

Bound To The Broken Alpha

6-8 minutes

When Dawn Breaks Slowly Hope Finds Space To Grow by Jin Rowan 71

Chapter 71 CEO Exposed For Fraud AMY There was, of course, no response. But talking to him helped. 22 Finished “I don’t know what to do,” I admitted. “Mrs. Carter says it’s an opportunity. But I don’t trust her completely. She’s hiding something, I can feel it. Still... if I say yes, I might learn more about what’s happening. About my power, about you.” I sighed and looked at him. “I wish you were conscious to tell me what the right thing is. You’ve gone quiet on me for a long time.” The next morning started quietly at the Carters’ estate. I had breakfast with Mrs. Carter, Cole standing at his usual post nearby. The house staff moved about calmly, doing their jobs diligently. By midmorning, I began hearing murmurs. One of the housekeepers came to the dining room carrying her phone, whispering something to another maid. Then the whispers spread. Cole looked up from across the room and met my eyes. “There’s something on the news,” he said. I frowned. “What kind of news?” He handed me his phone. “You should see this.” The headline on the screen made my stomach tighten: “CEO Mark Stone Exposed for Fraud and Cover-Up.” I scrolled down. The reports said investors had withdrawn overnight. Stock value had plummeted. And Clara who had built her whole image around being the fragile, tragic wife had publicly confessed that she was never sick at all. She claimed she faked it for attention, out of fear of losing Mark, and that he’d helped her hide the truth. She provided messages, photos, even statements from doctors. Cole exhaled slowly. “She’s throwing him under the bus to save herself.” I set the phone down and leaned back. My chest felt heavy, but not from anger. It was a dull ache that I couldn’t quite name. “He brought this on himself,” I said quietly. “Still... I didn’t think she’d go that far.” “She was always capable of worse,” Cole replied. “He just refused to see it.” 1/4 Mrs. Carter walked in then, dressed sharply as always, her phone in hand. “So it’s true,” she said. “He’s finished.” “You’ve seen it?” I asked. “Everyone has.” She studied me for a moment, maybe expecting to see satisfaction on my face. “You don’t look pleased.” “I’m not,” I said honestly. “It doesn’t make me happy to see someone ruin themselves. It just feels... sad.” Mrs. Carter nodded slightly. “Good. That’s the right way to feel. The world doesn’t need more people celebrating someone else’s fall.” She moved toward her desk and sat down. “Still, it’s remarkable how quickly reputations collapse. One confession, one wrong move and the entire structure caves in.” “Clara exposed everything,” I said. “She told the

media he helped her lie.” “She had to,” Mrs. Carter replied. “People like her always save themselves first. I suppose she realized no one was buying the act anymore.” Cole’s phone vibrated again. He glanced at it and said, “More updates. Investors are filing to pull out completely. The board has suspended Mark pending investigation.” Mrs. Carter looked almost thoughtful. “It’s strange how fate works. He spent so much time trying to make you look bad, and now he’s the one being dragged through the dirt.”

I didn’t respond. There wasn’t anything to say. When she saw I wasn’t gloating, she added more softly, “You’ve grown, Amy. A few months ago, this would’ve shaken you. Now, you’re so calm. I like that.” I just nodded. “I’ve learned to focus on what matters.” After she left, I went upstairs to Daniel’s room. The moment I walked in, I felt calmer. I sat beside him and took his hand, the same way I always did. “They’re saying Mark’s company is falling apart,” I said quietly. “Clara exposed everything. He’s finally seeing what she really is.” Of course, there was no response, but talking helped. “I thought I’d feel something more, maybe justice, maybe peace. But all I feel is pity. I guess that’s the difference between who I used to be and who I am now.” The door opened softly behind me, and one of Daniel’s doctors stepped in. He looked hesitant, holding a clipboard. “Mrs. Carter,” he said. “I was coming to find you.” I stood. “Is everything alright?” He nodded, smiling slightly. “Yes, actually. We’ve been monitoring Daniel’s condition closely, and there’s been a small but clear change.” My heart skipped. “Change?” “We’re detecting minimal response to external stimuli. His brain activity is slightly elevated compared to the past weeks. It’s too soon to say he’s regaining full consciousness, but the signs are positive.” I stared at him, barely able to process it. “So.... he might be waking up?” “It’s possible,” the doctor said carefully. “We’ll know more in a few days. Please don’t get your hopes too high yet, but this is the first real improvement in a long time.” I nodded slowly. “Thank you for telling me.” When he left, I went to see Daniel. “If you can hear me,” I whispered, “they said you’re getting stronger. Maybe it’s almost time.” I stayed by his side for a while, just thinking. The sound of the monitor was steady, almost comforting. Later, as the sun set, I found myself sitting in the garden. Cole stood at a distance, giving me space. The world felt oddly balanced that evening with Mark’s empire crumbling, Clara’s lies collapsing, and Daniel showing signs of life. It didn’t feel like revenge. It felt like things were finally finding their place. Mrs. Carter joined me briefly, holding a cup of tea. “You’ve heard about Daniel?” she asked. I nodded. “The doctor told me. He said they’ll know more in a few days.” She smiled faintly. “Good. It’s about time we got some good news.” We sat in silence for a moment. “Do you ever think,” she said after a while, “that everything falls apart before it falls into place?” — I looked ahead. “Maybe. But sometimes it’s hard to tell which one you’re in the falling apart or the falling into place.” Mrs. Carter smiled. “Wise words. You’ve changed, Amy. You’ve learned not to let emotions lead you. That’s strength.”

