

## Broken 221

### Chapter 221 Manipulation

SELENE

The Southern Alpha walked ahead of us with his usual confidence, giving Clara a full tour of the company's upper floors. I followed them silently, keeping enough distance to avoid listening to the Alpha's attempts to impress her. Clara acted like she owned the building already, nodding along as if she'd lived here all her life, I hated every second of it. Clara kept using her new "daughter" status like a weapon. Every time I tried to speak, she cut me off with a raised hand or a smug look. She didn't even bother hiding it. For whatever reason, my father wanted to keep her close as a trusted ally. "Clara will be handling some of the internal corrections for me, in addition to her role as head of finance." the Alpha said proudly as he pushed open the door to another department. Clara smiled at him. "I'll clean things up fast." I didn't miss the way he looked at her like she was his new favorite toy. I also didn't miss the way she took advantage of it. When the Alpha left us with a few managers to greet, I walked ahead and pretended to check the offices. I waited for the right moment. As soon as Clara slipped away from the crowd, I followed her into a quiet hallway. She stopped near the end of the corridor, looking at her reflection in the glass. "We need to talk." I said. She didn't even turn around. "You can talk. I'll listen." "That's not what I meant." I stepped closer. "Why are you here, Clara? What do you want from all this?" She finally turned, leaning against the wall with her arms crossed. "Power, recognition, respect. All the things I should have had from the beginning." "That's not an answer," I said. "It is," she replied calmly. "You just don't like it." I kept my voice steady. "Why do you want power here specifically? And why now?" She tilted her head. "Because it's time I took what I deserve." db "Deserve?" I asked. "You show up claiming to be the Southern Alpha's daughter out of nowhere. You think everyone is supposed to accept that without proof?" Clara smiled, slow and confident. "You'll get your proof when I'm ready." "That's not how this works," I said, stepping closer. She didn't flinch. "You've been enjoying the benefits of being his daughter for years. Meanwhile I was tossed aside like garbage. You really think I owe you anything?" My stomach tightened, "How did you even find out about any of this? No one outside this pack should know." "I'm smarter than you think," she said simply. "Much smarter." I stared at her for a long moment. She didn't look away. She didn't fidget. She didn't even blink too much. She stood there with the confidence of someone who thought the entire world was beneath her. And the problem was... she meant every word. "So that's it?" I asked. "You're just going to walk around here like you own the place?"

I don't need to walk around," she said. "I already own my place." There was nothing else to say. I stepped back from her, not because she scared me, but because pushing her now wouldn't give me any answers. Clara was building something big. She wasn't hiding it. And she wasn't going to stop. I walked away before I said something that gave her too much satisfaction. I heard her soft laugh behind me, and it only fueled my irritation further. Fine. Let her think she was winning. I would protect myself. I'd make sure she didn't box me into a corner the way she'd done with others. I wouldn't let Clara or Elias use me as a pawn. Just when the hallway turned toward the main offices, my phone buzzed. I looked down and froze when I saw the name Elias. I stepped into an empty room before answering. "What?" I said without hiding my annoyance. "I have something for you," he replied. His voice was calm, too calm. "Documents proving Daniel abused his position as Alpha. You might find them useful." I didn't trust him. Elias always had a motive. He never did anything without expecting something in return. "And why are

you giving them to me?" I asked. "Because you know how to use information properly," he said. "Unlike Clara, who reacts with emotion." That pulled my attention. Why didn't you call her then? She's the one playing the Southern Alpha's daughter now." "She's unpredictable," he said. "You're not. You think before you act." I didn't like being compared to Clara at all. But I liked being underestimated less. Elias was choosing his words carefully. He wanted me involved, and he wanted me to think I was the logical choice. "And what do you expect me to do with these documents?" I asked. "Release them when the time is right," he said. "Or hold them until you see a better opening. I trust your judgment." That was a lie. He trusted no one. But he needed someone who wasn't Clara to handle this part, and for now I was his option. I leaned against the desk. "Send them. I'll look at them." "I'll have them delivered to your secure line," he said. I could hear the smile in his voice. "Bigger things are coming, Selene. Be ready." I didn't like how confident he sounded. "One more thing," I said. "Why are you involving me and not Clara?" "I already told you," he said. "Clara reacts with emotions, not her head." "And you think I don't?" I asked. "You react with strategy. That's the difference." He ended the call without giving me time to reply. I turned the phone in my hand for a few seconds, trying to calm the irritation building in my chest. First Clara, then Elias. Both of them playing their own games, both of them expecting me to fall into step like an obedient piece on their board. I wasn't going to be either of their tools. I walked out of the room, calming myself with every step I took. Clara wanted power. Elias wanted control. And neither realized I wasn't planning to stay trapped between them.

Chapter 222 This Is Fake

AMY

The next few hours moved fast. I didn't get time to settle into the anger or the tension that had been building. Brian stayed glued to my side as we pushed through the doors of the IT control room. Everyone was already working. The air felt tight, like the entire building knew something was wrong, IT pulled up the server logs for me. They showed a backdoor sitting on our main corporate server. One of the techs explained that the code wasn't new. Someone had planted it months ago, disguised as a routine system update. From the timestamps, the intruder had used it multiple times. Whoever it was had access to nearly everything—financials, internal memos, research files, board documents. I asked where the money trail led, and the techs kept saying they needed more time. They only knew the funds were being siphoned in small amounts over a long period. Too organized to be random. Brian swore under his breath. I didn't blame him. This wasn't just an attack. This was preparation for something bigger. My mother arrived ten minutes later. She didn't waste any time. She came straight to the front of the room and took control like she'd been waiting for this. She asked questions rapidly and demanded names, numbers, and timeframes. Everything snapped into order the way it always did when she stepped in. She and I split responsibilities. She focused on locking down the corporate front—investors, silent partners, the board. I dealt with the security side, the technical side, and anything connected to Clara's alliance with the Southern Alpha. We agreed on one thing immediately which was no leaks. If the financial instability got out, our competitors would swarm. The Southern Alpha would also gain leverage before we even understood what he wanted. My mother ordered every internal access point frozen. No remote logins. No external transfers. No authorizations without her or me approving them. While she handled that, I moved through the digital evidence with the IT team. We traced the breach attempts from earlier and confirmed that the Southern Alpha's company had been probing our firewall for months. The recent attempt, the one that hit right as Amy spotted the missing financial files, wasn't even subtle. That told me they were close to making a move. Brian came back with updates. The team

