathing every few minutes. I tried to make her feel as comfortable as possible to get through the night. It was the first time I was seeing Amy sick since we met and that was what worried me the most. By morning, she had barely slept. Her hair was damp from sweat, and her movements were slow. I got out of bed first, careful not to wake her fully, and checked the monitors in the security room. Everything seemed quiet, but my attention kept returning to

Amy. I poured a glass of water and carried it back, sitting beside her as she sipped. She barely looked at me. "You didn't sleep well," I said softly. "I'll be fine," she replied without much conviction. Her voice was low, almost trembling. "I need you to take care of yourself," I said firmly. "You can't help anyone if you collapse." She nodded slightly but didn't protest further. I let her rest for a few more minutes while I dressed and prepared for the day. My mind was already focused on the files and breaches that had surfaced last night. Before leaving, I called Brian into my office privately. "I need a full rundown on the breach Clara used to steal Carter Enterprise documents, the one that my wife figured out before she fell asleep last night." I said once he closed the door. Brian opened his tablet and scrolled through the reports. "It's worse than we thought. Clara didn't act alone. Someone helped her from inside the South Pack, but we haven't identified them yet. The records match a member who still has access privileges." I leaned back in my chair and rubbed my forehead. "Start a quiet internal sweep. Check every employee with Carter Enterprise clearance who is also affiliated with the South Pack. No one outside this office can know. I don't want the wrong person to be alerted." Brian nodded. "Understood. I'll have preliminary results by tonight." I left the office and made my way back to Amy. She was at the desk in the private study, scanning through a set of documents, her face pale and focused. I stopped behind her, resting my hands lightly on her shoulders. "You need to rest," I said. "You can't do this now." "I just want to see what's here," she said softly, without turning to look at me. "It won't take long." "I'm not arguing. You need to slow down," I said firmly. She hesitated, then nodded, promising to rest after going through a few more pages. I stayed with her, making sure she didn't push herself too hard. She winced slightly when standing, and I caught it immediately. "You're hurting," I said, noticing the subtle tension in her movement.

"It's just stress," she said quickly, brushing it off. "I'm okay." I shook my head. "Stress doesn't make you wince when you move. You're not okay. Let the doctor check you." She hesitated, then nodded reluctantly. I didn't push further. I left her to rest briefly and made my way to the security wing. The footage review was meticulous. I replayed hours of internal camera recordings, looking for anything that might have been missed. Then, I caught a short clip from several days ago, near the restricted area. Selene was walking down the corridor. Her timing and presence didn't match any authorized schedule. She wasn't supposed to be there. My suspicion increased immediately. I paused the footage and studied every movement, the way she glanced at the door, the way she handled the access panel. Everything suggested she was there intentionally, and it connected to the timeline of Marielle's shooting. I made notes, ensuring I had clear timestamps and angles. It was still frustrating because it still wasn't proof she shot Marielle. Before I left, I received a message from Cole. My phone buzzed quietly in my pocket. He wrote that the latest MRI scan on Marielle revealed bullet fragments remained inside her wound, and that was why her condition was deteriorating. The silver-laced bullet, combined with the wolfsbane coating, had prevented proper healing even with Amy's healing abilities. I stood there in silence for a moment, processing the news. I needed to coordinate the next steps quickly. First, Amy had to be checked and properly rested. Then, Marielle needed more advanced medical attention to remove the fragments safely. The risk of another attack was still possible, and I could not allow the team to act without full information. I returned to Amy. She was sitting quietly, still skimming documents but moving slower now. I knelt beside her chair. "You need to rest fully," I said again. "We can go over this later. Nothing here is going anywhere." "I promise I'll slow down," she said. "Just a little longer." I watched her, noting the strain in her eyes and her slightly shaky hands. "Alright," I said finally. "But after this, you're going to rest. No exceptions." She gave me a small nod and continued. I reminded her occasionally to drink water and shift her position. Her body was reacting to the stress and lack of sleep,

and I needed to ensure she didn't overextend. Later, I moved to review more footage related to the breach. I cross-referenced Selene's movements with internal access logs. It became clearer that she had a role in the earlier attack on Marielle. I noted every detail, every second she appeared near restricted areas. By mid-morning, I returned to Amy to ensure she was standing properly. She looked pale but focused on the documents. I gently took the papers from her hands. "You're done for now," I said.