Bound To The Broken Alpha

6-7 minutes

When Dawn Breaks Slowly Hope Finds Space To Grow by Jin Rowan 72

Chapter 72 A Little Awkward AMY A few weeks passed quietly after the doctor's last report. Every day felt the same. For me, it was the usual rhythm of going to Daniel's room, sitting beside him, talking to him about things that probably didn't matter, and waiting like I was expecting a response. Mrs. Carter stopped pretending she wasn't anxious. She visited him more often, staying longer than usual. Even Cole seemed more alert whenever he passed by the room. On the bright side, it felt good how things were normal for once. It's been like forever I had a peaceful normal day. It was a new week and I woke up to do the usual. I walked into Daniel's room just after sunrise. The curtains were half-open, and the golden light spilled across the floor. The nurse was there, checking his vitals. I greeted her and set my bag down, she looked up and smiled slightly. "He's showing stronger signs this morning," she said. "His readings have improved again." she said to me with a smile and so much warmth in her voice. I nodded. "That's good." was all I could say in response. I moved closer to the bed, ready to start the usual routine of soft talking and waiting when I noticed something different. His fingers moved but it was just slightly and then his eyelids fluttered. I froze. The nurse gasped. "Mr. Carter?" she called out quickly, leaning in. "Can you hear me?" His eyes opened slowly. He blinked a few times, adjusting to the light. For a long moment, he just looked around the room like he was trying to figure out where he was. The nurse pressed the call button. "He's awake," she said into the speaker. My heart pounded, but I remained frozen on the spot. I didn't know what to do or say. After months of silence, I didn't even know how to speak to him anymore. He turned his head toward me, and our eyes met. For a second, everything inside me stopped. Then I saw the confusion in his expression. He didn't recognize me. "Daniel," I called out softly. "You're awake." He frowned, his voice was rough from disuse. "Who... who are you?" he stuttered. "I'm Amy," I said, trying to sound calm. "Your wife." He stared at me for a few seconds longer, as if trying to pull the name from somewhere deep inside him, but nothing came. "Wife?" he repeated, sounding unsure.. The nurse gave me an apologetic glance before stepping aside to let the doctors rush in. They surrounded the bed, checking his pulse, asking him questions. "Do you know where you are?" one of them asked. Daniel looked around. "Home?" "That's right," the doctor said. "Do you remember how you got here?" He shook his head slowly. "No." Mrs. Carter came in a few minutes later, her composure cracking for the

first time in months. “Daniel,” she called out softly, her voice trembling, “you’re awake.” she added with excitement in her voice. He looked at her with faint recognition. “Mother?” She nodded quickly, moving closer and holding his hand. “Yes, my son. It’s me.” The doctor glanced at her. “He seems to remember close relations, but not recent events or extended memories. It could be temporary.” “Temporary?” I repeated quietly. “Yes,” the doctor said, turning to me. “Sometimes after long comas, the brain resets to familiar memories and blocks out newer ones. It’s a defense mechanism.”

“So he doesn’t remember me,” I said. “Not yet,” the doctor said gently. “But with time and rehabilitation, there’s a chance those memories could return. Plus, you have to remember that you both got married while he was in a coma so hearing your voice when he was unconscious does not guarantee recognition.” Mrs. Carter exhaled shakily. “Whatever it takes, we’ll do it.” When the doctors finished their check-up, they left instructions for rest and observation. Mrs. Carter followed them out to speak with the head physician. That left me and Daniel alone in the room for the first time. He turned toward me, “You said you’re my wife?” “Yes,” I replied. *WwW.NoVeIWoR(m).cOm* He observed me carefully. “How long have we been married?” *2/3 Chapter 12 A Lite Awkward* “A year and a few months before your accident,” I said. He nodded slowly, trying to process it. “I’m sorry,” he said after a pause. “I don’t... I don’t remember.” Finished I forced a small smile. “It’s alright. You’ve been through a lot and it happened while you were in a coma. Your mother will explain better when you’re in a better condition.” *wwW.NoVeIWoR(m).cOm* There was an awkward silence between us. I tried to ask gentle questions like if he felt pain, if he remembered the company, if he wanted something to eat but his answers were short and uncertain. It felt like talking to someone who was walking on ice, unsure of every step. Mrs. Carter came out moments later, her face flushed from emotion. “He’s stable,” she said. “Thank the Moon. The doctors say this memory issue could pass within weeks.” “That’s good,” I replied softly. She smiled faintly at me. “You should rest, Amy. You’ve done enough waiting for today.” I nodded and excused myself so that she could have some time with her son. I later went back into Daniel’s room when everyone left. I met him staring out the window. I stood beside him, unsure what to say anymore. “I hope you don’t feel pressured,” I said finally. “You don’t have to remember everything now.” He looked at me, his expression neutral. “Thank you.” I nodded. “I’ll be here when you’re ready.” He didn’t answer, just turned his gaze back to the window. I stayed a while longer before leaving. Every step away from that room felt heavier than I expected. Daniel was alive, awake, and breathing. The doctors called it temporary amnesia. I called it cruel irony because the universe decided to wipe away the only bond I wasn’t even sure I wanted anymore. It would be a little award for the next few days but I doubt it’ll be anything I can’t handle.

