

# **Claimed by the Alpha's Love - Love Demands Real Courage Author: Michael Anderson 211**

Chapter 211

Hannah's POV:

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My mind drifted back, past the years of resentment and rage, to a time when I'd been young and foolish enough to believe in fairy tales.

"Do you remember when you and William were the media's darling couple I began, my voice taking on a dreamy quality that made Susan flinch.

"The 'Divine Match,' they called you. Alpha William Sullivan and his beautiful Luna Susan-so perfect, so blessed."

I'd been nothing then. Just another servant in the Sullivan household, invisible and insignificant.

"We were both pregnant at the same time." The memory of our swollen bellies, the way we'd waddle through the Sullivan mansion's halls together, came flooding back.

"And every day, I had to watch you two. The way William looked at you, like you hung the moon. The way you glowed, carrying his child."

My hands clenched into fists.

"Do you know what jealousy tastes like, Susan? It

of anything except how unfair it all is."

Susan's eyes were wide, her face pale as moonlight.

metallic, like blood. It coats your tongue until you can't swallow, can't breathe, can't think

"That's when the idea came to me." I smiled, remembering the moment of clarity that had changed everything. "What if I could give my daughter the life she deserved?"

"You're insane," Susan whispered.

"Am I?" I laughed, the sound harsh in the

www apartment. "Or am I just a mother who wanted better for her child?"

I pushed myself up from the sofa, circling her wheelchair like a predator.

"I knew which servants could be bought, which ones were desperate enough to betray their Luna for the right price."

The plan had been so simple, so elegant.

"I threatened one of your maids-the one who handled your prenatal appointments. Got her to tell me everything about your pregnancy." I paused, watching Susan's horror grow. "When I learned you were carrying girl too, I knew. The Moon Goddess herself was helping me."

"No..." Susan's voice broke.

"Yes." I crouched down beside her wheelchair, my face level with hers. 'My due date was only a few days before yours. I slipped labor-inducing hormones into your water-just enough to bring on early contractions so we'd deliver on the same day."

"And then, despite my own weakness after giving birth, I dragged myself to the delivery room and switched the babies while you were still

unconscious."

The memory of that night was crystal clear-the sterile hospital room, the crying babies, the moment of hesitation when maternal instinct had

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nearly stopped me.

But I'd gritted my teeth and gone through with it anyway, telling myself was for my daughter's sake, so she could have the better life she

deserved.

“You know what’s funny? Hannah let out a low, chilling laugh, as if savoring a private joke. “Your daughter... she’s surprisingly resilient. There were countless times I tried to let her fade away, to let nature take its course and end her miserable existence, but she just refused to die.”

I watched the color drain from Susan’s face. It was as if an invisible hand had reached into her chest and crushed her heart.

She began to tremble violently, every breath looking like a tidal wave of agony that threatened to drown her.

“Do you remember the day I brought her to you? When I told you she was William’s bastard?” I sank slowly back onto the sofa, relaxing into the cushion as I delivered the final blow. “She wouldn’t stop crying. Do you know why?”

“Because I was secretly pinching her beneath her swaddling clothes,” I said, savoring the look of horror dawning on her face. “You have no idea how satisfying it was—hurting your child right in front of your face while you looked on with such indifference.”

With a feral growl, Susan lunged, tackling me onto the sofa and clamping her hands around my throat. “Hannah! You deserve to die!”

She was hysterical, her eyes scarlet with bloodlust.

I didn’t even struggle that much. With creditors hounding me at every turn and a mountain of debt I could never hope to repay, I was already

tired of this life.

“Go ahead,” I choked out, my lips curling into a bitter smile despite the pressure on my windpipe. “You think I care? I’m sick of running

anyway.”

My eyes locked with hers, defiant even as black spots danced at the edges of my vision. “But remember... this isn’t my fault. If you want to

blame someone... blame William. He’s the one who created this whole mess.”

The memories washed over me as I struggled for breath.