Chapter 216 Congratulations You Are

AMY

I woke to the sound of Daniel's hand tightening slightly around mine. The first thing I noticed was his grip, and then the white walls of the med bay. I blinked a few times, trying to process where I was. My body felt heavy and weak, and a wave of dizziness swept over me. "Easy," Daniel said quietly. He didn't let go of my hand. I turned my head slowly and saw Mrs. Carter, Brian, and Cole standing nearby. Their expressions were tense and focused on me. The doctor was already at my side, checking my vitals again. "You collapsed in the room with Marielle," the doctor said. "We need to make sure everything is fine before you leave the bed." I tried to speak but my voice came out faint. "I... I just need a moment." Daniel's gaze didn't waver. He stayed with me, close enough that I could feel his presence without needing words. The doctor motioned for the others to step out, leaving just Daniel and me. He looked at me, waiting, and I realized I had to focus. My mind was racing through everything—the recent attacks, Clara's moves, Selene's interference, Marielle's condition. And now, this. "Your tests are back," the doctor said carefully. "Congratulations Luna, you're pregnant." Those weren't words I was ready to hear. Of all things, pregnant at this time of my life? nahh... I tried to breathe calmly, but the tension in my chest was immediate. I didn't say anything at first. My mind was working through the implications, trying to sort what this meant in real terms. Daniel stayed perfectly still, holding my hand, giving me the space to process. I didn't know how to respond yet. Everything was spinning in my head. I thought of Clara and Selene, of Elias, and the danger that had been closing in on all of us. I thought of the attacks on Marielle and the way Carter Holdings had been targeted. Now there was this. Another layer to manage. "I..." I finally said, my voice low and shaky. "I need... time. Please, don't tell anyone." Daniel nodded. "No one will. We'll handle it together." I closed my eyes and tried to think through the practical steps. How far along am I? How does this change what I can do in the pack and with Daniel? Could I still train, still heal, still move freely, or would this put us both at risk? I had to think clearly. There was no room for panic. The doctor left quietly after ensuring I was stable, leaving Daniel and me alone. I felt the tension in my body ease slightly with his presence, but the weight of responsibility remained. "Are you okay?" Daniel asked softly. "I'm... processing," I admitted. "I need to understand what this means before anyone else knows. Before anyone tries to use it against us." He nodded. "Take all the time you need. I'm not going anywhere."

I tried to focus on the physical reality of what was happening. My body felt different. I could feel subtle changes even now—fatigue, slight nausea, and a heaviness I hadn't experienced before. It all made sense now. "We need a plan," I said quietly, more to myself than to him. "I can't let this distract us from protecting Marielle or preparing for Clara and Selene. We already have too much happening." Daniel squeezed my hand. "We'll adjust everything. You don't have to handle it alone." I took a slow breath. I thought through my immediate responsibilities. First, Marielle needed stability. Second, Daniel needed support. Third, the pack had to be prepared for the ongoing threats. And now, I had to factor in this pregnancy. Everything would require careful planning. "I need to keep moving forward," I said. "I can't

pause just because this is happening.” Daniel nodded. “Then we’ll move forward together. We’ll adapt everything to this. You won’t be facing any of it alone.” I studied his face for a long moment. His support calmed me more than anything else in that room. He didn’t panic. He wasn’t overwhelmed. He was ready to act, to think through solutions, and to support me. That steadiness was exactly what I needed to center myself. I started making notes in my mind. The med bay stay would be short. I would rest as much as possible and monitor my body closely. I would limit physical activity but maintain mental readiness. Daniel would take the lead on external threats, keeping me safe and aware. I could still communicate with Cole and Brian for updates, but direct involvement in a lot of this would be minimized. “You need to rest,” Daniel said again, reading my thoughts. “No exceptions.” “I’ll rest,” I agreed. “But only when I know everything is accounted for.” He nodded. “We’ll account for it together.” I felt the tension in my body slowly lessen, though the news was still settling in my head. I had 2/3 to accept it and plan around it, rather than fight it emotionally. That was the only way I could remain functional and protect everyone around me. Daniel adjusted my position on the bed so I could sit more comfortably. He stayed close, keeping one hand on mine and the other ready to support me if I needed it. I focused on the feeling of steadiness he provided rather than the whirlwind of danger and responsibility pressing in from every angle. I thought through what I would do once we left the med bay. First, I would communicate with Mrs. Carter quietly to update her on some things I had in mind. Then, I would ensure that Marielle’s condition was stabilized before any further planning sessions. Finally, I would arrange to keep all sensitive information regarding the pregnancy a secret until Daniel and I agreed on next steps. “I need you to stay close,” I said. “I will,” Daniel replied. “I’ll stay here as long as it takes.” I rested my head against his shoulder for a moment, letting myself feel a little relief.