Bound To The Broken Alpha

6-7 minutes

When Dawn Breaks Slowly Hope Finds Space To Grow by Jin Rowan 73

Chapter 73 I Am Back DANIEL Since I regained consciousness, the day just seemed to blur in together. My mother, the doctors, my supposed wife, Amy all looked strange to me. It felt as if they took turns in coming and going. Her name sounded familiar, but I couldn't place it. It felt like hearing a song I used to know but forgetting the words halfway through. She said she was my wife, and I believed her. Something in her voice made it hard not to. Still, every time she looked at me, I saw hesitation. The doctors called it *temporary amnesia*. They said my mind had been asleep too long and needed time to sort through what it remembered and what it didn't. They encouraged me to ask questions, to look through photos, to listen to familiar things. But looking at Amy was enough to make me feel strange. I couldn't decide if it was guilt or confusion, or maybe both. Having no knowledge of getting married made it hard to deal with. Every day, she came into my room after breakfast. She helped me sit up, sometimes fed me soup when my hands felt weak, and talked about the family business, the house, the pack. I could tell she was trying to make things feel normal. Yet no matter what she said, there was always a pause before she spoke, like she was editing her words before they reached me. "Are you always this quiet?" I asked her one morning while the nurse was adjusting my IV. She smiled faintly. "Only when I don't know what to say." "I don't remember enough to get offended." She laughed softly. "That's not why I'm careful." "Then why?" She didn't say anything, she just smiled again. Over the next few days, my mother visited constantly. She spoke to me about company updates and council matters, but she always ended her visits with the same words. "Amy has been your rock through all this. You should be grateful." www.novelworld.com I wanted to but it was hard to feel grateful for something I couldn't remember. Therapy started with simple stretches, speech practice, and short memory exercises. Amy was there for all of it. She'd sit nearby, giving encouraging smiles of encouragement without interfering. Sometimes, when the therapist stepped out, I caught her looking at me with an expression I couldn't read. "You don't have to stay the whole time," I told her once. "You look bored." "I'm not," she said. "I just don't want you to fall." "I won't." "You said that yesterday, then you almost did." I smiled a little at that. She had a calm way of teasing me without sounding harsh. In the evenings, after everyone left, I'd ask the nurses for a few photos. They brought me old family albums, and I'd flip through them slowly. Most faces were familiar, but not Amy. "What kind of wife are you?" I

asked, trying to sound casual. She handed me a towel and sat on the chair beside me. “The kind that tries her best,” she answered quietly. That answer shouldn’t have stung, but it did. There was no anger in her voice, just honesty. Like she wasn’t defending herself, only stating a fact. “Tried what?” I asked after a pause. “To obey your mother,” she said. “To make sure your name still meant something. To protect what you built... even when I wasn’t really a part of it.” “I didn’t know you before the accident,” she continued. “You didn’t know me either. But I stayed. I kept the promise that was made, even if you never made it yourself.”

I didn’t know how to respond. How do you thank someone for holding a life together while you were barely living? After she left, I sat in silence for a long time. I didn’t remember her, but something about her steadiness made the room feel different. Safer. The days that followed were slow and filled with physical therapy in the mornings, checkups, the same bland meals, the same nurse hovering nearby. My mother visited occasionally, bringing updates about the company and the pack. She talked more than I could handle most days, but I listened anyway. Amy came by less often after that first week. When she did, she helped me with the small things like paperwork, and the doctor instructions. One evening, I caught her staring at the ring on her finger. She turned it absently, lost in thought. “Do you want to take it off?” I asked. She looked up. “What?” “The ring. You keep touching it. If it feels wrong-” “It doesn’t,” she said quickly. “It’s just... strange sometimes.” “I can take it if that makes it easier.” She shook her head. “No. It’s fine. It still belongs to you.” After that, she left earlier than usual. The next morning, she didn’t come at all. The nurse said she’d gone to see Mrs. Carter about something important. The room felt quieter without her. It’s strange, missing someone you never really met. Later that day, my mother came in with a soft expression. “You’re recovering faster than expected,” she said. “Amy’s done well keeping things steady.” I nodded slowly. “She seems... strong.” “She is,” Mrs. Carter said. “Stronger than most realize.” Later that evening, Amy came by again. The room was quiet except for the sound of the monitor beside my bed. She set a cup of tea on the table and sat across from me. I decided to break the silence. “So, tell me something about yourself,” I said. “Something that’s not in my medical file.” She gave a small smile. “There’s not much to tell.” “There’s always something.” She hesitated, then said, “I had personal dreams and goals before all this. I wanted to work for a small firm, not a pack-run empire.” I nodded. “And now you’re here.” “Now I’m here,” she repeated, looking at the cup in her hands. I studied her for a moment. “Do you like tea because I did? Or because you actually do?” That made her laugh lightly. “I never knew you liked tea.” “I don’t. That’s why I’m asking.”

Bound To The Broken Alpha

When Dawn Breaks Slowly Hope Finds Space To Grow by Jin Rowan 74

Chapter 74 Facts CLARA 41%8 Finished I woke up feeling like a complete failure. The media had torn me apart, investors had backed away from Mark, and the people who once applauded my name had turned their backs. I had lost everything that had made my life comfortable. I had been exposed and humiliated in public. Nobody handed me pity that I could use. The pity people offered now was the kind that made them feel better without changing anything for me. I sat at my kitchen table and thought about what that meant. Sitting and feeling sorry for myself wouldn't fix anything. If the world wouldn't take me back, then I had to force it to. I had to make people see me not as a fragile figure to be pitied, but as someone they needed to listen to. No more apologies. No more actors playing sympathy. I knew how to work halls of power. I had done it for years. I would do it again, but this time with a different purpose. First I made a list. The council members who still disagreed with Amy's place. The businessmen who hadn't forgiven Mark for the losses. A handful of older pack families who didn't like the idea of a Luna who showed her power in public. They were my starting points. They felt threatened by change. They believed in tradition, and in their eyes I had been the wronged wife. If I fed them the right story, they would help me. www.NoVeWorm.COM I called Theron first. He answered on the second ring, his voice careful. He still held influence in the council, and he had a reputation for being cautious with rumors. I needed him to listen. I needed him to validate the doubt that had been planted by others. "Elder Theron," I began, keeping my voice soft. "May I come by? There are documents you should see. For your eyes only." I arrived with a small leather folder I hadn't carried in months. Inside were copies of medical notes, notes I had purchased and had a student from the university alter to look like legitimate hospital records. I had photos, too. Photos of Amy on nights when she had been out; I cropped them, changed timestamps subtly, added a few images that suggested meetings with people linked to rival packs. They were not complete lies, they were rearranged facts with pieces missing. Half-truths were easier to pass off because they already contained a seed of reality. Theron took the folder slowly, scanning each paper without comment. His eyes flicked over the pages, and I watched the set of his jaw. He asked about the provenance, and I played the role of a concerned citizen, a woman who had seen patterns no one else had noticed. "These were given to me anonymously," I said. "They were sent with a request that I do something I could not do alone. If they are true, you should know. If they are false, someone is trying to manipulate the council with the aim of hurting the pack." www.NoVeWorm.COM He tapped a page with a finger. "If there's any truth here it would be