was pulling the server apart piece by piece. They found traces of data packets sent out to an offshore account that didn't belong to us. The backdoor had allowed someone to skim small transfers off certain transactions. Smart, quiet, almost invisible. It added up to a significant amount, considering how long it had been happening. My mother called me from the other room. She wanted a status update for the board members she was about to contact privately. I stepped out to talk to her. She didn't look panicked, but her jaw was tight. That said enough. While I explained what we found so far, my phone vibrated. I ignored it until I finished talking. When I checked the screen, I saw Selene's name. That alone irritated me. I didn't want to deal with her during a meeting, but I opened the message anyway. She wrote: >"We need to meet. I have proof you're unfit to lead." Brian looked at my face. "What now?" "Selene," I said. He groaned. "Ignore her." I wanted to. I wanted to toss the phone across the room and get back to work. But Selene didn't move without someone pushing her. If she had something, it came from Elias. That meant ignoring this could give him more ground. I stepped back into the office where Amy was seated. She had a blanket over her legs and a stack of files beside her. She looked worn out again, even if she tried to hide it. I sat next to her and told her about the message. She shook her head. "She's baiting you. Elias is playing both sides." "I know."

Then you have to meet her," she said. "If you don't, Elias will use that as fuel." I didn't like it, but she was right. I promised her I'd be back soon, then left before I could talk myself out of it. The meeting spot was an isolated walkway behind one of the commercial buildings near the old business district. Neutral area. Cameras around but none directly facing the path. Selene stood under the overhang, arms folded, staring at me like she expected me to fall apart. I walked up to her. "Make this fast." She pulled a slim folder from her bag and handed it over. "Everything you need to see is in there." I opened it. The documents showed accounts, transactions, and reports that claimed I used company funds for personal gain, manipulated leadership votes, and blocked internal audits. None of it was real. The signatures were forged. The transactions never existed. The reports were built from edited screenshots, half-truths, and fabricated timelines. I flipped through the pages slowly, only to confirm what I already knew. "This is fake," I said. Selene's expression didn't change. "Maybe. Maybe not. Depends on who reads it first." I closed the folder. "Elias gave this to you." "You think I'm stupid?" she shot back. "I know he gave it to me. Doesn't matter. I'll use it when the time is right." I stepped forward, keeping my voice low. "You're playing a game you don't understand." She smiled lightly. "You keep telling yourself that." Then she walked off, heels clicking against the pavement. Reading acting like she hadn't just handed me a pile of manufactured evidence meant to destabilize our entire pack and company. I considered calling after her, but there was no point. She knew exactly what she was doing. She just didn't care about the consequences. I went straight home. I didn't sleep. My head was full of noise, and my chest felt tight with everything that had happened within a single day. The breach. The hidden backdoor. The financial losses. The Southern Alpha pushing harder. Clara and her alliance. And now this attempt to smear me. When I walked into the house, Amy was waiting. "What happened?" she asked, sitting in the living room with Cole nearby. She sat up when she saw my face. I put the folder on the table. "Elias forged everything." Cole leaned over to look. His eyes widened. "He went all in." "Yeah." I said.

## Chapter 223 Elder Council Meeting

### AMY

I was reviewing the last set of files when Brian's name flashed on my screen. I answered immediately, already bracing myself. He didn't waste time. "The forged accusations against Daniel are already

spreading,” he said. “Elders on the private council are demanding a hearing. They want it soon.” My stomach tightened in frustration. I knew Elias would make a move, but I didn’t expect it to spread this fast. “Who leaked it?” I asked. “We’re tracking the route, but whoever sent it used layered rerouting points. Could be Elias. Could be someone inside the Southern Alpha’s circle.” I pressed my fingers to my forehead. “Keep digging. Do not let this become public.” “We’re on it,” he said. “But, Amy... prepare Daniel. The elders are already discussing a temporary suspension if he can’t disprove it immediately.” I ended the call and took a deep breath. Daniel didn’t need more pressure, not after everything that happened today. I stood from the bed slowly, trying to push down the dizziness that had been chasing me for hours. I’d been feeling off since the early morning, but I ignored it. There was too much going on. Daniel walked in before I could take another step. His eyes locked on my face, his expression tightening. “You look pale. Sit down,” he said. “I’m fine,” I lied. “Brian just called. The accusations are spreading. The elders want a hearing.” His jaw tightened, but he didn’t panic. He’d been preparing for it mentally since Selene handed him that file. “Let them call whatever hearing they want. Elias is sloppy. We’ll expose him.” “I know,” I said, though my legs felt unsteady. “But you need to be ready. They’re not asking, they’re demanding.” Daniel stepped closer, observing me. “You’re shaking.” “I’m just tired. It’s been a long day.” Before he could argue, the room tilted slightly and I grabbed the edge of the table for support. The dizziness worsened so fast I didn’t even have time to warn him. The world dimmed at the edges, then everything collapsed inward. My last moment of consciousness was Daniel shouting my name. I woke up in the medical wing, staring at a white ceiling I didn’t recognize. A monitor beeped softly beside me. My throat felt dry. My body felt heavy. Daniel was sitting next to the bed, elbows on his knees, head bowed. When he noticed I was awake, he sat up “Amy.” His voice was calm, but his eyes were filled with worry. “What happened?” I asked. “You passed out. You were out for almost fifteen minutes. The doctors ran every basic test, but nothing explains it.” He paused. “They’re calling the specialist now.” I tried to sit up. He helped me slowly, watching every movement. “Did they check the pregnancy?” I asked. “They said the baby is fine,” he said. “Heartbeat strong.” Relief washed through me, but before I could speak again, a sharp pain pushed behind my eyes. My vision blurred, then the room vanished altogether. I wasn’t asleep. I wasn’t awake either. I was somewhere in between. A place that felt still and quiet. Then the light shifted into something soft and pale. The Moon Goddess appeared before me and I was so terrified as to why she showed herself to me. Her presence didn’t overwhelm me. It didn’t shine or glow. It simply was. Clear. Direct. Unavoidable. “Amy,” she said. “Your path is shifting faster than you expected.”