Chapter 217 A Big Secret

DANIEL

Later on, I walked out of the med bay with the doctor, nodding as I thanked him for keeping everything confidential. He left quickly, making sure no one else overheard anything. Once the door closed behind him, I let myself take a slow breath, so that the tension in my shoulders easing slightly. The weight of the news finally hit me fully. Relief, fear, joy, panic was all there at once. I had to push it down quickly. There was no time to linger on emotions; the world outside wasn’t slowing for me. I leaned against the wall for a moment, closing my eyes and letting my mind run through everything we were facing. Clara, Selene, Elias, the attacks, Marielle’s condition—all of it was urgent. Amy was pregnant, and that changed everything entirely. I had to think clearly. I couldn’t let personal feelings compromise the plan or the safety of anyone under my care. I straightened up, walking down the corridor toward the security office. Brian was already waiting for me, reviewing monitors and notes. I joined him at the desk without hesitation, immediately filling him in on the situation and emphasizing the need for discretion. “Only us know,” I said. “No one else can be involved yet. Not the pack council.” Brian nodded, understanding the seriousness behind my tone. He didn’t speak unnecessarily. I went over what I wanted, a silent protective circle around Amy, one that wouldn’t draw attention. Guards would stay in their regular positions, blending in with routine shifts, while a few others moved strategically to cover exits and common areas without signaling heightened alert to anyone else. “We’ll keep an eye on everyone who interacts with her,” I said. “No unusual patterns. Nothing that stands out. If Clara or Selene try anything, we catch it before they act.” Brian pulled up the latest footage from around the estate and cross-checked recent logs. “I can also get discrete reports on any unusual traffic near her rooms,” he said. “Do it,” I replied. “We can’t assume anyone is trustworthy right now. Even the people who’ve been loyal in

the past could be compromised.” Next, I pulled up the files we had on Clara and Selene, focusing on movements, associates, and known networks. I outlined a clear plan for tracking both of them without letting them realize we were monitoring. Cole would take the lead on physical observation, while Brian monitored digital activity and communications. I left Brian with instructions to prioritize the plan’s confidentiality. “No alerts. No chatter. Just silent execution. I want results before anyone outside this room knows what’s happening.” Once the security measures were clear, I headed back to Amy. She was sitting quietly on the edge of the bed, her posture calm but reserved. She didn’t speak immediately, just watched me with attentive eyes. I sat beside her, careful not to make sudden movements that would draw attention to the moment. “You okay?” I asked quietly. She nodded. “I’m managing,” she said. Her voice was steady, but I could see the tension in her hands. She didn’t fidget, but her grip on the blanket tightened slightly.