dangerous. If Amy has been involved with... questionable people, then the council must consider what that means.” His tone was cautious, but he agreed to pass the documents along. That was my opening. After Theron, I met with one of the businessmen who had lost stakes when Mark’s company imploded. He was still bitter and he needed a target. I told him the story in another way: not about my pain, but about the future of their investments. I showed him how a Luna whose power could unsettle the council might threaten everything he held dear. He listened and promised to whisper to the investors. He said he would make calls. Each meeting was precise. I did not shout. I did not plead. I presented questions and let them make their own conclusions. I watched men and women who had been suspicious of Amy see red flags where none had www.MoveTheWorld.com

18:44 Thu, Dec 25 @ Chapter 74 Facts existed. 41%2 Finished I also spent time shaping the narrative outside the council. I fed a reporter a small, plausible detail about Amy’s behavior at a private event. It was nothing big, but enough to make them dig. Journalists want a story with a hook. I gave it to them. I watched as their curiosity became headlines. They wrote about divisions in the council and about concerns that a recent appointee might not be the stabilizing figure everyone hoped for. My allies multiplied. They were not the kind of people who shouted in public. They were quieter and just the kind who could plant a thought in the right ear and have it grow. One of them was an advisor to the shareholders; another coordinated logistics for council meetings. Their help made my story feel less like an attack and more like a precautionary measure. At one council meeting, I presented more “evidence” directly. I stood before them and spoke in a calm tone. I asked questions about suitability, about appearances, about the responsibilities a Luna must hold. I did not accuse. I framed everything as care for the pack’s future. Many of them nodded. A few had the decency to look uncomfortable. That discomfort was exactly what I needed. “You’ve been through a lot, Clara,” Elder Rowan said afterward in a hallway where we spoke privately. “You should be careful. Raising questions in this way can turn on you just as quickly.” “I understand,” I replied. “But I would rather risk being disliked than watch our pack drift into something it cannot control.” His eyes searched mine. “Be careful.” “You know I will be,” I said, and I meant it. I would not be careless. That was the difference between the woman I had been and the one I would become. I had forged things, yes. I rearranged facts. But I did it because the world had already rearranged the truth about me. People had treated me as a marionette through no fault of mine. I would not remain their puppet. If the council moved against Amy, I would not stop until the consequences matched what I thought I deserved or at least until no one would dare laugh at me again.

Bound To The Broken Alpha

When Dawn Breaks Slowly Hope Finds Space To Grow by Jin Rowan 75

Chapter 75 New Reliance AMY 41% Finished wWV.©VILwORM.c©MMed school became the one place I could think straight. So I went there more frequently. The classes were hard, the hours were longer than I expected, but everything there had rules and goals. In the hospital wing, people called me by my name, not by the name I'd take when I married into the Carters. For a few hours each day, I was just a student learning how to fix things. Words moved faster than I expected. It started with one of the junior guards who came in after a training exercise. He'd taken a bad claw to the forearm. It was deep, jagged, and bleeding more than it should. I was on duty that night and scrubbed in without thinking. The wound needed careful cleaning and precise suturing; the guard was pale and stiff, but I finished the dressing neatly. By morning, someone in the records had mentioned my name. By the next week, the guards were bringing in injuries specifically requesting me. It wasn't arrogance, it was practical. I had learned how wolf flesh healed differently, where infections started, which herbs slowed regeneration. I applied everything I'd learned with patients who trusted me because they'd seen results. That attention changed how certain people looked at me. Some of the professors who had been polite but distant began to nod when I walked by. People in the lecture hall stopped whispering and started asking questions. The guards, who had once hardly acknowledged my presence, now paused to salute me when they passed. It was a small shift, but it mattered. One evening, after a long shift, a senior guard was brought in. His shoulder had been ripped in a fight and had deep gashes and torn muscles. He was dangerous to the pack, but he was also one of our own, and the med team treated him like any patient. I scrubbed in. The room smelled of antiseptic and iron. The guard muttered curses between clenched teeth, but he didn't complain when I examined the wound and began debriding the tissue. (w)VV.V.NoveI(w)ORM.c©MIIt was a difficult repair. The tendon had been nicked and needed careful alignment. I worked with steady hands while the surgeon coached me. When we finished and bandaged him, the surgeon nodded. "Good work," he said. "You didn't hesitate." That evening, a few of the guards lingered outside the med bay. One said something like, "She's good with claws. That last stitch saved his arm." I didn't join their conversation. I rinsed instruments, logged the case notes, and went back to the student room to study. Still, I felt the change but in the way people now trusted me with their bodies. A quiet night at the archive should have been a calm end to the day. I went there looking for references on wolf anatomy because I wanted to cross-check a healing technique I'd read about in an old field manual. The archive was a small room under the faculty building, lit by a

