

## Broken 251

### Chapter 251 A Litter Longer

DANIEL

For Amy and my mother, I couldn't afford to lose control. +5 Pearls Cole appeared from the hallway, as if on cue. I nodded toward Clara. "She's yours. Keep her contained. No mistakes." Cole's eyes were sharp, trained, ready. He stepped forward, gripping Clara by the arms and guiding her firmly but carefully. She resisted slightly, but the injuries I'd inflicted and the sheer fear radiating off me kept her compliant. I watched them go, ensuring Clara was secured before I turned back toward the estate's main wing. My heartbeat was still elevated, and my hands trembled slightly—not from fear, but from the adrenaline surge I had barely released. I needed to check on Amy again. I returned to her room and found her breathing easier, asleep finally, curled under the blankets, her hand resting lightly on her stomach. Relief washed over me, but it was tempered by exhaustion. She was safe. That was all that mattered. I sat beside her bed, brushing hair from her face again. "You're safe now, Amy," I whispered. "Nothing else matters." She stirred slightly, murmuring in her sleep. I leaned closer. "Rest. I'll handle everything else. You just focus on keeping you and the baby safe." Outside, I could feel the estate settling into an uneasy calm. Clara was confined, but she wasn't gone from my mind. Her presence was a threat, a lingering shadow. I had to stay sharp. I ran my hands through my hair and exhaled slowly. This wasn't over. Not by a long shot. But for now, my mate and my mother were protected. That was victory enough. I had been watching Amy sleep, my eyes never leaving her face, when suddenly she twitched. At first, I thought it was a shiver, a normal reaction to her exhaustion. But then her body stiffened, her hands clenching the sheets, her face twisting. "Amy?" I called softly, leaning closer. Her eyes rolled back, and she started shaking violently. My stomach dropped. "Cole!" I yelled, my voice cutting through the quiet of the room like a whip. "Get here. Now!" Cole came running, and I didn't waste a second. I scooped Amy into my arms, ignoring the weak protests that came out of her trembling mouth. Her body was flopping in mine, spasms wracking her completely.

"She's seizing!" I shouted, my voice low but urgent. "Get the car ready. We're taking her to the hospital. Now!" Cole nodded immediately, his hands moving as fast as mine, organizing the keys, opening doors, and ensuring the vehicle was ready. I held Amy tight, speaking to her in low, fast whispers. "Stay with me, Amy. Look at me. Focus on my voice. You're going to be okay. You hear me?" Her mouth opened, a faint sound trying to escape, but it was swallowed by the tremors. I could feel her baby shifting inside her, an alarming, sharp pressure in her stomach. "Cole! Start the car! Go! Now!" I yelled, keeping my voice steady, forcing urgency into every word. Cole rushed to the driver's seat and slammed the ignition. The engine roared to life. I adjusted my hold on Amy, supporting her head and shoulders. The car started moving, tires squealing slightly on the pavement, and I gritted my teeth as I looked back at her. "Hang in there, Amy. Just hold on. Don't leave me now," I said, gripping her hand and pressing it to my chest. The car raced through the streets, lights flashing past, but my focus never wavered from her. Her body was still trembling, spasms coming in waves now. I tried to count the seconds between them, trying to time her breathing, trying to hold her with all the control I had. "She's bleeding," I muttered under my breath, noticing the dark stain on the sheet beneath her. My hands went immediately to her stomach, checking, trying to assess. The sight made my stomach turn. "Cole! Faster! Hospital! Now!" I shouted again, my voice breaking slightly. The city passed in a blur. Red lights, passing cars, and distant shouts melted into nothing because all I could see was Amy—her trembling

body, her pale face, the blood pooling beneath her. I leaned closer, brushing her hair back from her face. "Stay with me, Amy. You're going to make it. I won't let anything happen to you or our baby." Her eyes flickered open for a moment, just barely. I could see recognition in them, the smallest spark, but it was gone almost instantly as another seizure hit. My chest tightened. "Hold on. That's my girl. Just hold on," I whispered, even as my wolf roared beneath my skin, furious, needing to tear someone apart for even letting this happen. Cole didn't speak, just nodded, gripping the wheel tightly as he navigated the streets as fast as he dared. The hospital was only a few minutes away, but those minutes were a lifetime. Every second felt like an hour, every breath a battle against panic. I kept Amy supported in my arms, murmuring her name, talking to her, willing her to respond, willing her to fight. "Just a little longer, Amy. That's it. You're doing good. Keep fighting. I'm right here," I said, my hands pressed against her, trying to stabilize her body as best I could. The hospital came into view at last, lights glaring, doors open, staff moving quickly toward the vehicle. I didn't wait for anyone to speak. I scooped Amy in my arms, running faster than I thought possible. "Emergency! My wife! She's seizing, bleeding! She needs surgery!" I shouted as I slammed the doors open. Staff grabbed Amy from me, lifting her onto a gurney. I followed immediately, my hands never leaving her. Nurses pushed the gurney down the hall, calling out for the operating theater. I could hear the alarms, the voices, the quick movements of people trained for emergencies. "Sir, we need you to wait outside," one nurse said as they wheeled Amy away. I froze, but she didn't look at me.