I tried to speak, but my voice didn’t come out. She continued anyway. “Your life will become complicated in ways you do not see yet. Every decision you make from this moment must be cautious. You cannot let emotion lead you.” Her eyes rested on mine, “Clara’s hatred for you is deeper than you understand. If you do not act with caution, her actions may lead to the fall of the werewolves.” My chest tightened. I wanted to ask how, why, when—but nothing came out. “You have to be smart,” she said. “Not just strong. Your strength alone will not be enough.” The space around us dimmed. I felt myself slipping backward. “Prepare yourself,” she said as her voice faded. “Everything is accelerating.” Then the world snapped back. \*\*\* I gasped and sat upright. Daniel caught me immediately. “Easy. Easy, Amy. What happened?” I looked around. The monitors were still beeping. The room smelled like antiseptic. But the air felt different, heavier, like the message was still hanging there. “I saw her.” I said quietly. Daniel’s brows drew together. “Who?” “The Moon Goddess.” He froze not because he doubted me, but because he understood what that meant. He pulled the chair closer and sat beside me. “Tell me what you saw,” I told him everything. The warning, the danger. Clara’s hatred. The hint that this wasn’t just

about family rivalry or corporate sabotage. Something bigger was coming, something that could affect every werewolf. Daniel didn't interrupt. He didn't question it. When I finished, he exhaled slowly. "That means we don't have time to make mistakes." "I know." "We can't afford to react emotionally," he said. "She said the same." He nodded, absorbing it all. The tension in his shoulders shifted from fear into focus. "We're handling Elias. We're handling Clara. We'll handle whatever else is coming. But we do it step by step, and you don't get to collapse from exhaustion again." His tone was firm, almost annoyed, but I knew it came from worry. "I didn't collapse on purpose," I muttered. "You didn't rest on purpose," he countered. I couldn't argue with that. He reached out and placed his hand on mine. "We'll figure this out. But right now, you need to stabilize. The elders' hearing won't matter if you're back in this bed tomorrow." I nodded, but inside, my thoughts were moving fast. The Moon Goddess didn't give warnings unless something dangerous was close. Clara wasn't just jealous or ambitious. She was capable of something worse. And if I didn't make the right choices from now on, the consequences wouldn't hit only us, they'd hit everyone.

## Chapter 224 Priorities

### DANIEL

The boardroom felt tense the moment I sat down. Every major investor was already there, their faces tight and unreadable. No one bothered with greetings. The chairwoman opened the session and went straight to the issue that had dragged me out of the pack crisis and into corporate fire again. Clara's leak had spread faster than anyone expected. According to them, the company was "bleeding credibility," and the market had reacted with quick distrust, shares dipped, partners asked questions, clients began reevaluating contracts. It was a chain reaction, and the board looked at me like I was the trigger. I tried to defend my position. I reminded them of the ongoing investigation, the planted backdoor we discovered, and the internal betrayal that likely connected to Clara and the Southern Alpha. None of it mattered to them. They kept repeating the same point: the company needed stability, and I was tied to every current scandal—pack conflicts, attempted attacks, financial breaches, and now forged accusations spreading through council circles. The chairwoman finally said what they all wanted.. "We believe you should temporarily step down as CEO. Strictly temporarily. Until the situation stabilizes." O I froze for a moment. Not because I didn't see this coming, but because hearing it openly felt like someone dropped a stone into my chest. I argued. I reminded them that stepping down during an attack would only make us look weak. That our enemies would push harder. That leadership changes in chaos only fed the fire. They didn't budge. One investor even said the words I had been waiting for since the meeting began: "We already voted." That was it. My seat was gone for now. They wanted a "neutral interim executive" to keep the public calm. I didn't trust myself to keep sitting there, so I stood, thanked them for their transparency because protocol demanded it, and walked out before I said something I would regret. The second the door shut behind me, the anger I was keeping hit hard. I grabbed the nearest thing on my desk which was my tablet and hurled it across the office. It crashed against the wall and dropped to the floor in pieces. The sound filled the room but did nothing to settle the frustration building in my chest. I was still pacing when Amy walked in. She stopped at the doorway for one second, scanning the broken tablet and the mess on the floor. She didn't say a word. She quietly closed the door behind her and walked straight toward me. When she reached me, she didn't lecture or try to fix anything. She slipped her arms around my waist and rested her head lightly against my chest. I exhaled and wrapped my arms around her, letting my shoulders drop. Her presence always made things feel better, even when they were falling apart everywhere. I rested my chin on her hair. "They pushed me out." 45 Reas "I know,"

she said softly. "And it hurts. But it doesn't erase everything you built. It just buys the company time to process things." "It feels like I'm letting them win." Clara. Elias. Whoever else was pulling strings. "You're not." She lifted her head and looked at me. "You're protecting the company. That's leadership too." Before I could answer, the door opened again. My mother walked in, expression serious but calm. She took in the broken tablet, the tension in the room, and Amy still standing close to me. "Brian updated me," she said. "I'm sorry, Daniel." "I can fight them," I said, even though the exhaustion was starting to creep in. She shook her head. "There's more."