Bound To The Broken Alpha

6-8 minutes

When Dawn Breaks Slowly Hope Finds Space To Grow by Jin Rowan 76

Chapter 76 Long Conversations MRS. CARTER 命40%萬 滋味 Finished I had been watching Amy closely for weeks. Every small discovery she made about herself seemed to pull her closer to a truth she didn't yet understand. She thought I was only keeping her here out of control, but that wasn't it. I was protecting her from the council, from her enemies, and from the power she carried without realizing how much it could possibly be a danger to her. The day I saw her reading the old texts in her room thinking no one saw her, my chest tightened. She traced the Moonstone crest on one of the pages, her eyes filled with the same curiosity her mother once had. She didn't know it yet, but that symbol was not just her lineage, it was her burden. She really had no idea that her life was beyond just going to the office at Carts Holdings. There was a deeper version of her life that she brought to life the day she lost it and she glowed. Her birth was never ordinary. She wasn't born like the rest of us. She was chosen by the mood goddess. The Moonstone prophecy wasn't written as a fairytale. It was a warning, one the council had buried to prevent panic. If they discovered who she truly was before she learned to control her strength, they would control her. I sat by my desk that evening, staring at the council's letter again. They had agreed to give Amy a seat which was a rare offer, especially for someone as young as she was. They said it was to "guide her," but I knew better. They wanted to study her, to measure the limits of what she could do. Still, it was the only way to keep her close. If she accepted, they'd train her, teach her their rules, and I could make sure they didn't use her against herself. I had spent years keeping secrets and some were to protect Daniel, others to keep this family standing. But the one about Amy had begun long before she arrived at the Carter's estate as Daniel's mate. Her mother once came to me, terrified. She said the mon had chosen her unborn child. Amy wasn't a mistake in this family. She was the key to something the old bloodlines feared. That was why the council had insisted on her marriage to Daniel. They said it was to strengthen the Carters, but it was really to keep her bound. www.novelworld.com I stood by the window, watching her cross the courtyard with Cole following a few steps behind and Elias entered without knocking, as usual. "Still worrying about her?" he asked. "She hasn't given an answer," I replied. He smirked. "Maybe that's her answer." "She can't refuse," I said sharply. "If she turns it down, they'll start asking questions. Questions we can't afford to answer." Elias folded his arms. "You're risking everything for her. For what?" "Because if we lose control of this, the

family falls with her. Just in case you have forgotten, she's your Luna now" I said, meeting his eyes. "You actually believe she's the one from that old prophecy, don't you?" "I don't believe in prophecy," I said. "I believe in what I see. And that kind of strength doesn't come from luck." "She's dangerous." His tone was clipped, "The council won't wait forever. If she refuses their offer-" "She won't refuse," I said firmly. "I'll make sure of it." He scoffed. "You think she'll trust you?" "She doesn't have to trust me," I said, finally turning to face him. "She only needs to believe that I'm offering her safety." Elias frowned. "You're playing a dangerous game, Aunt "I've been playing it since before you were born," I said quietly. Elias leaned against the doorframe. "Then you'd better Hope she listens to you, because if she doesn't, the council won't hesitate. You know what they do to threats"

He left after that, muttering something under his breath that I didn't catch. I turned back to the window and watched Amy disappear from view. She hadn't realized yet that everything around her – the protection was part of a web I'd built to shield her. But I couldn't shield her forever. The prophecy spoke of two paths: one leading to rebirth, the other to ruin. The chosen one would either restore balance or bring destruction upon every pack. Instead of sitting and over thinking, I sent for her to have a talk to know what is stopping her from giving a response. A knock on my door came a moment later. My assistant stepped in, "She's here. She's waiting for you." "Send her in," I said, straightening the papers on my desk. When Amy entered, she smiled politely, the way she always did. "Mrs. Carter," she said, "you wanted to see me?" I nodded. "Yes. Sit, dear. There's something important we need to discuss." "Amy," I said, "have you given thought to the council's offer?" She hesitated. "I have." "And?" "I'm not sure yet," she said quietly. "I want to finish my studies first. I want to understand myself before I sit in front of people who already doubt me. There's the office, there's Daniel, there's school too. I'm not sure I'm strong enough to add the council to the list." "That's fair. But understand that if you wait too long, others will make decisions for you. The council isn't patient." "I know," she said. "But I need to be ready. I don't want to walk into something blind." She was calm, polite, but there was a resolve in her tone that reminded me of her mother. I forced a small smile. "Then at least promise me you'll think about it carefully. It may be the only chance you get to learn who you truly are." Her expression softened. "I will." When the door closed, I let out a breath. She had no idea how much depended on her answer. If she accepted, I could protect her long enough to teach her what she needed to know. If she refused, she'd be walking blind into a council that already feared her existence. Either way, the world was shifting around her, and I wasn't sure how much longer I could keep the truth from her.