## Chapter 252 She's Gone

### DANIEL

"No," I said sharply. "I'm staying. She's my wife. I'm not leaving her." The nurse hesitated, then nodded at the doctor who had arrived behind her. "You can stay. But please, let us do our work." I watched them take Amy into the emergency theater, my heart hammering in my chest. Her body was pale, limp, but she had a small, stubborn pulse. I followed them just far enough to see the team working, masks on, equipment ready. "Doctor!" I barked, moving closer. "Tell me—what's happening? What's wrong?" The doctor shook his head, tension in his eyes. "She's stable for now, but she's losing blood. We're moving her into surgery immediately. I can't tell you anything more until after the procedure. Please, step back." I clenched my fists, breathing harshly, refusing to move. My wolf wanted to burst free, to tear anyone who dared to harm my mate apart. But I forced control, knowing that yelling wouldn't save her. Only letting the professionals act would. I took a step back reluctantly, my eyes never leaving Amy. "Do what you have to do," I said through gritted teeth. "Just keep her safe." The team moved quickly, surrounding her, checking IV lines, oxygen, monitors, everything necessary for immediate surgery. My chest tightened as I watched every motion, every adjustment, every second. Finally, the nurse stepped aside, signaling me to wait in a small observation area near the theater doors. I stayed on my feet, pacing, barely able to control my thoughts. Every second felt like an eternity. I whispered her name over and over, feeling the connection between us, the same bond that had alerted me before when Clara tried to kill her. I could feel faint tremors, her pain echoing in my chest like a drumbeat I couldn't ignore. "Amy," I murmured, voice low, steady, but filled with rage and fear. "You fight. You hear me? Fight for me. Fight for the baby. Fight for us." Hours—or maybe minutes, I couldn't tell—passed in a blur. Nurses came and went, doctors whispered, machines beeped. I stayed upright, tense, silent, every muscle ready to spring, every instinct on alert. Finally, the doctor emerged. I shot toward him. "Is she...? What's happening?" I demanded, voice raw. He raised a hand, calm but firm. "Sir, she's in surgery. We've stabilized her for now, but we cannot say anything more until the procedure is complete. It's critical you understand—her

condition is delicate.” I nodded sharply, swallowing the tight lump in my throat. “Delicate? She’s my wife. She has to make it.” “I know,” he said softly. “We’re doing everything we can.” I stood outside the theater, hands gripping the counter, staring at the closed doors, my wolf screaming inside me. I couldn’t help her directly, but I could be ready for the moment she came out. Alive. I whispered her name again, over and over, letting my thoughts travel to her through every ounce of will I had. “Amy. Stay with me. You hear me? Fight for me. Fight for our baby.” I had been pacing outside the surgical theater for hours, my hands clenched into fists, mind spinning, muscles tight as steel. Every time I thought about Amy, my chest ached. My wolf growled low inside me, restless, angry, impatient. I had no control over what was happening behind those doors. Finally, the doctor came out. His face was drawn, grave. I froze before him, my stomach tightening.

Alpha Daniel,” he said quietly. “I need to speak to you.” “Tell me now,” I demanded, my voice taut, shaking even as I tried to stay calm. “Is she—” I couldn’t finish. My throat burned from fear. The doctor sighed, looking down at the floor. “It’s... it’s complicated.” I stepped closer, almost needing to see the truth in his eyes. “Complicated? Complicated isn’t you standing here telling me she’s alive or dead. Just say it!” He swallowed hard. “Amy... she’s alive. That’s the miracle in all of this.” My chest tightened anyway, because there was no relief in his tone. He continued. “But... we lost the baby.” The words hit me like a blow. My legs weakened, though I forced them to stay in place. I felt my world tilt, tilting violently. The room blurred, sounds fading to a dull hum. My jaw clenched so tight I thought it might crack. “No...” I whispered, my voice breaking, “No, no, no,” The doctor put a hand on my shoulder, steadying me gently. “I know. I know it’s devastating. I’m sorry, Daniel. But she made it through because of her strength and the measures we were able to take in surgery. Without it, we wouldn’t even have that.” I felt my hands shaking. I had spent hours holding onto the thought that at least the baby could survive. That thought was gone now. Gone, taken by Clara, Elias, whoever had orchestrated the wolfsbane attack. “She—she survived the poison?” I asked, voice tight. “The wolfsbane? That’s supposed to... that’s supposed to—” The doctor nodded. “Yes. But it wasn’t just wolfsbane. The substance she was exposed to had been laced with an unknown, deadly poison. We don’t know exactly what it is yet, only that it has no known cure and was designed to specifically target her and the pregnancy.” My wolf growled low in my chest, an unrestrained, pure rage that made my hands shake even more. I wanted to rip someone apart. I wanted blood. I wanted whoever did this to pay—more than anything I had ever wanted in my life. “She—she’s alive because of the surgery, the ventilator support,” the doctor said. “For the next few days, she’ll need to remain on it. Her body has been through a severe reaction. Recovery is critical, and she’s extremely weak. We need to monitor her closely, constantly.” I clenched my fists, the anger coiling tight inside me. “I understand,” I said, my voice dangerous. “But... tell me she’ll make it.” voice low, The doctor met my gaze steadily. “She has a fighting spirit. She’s alive now. That’s the first and most important step. But she’ll need every ounce of care.

## Chapter 253 A Very High Price

### DANIEL

For now, ventilator support is essential. She won’t be able to speak, move much, or react normally for a few days. We need to give her body time to fight the toxins.” I nodded stiffly, swallowing hard. “I... I’ll be here.” “You need rest too, Daniel,” the doctor said quietly, as if sensing the tension in me. “You can’t protect her if you collapse yourself. But I understand. She needs you near her.” I couldn’t respond with words. My jaw clenched, my hands shaking slightly as I stepped toward the theater doors. My wolf was

restless, coiling tightly around my instincts, urging me to attack, to hunt, to rip apart whoever had done this. I fought every instinct to go after Clara and Elias right this second. Instead, I followed the nurse's instructions, allowed them to take her to the ICU room with the ventilator set up. The sound of the machine was harsh, steady, the rise and fall of her chest controlled by just a machine now instead of her own strength. I stayed beside the bed, my hands on the railing, fingers tightening around the edge. I stared down at her face, pale but breathing, eyelids closed, chest moving rhythmically with the ventilator. My mind was blank and full at the same time. Blank because I couldn't process what had happened. Full because every ounce of rage, grief, and helplessness was boiling inside I whispered her name. "Amy... wake up. Please, wake up. I'm here. I won't leave you." I reached out, brushing a strand of hair from her face. My fingers lingered on her cheek. I had never felt so fragile and so dangerous at the same time. She was alive, yes—but the price had been too high. Cole and my mother were behind me, silent, waiting. I didn't look at them. I didn't want sympathy. I didn't want words. I wanted Amy awake, looking at me, alive. "Daniel..." My mother's voice was soft, hesitant. "She made it. That's what matters. She's alive. That's a start." I turned to her, my jaw tight. "She's alive, yes. But they took our baby. They poisoned her deliberately. They tried to kill her." My voice was harsh, controlled, but every word carried a jagged edge. Cole stepped forward. "We'll find them. I swear. No one does this and gets away." I didn't answer immediately. My hands stayed on the bed, fingers tightening around the railing. My mind ran through the scene at the estate, the seizures, the bleeding, Clara's face The taste of her cruelty burned in my mouth. My wolf growled, low and feral. I had held back before. Not now. I bent slightly, close to Amy, whispering softly, even though she couldn't hear me. "You don't know it yet, but I'm going to make them pay. Every last one of them. They tried to take everything from us. I swear... I won't let them win." The ventilator hissed rhythmically, a harsh reminder of her fragility. My wolf paced inside me. I wanted to go back and hunt Clara down. I wanted to find Elias. I wanted blood. But I stayed still, keeping my body between Amy and the world. Keeping my hands on the bed, keeping my voice soft.