I felt Amy stiffen beside me. "The council wants the same thing," my mother continued. "They want you to step back from Alpha duties until everything is resolved." I stared at her. "No." "Daniel-" "They want Elias," I said sharply. "Don't try to soften it. That's what this is. They want him in that position, even temporarily." "They're divided," she admitted. "Half the elders want time to 'review' the accusations. The others think Elias will maintain peace while we gather proof." "He won't maintain anything. He'll use it to expand control." My voice kept rising. She nodded slowly. "Which is exactly why fighting them outright will make things worse. We need strategy, not impulse." I looked away from her, frustrated and tired of every direction collapsing at once. Amy stepped closer, slipping her hand into mine. "You're not losing your position. This is just a shift. We'll prove Elias forged everything. We already have the drive from the old cabins. We'll get more." My mother sat down across from us. "You don't need to carry every battle at once. Use this time to focus your energy where it matters most." She paused, her eyes flicking briefly to Amy. "Your family." Amy's hand tightened slightly in mine, and I knew my mother wasn't just talking about us as a couple. She was telling me to think about the baby. To understand that stepping back just for a moment didn't make me weaker. It kept the people who mattered safe. I looked at Amy again. Her eyes were so innocent. Her breathing was calm. But I could see the strain behind. Maybe stepping back wasn't losing. Maybe it was shifting focus to something more important. I exhaled slowly. "I'm still fighting this. But... I understand," Amy squeezed my hand once in support. My mother nodded, relieved that I wasn't going to explode my way through the council chambers. The rest of the evening felt quieter. I cleaned up the pieces of the broken tablet, mostly to give my hands something to do. Amy sat on the couch, watching me with patient eyes. My mother made a few calls outside the office, informing trusted council members that I was considering the request. And me? I kept thinking of everything that had stacked up in the last few days. But under all that noise, there was one new truth I couldn't ignore. Amy and I were building a family. Whatever came next, I was going to make sure we were still standing when it ended. When my mother finished her last call, she turned to us again. "We'll handle the politics. You focus on gathering proof and keeping Amy safe." Amy frowned at the last part. "I'm not being sidelined." "You're not," my mother assured her. "But priorities shift. And that's normal." Amy didn't argue, but her jaw tightened slightly. I knew she was thinking about how quickly her life had changed.

## Chapter 225 Its A Pause

### AMY

Since I woke up. Daniel paced the room like he was holding himself together by force. He moved from one end of the office to the other, jaw tight, breathing uneven. Watching him made my chest tighten. He hated stillness, hated anything that made him feel powerless. The board meeting had hit him harder than he wanted to admit, and the council's pressure only added to everything he already carried. I stood from the couch and walked toward him. He didn't notice at first. His focus was locked somewhere far

past the walls around us. When I reached him, I stepped behind him and wrapped my arms around his waist. He froze. It took a few seconds, but he finally exhaled and let his hands rest on mine. "You're wearing yourself out," I said quietly. "I can't sit here and watch everything fall apart." His voice was rough, like he'd been arguing with himself long before the board ever spoke. I moved around to stand in front of him. "This isn't falling apart. It's shifting. If we keep reacting to everything Clara throws, we'll never get ahead her. We need a plan, not panic." He rubbed his forehead. "I hate doing nothing." "You're not doing nothing," I said. "We're stepping back so we can see clearly. The company is in chaos. The pack is confused. Everyone is looking at you for answers when you need space to think." He looked down at me, eyes tired and full of frustration. "Walking away feels wrong." "Taking a breath isn't walking away," I said. "Sometimes stepping back is what keeps everything from collapsing. We need to look at this as a strategy, not defeat." He didn't argue, which told me he understood even if he hated it. Before I could say more, the door opened and Mrs. Carter walked in. She had a small folder with her. Daniel straightened immediately. "We need to talk," she said. She stepped forward and placed the folder on the table. "These are travel documents. I prepared them this morning." Daniel shot her a sharp look. "Travel documents?" "It's a suggestion," she replied calmly. "Not an order. But you both need distance from all of this. The council needs room to stop acting on fear. The board needs time to untangle the mess Clara created. You being here will only add pressure, not relief." Daniel folded his arms. "Leaving now will give our enemies room." "Staying will give them your weaknesses," she countered. "And Amy needs protection from stress. I will not pretend otherwise." Her eyes moved to me, and I saw the real worry beneath her bold expression. She wasn't thinking about the company or the pack at that moment. She was thinking about the baby. Daniel followed her gaze and went silent. He hadn't fully processed it yet. None of us had. I stepped closer to him and took his hands. "Come here." I whispered. I placed his hands gently on my stomach. His fingers tightened a little, like he expected something to break if he wasn't careful. His eyes softened, everything else fading away for a second. "We're in this together," I said. "But we can't fight everyone at once. You need to choose us first this time." "We will deal with it," I said. "Not today. Not like this." He closed his eyes for a moment. When he opened them again, he wasn't fighting me anymore.

Alright," he said. "We'll go." Mrs. Carter let out a breath I didn't know she'd been holding. "Good. I think this is the right choice." Daniel nodded slowly, like he was still adjusting to the idea. "What about the company?" "I'll handle it," she said. "The board may be loud, but they're predictable. I can keep things steady until you return." "And the council?" he asked. "They'll argue themselves into circles without you there to push against," she answered. "Let them." Daniel looked at me again, searching for any hesitatio only clear move we had left. There was none. I already knew leaving was the We packed only what we needed. Clothes, essential documents, a few secured folders. Brian stopped by twice to confirm arrangements and to promise he and Cole would handle anything that came up. He didn't ask questions, and didn't look surprised. I think he had been expecting this choice before we even voiced it. Cole met us downstairs as we prepared to leave. "I'll keep everything monitored," he said. "You'll get updates only when absolutely necessary." Daniel nodded. "Good. Hold the line." Mrs. Carter stood near the car with us. She looked tired, but she held herself with the same strength she always did. She hugged me first, then Daniel. "Two weeks," she said. "Then you decide the next step." Daniel didn't promise anything, but he squeezed her hand. She understood. As we walked to the jet, the air felt different. Not lighter—just quieter. Everything for the past weeks had. been noise, pressure, chans. Now there was space. Not safety, but space. Daniel placed his hand on my back as we reached the stairs. "This isn't running." he said quietly. "I know." "It's a pause." I nodded. "And pauses matter." He pulled

me close, holding me against his chest. His grip was strong and soothing. “We’re coming back,” he said. “When we do, none of them will be ready.” I rested my head briefly against him. For the first time in days, my mind wasn’t racing. The fear, the pressure, the uncertainty was still there, but they didn’t feel overwhelming. There was a strange peace settling in, one I didn’t expect but didn’t question. He stood for a while before getting into the jet. It was as if he wished he would not leave but at the same time, I could tell he was doing this because of me and our baby.