Send Gifts 70 1 0.44 u,
Dec 25 Bound To The Broken Alpha

Bound To The Broken Alpha

6-7 minutes

When Dawn Breaks Slowly Hope Finds Space To Grow by Jin Rowan 77

Chapter 77 She Is Done AMY 40% Finished. It has been a few days since Mrs. Carter called me to her office, and I made sure to avoid her as much as possible. I honestly didn't want another conversation about the council seat or her sudden interest in my future and what I'm doing with my life. At the time she brought it up, something in her tone made me uneasy. It wasn't what she said that made me doubtful, it was what she didn't. So, I focused on school, staying away from everything that had to do with the Carters. I read every book I could find about werewolf anatomy, pack hierarchies, healing through moon energy, and bloodline inheritance. None of it answered the questions that had been forming in my head. The more I studied, the more gaps I found in my own history. My parents had died when I was a child, and Mrs. Carter had been the one to arrange my marriage. It all felt too intentional. Was she the one that gave me to Mrs. Smith? By afternoon, I returned from class feeling drained because I was doing so much reading and I barely rested. Cole drove me home silently as usual, his eyes fixed on the rearview mirror. I could tell he wanted to ask what was wrong, but I wasn't in the mood to talk. When we reached the estate, I thanked him and went inside. I had barely made it halfway down the hallway when Mrs. Carter appeared from the side corridor. "Amy," she called out warmly, "You've been busy lately. We barely see you around." I forced a smile. "School's been demanding. There's a lot to learn." "Yes," she said, stepping closer. "You've always been curious. But be careful what truths you dig for, dear. Some bloodlines were buried for a reason." Her tone was soft, but it sounded like a warning. I met her gaze and saw something there but it was not anger or fear, but restraint. Like she was holding back words that might change everything. "I only want to understand where I come from," I said. "Understanding can be dangerous," she replied. "Especially when others have gone to great lengths to erase certain things." Before I could ask what she meant, she turned and walked away. The rest of the evening was restless for me. Her words kept replaying in my head. Deep into the night, I couldn't sleep. Around midnight, I decided to go to the library in the house. If Mrs. Carter was hiding something, then the answers would most likely be buried in this house. The hallway was quiet as I made my way down. When I reached the library, I turned on the desk lamp and started scanning the shelves. I had been in that room many times, but tonight, I paid attention to details I'd ignored before. On the far shelf, there was a section filled with Daniel's old books. They were mostly leadership guides, pack law, and

strategy texts. But one stood out. It was a thick, leather-bound journal tucked behind another volume. It had Daniel's name embossed on the spine. www.novelworm.com Something about it felt deliberate, as if it was meant to stay hidden. I pulled it down, and a folded envelope slid out from between the pages. It was sealed, the edges had turned yellow with time. The wax seal carried a mark I had seen before, the same crest from my mother's pendant. My heart thudded. I broke the seal carefully and unfolded the letter inside. The handwriting was sharp, almost rushed. To whoever finds this, The truth cannot stay buried forever. The Guardians of the Moon once protected the balance between light and blood. But one of us broke the vow. Betrayal runs deep and its echo lies within the chosen bloodline. The words blurred for a second as I reread them. Guardians of the Moon. Sacred vow. Betrayal. None of this made sense, but I knew it was connected to me. The same crest. The same phrasing I'd seen in my mother's old notes before they disappeared. The letter continued: When the chosen rises again, the balance will shift. Some will seek to protect her. Others will try to end her. But remember that true power born from the Moon cannot be caged by mortal will. My hands trembled slightly as I read it again. The handwriting was old but it was obvious someone wrote it knowing it would be found one day. Daniel must have known. He had this letter hidden in his personal collection. Did Mrs. Carter know too? I folded it back and looked at the seal again. The crest was clear, it was a circle of light surrounded by three marks that looked like wolves facing inward. I sank into the chair near the window, still holding the letter. If what this note said was true, then my bloodline wasn't just special, it was cursed by betrayal. A line tied to the Guardians of the Moon. I wasn't just a wolf. I was older. Something not meant to exist in the open. I thought about Mrs. Carter's words again. Some bloodlines were buried for a reason. She knew. Maybe not every detail, but she knew enough to be afraid. I sat there for a long time, listening to the quiet hum of the night outside. A part of me wanted to confront her right away, but I knew better. If she warned me, it meant she was watching. So I slipped the letter back into the book, just as I found it, and returned it to the shelf. I'd come back later, when I knew what to ask and who to trust. Before leaving, I whispered under my breath, "Guardians of the Moon." The words sounded strange, yet strangely familiar. Back in my room, I laid awake until dawn. My thoughts ran in circles. My parents, Mrs. Carter, Daniel, the pendant, the prophecy. All of it was connected, and I was right in the center of it. www.novelworm.com I didn't know what kind of danger I was walking into, but I knew that my life had never been normal, and now I finally knew why.

"I don't care," I said. "Tell me what I have to do." Mara leaned forward, resting her hands on the table. "If her bloodline is what you say, then her strength comes from a divine bond tied to both light and loyalty. To take it, you'll need two things: a strand of her hair and something

precious tied to the man bound to her. The ritual can't work without both." "Something tied to Daniel," I muttered. "That's easy enough." "You should think twice before doing this," she said. "The Moon's favor doesn't move easily from one vessel to another. If it rejects you-" "I didn't come for warnings," I interrupted. "I came for results." Mara didn't argue. She stood up and pulled out a small black mirror, setting it on the table. Its surface rippled like water even though it was solid glass. "This is the blood mirror," she said. "When the crimson moon rises, mix her essence with yours. Then add the link to the one she's bound to. If you succeed, her energy will weaken, and yours will grow stronger. But if you fail..." She didn't finish the sentence. She didn't need to. I nodded. "I'll get what you need." I left her house just as the sun dipped below the horizon. My heart pounded with a mix of fear and excitement. I didn't fully understand what I was getting into, but I knew that I couldn't keep living in Amy's shadow. If this ritual worked, she'd finally feel what it was like to lose.. It didn't take long to get what I needed. The maid was still inside the Carters' estate, and a few extra bills made her cooperative. She sent me a small envelope later that night. Inside was a single strand of hair, wrapped in tissue. She said it was Amy's. As for Daniel, that was easier. I still had one of his cufflinks I took when we were kids. When the night of the crimson moon came, I returned to Mara's place. The moon hung low, red against the clouds. Inside, the room smelled of metal and smoke. The mirror sat on the table, a bowl of dark liquid beside it. "Are you ready?" Mara I nodded. "Let's . asked. Start." She took the strand of hair and dropped it into the liquid, followed by the cufflink. The mirror pulsed faintly, a dull glow spreading across its surface. "Repeat after me," she said, chanting in a language I didn't understand. I followed her as best as I could. The air grew thick. My hands started to shake, not from fear, but from the strange heat crawling under my skin. A burning pain spread through my veins, sharp and consuming. It felt like something inside me was being 18:44 Thu, Dec 25 G D Chapter 78 The Moon's Rejection rewritten, torn apart and stitched back together. "Don't fight it," Mara said firmly. "Let it in." 400 Finished I gritted my teeth and forced myself to stay still. My vision blurred for a moment, and I felt the blood rush to my head. I could almost see Amy, her face flashing behind my eyes. For a brief moment, I thought I heard her voice. Then it was gone. When the pain faded, I was trembling but still standing. The mirror had gone dark again. [www.NoVeloR\(m\).com](http://www.NoVeloR(m).com) Mara watched me carefully. "It's done," she said. "But what happens next depends on the strength of your will. If the Moon rejects you, the pain will return and it will take everything with it." [www.NoVeloR\(m\).com](http://www.NoVeloR(m).com) I managed a weak smile. "It won't reject me." "Whatever you say child." As I left the cottage, the wind cut through the trees, and the moonlight felt heavier on my skin. I didn't know if the ritual had worked yet, but I could feel something shifting inside me. Send Gifts