I'm here," I said again, louder this time. "I'm not leaving you. Not for a second. You hear me?" Cole nodded behind me. "We've secured the estate. Clara's being locked up as we speak. No one else can reach her. For now." I exhaled slowly. My eyes didn't leave Amy. My mind was already planning the next moves on how to make sure nothing like this ever happens again, how to protect her, how to punish them properly. But first, I had to wait. First, I had to make sure she survived the night, survived the next few days, and survived the poison still in her system. I sank into the chair beside the bed, my eyes never leaving her. My wolf settled slightly, coiling tight in readiness, but obedient to my restraint. I kept my hand on hers, tracing the pulse I could feel through the ventilator. "Wake up, Amy," I whispered again. "Fight for me. Fight for us. I need you." The world had shifted beneath my feet. I had survived chaos, betrayals, wars, and attacks, but this... this was different. The cost is unimaginable. I had been sitting by Amy's side for hours, my hand pressed gently over hers, watching the ventilator rise and fall in a slow, controlled rhythm. The steady hiss was supposed to comfort me, a sign that she was still alive. But nothing could have prepared me for the sudden spike in her blood pressure. The monitor beeped sharply, slicing through the quiet of the ICU room. My stomach dropped. I leaned forward, staring at the screen. "No..." I muttered under my breath. Amy's eyes fluttered beneath the closed lids, her face pale, lips slightly parted. I felt my pulse quicken, my wolf inside me thrumming like a drum. My body tensed, ready to leap across the room if needed. "Cole!" I snapped, my voice sharp, urgent. "Call the doctor. Now!" Cole, who had been quietly observing a few steps behind me, didn't hesitate. He grabbed his phone and sprinted down the hall, his footsteps echoing loudly in the sterile corridor. I didn't wait. I

leaned closer to Amy, holding her hand firmly, pressing my forehead against hers. “Stay with me, Amy. I need you to stay with me.” My voice cracked despite my effort to stay calm. “You hear me? Fight for me. Fight.” Minutes felt like hours. My hands were sweaty, fingers tightening painfully around hers. Her pulse was rapid, erratic. I could feel her tiny struggles against the poison’s lingering effects, against the trauma her body had just endured. The door swung open abruptly. The doctor rushed in, expression tight, a flurry of movement behind him. Nurses followed, carrying equipment, IV lines, and emergency medication. “What happened?” the doctor asked, immediately scanning the monitors.

Chapter 254 She Belongs To Me

DANIEL

“She spiked,” I said, my voice tense, low and urgent. “Her blood pressure. It’s too high. We need to—” I stopped, realizing I couldn’t finish the sentence fast enough. “We need to stabilize her!” The doctor didn’t hesitate. “Get me the hypertensive medication now. I’ll start a controlled IV. Monitor her oxygen closely. Daniel, I need you to stay calm and let me work.” “Calm?” I barked. “She’s—she’s mine. I can’t just stay calm!” My voice was harsh, shaking with adrenaline. My wolf stirred, furious, and I could feel the danger in my chest, ready to explode. But I forced myself back, gripping Amy’s hand harder, grounding myself. The doctor worked quickly, calculating doses, instructing the nurses with sharp, precise movements. I watched every step, my eyes flicking between the monitor and Amy’s face. Her lips twitched slightly, and her brow furrowed in discomfort. My chest tightened. “I won’t lose you,” I whispered through gritted teeth, pressing my forehead against hers again. “Not now. Not ever.” The nurses set up the IV, and the doctor administered the medication. He murmured instructions, checking vitals, adjusting doses, and keeping an eye on her oxygen saturation. “She’s responding,” he said finally, after what felt like an eternity. “BP is dropping slowly. Keep her calm. Don’t leave her side. She needs you now more than ever.” I didn’t let go of her hand. Not for a second. My fingers felt the subtle pulse under her skin, the small, flickering life that persisted despite everything. My jaw clenched, and I exhaled shakily. Amy coughed softly, a small, weak sound, and I leaned closer. “It’s okay, Amy,” I whispered. “I’m right here. You’re safe. You’re alive.” Her eyelids twitched, her hands moved slightly against mine, and I could feel a faint stir of recognition. My heart thudded painfully in my chest. I whispered her name again. “Amy... it’s me. Daniel. Look at me.” Her fingers twitched more, her pulse steadied slightly. The monitor beeped more regularly now. The spikes were coming down, slowly but steadily. My chest loosened, and I could feel the tension draining from my shoulders, though only a little. The doctor stepped back, observing her vitals. “She’s stabilizing. Keep her on the ventilator. Maintain the current medications. She’s going to need at least twenty-four hours of strict monitoring.” I nodded, not trusting myself to speak. My gaze didn’t leave her face. My wolf remained coiled, alert, protective, furious at anyone who had done this to her. I leaned closer again, whispering softly, “You hear me? You stay here. You fight through this. You’re stronger than any poison. You’re stronger than them.” Cole and my mother stood behind me, silent, watching. Cole’s jaw was tight, his hands clenched, my mother’s face was pale, but she nodded slightly at me, acknowledging the urgency, the relief. “Daniel,” the doctor said, looking me in the eye. “You need to let me do my job. You staying calm helps her more than anything else. She feels your tension.” I exhaled slowly. “I... I can’t just stand there. I can’t...” My voice trailed off. I shook my head, pressing my lips to her forehead. “I’m not leaving. I’m not letting anything happen to you.” The doctor’s voice softened. “Then stay here, just... stay calm. Let her feel you.” I nodded, gripping her hand tighter. My wolf simmered, ready to unleash at any threat. Every

sense was sharpened. Every nerve was alert. I was hyper-aware of the machines, the monitors, her chest rising and falling with mechanical rhythm.