## Chapter 226 Unplanned Events

### DANIEL

The jet rose smoothly, leaving the city below in gray streaks. I kept my eyes on Amy as she slept beside me. Her breathing was calm, and her hand rested lightly on her stomach. I wanted to say everything would be fine, but I knew better. Losing control of the company and the pack all at once left a hollow feeling I couldn’t shake. It felt as if pieces of me were being stripped away. I focused on her instead. I traced a line on her arm with my thumb and tried to push the anger down, the frustration at Elias, Clara, Selene, and every move they’d made in the past weeks. She stirred slightly, her eyes opening halfway, and she reached for me. I held her hand and let her squeeze it. That small gesture shifted everything. I felt some of the tension in me, ease. She didn’t need words. I didn’t either. Her presence reminded me that despite the chaos, we weren’t completely helpless. When we landed in Singapore, my mother’s arrangements were already in place. The penthouse was quiet, secluded, and furnished to ensure privacy. I led Amy through the space, making sure she was comfortable. She explored the living area slowly, taking in the room, the view from the windows, and finally stopping at the balcony to look down at the city lights below. I stayed behind her, hands in pockets, watching her expression. For the first time in days, she looked free from everything that had been chasing us. We spent the rest of the day exploring the rooftop gardens. I walked beside her, listening as she pointed out flowers she liked and asked questions about plants she recognized. She laughed more than she had in weeks, a quiet, unforced sound that I hadn’t realized I missed until that moment. The sun was warm on our faces, and I felt a small relief in seeing her this way. It didn’t erase the threats, the plots, or the damage done back home, but it gave me a point to hold onto. By night, we returned to the penthouse. The next morning, I was already awake when she stirred beside me. Amy sat up slowly, rubbing her eyes, and I watched her carefully, noticing every small movement. She glanced at me and smiled softly, brushing a strand of hair from her face. I reached for her hand and held it. Later in the day, Cole’s messages came through. He reported that Clara was gaining influence in the South. He also mentioned that Elias had attended a closed-door meeting with the elders. I was about to speak when Amy leaned against me, her shoulder pressing to mine. “We stay here,” she said quietly, almost as a command. “If you leave now, Daniel, it plays right into their hands. They want you back in the South to react. We’re not reacting today. We plan.” It was almost as if she was in my mind. Her voice was firm. I could hear the conviction in it. I nodded slowly. She was right. Going back too early would give our enemies the advantage. We needed space to think, to strategize without the immediate pressure of the council or Clara’s manipulation. I pulled her closer, resting my chin lightly on her hair. “You’re making it sound easy,” I said, even though I knew she wasn’t suggesting it would be. She gave a small, half-smile, the one that said she knew what I was thinking and didn’t care to argue. She watched and raised an eyebrow, and I gave her a small shrug, acknowledging her strength silently. Cole’s updates came through the secure line. He reported on minor movements in the South, unusual activity near Carter Holdings affiliates, and rumors he had been able

to confirm. Amy noticed my tension and placed her hand on mine. “We plan together,” she said. “You don’t carry this alone anymore.” I nodded. She had always been my anchor, but now, more than ever, I understood what that meant. We ate lightly, sharing breakfast. She had made coffee for us both, and the morning sun filtered in through the windows. I let myself enjoy that small moment. Every decision we made in the coming days would be critical, but for now, she was here, and we could breathe together. Later in the day, I checked the secure line again. Cole had information about movements from Elias and his associates, any council leaks that had surfaced, and updates on Clara’s communications with potential Southern allies. I made mental notes, organizing priorities, and formulating plans without speaking. Amy watched silently, giving me space, and I appreciated that more than I could express. She leaned back into me, eyes closed, and I rested my hand on her knee. She trusted me to handle things, and I trusted her to keep me calm. The weight of Carter Holdings, the pack, and the external threats didn’t disappear, but the quiet moments gave me clarity. As the evening came, we walked through the rooftop gardens again. Amy asked questions, observed small details in the flowers, and commented on the design. I followed her, listening, taking notes of her mood, her energy, and her health. These days of distance weren’t luxury, they were preparation. I needed to understand her limits and how to support her while still keeping an eye on the bigger picture. When we returned to the penthouse, I made sure our security systems were double-checked. Every door, window, and camera was monitored. Cole’s updates were immediate and precise, and I felt slightly less anxious knowing the team back home was vigilant. I sat with Amy in the living room again, and she rested her head on my shoulder. I could feel her breathing slow, the tension leaving her body in a way I wished I could have forced into my own. I reached for her hand and held it, not needing to say anything. The day ended quietly. I had updates in my mind, plans forming for every angle Clara or Elias could take, but for now, I let her sleep beside me.

## Chapter 227 Death Threat

### AMY

I woke early, long before the sun was fully up, and watched Daniel sleeping beside me. His face was calm, the tension I usually saw when he woke in the middle of the night gone for the moment. I didn’t move, I just let myself enjoy the peace. It wasn’t often we had a moment like this, I wanted to hold onto it because I knew it wouldn’t last. Eventually, Daniel stirred, stretching slightly, and gave me a tired smile when he saw me awake. “Morning” he murmured, his voice rough but soft. I smiled back, reached over, and brushed a strand of hair from his forehead. “Morning,” I said quietly. “Sleep well?” He nodded, then glanced out the window at the city below. “Better than I expected.” We got dressed quietly and left the penthouse, making sure to keep a low profile. For the first time in weeks, we didn’t have to be on high alert. The streets were alive with people going about their morning routines, but nobody seemed to notice us. It felt almost normal, and I allowed myself to think, if only briefly, that this could be a day like any other. We wandered through the city together, taking in the sights. Street food vendors called out, and the smells of grilled meats and fresh fruit filled the air. Daniel let me choose the first stall, and I picked something simple—a steamed bun filled with vegetables. I handed him a piece, and he smiled at me as he ate. The simplicity of it made me feel lighter. We walked through small markets, holding hands, moving slowly, laughing at small things we saw along the way. For a while, it was just us. I felt like a normal woman walking beside her husband, someone who didn’t have threats looming over her head or enemies plotting every move. I closed my eyes for a moment, letting the feeling settle in. I wished we didn’t have to go back to the chaos waiting for us, but I knew it was unavoidable. As we passed a small coffee stand, my secure device buzzed in my pocket. I excused myself and pulled it out. The message