I reached out and held her hand. “You don’t have to manage everything alone,” I told her. “I’m here. I’ll be here every step.” Amy leaned slightly into me, resting her head near my shoulder. This wasn’t just about protection anymore, it was about preparation, planning, and keeping both her and the unborn child safe. I could feel the reality of that responsibility in the way she leaned on me, trusting me entirely. “I’ll be okay,” she said softly. “I know you’re planning. I trust you.” “I’ll make sure of it,” I replied. “No one will get through to you or the baby without me knowing.” We sat in silence for a few minutes. I didn’t push her to speak. I didn’t push myself to react. We just existed in that space, steady and aware. I watched her carefully, observing her breathing, her expressions, the small movements that indicated alertness or fatigue. Every detail mattered. When she finally leaned back and closed her eyes, I stayed alert. I didn’t relax. I began planning mentally, outlining contingencies for every possible scenario. The threat from Clara, Selene, and Elias was not close to ending. If anything, it had grown more vigilant and terrified now that Amy was carrying a child. I reviewed the timelines of recent attacks, including the explosion at Carter Holdings, Marielle’s shooting, and the mercenary movements we’d been tracking. I considered potential weaknesses in our security coverage, identifying where additional eyes or guards might be needed. I also thought through communication. Only Brian, Cole, and I could know the full scope right now. No one else could receive partial information. Partial information was dangerous—it could leak, be misinterpreted, or even used against us. Once the mental plans were clear, I shifted to practical tasks. I instructed Brian to initiate deeper monitoring of both Clara and Selene’s known networks. I assigned Cole to check recent associates and suspicious contacts in both the northern and southern packs. I reviewed who had access to critical files and who could have provided Clara with the resources she used to steal documents. Even with all the monitoring, I kept one eye on Amy. She had drifted into a light sleep, but I could tell her body was tense. I adjusted my position to stay close, ready to respond immediately if needed. Hours passed and I checked in periodically on security feeds, ensuring all patrols were in place. I updated digital logs, making sure all access points were monitored and logged for immediate review. I reviewed the list of potential insiders who might have provided information to Clara. I couldn’t eliminate any possibilities yet, so the sweep would remain ongoing. When Amy shifted in her sleep, I moved slightly to support her, keeping my hand on hers. I thought about the future, the next week, the next attack. Everything needed to be accounted for.

Chapter 218 Sidelined

AMY

I woke up with a clearer head than I had the night before. The fog from the shock, the exhaustion, and the stress had lifted slightly. It's been a few days since I was discharged from the hospital and I could now think straight, plan, and focus without everything spinning around Daniel was still asleep beside me, his hand resting lightly on mine. I hesitated for a moment, watching him breathe, then shook myself out of the pause. I had no time for hesitation. I nudged him gently. "Daniel," I said, "wake up. I need to talk." His eyes opened slowly, focusing on me. "Morning," he said, his voice thick with sleep. "I won't be kept in hiding," I told him. "I won't be sidelined because of this pregnancy. We're partners. Husband and wife. Mate. And I intend to stay active in everything we're doing. I'll rest when I need to, but I will not stop contributing." He sat up, brushing hair from his eyes, and looked at me intently. "I don't want you overexerting yourself. That's all. We will do everything together, yes. But I won't let anyone, myself included, push you past your limits." I nodded. "I understand. And I won't push myself past what I can handle." He smiled faintly, reaching over to squeeze my hand. "Good." After we discussed that, I got ready and went to Marielle's room. She was sitting up slightly in her bed, the monitors stable, but I could tell she was still weak. I pulled a chair close and sat down. "Marielle," I started, "there's something I need to ask. Anything you remember, no matter how small, about your time in captivity or about how the twins were taken. Anything at all could help us." She paused, her eyes closing briefly. Then she spoke. "Elias," she said slowly. "He was the one who helped the south alpha with his plan. I heard him mention something I didn't understand at the time. He said something about a 'safe room' in the old cabins by the South border." I leaned forward. "The old cabins?" I asked. "We've never checked there. We didn't even know it existed." She nodded. "I didn't know what it meant then, but it seemed important. They kept me there for days, and he was the only one who spoke of it in detail. I remembered it because it sounded secure, hidden, and...well, I never forgot it." I stood up immediately, the thought running through my mind in pieces as fast as I could think. This location could explain gaps in the timeline we'd been trying to fill for months. It was somewhere no one had looked. If Clara or anyone else had used it, we might find evidence or even people who had been moved through it recently. I pulled out my phone and dialed Cole first. "Cole, I need a team ready for immediate deployment. We have a lead on the old cabins by the South border. Coordinates attached." Cole answered quickly. "Understood, Amy. How many operatives do you want?" I didn't hesitate. "Small, precise. Three, maybe four. Keep it quiet. No alarms, no attention. Just recon first, then extraction if needed."