Minutes passed, each second drawn out painfully. Amy's body was still weak, her face pale, but the BP readings were now falling steadily toward safe levels. I whispered, "You hear that? You're stabilizing. You're going to make it. I'm right here, every second." Her fingers moved again, curling slightly around mine. I felt it as a tiny miracle. My chest constricted with relief and lingering rage. Whoever did this would pay. I swore it silently, every nerve thrumming with anger. The doctor checked one last time. "She's out of immediate danger. Keep her sedated for the night. She'll be safe as long as the ventilator and medication continue." I let out a long breath I hadn't realized I was holding. My hands never left hers. I sank slightly in the chair, exhaustion pressing in, but I couldn't sleep. Not yet. Not while she lay there, fragile, still recovering from something that had almost killed her. I leaned closer again, voice barely above a whisper. "Amy... you're alive. I've got you. I'll never let anything happen to you again. Not now, not ever." The room was quiet except for the steady hiss of the ventilator, her soft, regulated breathing, and my heartbeat thudding in my chest. My wolf still prowled beneath the surface, ready, alert, dangerous. I realized, as I pressed my forehead to her hand, that the next few days would be the most critical. I had to protect her, stabilize her, shield her. And when she was stronger... when she could stand again—I would make them pay. Every single one of them. For now, though, I stayed silent, watching, holding, whispering her name, willing her to keep fighting. \*\*\* Day in, day out. I did not leave Amy's side. Not for a second. The machines around her beeped in steady patterns, but every sound felt like a threat. I sat in the chair beside her bed, elbows on my knees, fingers locked together so tight my knuckles ached. Her chest rose and fell with the ventilator's push. That was the only thing keeping me calm. My mother came in again. She had been coming in and out since dawn, checking on me more than she checked on herself. Her face looked tired, the lines on her forehead deeper than I remembered. "Daniel," she said softly, "you need to rest." "I'm fine," I muttered. "You're not fine. You haven't showered. You haven't eaten. You're not even blinking properly." "I'm not leaving her." I replied.

## Chapter 255 The Alpha Doesn't Crumble

### DANIEL

My mother sighed and came closer. She placed her hand on my shoulder. The touch almost made me break, but I kept my eyes on Amy. "You've been sitting here for almost two days," she whispered. "This isn't helping her." "She's in there because I didn't get to her on time," I muttered. "She lost the baby because I wasn't fast enough. I'm not walking away from her again." My mother crouched in front of me, blocking my view. I tried to lean around her to look at Amy, but she held my face with both hands, something she hadn't done since I was a boy. "Listen to me," she said. "You fought too hard to reclaim the pack. You think stepping away for days won't raise suspicion? Investors, allies, the council—they'll start to panic." "I don't care." "You have to care," she pressed. "You are Alpha. If you crumble, the pack crumbles. And Amy would not want that." I clenched my jaw. "Amy is my wife. Everything else can wait." "And she survived because she is strong," my mother said. "But she needs you strong too. If the pack becomes unstable, you know what happens next. People will start circling. They will test you. They'll test your authority. You cannot allow that." I ran a hand through my hair. My throat tightened. The idea of leaving Amy felt like abandoning her. Like turning my back at the worst time. My mother continued, voice firmer now. "I will stay with her. The doctors check on her every hour. The nurses are alert. You will not be gone long. You'll go home, shower, change, speak to Cole, check the estate, and

show your face at the pack house. That is all. Then you come back.” I shook my head, struggling with the fear curling in my chest. “What if something happens while I’m gone?” “I’ll call you,” she said. “Immediately. I will not leave her either.” I looked at Amy again. Looking all pale, still, tubes everywhere. This woman—my wife—had fought through things that should have killed her. And now she was stuck here, unconscious and fighting again, because someone wanted to break us. My mother squeezed my shoulder. “She will need you strong when she wakes up. Not Doesn’t Crumble exhausted. Not shaking. Strong.” “I can’t lose her, I whispered. “You won’t,” she said. “But you will lose the pack if you disappear any longer.” That hit me harder than I wanted it to. She was right. If people started to question my stability, that would create room for new threats. We had enough enemies. I wasn’t about to create more by appearing weak or reckless. My mother stood up. “Go home. Shower. Eat something. Check on things. Then come back here.” I rubbed my face. My legs felt heavy when I forced myself to stand. I leaned forward and kissed Amy’s forehead. Her skin felt too cold. I stayed there for a few seconds. “I’ll be back soon,” I murmured to her. “I promise.” My mother wiped under her eyes quickly, pretending she wasn’t crying. She wasn’t fooling me. “I’ll sit right here,” she said, lowering herself into the chair I had been occupying. “Now go.” I left the room slowly, glancing back until the door closed. The hallway felt too bright, too clean, too calm. I hated it. I hated leaving her.

Cole was waiting outside the ward. He stiffened the moment he saw me. “You alright?” he asked. “No,” I answered. “But I need to handle things at the pack house.” He nodded, reading the strain on my face. “I’ll drive.” We walked out of the hospital. The air hit me hard, sharp and cold. The world felt wrong, too normal for what happened inside. People walked past us casually, unaware that everything in my life had been ripped apart two nights ago. Inside the car, I leaned my head against the window. Cole kept glancing at me. “You don’t have to talk,” he said quietly. “Just breathe.” “I don’t want to breathe,” I muttered. “I want Amy awake. I want the baby back. I want Clara dead.” DIA Doesn’t Crumble Cole tightened his grip on the steering wheel. “We’ll handle her. I swear it.”