Bound To The Broken Alpha

6-8 minutes

When Dawn Breaks Slowly Hope Finds Space To Grow by Jin Rowan 79

Chapter 79 Mysteries To Untangle AMY 40% Finished The doctors said Daniel's progress is impressive for someone who had been in a coma that long. He was starting to walk short

distances, though he still needed support sometimes. Everyone at the estate called it a miracle. To them, it was the proof that prayers worked. To me, it was just another reminder that life had changed again, and not necessarily for the better. Every conversation with Daniel felt like I was pretending. We tried to act like we understood each other, like we were a normal couple rebuilding. What I was doing now came from care and respect, not love. When I helped him with his therapy or sat beside him during meals, I kept my tone polite, my words calm. He smiled more now, asked questions about the company, about what had happened while he was gone. I gave short answers and avoided eye contact when I could. It wasn't that I disliked him. I just didn't know how to fit into this version of his life anymore. Sometimes, I caught him watching me as if he was trying to find a memory that didn't exist. School was almost over for the summer session, and I'd have to return to the office soon. The thought made me uneasy. The company wasn't something I could up and say I would, and the idea of being surrounded by people who had once doubted me didn't exactly excite me. But I had to go back. Mrs. Carter expected it, and so did the council. www.NoVeLWôrm.coM Cole drove me to the university most mornings, quiet as always. He didn't ask questions, and I appreciated that. My days were long, filled with lectures, lab sessions, and long hours of reading. Healing came naturally to me, which made my professors curious. I didn't tell them that my hands sometimes glowed faintly when I focused too hard. I'd learned to hide that much. It was during one of my evening seminars that I first met Alpha Adrian Blackthorne. The name alone carried authority. He was one of the youngest alphas on the council, known for his intelligence and influence. I'd seen him once before at a charity event, though we hadn't spoken. That night, after the seminar ended, I was packing my books when I noticed him standing near the doorway. He wasn't alone, he had two men from his pack standing behind him but his focus was entirely on "Mrs. Carter," he said, his tone smooth and confident. "I didn't expect to find you here." I straightened and offered a polite nod. "Alpha Blackthorne. I didn't expect you either. Are you visiting the university?" [www.NoV\(e\)lWôR\(m\).Cóm](http://www.NoV(e)lWôR(m).Cóm) "In a way," he said, stepping closer. "One of the professors here is an old friend. I heard the Luna of the North Pack was studying medicine, and I had to see for myself." His words carried a faint amusement, but his eyes didn't match his tone. They lingered a little too long, sharp and assessing. "I'm just learning," I said simply. "It's something I've always wanted to do." "Not many Lunas return to school," he said. "Most prefer to stay within their pack duties." "I'm not most Lunas," I replied. 18:44 Thu, Dec 25 GD · Chapter 79 Mysteries To Untangle He smiled slightly. "No, you're not. That's what makes you interesting." 39% Finished I didn't respond. Compliments from men like him were never simple. His gaze held the kind of curiosity that wasn't casual. "I respect what you've done for the Carter family," he continued. "Taking control during such a difficult time... few could've managed it." "Thank you," I said. "I only did what was necessary." He tilted his head slightly. "Still, it's impressive. You've made a name for yourself, Mrs. Carter. That kind of strength tends to draw attention and enemies."

“Both seem to come easily these days,” I said dryly. His eyes flickered with something unreadable. “Be careful, then. Power always attracts those who want to test it.” (W)wW.ñ@veL(W)(r)(m).com Before I could reply, someone called his name from the hallway. He gave me a small nod before walking away. As he left, I exhaled slowly, trying to shake off the unease. There was something about him, a stillness that felt cunning. He didn’t strike me as a man who wasted time on small talk. If he sought me out, there was a reason. When I got back to the car, Cole glanced at me through the rearview mirror. “You’re quiet,” he said. “Just tired,” I replied. He didn’t push. That night, I thought about Adrian again. I told myself his interest was harmless and just a passing curiosity about someone new in the political circle. But my wolf stirred uneasily, pacing just beneath my skin. She didn’t like his tone, his stare, or the way he said my name. “Something’s off about him,” she murmured in my mind. “He’s just another alpha,” I said aloud. “No,” she replied. “He’s watching.” I rolled onto my side, trying to push the thought away. I didn’t have the energy to question every motive around me. Mrs. Carter was already behaving strangely, the council was restless, and Daniel was trying to find his place again. My life was full enough without another complication. Still, when I finally drifted to sleep, I saw his eyes in my dreams. It was calm and dark. w(W)w.ÑôveL(W)o(r)M.côm The next morning, when I arrived at the hospital to check on Daniel during his physical therapy, Mrs. Carter was there already, speaking with one of the doctors. She turned as I entered. “Good morning,” she said. “You missed dinner last night “I had work to finish,” I replied. She smiled faintly, though her expression didn’t reach her eyes. “Don’t work too hard. You’re carrying more than you realize.” 18:45 Thu, Dec 25 @ G D Chapter 79 Mysteries To Untangle 4.密39%面 Finished I didn’t know what she meant, but I didn’t ask. I had enough mysteries to untangle. As I sat beside Daniel, watching him practice writing again, I realized how different everything felt. We were supposed to be a family, a wife and husband rebuilding bond. But deep down, it felt more like two people trying to make sense of a life that didn’t fit either of them anymore. And somewhere, far from the silence of this hospital room, Alpha Adrian Blackthorne had just stepped into my story and something told me he wasn’t going to leave quietly.

