

## Broken 451

### Chapter 451 White Lies

AMY

I was taken from my room without explanation that morning, though explanation had become optional in this place. Two guards walked slightly ahead of me, another behind. No restraints. That alone told me this meeting mattered. The elevator ride was quiet. The glass walls showed the city below, distant and orderly. I focused on my breathing, one hand resting lightly on my stomach. I had learned to do that without thinking now, as if touch alone could keep everything stable. The room they led me into was smaller than the last conference space I'd seen. Fewer chairs. A long table. Screens dark. There were six people present when I entered. I recognized three of them. The doctor stood near the far end, tablet in hand. Mara was seated to the right, posture straight, expression unreadable. Two men I didn't know wore tailored suits instead of tactical gear. Authority sat on them differently. "Sit, Amy," one of the men said, gesturing to the chair opposite them. I sat. No one asked if I was comfortable. The man closest to me folded his hands. "This will be brief." I didn't respond. I'd learned that silence unsettled them more than questions. "The pregnancy is progressing faster than standard timelines," the doctor began, his tone clinical. "Vitals are stable for now. Your wolf has adjusted better than expected." "For now," one of the other men repeated. I looked at the doctor. "You've said that before." He met my gaze, "Because it remains true." The first man turned his attention back to me. "Our priority is ensuring viability. Yours and the children's." Children. Plural, Still said casually, like inventory, "And after that?" I asked. "That will depend," Mara said quietly. I shifted my gaze to her. "On what?" She hesitated, just slightly. Enough that I noticed. "On cooperation," the second man said. "On stability. On timing." "Timing for what?" I asked. No one answered immediately. Instead, the first man nodded at the doctor. "Explain the current projections." The doctor cleared his throat. "At the current rate, we anticipate accelerated milestones across all indicators. That places strain on Amy's system. Extended isolation remains necessary. Movement will be limited. Medical supervision will increase." "You're talking about keeping me hidden," I said. "Yes," the second man replied without hesitation. "For now." "For now," I repeated. The first man leaned back slightly. "There is disagreement on that point." I looked between them. "Disagreement how?" "One option is concealment," he continued. "Stabilize you. Keep you out of reach. Let the situation outside resolve itself." "And the other?" I asked. The second man spoke this time. "Preparation." "For what?" I pressed. He smiled, but it didn't reach his eyes. "That information isn't necessary yet." Mara shifted in her seat. "Amy doesn't need to know operational details," she said. "But she does need reassurance." I laughed quietly before I could stop myself. "You're discussing my body like I'm not here. Reassurance isn't the issue." The first man's gaze hardened. "You are here because you are important. That hasn't changed." "That's not comforting," I said. "That's a warning." Silence settled over the table. The doctor glanced at his tablet. "Stress is not advisable." "Then maybe stop talking about me like a project," I said. Mara inhaled slowly. "Amy, no one here wants to harm you." "I believe that," I replied. "That doesn't mean you want to protect me either."

The second man tilted his head. "Protection and purpose aren't mutually exclusive."

"They are when I don't get a choice," I said. The first man leaned forward. "Your choices led you here." "That's convenient," I said. "It also isn't true." His lips thinned, but he didn't argue. "We will continue this discussion later," he said. "For now, the decision is concealment." The second man frowned.

“Temporarily.” “Temporarily,” the first agreed. I caught the look they exchanged. Short. Sharp. Unresolved. . “Meeting adjourned,” the first man said. I stood before anyone told me to. The guards moved immediately, opening the door. As I stepped into the hallway, I heard voices rise behind me. “This delays everything,” the second man said. “It keeps her alive,” the first snapped. “At the cost of momentum.” “Dead assets don’t serve causes,” Mara said firmly. I slowed my steps without turning around. “You’re assuming we’ll have time,” the second man replied. “Word is already moving.” My chest tightened. “Lower your voice,” someone hissed. “Why?” he shot back. “She won’t stay hidden forever. Someone will notice the patterns, Medical shipments. Restricted floors.” “She’s secure,” the first man said. “For now,” the second repeated. “But if Daniel-” The door closed before I heard the rest. The guards didn’t look at me as they escorted me away. My mind filled in what the conversation hadn’t . Daniel. They hadn’t said his name in front of me. That alone told me everything. Back in my room, I sat on the edge of the bed instead of lying down. My hands trembled slightly, and I let them. Pretending calm took energy I didn’t have. They weren’t united. That was clear now. One group wanted me hidden, stable, out of sight. Another wanted me ready for something they wouldn’t name. Both spoke like the outcome was already decided. And neither had asked me what I wanted. The doctor came by later than usual. He checked my vitals in silence. “You heard more than you should have,” he said eventually. “I heard enough,” I replied. He didn’t deny it. “You’re still safe.” “For now,” I said. He sighed. “Amy-” “Don’t,” I interrupted. “Don’t reassure me unless you mean it.” He met my eyes. “Your location is secure. But pressure is increasing.” “From Daniel?” I asked. He hesitated. That was answer enough. After he left, I walked to the window and looked out at the city again. Somewhere out there, my husband was searching. Somewhere closer than they wanted to admit, people were arguing about what to do with I rested my hand against my stomach, calming myself,