“She poisoned a pregnant woman,” I said, voice rough. “She wanted my child dead. She wanted wife dead.” my “And she’ll pay for it,” he said. “But right now, you need to get yourself together.” We reached the estate first. I stepped inside the house, and the silence felt suffocating. Everything reminded me of Amy—the couch she loved, the kitchen where she complained about my cooking, the hallway where she laughed last week. I went straight to the bedroom. Her scent still lingered faintly. I sat on the edge of the bed and closed my eyes. Just for a moment. But the scenes came back too fast—her collapsing in my arms, the blood, the hospital doors closing, the doctor’s words. I stood abruptly and walked to the bathroom. I turned the shower on and stepped under it fully clothed. The water washed away the dried blood on my shirt. I stayed there until the water turned cold, then changed into clean clothes and walked back out. I found Cole waiting by the front door. “Ready?” he asked. “No,” I answered. “But let’s go.” We drove to the office. The guards straightened when they saw me. The staff bowed. Everyone was watching me closely, trying to read my expression. I stepped up to the entrance, shoulders squared even though my insides felt like they were falling apart. I needed to show them stability, control and authority. I needed to show them that their Alpha was still standing. Cole walked beside me in silence. I really had no idea what I wanted to do but I just knew that I needed to show myself. But how was I to be productive when my entire soul clung to the thought of Amy laying still at the hospital? Damn it!

Chapter 256 That Obvious

## DANIEL

Walking into the office felt wrong. The place smelled like fresh coffee and printer ink, not antiseptic and fear. It almost irritated me how normal everything looked, People were going about their work like the world was falling apart. Like Amy wasn't lying in a hospital bed fighting to breathe. I shut the door behind me a little too hard. The silence in the room pressed against my ears. I dropped into the chair and rubbed my face. Mum was the only reason I even came here. She practically shoved me out of the hospital after reminding me I didn't just fight for the pack—I bled for it. If the Alpha disappears for too long, investors panic. And when investors panic, everything falls apart. Still didn't make me feel any better. I picked up the phone. "Get in here," I said to my assistant. A few seconds later, she knocked and stepped inside. Always polite. Always composed. "Yes, Alpha Daniel?" she said. "I need my schedule emailed to me," I told her, trying to sound normal. She hesitated, hands clasped. "I... didn't prepare one for today, sir. You didn't confirm you'd be coming in." "Then prepare it!" I barked. "Now!" Her eyes widened. She bowed her head slightly. "Yes, Alpha. Right away." The moment she left, guilt hit me in the chest. Hard. I cursed under my breath and leaned back, staring at the ceiling. This wasn't her fault. None of this was her fault. About thirty minutes later, she came back in, tablet in hand. "Alpha Daniel, your schedule has been added and sent to your email," she said softly. I nodded, exhaling. "Thank you. And... I'm sorry for shouting for shouting at you earlier. That wasn't called for." She shook her head quickly. "No, sir. You don't owe me an apology. Everyone knows you're going through something very difficult. We're all praying for Mrs Amy's recovery." My voice dropped. "She's still on the ventilator. They're monitoring her closely." Her expression softened. "I'm very sorry, Alpha. Miss Amy is strong. She will pull through." I nodded, but I didn't believe it enough to say it out loud. My chest felt hollow. "Is that all?" she asked carefully. "For now," I murmured. She bowed again before leaving the office quietly. 67% The moment the door clicked shut, I felt the urge to leave. To go back to the hospital. To hold Amy's hand and tell her I was right there. I checked the clock for the fifth time in ten minutes. Mum's words echoed in my head—Show them you're here. Show them you're stable. I was trying. But every second away from Amy felt like was failing her. The room felt too big, too empty, and too quiet without her breathing next to me—even if that breathing was coming from a machine. I stayed in that chair for another ten minutes after my assistant left. The office felt too tight around me. My skin buzzed with frustration I couldn't place—like there was a storm inside me with no air to escape. Sitting here was useless. Working was useless. Trying to pretend things were normal was pointless. Amy was fighting for her life. The baby was gone. Elias was somewhere out there, walking free. Clara was still a damn question mark. And the pack—my pack—looked to me for direction when I couldn't even trust my own thoughts right now.

I needed my head back. If not for anything, then for Amy. I grabbed my phone. "Cole," I said the moment he picked up. "I need to get out of here." "That bad?" he asked. "Worse." "Where are you?" "On errand." "I'll be there in ten." He hung up. I pushed away from the desk and paced the room, rubbing my neck. Every breath felt sharp. Pressure kept sitting on my chest like an extra weight I couldn't shake My mother was right—I couldn't collapse now. Amy needed stability. The pack needed leadership. If Elias popped out of the shadows again, I had to be ready. And Clara... I wasn't done dealing with her. When Cole walked in without knocking, I already looked like I was two seconds from punching a wall. He took one look at me. "Yeah. You're cooked." "That obvious?" "Daniel, you look like a man who hasn't slept, hasn't eaten, and is surviving off anger and air." "Sounds accurate." "So," he said, hands in his pockets, "what are we doing?" "That's exactly the problem." I let out a tired laugh. "I don't know. I

just know I can't sit here. I'll lose my mind." He studied me for a second, then nodded. "Fine. I've got an idea." "Please tell me it doesn't involve alcohol. I can't think straight as it is." "Relax. I'm not trying to get you drunk. I'm trying to reset your brain." "Reset my brain, how?" Cole shrugged. "We do something physical. Something outside. Something stupid enough to shock your thoughts back in order but not stupid enough to get us arrested." I snorted. "That narrows it down to nothing." "There's a trail up north," he said. "Nobody goes there. We can hike, run, yell, punch a tree—whatever works. Clear your head. Or we can go to the old training grounds. It's abandoned now. You want to fight? I'll take a few hits." "I'm not beating you up." "I didn't say you'd win." That actually pulled a real breath out of me—something close to a laugh, but not there yet. "You're serious?" "Dead serious. You need to move. Sitting in that hospital chair all night, then sitting in here? That's why your head feels like it's about to explode." He wasn't wrong. I grabbed my jacket. "Let's go." Cole motioned toward the door. "After you, Alpha. Raghey We walked out of the office and down the hall. Every staff member who saw me acted like they didn't want to breathe too loudly. I didn't blame them. I probably looked like I'd bite someone. Outside, the air was cool. Cleaner. Easier to breathe.