was from Mrs. Carter, short and urgent. One of the board members at Carter Holdings had resigned under pressure. Another investor, one from the South, was trying to buy his seat immediately. I froze for a second, realizing exactly what this meant. Clara was behind it. She was using the board as a tool to weaken Daniel and the company further. I turned to Daniel, my expression serious. "It's happening," I said. "One of the board members resigned, and someone from the South is moving in to take his seat. Clara's behind it." His expression tightened instantly. He rubbed a hand over his face and muttered, "Figures." I could see the tension return to his shoulders, the way it settled into the familiar lines across his jaw and around his eyes. We had this brief window of peace, and now it was gone.

We decided to stop at a small café tucked away from the busiest streets. Inside, we found a corner table and sat across from each other. I could see the weariness in him, and I tried to keep my own frustration in check. We had work to do, and panicking wouldn't help. "I don't want us to react immediately," I said, setting my hands on the table. "We need to think. When we get back, we have to rebuild our alliances. Make sure the people who support us are still aligned. If we're weak, they'll try to take advantage of it. And Marielle—she can't stay where she is. Elias will target her again. We need her somewhere far away from the Carter Estate, Secure, out of their reach." Daniel nodded slowly. "Agreed," he said. "We'll make the moves quietly. No one can predict us." I leaned back slightly, thinking through everything. "We need to identify who we can trust completely. Not just for the company, but for the pack. Clara's network is growing. She's patient and calculating. We can't be careless." We work He reached across the table and took my hand. be. We'll do this together. Nothing else changes. that." I felt a small wave of reassurance. Even in this storm, having him by my side made me feel stronger. We spent the rest of the café visit discussing small details on how to reach out to allies quietly, what information to confirm before acting, and how to prepare Marielle's relocation without drawing attention. Every decision felt heavy, knowing that Clara was already moving against us. After leaving the café, we walked through the streets again, keeping our pace slow. I let myself enjoy the small moments—a child waving at me from a stall, the smell of fresh bread baking, Daniel letting me carry a small bag of groceries. When we returned to the penthouse that evening, I felt a combination of exhaustion and anticipation. We had moved carefully, observed quietly, and planned. But the tension from the board message and Clara's maneuvering lingered. Daniel stayed close, checking over reports and messages while I sat beside him, going through my own notes. Later, we allowed ourselves to focus on each other. As night deepened, I thought about Marielle and the pack. I thought about the company and the council. Clara and Elias were already making their moves. But for now, this was our time to regroup, to recharge, and to strengthen the bond that would carry us through the next wave of attacks. I knew the moment of calm wouldn't last. The city, the board, the council, Clara, Elias all thought they would all demand attention soon. But for a few hours, I had Daniel. I had our life together. I had our future to think about. And I let myself hold onto that, even as the tension and uncertainty pressed in from every angle. "I love you baby" Daniel said to me with a smile on his face.

## Chapter 228 I Will Not Forget

DANIEL I woke to the vibration of my phone on the nightstand. The clock read just past midnight. I grabbed it, seeing Cole's name flashing on the screen. My chest tightened even before I answered. "Daniel," Cole said immediately, "It's getting worse. Elias is pushing for a full council vote. He wants to make himself permanent Alpha while you're away. Some of the elders are considering it." I ran a hand over my face. "What? How are they even listening to him? I'm still the sitting Alpha." Cole sighed. "Some of them are worried about the media leaks and the board chaos. They see him as a safer option, at least

temporarily. I don't like it either, but you need to be aware. They said you shouldn't have married Amy." I felt the familiar surge of anger and panic. My first instinct was to get up, fly home, confront Elias, and shut this down immediately. But the thought of being so far away with Amy in the penthouse made the idea impossible. I was already far from the pack, far from the company, and I couldn't risk her safety or the baby. I was about to respond when I felt movement behind me. Amy had woken. She slid into the chair beside me quietly, her eyes soft but alert. "Daniel," she said calmly, though I could hear the concern in her voice. "Sit. Listen to me. You cannot act yet. Going back now gives Elias the perfect excuse to claim you're breaking council orders. That's exactly what he wants." I leaned back against the couch, exhaling sharply. She was right. My anger wanted to override logic, but Amy's words forced me to pause. "He's pushing hard," I said, my voice low, almost a growl. "He's trying to corner me while I'm away. I can't just—wait." Amy reached over and placed her hand on my forearm. "I know it's hard. But rushing in will only make things worse. You're not losing. You're just buying time. That's strategy, Daniel." I stared at her, the tension in my shoulders easing slightly. Her presence always had that effect, even in moments like this. I rubbed my eyes and nodded slowly. "You're right," I admitted. "It doesn't feel right, but you're right." She hesitated for a moment, then leaned closer. "There's something else," she said, her voice dropping just enough to make me sit up straighter. "My symptoms—they've increased. I think the pregnancy is progressing faster. My wolf lineage...it's affecting the baby's development. I feel it." The words hit me harder than I expected. I reached for her immediately, taking her hand in both of mine. I didn't speak at first. I just held her, feeling the small warmth and weight in her palm, and tried to process it. "You're serious? Faster? How...?" She shook her head, curling slightly against me. "I don't know exactly, but I can feel it. My body is different. The baby's heartbeat is stronger, and I can sense more movement. It's like...everything is accelerating." I pulled her closer, placing my other hand on her back, and whispered, "Then that's all that matters right now. You and our baby come first. Always." She leaned into me, resting her head against my chest. I could feel her breathing steady as I held her, my mind still racing but focused entirely on her. "Promise me you won't do anything reckless," she said softly. "For both our sakes." I nodded, kissing the top of her head. "I promise." We moved to the balcony, letting the cool night air wash over us. The city lights stretched out below, quiet now in the early hours. I held her close, feeling her press against me, and whispered the same thought over and over until it started to sink in: our baby matters more than any council vote, more than any council vote, more than any betrayal, more than any enemy. We sat that way for a long while, neither of us speaking. I could feel her pulse under my hand, and every time she shifted slightly, I tightened my hold, reminding her, reminding myself, that nothing else mattered at this moment. Then, my device buzzed again. I pulled it out and frowned. Cole's alert tone lit the screen. My heart sank as I read the message: Carter Holdings stock was dropping sharply. The market had reacted to Clara's latest moves. Her influence was spreading. She was using the board and the council to destabilize us further. I stood abruptly, feeling the old tension rise in my shoulders. Amy's hands left my chest as she followed me, her expression calm but concerned. "Daniel," she said quietly, touching my arm. "I see it. I know. But you promised yourself—you promised me—you wouldn't let this consume us tonight. This is just information. We plan, we move. That's it." Hooked down at her, the fear for her and the baby battling against the need to act. "I can't ignore this. I can't just sit while she gains ground." "You don't have to fight everything tonight," she said firmly. "This break, this time away—it's not defeat. It's a pause. You use it to plan. Come back stronger. And we do it together." I swallowed, my jaw tight, and finally nodded. Her hand went back to my chest. I exhaled slowly, counting five, and tried to center myself. She was right. Every instinct screamed to run, to confront, to strike. But the stakes were too high. Going