## Chapter 452 Amy’s Survival

### DANIEL

I had learned to move quietly long before Amy was taken. Power made noise if you let it. Grief made it louder. I couldn’t afford either. The lead began to come in pieces, not all at once. A delayed shipment flagged in the southern territory. Medical-grade equipment rerouted without clear authorization. A pattern of transfers that didn’t align with public hospital needs. On their own, each detail meant nothing. Together, they formed something that matched too closely with what Amy was going through. I didn’t bring it to the council. That decision sat heavy, but I trusted my instincts more than protocol. The council talked too much. Too many ears. Too many loyalties that shifted with convenience. I worked with a small circle instead. Three people. All of them swore to me long before politics complicated things. I stood in my private office when the confirmation came through. The lights were low, screens active. I hadn’t slept properly in days. “Say it again,” I told Kade through the secure line. “The medical transfer,” he said. “It originated from a restricted supplier. Southern territory clearance. No civilian record. No military log either.” My grip tightened on the desk. “And the timeline?” “Six weeks ago. Repeat shipments every four days. Consistent quantities.” Six weeks. That aligned too well. “Send everything,” I said. “Quietly.” “I already did,” he replied, “But Daniel... someone buried this well. I had to go around standard channels.” “I expected that.” I ended the call and turned to the second screen. A map of the southern territory glowed softly. I marked the transfer points manually, watching the pattern tighten. For the first time since Amy vanished, something inside me steadied, I wasn’t chasing shadows anymore. I pulled in Jora next. She arrived within minutes, eyes sharp, posture controlled, “You’re cutting the council out,” she said the moment the door closed. “Dangerous So is destination. I replied

"Look" I brought the date up. She studied it without interrupting. This isn't a coincidence, she said finally. "Medical-grade isolation units. Prenatal monitoring tech. High-head She met my gee. You think she's there." I think she passed through there. Or close." That's enough to start something" Jora said "Not ability." She nodded. "What's the plan" "Contina location Verify personnel No raids. No announcements." "And if the council finds out?" "They won't" I said "Not until I have proof" Joca Daniel, someone had to authorize these transfers." I know She didn't press further. Over the next two days, everything moved fast and slow at the same time. Information came in fragments. A warehouse registered under a shell entity. A private medical consultant with no public record. A transport route that didn't officially exist. Every step closer made my chest tighten. I was close. I could feel it. Then it started to unravel The first sign was minor. A file I'd accessed earlier no longer existed. I called Kade immediately. "The southern transfer log. Pull it again." There was a pause on the line. Too long. "Daniel," he said slowly, "it's gone." "Gone how?" "Deleted. Not archived. Not hidden. Removed." My jaw clenched. "That's not possible without high-level clearance." "I know." "Check your access logs." Another pause. "Someone mirrored my credentials." That sent a chill through me. "Who?" I asked. "I don't know. It was clean." I ended the call and immediately tried to reach my southern contact. The man I'd paid to confirm personnel rotations. No answer. I tried again.

Nothing. I sent a message through the secure channel. It bounced back. "Jora," I said into the comm, "get to my office. Now." She arrived moments later. I didn't waste time. "They're ahead of us," I said. "Someone wiped the records." Her expression hardened. "From where?" "Inside." She leaned against the table. "The council?" "Maybe. Or someone feeding them." "You said only three people knew," "Yes." She didn't look away. "Then it's one of us." The words sat heavy between us. "I don't believe that," I said. "Belief doesn't matter," she replied. "Evidence does." I ran a hand through my hair. "The contact is gone. Either dead or pulled." "Or warned," Jora added. I looked at her sharply. "Warned by who?" She didn't answer immediately. "Someone who knew exactly what you were looking for. Before you moved." That was the moment the unease fully settled. This wasn't just about the South. Someone was watching my steps. I dismissed Jora and locked the office. Alone, I replayed every decision. Every message. Every name I'd trusted. Amy wasn't just hidden. She was being guarded by more than walls. I reopened the map. The markers flickered, then disappeared as the system refreshed. Even my saved annotations were gone. I slammed my fist lightly against the desk, forcing myself to breathe. "This isn't over," I muttered. The next call came from a junior analyst I barely knew. That alone made my spine straighten. "Alpha," he said nervously. "I wasn't supposed to call you directly." "Then why are you?" I asked. "There was a data rollback in the southern registry," he said. "I caught it mid-process." "And?" "And it originated from a node we don't have clearance over." "Which means?" I pressed. "It means someone external accessed internal systems using executive-level authorization." My voice dropped. "Whose authorization?" "I can't see the name," he said. "But it wasn't southern." I closed my eyes briefly. "Thank you," I said. "Delete this call from your log." "Yes, Alpha." When the line went dead, I leaned back and stared at the ceiling. Amy was alive. I knew that now. Too many resources were being spent to keep her that way. But someone close to me was making sure I didn't reach her. That realization hurt more than the dead end. I opened my secure channel again and began restricting access manually. Cutting off pathways. Changing protocols. Testing reactions. If there was a leak, it would surface. And when it did, I wouldn't hesitate. I didn't doubt Amy's survival anymore. I doubted the people standing beside me.