## Chapter 257 Planning Ahead

### DANIEL

Cole unlocked his car. "So pick one. Trails or training grounds." "Training grounds," I said immediately. "I need something I can hit." "Knew it." We got in, and he drove us away from the pack lands, from the hospital, from everything that had been choking me for days. About twenty minutes later, he pulled up at the old grounds. The place looked the same—rough dirt, worn targets, that wide empty field we used when we were younger. I stepped out of the car, inhaled, and felt my shoulders drop for the first time in forever. Cole tossed me a pair of gloves. "Start wherever you want." I slid them on. My hands were shaking—not from fear, but from too much built-up emotion with nowhere to go. I threw the first punch at one of the training dummies. Hard. My fist stung. I didn't stop. Hit after hit, breath after breath, I felt something loosen inside me. Cole stood beside me in silence. He knew when to talk and when not to. After a while, he finally said, "You still thinking about Clara?" "Of course I am." "And Elias." "He's not escaping this time." "And Amy." My throat tightened. "She needs me to be stable. She needs me prepared. She needs me to fix all of this before she opens her eyes." "That's a heavy load for one man." "I don't care." I hit the dummy again. Harder. Cole crossed his arms. "We'll handle Elias. We'll deal with Clara. You're not doing this alone." I leaned forward, palms on my knees, trying to steady my breathing. Sweat dripped down my temple. "She lost the baby," I said quietly. "And she almost died. I should've protected her better." "You did everything you could," Cole said. "The enemy aimed for what would break you. But you're still standing." "Am 12"

"Yeah," he said. "Barely. But yeah." I closed my eyes for a moment. The air was cold against my skin, grounding me. "Alright," I said. "Next round," Cole grinned. "There he is." I took my stance again. And for the first time since Amy collapsed, my head didn't feel like chaos. The fog was still there—but thinner now. Clear enough for me to see what needed to be done next. My phone started vibrating in my pocket while I was wrapping my hands for another round. I ignored it once. It rang again. And again. Cole frowned. "You're not going to check that?" "If it's important, they'll—" It rang a fourth time. I let out a breath, grabbed it, and checked the screen. My assistant. I answered. "What is it?" "Sir—" Her voice shook a little. "The board requested an urgent meeting." "Today? It's late. That wasn't on the schedule." "It wasn't planned. They called it abruptly." "Then tell them to wait until tomorrow."

I already informed them, Alpha Daniel. They refused. They said it has to be tonight. They're already gathering." I closed my eyes. "You've got to be kidding me." "I am sorry, sir." "Fine." I hung up and looked at Cole. "Fuck." He raised a brow. "That bad? # "I have to go back. There's a meeting. If I don't show up, they'll think everything is falling apart." Cole grabbed the car keys. "Alright. Let's move." We drove fast. I could feel the leftover frustration crawling under my skin, but at least my head felt slightly clearer now. Clear enough to get through whatever nonsense waited for me upstairs. When we arrived at the office building, my assistant was already waiting by the elevator. "Sir, they're all inside," she said quickly. "They seem... tense." "Aren't they always?" She didn't respond, just pushed the elevator button. Inside the conference room, every board member was seated. No one was smiling. No one even pretended. I took the head seat. "Let's get this over with," I said. One of the older members cleared his throat. "Alpha Daniel, we called this meeting because the company is in a delicate position." Another leaned forward. "We've heard things. Investors are whispering. The market reacts to leadership instability, whether we like it or not." I stared at them. "Instability. That's what you think this is." "It's not about your competence," a woman on the left added quickly. "You've proven that. You uncovered Elias' crimes before he could cause irreversible damage. We acknowledge that." "Then what exactly is the problem?" I asked. "The market doesn't care about the truth," she replied. "They care about perception. And right now, perception is shaky." Another man nodded. "There are rumors. Someone tried to harm your wife. Elias escaped. People are talking. We don't want the company to suffer from these... connections." I leaned back, jaw tight. "You all want reassurance. Fine. Here it is. The pack is stable. The company is stable. Elias won't stay hidden for long. Everything that's happening is under my control, and you're going to see results very soon." One of them lifted his chin skeptically. "And your wife? Is she well? Rumor has it she's in the hospital." I gave him a cold look. "My wife is alive. And she will recover. That's all you need to know." The room went silent. I continued. "You're worried about the company's image? Then trust the fact that I'm the one handling this. You've seen what I can do under pressure. Stop reacting to noise. The company will not fall because of whispers." Another member let out a slow breath. "We just need to be certain..." "You are certain," I cut in. "Or you wouldn't still be sitting in these chairs." They exchanged looks. Eventually, one of them nodded. Then another. The tension loosened. "So." I said, standing. "Is there anything else?" No one spoke. "Good. Meeting dismissed. I walked out before any of them tried to ask more questions. My assistant trailed behind me until we reached my office. "Sir, should I prepare the next day's agenda?" "Yes," I said tiredly. "And... Thank you for handling them She bowed her head slightly. "It's my duty, sir."

## Chapter 258 Compromised

### DANIEL

I didn't stay any longer than I needed to. My body was begging for a break. My mind felt wrung out. Even my wolf was quiet in a way that told me I'd pushed too far today. When Cole drove me back to the estate, I didn't say much. He didn't force conversation. Inside my room, the silence hit harder than anything else. No beeping hospital machines. No doctors. No screaming. Just... quiet. I took a long shower. Steam filled the bathroom. The water was hot enough to ease some of the tension in my shoulders. My thoughts drifted back to Amy—her pale skin, her slow breaths, the tubes, the machines keeping her alive. I wanted to be there tonight. But my mother was right—I couldn't run myself into the ground. If I wanted to help Amy tomorrow, I needed my strength. I stepped out, dried off, and lay down. For the first time in days, my body actually relaxed. \*\*\* I woke up before sunrise, like I always did. The

room was still dark, the first faint streaks of light cutting across the blinds. My body ached in ways I didn't want to acknowledge yet. I sat up on the edge of the bed, scanning the calendar on my phone. Nothing urgent popped up. No board meetings, no council calls, nothing demanding my presence at the office. My chest tightened at the thought of seeing Amy again. I didn't allow myself to be reckless. If she had regained consciousness, my mother would have called already. Patience, I reminded myself. I had to stay sharp. After a quick bath and dressing in something simple but comfortable, I called Cole. "Drive me to the hospital," I said to him. "Already ahead of you, sir," Cole replied. His tone carried the usual mix of professionalism and concern. "I'll need new security personnel for Amy. I don't trust the staff there after what happened. Someone trust—someone who will actually keep her safe." Cole didn't hesitate. "Consider it done. I'll have a couple of guys ready." The drive was quiet. I stared out the window, watching the city stir awake. The hospital loomed ahead. I parked, and Cole stayed outside, keeping his promise to watch over the entrance. I moved quickly through the halls, not wanting to waste a second. My steps were calculated, my gaze sharp, until I reached the room. Amy was still unconscious. The steady rise and fall of her chest was enough to calm some of the tension coiling inside me. I walked closer, careful not to make noise, and rested my hand lightly on hers. She looked peaceful, but I knew the quiet was fragile. My mother was there, sitting in the chair beside Amy's bed. Relief washed over me when I saw her. She smiled, though it didn't quite reach her eyes. "You're awake," I said, sitting down across from her.