Copy that. I'll do that with Brian," he replied. I hung up and called Brian. "Brian, recon at the old cabins. Recent activity, possible Southern pack involvement. Use sensors, thermal imaging, and scent tracking. Keep it silent until we confirm details." I'll get the team ready. You want me to wait for your approval before moving in?"

"Yes," I said. "But move as soon as I confirm the activity. This could be crucial." I felt Daniel's presence behind me and turned slightly to see him watching me. "Amy, you're rushing," he said quietly. "Are you sure you can handle this after everything you've been through?" I met his gaze and shook my head. "I can. I need to. This is important. If we find anything there, it could explain months of missing pieces. I can't wait. Not now." He nodded, understanding without arguing further. "Then I'm here. We handle this together," he said. I gave him a small smile and returned to the task at hand. I pulled up maps of the area around the South border, reviewing possible paths and access points. I considered security protocols, likely patrols, and how we could move a team quietly. I marked points for potential sensor placement and escape routes. As I finished, Daniel stayed close, running through scenarios with me. We

reviewed how to handle anyone encountered, how to secure evidence, and how to avoid unnecessary risk to the team. Every detail mattered. I could tell Daniel was just allowing me to be in control just to make me happy. By mid-morning, the team was ready. Cole, Brian, and two other trusted operatives were prepared to move out. I double-checked all communications and ensured Daniel had constant updates. Before they left, I placed my hands briefly on Daniel's arm. "Keep an eye on the monitors. I want to know the moment anything unusual happens," I urged him. He nodded, his jaw tight. "I won't let anything happen to you." The team left quietly, moving under cover and using every precaution we had. I stayed behind with Daniel, monitoring communications. Every report, every scan, every movement from the team came to us immediately. Hours passed slowly as we tracked their progress. I focused on keeping calm, reviewing the intelligence we already had on Elias, Clara, and Selene, and preparing for what we might find. Each update from Cole brought new information: footprints, signs of recent presence, traces of supplies. Finally, the call came that changed everything. Brian's voice was precise and urgent. "Daniel, Amy, you need to see this. There's recent activity at the old cabins. And Amy, the scent markers indicate Clara was there." I froze for a moment, processing the words. Clara had been there recently. That meant she was active, moving, and aware of what we were investigating. It also confirmed suspicions I had held for weeks.

Chapter 219 Stable Enough

DANIEL

Brian called me before sunrise with more information. His voice was calm, but I could tell he was holding back tension. "Her scent is fresh," he said. "Not days old. Hours, maybe." That was the last thing I wanted to hear, but it confirmed what my instincts had been pushing at for days now. Clara wasn't hiding far. She was moving around the borders, checking old places, testing weaknesses. She knew we were close. If possible, she has been dabbling in between the south and the north. "Keep your team spread," I said. "Do not engage if she's nearby. Sweep the cabins inside out and bag anything that looks planted." "We're on it," Brian replied. I stayed on the line while listening to them move through the old structure. The place had been abandoned for years, but Clara clearly used it without hesitation. Footsteps echoed, doors opened, and wood shifted under boots. "We found something," Cole's voice came through the background. Then he came closer to the device. "A drive. Small. Hidden under a loose board." "Is it damaged?" "No. And it was placed there recently. The dust around it was disturbed." "Bring it straight to headquarters. Don't open it. Don't plug it in. I'll handle it myself." I ordered. "On my way," Cole answered. I ended the call and stood there for a moment, thinking through every possible angle. Clara didn't leave things behind by accident. If she left us something, it was meant to be found. Either it was bait or she believed she was untouchable. Neither reassured me. I went back to the medical wing because Amy passed out last night and was put there. When I walked in, she was sitting upright in bed, her posture tense as she read through files on her tablet. She had convinced the nurse to let her sit up, but it was clear she was pushing herself too fast. Her eyes looked tired even though she pretended otherwise. "You should still be resting," I said as I walked in. "I'm resting," she replied without looking at me. "I'm in bed, aren't I?" "That's not what resting means." I moved to her side and took the tablet from her hands before she could argue. "You're doing too much." She sighed and leaned back against the pillows but didn't argue further. She must have felt worse than she admitted. I sat next to her. For the first time in days, the room felt calm. No calls, no alarms, no footsteps rushing through the hall. Just us and the awareness that things were shifting faster than we planned. Amy placed her hand over mine. "Are you scared?" she asked quietly. "Yes," I answered with all honesty. "I don't like the