back now, in anger, would play right into Elias's hands. "Okay," I said at last, my voice quieter than I wanted but steady. "We wait. We watch. We prepare." She smiled faintly, leaning her head against my shoulder again. "Good. And Daniel..." I turned slightly to look at her. "Don't forget why we're here. We're protecting more than just the pack or the company. We're protecting our family. We need to keep that in mind, always." I held her tighter, letting her words sink in. "I won't forget." I assured her.

## Chapter 229 Authenticity

AMY

Two weeks away sounded long when we first left home, but it passed faster than either of us expected. By the time our jet touched upon our return. It calmed my heart that Daniel looked well rested in a way he hadn't in months, and I felt calmer than I thought possible after everything we'd gone through. The break hadn't fixed our problems, but it gave us time to connect. The second the cabin door opened, Brian was already waiting on the tarmac. He didn't even bother with greetings. "The elders want Daniel at the council hall," he said. "Immediately." Daniel's jaw tightened. He didn't hide it. I slipped my hand through his arm before his temper broke through the calm we'd managed to build. His eyes shifted to me, and some of the tension eased, but it didn't disappear. "We just landed," Daniel said. "I know," Brian replied. "They didn't care." Daniel let out a slow breath. "Fine. Let's go." He sounded calm, but I could feel the frustration sitting under his words. I held onto his hand as we walked to the awaiting cars. He squeezed my fingers, and I knew he was reminding himself to stay calm, exactly like we'd been talking about every night in Singapore. If he lost his temper now, Elias would make use of it. The drive to the council hall was quiet. I watched the city pass by, familiar streets and familiar faces, but the place felt different after being gone. Sometimes leaving made home feel smaller. This time it felt like we were walking right back into a cage we'd stepped out of for a moment. When we arrived, council guards stood at the entrance. They reached out to Daniel before he even stepped inside. "We need your phone and your folder," one of them said. Daniel blinked. "Since when?" "Temporary protocol for council matters." He didn't argue. He unclipped his folder from his bag and handed his phone over. He looked bothered, but he brushed it off. I didn't. Something about the way the guards avoided eye contact made my stomach twist a little. Inside, the council chamber was already full. Elders sat behind their long table. Elias stood near them with a file tucked under his arm. He didn't look surprised to see us. He looked prepared. "Daniel," Elder Rowan said. "We'll begin." Daniel nodded and stepped forward. I stayed close to him, near enough for him to feel me present but not close enough for them to accuse me of interfering. Elias opened his file. "Before we start, I'd like to address something that came to our attention while you were away." His voice was too calm. He pulled out several sheets of paper and placed them on the table. "These," he said, "are command orders signed by Daniel Carter, authorizing private operatives to infiltrate the South without council approval." Daniel's brows pulled together. "I haven't issued anything like that." Elias didn't argue. Instead, he slid the papers toward the elders. "Please confirm the signature." Daniel stepped forward and looked at the papers himself. I watched his face carefully. He didn't hide his disbelief. "That's my signature," he said slowly. "But I didn't sign these. They're forged." Elder Hale adjusted his glasses. "You're certain?" Daniel stared at the page. "Yes." A low murmur passed through the room. Some elders exchanged glances that made my stomach tighten again. They didn't look like people trying to uncover the truth. They looked like people who had already chosen a side. Elias didn't give Daniel time to breathe. "This isn't the only issue. The council also received an anonymous video." Elder Rowan nodded to a guard standing at the corner. The man stepped forward and handed over a tablet.