Years ago, I’d been young and desperate for work when I was tricked into going to what I later realized was a brothel.

William had appeared like a knight in shining armor, rescuing me from that place. He'd arranged a hotel room for me, told me if I had nowhere

to go, I could come to the Sullivan estate and find him.

That night changed everything.

Someone-the same person who'd tricked me initially-slipped something into my drink. As I lay in my hotel room, my body burning with unwanted desire from the drug, I heard the door click open.

A drunk man stumbled in, embraced me, and took what he wanted while I was barely conscious.

I was certain it had been William. Who else could enter the room he had arranged?

When I gathered my courage to go to the Sullivan estate days later, my world shattered. There he was-already married to Susan, acting as

though our night meant nothing.

The betrayal cut deep, but I had nowhere else to go. Pride and vengeance made me stay, even as a servant.

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I'd work under the same roof, watching him with her every day, nursing my hatred until it consumed me.

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Just as the darkness was closing in and I prepared to embrace death, the door burst open. William rushed in and pulled Susan away from me.

"Susan, stop! You can't do this," he said firmly, standing between us.

The look in Susan's eyes made William flinch-there was a murderous rage there that seemed directed not just at me, but at him too. It was as if years of buried resentment had surfaced all at once.

"Think about Tori, William pleaded. "When she wakes up, do you want her to learn her mother became a killer? Is that the reunion you want?"

At the mention of Tori, something shifted in Susan's expression. The tension in her shoulders eased slightly, though the hatred still burned in her eyes.

I collapsed back against the sofa cushions, clutching my bruised throat and coughing violently. Tears streamed down my face-from the pain, from the memories, from everything.

Through watery eyes, I looked up at William standing there, ever the noble protector.

"Look at you," I rasped between coughs. "Saving me again... just like before.

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William's face hardened. 'I heard everything you said, Hannah.'

His voice was quiet but firm. 'I need to set something straight-I helped you that day because I felt sorry for you, nothing more.'

He ran a hand through his hair, frustration evident in every line of his face. 'That hotel was one of the Sullivan properties. I arranged for you to stay there because you needed help, but I never came to your room that night.'

'That was Susan's birthday,' William continued, his eyes finding his wife's. 'We spent the entire night together, remember?'

Susan's eyes widened slightly, surprise flickering across her face.

For a moment, she seemed caught off guard by the question, perhaps still processing everything she'd just learned. She didn't speak, but her expression softened almost imperceptibly as memories of that day surfaced.

The brief silence between them spoke volumes. But her silence was all the validation he needed.

His gaze turned back to me, hardening. 'Twenty-two years ago, when you showed up at our doorstep with Tori in your arms and that DNA report... I couldn't believe it. I couldn't understand how I had betrayed my family when I knew I hadn't.'

William's voice cracked slightly. 'But that report was like a death sentence. It tore our family apart. And later... we lost our daughter in that car accident.'

He took a deep breath, shoulders straightening as if a weight had been lifted.

'Today, I can finally breathe again. I never betrayed Susan. We never truly lost our daughter. My only regret is arranging that hotel room for you that night.'

His eyes pierced mine. 'But now, I wish I had never saved you at all.'

The words hit me like a physical blow.

I started shaking my head violently, my mind refusing to accept what he was saying.

'No, no, NO! You're lying!' I shrieked, my voice raw. 'It had to be you! You were just drunk-you don't remember! How could it not be you?'

WHO ELSE COULD IT HAVE BEEN?'

Susan simply turned away, her face a mask of stone.

She had what she came for-the truth about her daughter. She wasn't interested in my suffering or my explanations anymore.

William gave me one last look of disgust before following her toward the door.

"WAIT!" I screamed, lunging forward only to be immediately restrained by strong hands. Lucas's men had been waiting, watching the entire time. "You can't just walk away! STOP!"

I thrashed against their grip, my voice breaking as I shouted after the retreating figures. "Why does everything have to be my fault? WHY DO I

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HAVE TO LOSE EVERYTHING?"