Bound To The Broken Alpha

6-7 minutes

When Dawn Breaks Slowly Hope Finds Space To Grow by Jin Rowan 80

Chapter 80 The Alpha Is Back The day started like any other and blurred into the afternoon. My therapist had just walked me through a few new balance exercises, and I was managing better than usual. My legs still trembled, but I could stand longer now without the railing. Amy was seated near the window, reading through what looked like her school notes. She'd gotten good at pretending not to watch me, and I'd gotten good at pretending not to notice. The door opened mid-session, and a voice that didn't belong here filled the room. I turned to see who it was and was shocked to see Adrian Blackthorne, "Alpha Carter." he called out, as if we were close pals. I turned fully to his direction. Adrian Blackthorne is the kind of man who didn't need to announce himself to command attention. Tall, confident, and everything about him screamed control. He smiled easily, but it was the kind of smile that carried intent. "Alpha Blackthorne," I said, forcing a polite tone. "Didn't expect visitors today, at least not here." He stepped in casually, as if this was his place. "I was in the area," he said. "Thought I'd check on your progress. The council speaks highly of your recovery." His eyes flicked to Amy, who was standing by now. "And Mrs. Amy Carter," he added with a small smile. "Always a pleasure." She nodded slightly. "Alpha Blackthorne." Her voice was calm, but there was something different in the way she said it. It was as if she was being too careful and I had no idea what it was about. I noticed the faintest curve of a smile on her lips when he greeted her. It wasn't much, but enough for something tight to form in my chest. www.NoVels.com My therapist excused herself, saying she'd return later, leaving the three of us in the room. Adrian walked closer to where Amy stood, hands in his pockets like he owned the place. "I heard you've been studying medicine," he said to her. Impressive. Few could balance that with... all this." "It's been challenging," she replied. "But I enjoy it." "You always were the ambitious type," he said, his tone too familiar for comfort. I looked between them, my hand tightening slightly on the railing. "You know each other well?" I asked. Adrian looked at me then, still smiling. "We've crossed paths a few times. The council has a way of bringing capable people together." Amy didn't say anything. She avoided my gaze, which said enough. I didn't know what kind of man I'd been before, but right now, I hated how easily he stood near her in such a close proximity. I hated how she didn't seem uncomfortable. When he finally left, she gave her a slight nod and said, "I'll see you at the council meeting next week. Don't be late." After he walked out, silence settled between us. I could still feel the remnant of his presence, that calm, obvious confidence that men like him carried everywhere. 18:45 Thu, Dec 25 @ G Chapter 80 The Alpha is Back "Council meeting?" I said quietly. 3+3970 Finished www.NoVels.com She hesitated before answering. "Mrs. Carter thinks it's important that I attend. She said it would help me understand... certain responsibilities." "And Adrian will be there?" "Yes." I nodded slowly. "Seems like he enjoys your company."

She frowned. "What's that supposed to mean?" "Nothing," I said, but it didn't sound convincing. "You think there's something going on?" "I think he looks at you like a man who wants something." I said. She crossed her arms. "And what if he does?" Her tone wasn't defensive, it was tired. She was done tiptoeing around the conversation. "Then he should probably remember you're married," I said. "Married to someone who barely knows me," she replied quietly. "Don't twist this into something it's not, Daniel." I stared at her. "You didn't deny it." "There's nothing to deny," she said, her voice firm now. But I won't lie, I like how he treats me with respect. He doesn't make me feel like I'm walking on eggshells." That stung more than I expected. I tried to hide it, but it showed. "I'm not your enemy, Amy," I said. "I know," she said softly. "But I'm not your past either. You keep looking at me like I can tell you who you were. I can't." I looked away. "You're right. I just... thought we could start over." She exhaled. "Maybe we can. But not if you keep asking questions that sound like accusations." We didn't speak for a while after that. I went back to my exercises, but I couldn't focus. My mind kept going back to Adrian, his tone, his confidence, the way Amy had smiled. Small things, but enough to twist something sharp in me. That night, I couldn't sleep. I lay in bed, staring at the ceiling, thinking about the look on her face when she said she liked how he treated her. She hadn't meant it to hurt, but it did. I didn't remember the version of myself that had married her. I didn't know what we'd been, good or bad. But I knew she was mine. The thought wasn't pride or control. It was instinct. A pull I couldn't explain. Maybe that was what made this so frustrating. I couldn't claim what I couldn't remember, and I couldn't protect what didn't want my protection. The next morning, when I saw her helping my mother organize files, Adrian's words echoed in my head. 2/3 18:45 Thu, Dec 25 GD Chapter 80 The Alpha is Back 39% Finished The talk about power attracts attention. Maybe he was right. Amy had power now, and everyone could see. When our eyes met across the hall, I saw the distance there. Not anger, not hate, it was just distance. And that's when I realized something I hadn't before. I might be fighting a battle I'd already lost long before I woke up. Because maybe, somewhere in the months. I was gone, she had stopped waiting. And I was the only one who hadn't caught up yet. I need to be back on my feet and represent my pack as an alpha instead of being looked at with pity or treated like an egg.