"I'm fine," she said, in that stubborn tone I knew too well. But I could see the lines around her eyes, the strain in her shoulders. She had been holding herself together for me, for Amy, and probably for the pack. But she wasn't fine. "You need to rest," I said, voice firmer than I expected. "I told you, I'm fine," she said again. But her hand trembled slightly as she reached for the water glass. I ignored the protest. "No. You're not fine. You've been running on adrenaline and worry for weeks. You're going to burn out before you even realize it." She gave me that look I knew too well, the one that said she wasn't going to yield easily. I stood, hands on my hips. "I don't care if you think you can handle it. I'm telling the doctor to put you on strict bed rest. No exceptions." She opened her mouth, probably to argue, but I cut her off. "No. If you will not hear it from me. You will hear it from the doctor. And you'll follow it." She sighed, but I could see the tension in her shoulders relax slightly. She knew when I wasn't bluffing. I walked down the hall toward the doctor's office. "Doctor," I called out as I entered. "She needs bed rest. Full stop. No compromise." He looked at me, brows furrowed. "Sir, you know she won't agree to—" "I don't care if she agrees," I said sharply. "She needs it. You'll tell her exactly what I said. If she questions you, you'll back me up. Do you understand?" He hesitated for a second, then nodded. "Understood." I left the office and headed back to Amy's room. Cole was still outside, eyes scanning the hall. I nodded at him, silent thanks for staying vigilant. Inside, Amy shifted slightly in her sleep. Her hand twitched. I could feel the tension in her body even through the bed sheets. I sat by her side, taking her hand in mine. Her warmth calmed me in a way nothing else could. I watched her chest rise and fall, slow, steady. I whispered her name, soft enough not to wake her fully. "Amy.. I'm here. You're safe. Everything's going to be fine." She stirred slightly, fingers tightening around mine. I didn't let go. Not for a second. The morning passed slowly. I didn't leave her side, except when necessary to speak with the staff or check messages about the pack. Every update was filtered through Cole and my assistants, none of it direct. I didn't want distractions, not today. Later, I allowed myself to stand and stretch. I glanced at the clock. It was early afternoon. My mother was asleep, finally, after the doctor had convinced her to rest. That was a relief. Cole entered quietly. "Sir... the pack updates. Nothing immediate. Security has been arranged, as requested." I nodded, though I didn't speak. The thought of her in any danger made my stomach

twist. I finally leaned back, exhausted but calm. For the first time in weeks, I felt like I could breathe without the constant gnawing of panic at the edges.

## Chapter 259 Ultimate Deal

### ELIAS

I woke up on a cold floor with my head pounding hard enough that it took me a few seconds to remember who I was, where I had been, or what I was supposed to be doing. When I tried to open my eyes, nothing changed. I thought at first that maybe I had gone blind, but my wolf instincts kicked in and I opened my wolf eyes fully, expecting the usual shift in brightness. Still nothing. It was the same, thick darkness pressing against me from every side. It didn't feel normal. Even in caves or unlit rooms, there was always something—shadows, shapes, faint outlines. Here, there was absolutely nothing. I pushed myself up slowly. The cold floor scraped against my palms. My head ached so badly I had to press my fingers against my temples and wait for the dizziness to pass. When I finally steadied myself, confusion turned to panic because the last thing I remembered was the Council hall—the shouting, the elders demanding answers, the blast that ripped through the room. Everything after that went blank. “Hello?” My voice sounded too loud, bouncing back at me. I reached out in front of me and touched a wall. It was metal, flat and cold. I moved my hands along it until I found a corner, then another wall. That told me the room wasn't huge. The panic rose faster. “Is anyone there?” I shouted. No answer. I banged on the door—at least I assumed it was the door—over and over until my palms stung. “Open this door! Where the hell am I?” My voice cracked on the last word, but I didn't care. I slammed my fists harder. “Open it! Someone answer me!” Silence swallowed my voice until I felt like I was losing my mind. I didn't know how much time passed—minutes or hours. My sense of time was gone in the darkness. I just kept shouting, pacing, hitting the metal whenever the panic came back strong. Then I heard a soft mechanical click. I turned toward the sound immediately. A tiny slit slid open in the metal door, barely wide enough for a pair of glowing wolf eyes to appear. I froze. The eyes were sharp, watching me like I was an animal in a cage. “Stop shouting,” the person said, his voice calm but firm. “The Alpha doesn't like noise.” That hit me hard. “The Alpha?” I stepped toward the slit. “Which Alpha? Daniel? Did he put me here?” The eyes narrowed a little, but he didn't answer. I moved closer, ready to pull more words out of him if I had to. “Where am I? What do you want? Who—” The slit shut in my face before I could finish. I stood there staring at the metal, breathing hard. My mind ran in circles. If Daniel had caught me, why would he hide me instead of dragging me straight to the Council? Why would he keep me in total darkness? Why wouldn't he show himself? And if it wasn't Daniel, then who the hell was holding me? I tried calling out again, but no one answered this time. My throat started to feel raw from shouting. My energy dropped.