timing of anything happening right now. But it doesn't change anything about us. Or what I want." She studied my face as if she was trying to see how serious I was. "Our future... you still see it the same way?" "More than before." The truth came easier than I expected. "I'm not stepping back from anything." She didn't reply, but her grip tightened slightly. A sharp knock hit the door. "Come in," I said. Cole stepped inside holding the small drive in a sealed evidence pack. "Found it exactly where I said," he reported. "Brian swept the area already. No sign of Clara remaining there." "Good," I said. "Let's see what she wanted us to find." Amy shifted slightly against the pillows, focusing despite the fatigue on her face. I took the drive and moved to the secure device on the table. It was isolated from the main system and impossible to trace. If Clara tried to slip in malware or a trigger, this setup would block it. "Ready?" I asked Amy. She nodded. "Go ahead." I inserted the drive. The files opened immediately, as if Clara had expected someone to bypass encryption with ease. She wasn't testing our skills, she wanted us to see this. I clicked the first file. Messages. Dozens of them. Some short, some full paragraphs. All between Clara and someone

else. The sender ID on her side read "C.L." But the reply signature caught my eye. "S.A." Amy leaned forward. "Southern Alpha?" "There's no other name that fits," I said. S.A. wasn't careless. Their wording was brief. They let Clara handle most of the planning. Clara sent reports of movements, lists of people she tagged as threats, requests for resources. And S.A. replied with approval, instructions, and once, a location. The old cabins. I felt Amy's eyes shift to me. "So she wasn't working alone." "No," I said. "She built an alliance. And she trusted him enough to document it." "Do you think she planned for us to find this?" "Either she wants to distract us or she's confident enough that proof won't matter. But now we have something solid." Amy rubbed her forehead. "This means more people are involved. That the South Pack internal issues run deeper than we thought." "And that the Southern Alpha isn't hiding it," I said. "He's clearly invested. This isn't small." Amy inhaled slowly as if she was calming herself. The doctor said stress wasn't good for her, but she wasn't the type to step back in moments like this. Her expression carried determination even through fatigue. I shut down the device and removed the drive. "This stays here. Only four people know about it. No one else hears a word until we verify everything." Amy nodded. I leaned down and brushed my hand through her hair gently. "You should rest now." "I will," she said quietly. "But we need to move fast. Clara won't sit still." "I know." I placed the packaged drive into the secure drawer and locked it. There was only one person I needed to call next. +5 Pearl I stepped out of the room and dialed my mother. She wasn't home; she had been handling negotiations in another territory. When she answered, her voice was steady and controlled. "Daniel? Is everything stable?" "Stable enough," I said. "But things shifted. We found proof. Clara built an alliance with the Southern Alpha." There was a pause. Not long, but long enough to tell me she understood the weight of that information. "You're certain?" she asked. "We have their messages. Cole and Brian verified the source. Clara left it behind." My mother exhaled softly on the other end. "This changes everything. We can act without hesitation now."

Chapter 220 Escalated Situations

AMY

Mrs. Carter returned home hours later. I heard her footsteps before I saw her. She walked in with the same sharp energy she always carried after handling pack matters outside the house. The moment she saw me sitting up, her expression softened for a second, then tightened again. with concern. "We need to talk," she said. "All of us. The situation escalated." Daniel straightened beside me, but I spoke first.