Elder Rowan tapped the screen. A video played. Daniel appeared on it standing in one of the old council rooms. Speaking to a man I didn't recognize. The audio was clear enough to follow. The voice sounded like Daniel. The words were sharp, threatening, the kind of thing that would get him stripped of leadership without hesitation. Except the tone was wrong. The pacing was off. The whole thing felt constructed. "That's edited," Daniel said immediately. He didn't raise his voice, but his teeth were clenched so tight I could hear it in the words. "I never said any of that." Elder Hale frowned. "It looks authentic." "It isn't," Daniel said. Elías folded his hands behind his back. "If Daniel denies both the signed orders and the video, then we must consider the possibility of internal sabotage." He glanced at Daniel. "Unless Daniel is attempting to distance himself from the consequences of his actions." Daniel took a step toward him. "You're reaching." Elias didn't flinch. "I'm presenting facts." I moved forward before Daniel reacted. "We're requesting a delay," I said. "You need time to verify the signature and the video source. If you make a decision now, you risk acting on falsified evidence. Elias turned to me immediately. "The council rules state that once such evidence is presented, the evaluation must begin at once. Delay is not an option." "That rule was made for direct accusations," I replied. "Not when the authenticity is in question." He smiled slightly. "The council disagrees." Daniel let out a frustrated breath. "You set this up." Elias didn't even bother defending himself. He turned back to the elders as though Daniel hadn't spoken. "I move for immediate temporary suspension," Elias said. "Until the evidence is fully reviewed." Suspension. They didn't even pretend to hide the intent. "Daniel has led this pack without ever betraying it," I said. "At least give him the courtesy of—" "Mrs. Carter," Elder Rowan cut in. "We appreciate your concern. However, this is a council matter." Of course. Push the woman out of the room when it suits them. The voting began. One by one, hands rose. Some hesitated. Others looked regretful. A few looked far too comfortable with what they were doing. When the final hand went up, Elder Rowan turned toward Daniel. "The council has agreed," he said. "Effective immediately, Daniel Carter is placed under temporary investigation and suspended from all Alpha duties." The room stayed quiet after that. Not out of respect. Out of tension, Thick, heavy tension that made the air feel crowded. Daniel didn't react the way they probably expected. "Understood," he said.

## Chapter 230 Not Breaking

### DANIEL

Walking out of the council hall felt strange. My mind wasn't keeping up with my body, Everything inside me felt tightened, like I was waiting for an attack I couldn't see. Cole and Brian followed behind me, talking over each other, trying to explain what they thought had gone wrong, but I barely heard them. "Daniel, stop," Cole said, grabbing my arm. I pulled away. "Not now." Brian stepped in front of me. "We can fight this. The evidence was too clean. Anyone with sense could see that." "I said not now," I repeated, and I kept walking. Amy walked quietly beside me. She didn't try to talk. She didn't try to convince me of anything. She just stayed close. That steadiness did more for me than anything the others could've said. At the council steps, the noise hit us first. Reporters waited like someone had alerted them the second the vote was over. Cameras flashed. Microphones pushed toward my face. My wolf reacted before I thought it through, and I stepped in front of Amy. One reporter shouted, "Alpha Daniel, is it true you abused your authority and sent unauthorized operatives South?" Another cut in immediately. "Do you have a comment about your suspension? The council says they have strong evidence— They pushed forward, and I felt Amy grip the back of my shirt. I held my ground. "Move back," I warned, keeping my voice steady even though my patience was hanging by a thread. Instead of backing away, they shouted more questions, louder this time. Someone shoved a microphone toward

Amy, and she moved before I could pull her back. She stepped in front of me and faced the crowd. "My husband is being set up," she said clearly. "Everything presented today was forged. The council rushed a decision without verifying what they were given. Anyone connected to the South knows exactly who benefits from this." A few reporters murmured. Others started asking her questions instead of me. Watching her defend me while I stood suspended and powerless dug something sharp into my chest. "Amy—" I touched her arm, but she shook her head and stepped back beside me. We pushed through the noise until we got into our car. The ride home was quiet. Cole drove while Brian answered calls nonstop. Every five minutes, another update about council reactions, pack rumors, or investor panic came in. I didn't speak until we reached the estate. When we walked through the front doors, my mother was already waiting. Her suit jacket was off, her tablet in hand, and her glasses pushed higher on her nose in that way she did when she'd been reading nonstop. "I've drafted a statement," she said before I got a word out. "It needs your approval. The board is calling one after the other. The stock dropped another eight percent in the last hour. I rubbed my forehead. "Of course it did." "Don't panic," she said. "He wants you unstable. He wants the public doubting you." "He already has both," I muttered. My mother stepped closer. "No. He has timing narrative." That's all. If you lose control now, he wins the entire. Before I could reply, someone knocked sharply on the door. The sound was stiff, formal—nothing like a normal visitor. My mother's expression shifted. She already knew what it was. "Let them in." I said.

A legal envoy entered, two officials behind him holding sealed folders. The man in front greeted us with a practiced, controlled smile. "Alpha Daniel," he said. "By order of the Northern Council, you are placed under temporary restriction. Until the investigation is complete, you are prohibited from leaving northern territory." I stood still. "You're restricting my movement without a hearing?" The envoy continued like I hadn't spoken. "You must also surrender all Alpha-level access. That includes encrypted files, internal command routes, and restricted communication lines." He held out a pen. Amy stepped forward. "Are you serious? You came straight from the council and you're already delivering restrictions? You didn't even give him a chance to respond."

"The council believes the matter is sensitive," the envoy replied. "We are to enforce immediate compliance." Cole cursed under his breath. Brian started pacing behind us, muttering calculations and loopholes like he could find a way around it if he just kept thinking. My pulse thudded, steady but heavy. I looked down at the pen. Refusing would make me look guilty. Signing would feel like handing Elias exactly what he wanted. Amy touched my arm gently. No words. No pressure. Just a reminder I wasn't standing alone. I took the pen and signed. The envoy nodded, collected the documents, and left with the same cold efficiency he walked in with. The moment the door shut behind them, my anger slipped. Not in rage—just in weight. Everything I'd been holding up for hours dropped inside me at once. I walked to the couch and sat, leaning forward with my elbows resting on my knees. Cole spoke first. "Daniel, we'll fix this. I'll start digging through the South's records. Someone had to approve those forged commands." Brian stopped pacing. "We'll recover communications. We'll trace signatures. If Clara's behind this, we'll find her footprint." Their voices blended into the background. My hands were shaking lightly, so I clasped them together and stared at the floor. "This wasn't made overnight," I said quietly. "Elias built this. He waited for the right moment. He knew exactly what to hit. The council... the everything." comp Amy knelt in front of me. She placed her hands on my knees and waited until I met her eyes. "Daniel," she said softly. "Look at me." She took my hands and placed them on her stomach. "We're going to get through it. But you need to stay steady. I can't carry this alone, and neither can you." The room went quiet. My breath steadied. The pressure didn't disappear, but something in me settled enough to

breathe properly again. "I won't break," I told her. "I promise you." She leaned forward and rested her forehead on mine.