At some point, the hunger hit me so hard that I had to sit back on the floor, leaning against the wall just to keep myself calm. More time passed. Too much of it. When I heard movement outside the door again, I got to my feet fast. A tray slid under the door with a metallic scrape. Before I could say anything, a small click sounded, and a dim light flickered on from somewhere above me. I squinted as my eyes adjusted. The room was small. Bare metal walls. A single cot attached to the wall. No window. No openings except the tiny slit and the panel where the tray had been pushed through. This wasn't a prison cell. It was worse. It felt like a place designed to make someone disappear. The door opened halfway. The same guard stood there, tall and broad. His red wolf eyes didn't show any emotion. “Eat,” he said. “And behave. If you behave, you won't have a problem with the Alpha.” I stepped toward him fast. “Who is the Alpha?” He ignored the question completely and stepped back. The door shut again,

the lock clicking loudly. I hit the door once with my palm—not out of anger, but out of frustration. He wasn't going to talk. They weren't going to give me answers. Whoever ran this place wanted me trapped, quiet, and confused. I sat down on the cot, staring at the tray of food on the floor. My hands trembled even though I tried to steady them. I didn't like feeling helpless. I didn't like not knowing where I was. I didn't like that someone out there was calling themselves Alpha while holding me here like some kind of lab rat. But worst of all, I didn't know if Daniel had anything to do with this. And the possibility that this wasn't his doing... that I might be in the hands of someone I didn't recognize... that terrified me more than any Council punishment could. I didn't know what was waiting for me here. I didn't know what they wanted. But I knew one thing for sure. This wasn't a prison. Fished I tried to shift, but my body refused to listen. It felt ridiculous—me, a grown wolf shifter, standing like some confused rookie. Normally the change rolled through me in one clean sweep. This time it was like slamming into an invisible wall. My bones tingled, started to pull, then snapped right back into place. I stumbled forward, breath catching. Something was wrong. I tried again. Heat rushed up my spine, my vision blurred, and for a second I thought I had it. Then everything shut down. The wolf inside me growled, frustrated, caged. I dropped to my knees, palms digging into the dirt. I didn't know whether to curse or panic.

#### Chapter 260 Give Yourself Time

#### DANIEL

The chair beside Amy's bed had become my second hope. My neck hurt from the way I slept, and my back felt stiff, but I didn't care. I just stayed there every day, watching her chest rise and fall with the help of the ventilator, hoping for anything—any small change at all. A soft sound made my eyes snap open. At first, I thought I imagined it. Then I heard it again—a faint rasp of movement. I sat up straight immediately. Amy's fingers twitched. She shifted her head a little on the pillow, her eyes moving behind her eyelids. Then slowly... slowly... her eyes opened. My heart jumped so hard I had to stand, because it felt like my whole body forgot how to sit still. I moved to her side, leaning over her gently so I wouldn't startle her. "Amy?" My voice came out low. Her eyes darted around the room, unfocused at first. There was confusion all over her face. Her brows pulled together as if she didn't understand where she was or what was happening. She tried to speak. I saw the way her throat moved. The panic hit her almost instantly because the ventilator tube wouldn't let her form any words. She lifted her hand weakly toward her face. I caught it before she could reach the tube. "Don't panic I said quickly. "I'm right here. You're okay. I promise you're okay." Her breathing spiked despite the machine. She stared at me with wide eyes, trying so hard to talk. I held her hand tighter, trying to keep her grounded. "Just breathe," I whispered, brushing my thumb over her knuckles. "I'm calling the doctor now." I pressed the call button before finishing the sentence. A nurse walked in first, took one look at Amy awake, and rushed straight back out. Within a minute the doctor came in with her chart in hand. He looked surprised, then relieved. "She's awake. Good." He walked to the side of the bed, eyes scanning every monitor. Amy kept trying to form words around the ventilator, the panic rising again. I leaned closer. "The doctor's here. Just keep calm. You're safe." The doctor touched her arm gently. "Amy, follow my finger." She tracked it, although a little slow. He moved it again. She followed. Then he checked her pupils, her reflexes, her breathing pattern, and the numbers on the machine. Finally, he stepped back. "She's stable enough to come off oxygen support." I felt my entire chest loosen. I don't know if I breathed for the first time in days or if I had just been holding it all in since the night she collapsed. Two nurses came in. One started switching off the ventilator. The other began loosening the straps that held the tube in place. Amy's eyes widened, uneasy, but I kept my hand on hers. "You're okay," I said softly. "You're doing great." The doctor nodded

to the nurse. Amy stared at the doctor with a tired look, like she was trying to reach for something in her mind and it kept slipping. I squeezed her hand gently. She looked at me again, and there was recognition, at least. That alone made my chest loosen a bit. The doctor finished checking her eyes with a small light.

Your reactions are good," he said. "Your pulse is steady. Your breathing is strong. These are encouraging signs." Amy cleared her throat slowly. It sounded rough. "What... happened?" she asked. Her voice barely came out. It was thin and shaky, like it was being used for the first time. The doctor put the chart down. "You don't remember anything?" She shook her head. "Just small pieces. Like... I know I was pregnant." She looked down at her stomach, then back at us, confused. "But I don't remember how I got here. Or anything before that." The doctor didn't rush to speak. He took a moment, probably deciding how much to say. "You experienced a very stressful and traumatic event," he told her. "It's common for the mind to block out certain memories to protect itself. Your body was under extreme pressure. Your brain chose what to hold on to and what to push away temporarily." Amy frowned. "So... it's just gone?" "Not permanently." The doctor kept his voice calm. "Memories come back slowly. Sometimes in flashes, sometimes in order. Sometimes only after the body feels safe again." She looked at me like she was asking me silently to confirm what he was saying. "I'm right here," I told her quietly. "No matter how long it takes." Her eyes softened a little. The doctor pointed to the monitor. "Your vitals are stable. Your mind is just trying to recover. That's normal." Amy leaned back into the pillow. She looked exhausted even though she had barely spoken. I hated seeing her like that drained, fragile, unsure. Amy wasn't the type to be unsure of anything. "Can you tell me anything?" she asked. "Something small. Something to help." I opened my mouth, but the doctor stopped me with a hand. "Not yet," he said. "Let her brain adjust on its own. If you push details onto a blank space, it may overload her and slow her progress." Amy sighed. "This feels strange." "I know," he replied. "But you're doing well. Give yourself time." She nodded slowly, even though I could see she didn't like that answer at all. The doctor made a few final notes. "We'll run a few more tests later," he said. "For now, let her rest. Her mind needs to calm itself after being under so much strain." Amy turned her face toward me again. "Daniel?" "Yes." I moved closer to her. "I remember you," she said quietly. "But everything feels... incomplete." "That's okay." I kept my voice low. "You're safe now." The doctor looked at her one last time. "Do you feel any pain anywhere?" "A little," she said. "My head. And my chest is tight." she added.