"I'm joining the meeting. Mrs. Carter frowned. "No. You need rest after what happened earlier. This is not the time to push yourself." "I'm not sitting out," I said. "If Clara is working with the Southern Alpha, none of us are safe until we expose everything. I need to hear the plan and add what I know. Plus I can't just sit doing absolutely nothing with my time." I debated. Her lips pressed together. She looked at Daniel as if hoping he'd back her up, but he didn't say anything. He knew I wasn't going to sit quietly in bed while everyone else made plans around "Fine," she said. "But you're sitting, and you're not overexerting yourself. If you feel light-headed, you step out." "I will," I replied, even though I wasn't sure I meant it. We moved to the strategy room. A long table sat in the center with screens and scattered documents. Brian, Cole, and two security heads stood waiting. The air was thick with urgency. Mrs. Carter took her seat at the head of the table. "Daniel informed me about the drive. Clara's alliance with the Southern Alpha changes our entire strategy. We need to secure our systems and our pack before we make any moves." I listened as they reviewed the messages again. Clara had been communicating with him for months. She shared movements, weaknesses, and timelines. Most of this was already familiar, but I read through the logs again anyway. Then something caught my attention. "Wait," I said, pointing to one message Daniel had scrolled past earlier. "Go back." Daniel stopped and looked at me. I leaned in closer, ignoring how heavy my body felt. "That one," I said. "Open it." He clicked it. The message expanded on the screen. It wasn't just Clara requesting reinforcement or resources. There was a line near the bottom I can provide full access to Carter Holdings financial files once the system is bypassed' My stomach tightened. Not from nausea, this was something worse. "She wasn't only planning to expose pack information," I said. "She's planning a corporate attack. She wants to hit the business directly." Daniel's jaw tightened. Mrs. Carter leaned forward, eyes sharp. "Show me," she said. Daniel slid the screen toward her. She read it twice, slowly, then straightened with a facial expression that told me she was already thinking five steps ahead. "Cole," she said, "freeze all internal access points. Every account. Every portal. Anyone who isn't manually cleared loses access immediately." Cole didn't hesitate. "On it." She turned to Brian. "Double surveillance on all Carter Holdings servers. Any irregular ping gets flagged. No exceptions." He nodded. "I'll inform IT." I kept reading through the logs. The more I saw, the clearer it became: Clara wasn't lashing out randomly. She was trying to dismantle everything in one coordinated strike. The meeting continued while Mrs. Carter gave more instructions. Daniel was already planning countermeasures for the pack side of things. People threw ideas across the table. Timelines were made. Risks were listed. The room felt like it was moving as fast as the situation. Halfway through someone's report about firewall stability, a wave of nausea hit me hard.

My vision dipped for a second. I kept my eyes down and breathed slowly. I didn't want anyone reacting to it. I didn't want attention pulled away from the bigger problem. But Daniel saw it anyway. He always did. His hand brushed my knee under the table. I looked up, and the moment our eyes met, he understood everything. Without speaking over the others, he stood up and gently pulled my chair back from the table. "Come with me," he said quietly. "I'm fine," I whispered back. "You're barely sitting upright," he murmured. "Ten minutes. That's all." I didn't argue. I let him guide me to the corner of the room where a smaller sofa sat. He helped me sit down and crouched in front of me. "You're pushing too hard," he said. "I'm not stepping aside when everything is falling apart," I replied. "You're not stepping aside," he said calmly. "You're breathing for ten minutes." I sighed because fighting him when he used that tone never worked. He placed a bottle of water in my hand. "Drink," he said. I took a slow sip. The nausea eased slightly. The room continued buzzing with activity. Mrs. Carter did not pause, but she noticed Daniel and me in the corner. She didn't say anything—probably because she knew arguing with

me would lead nowhere. We had barely been there a few minutes before Cole hurried back into the room, tablet in hand. "Update from IT," he said. Everyone turned to him. He looked straight at Daniel and Mrs. Carter. "The Southern Alpha's company attempted to breach Carter Holdings' firewall twenty minutes ago." Mrs. Carter's expression hardened instantly. "Did they get through?"

"No," Cole said. "They didn't expect the system to be locked down already. The attempt failed." Brian stepped closer. "Were they able to hide the attempt?" "Not at all," Cole replied. "They were clumsy. They wanted access fast, probably thinking Clara disabled protections already." I felt my pulse picking up. Everything was moving faster. Clara wasn't waiting. The Southern Alpha wasn't waiting either. They were pushing, hoping to find cracks before we found them. Daniel looked at me. His eyes said everything he didn't say out loud. Things were getting worse. And we had no room for mistakes. I leaned back against the sofa, holding the bottle of water in my hand. "This is getting more complicated with each passing day," I said quietly.