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Tears streamed down my face as my knees gave way, the guards hands the only thing keeping me upright.

"At least 1 raised your daughter! While my own daughter will never come back to me!"

But they were already gone, the door closing behind them with a final click.

The men tightened their grip on my arms.

I slumped in defeat, knowing with bitter certainty that my life would now become a special kind of hell-one where I couldn't escape, couldn't end it, couldn't do anything but face the consequences of my actions.

Susan's POV:

After dealing with Hanna, William and I rushed back to the hospital.

I sat silently, my clothes still damp from the lake water, my face as pale as death itself. My chest felt hollow, as if my heart had been physically

torn out.

Diana shot me a disapproving look.

“Your leg injury hasn’t even healed properly! Running around like this will put you right back in that wheelchair permanently. Is that what you

want?”

I couldn’t respond. What did a leg injury matter when my daughter was fighting for her life behind those doors?

The surgery doors burst open, and a female doctor rushed out, her face etched with urgency.

Lucas was already at the doorway, his imposing presence unmistakable despite having been ejected earlier when his powerful Alpha aura had begun interfering with the medical equipment.

“Whatever you need me to do, just tell me,” he demanded, his voice tight with restraint.

The doctor’s exhausted eyes held a mixture of relief and concern. “The infant has been delivered successfully,” she announced. “However, due to the premature birth, the baby will need to remain in a sterile incubation chamber for some time.”

“What about Tori?” Lucas asked sharply, his hands clenching into fists. “What about my mate?”

The doctor’s expression grew grave. “The patient is experiencing severe hemorrhaging. We’re doing everything possible, but her condition is extremely critical.”

I lurched forward, grabbing the doctor’s arm with desperate strength.

“You have to save her! Do you understand? Save my daughter!” My voice broke as I continued, “I’ll do anything-give anything. Just don’t let her die when I’ve only just found her!”

“We’re doing our absolute best,” the doctor assured, gently but firmly extracting herself from my grip.

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She backed toward the surgery doors. "I need to return immediately."

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Before any of us could say another word, she disappeared behind the titanium doors, the mechanical hiss of their closing seeming unnaturally final in the silent hallway.

"Please..." My voice dropped to a broken whisper. "My daughter needs me

The word hung in the air like shattered glass. Daughter.

The hallway fell silent. I could feel every eye on me, the collective shock rippling through the room like a physical force.

I turned to face Diana, tears streaming unchecked down my face. "Mom, Tori is my child. She's my baby girl I lost twenty-two years ago."

Diana's eyes widened, her mouth falling open in disbelief.

"It was Hannah," I choked out, the confession tearing from my throat. "That demon switched our babies. She made me... oh God, I hit my own daughter with these hands."

I stared at my palms in horror, the reality of what I'd done crushing me.

"I struck her face. I told her she wasn't worthy..." My voice broke completely. "If she doesn't make it, I'll follow her. I swear I will."

Diana stumbled forward, her face transforming from shock to wild joy and then crumpling into worry.

"That's why she smelled so familiar the first time I met her." She rushed to the surgery doors, joining me in my desperate plea. "Tori! You can't die now, sweetheart. You don't even know I'm your real grandmother..."

Owen maintained his composure, though his voice trembled slightly. "We can't simply take Hannah's word as truth. That woman is too cunning for her own good."

Matthew stepped forward, his medical training overriding his personal feelings.

"Actually, there's strong evidence supporting this. Earlier when Susan tried to donate blood for the transfusion, she was rejected because direct blood relatives would cause a severe rejection reaction in Tori's current condition."

“So...” Owen’s voice was barely audible. “Tori truly is our lost bloodline? The Shepherd Pack’s missing daughter?”

Matthew nodded solemnly. “From a medical standpoint, it’s almost certain

I pressed my forehead against the cold metal doors, my voice a broken whisper. “Please fight, my beautiful girl. Your mother is waiting for you. Please, just this once... come back to me.”

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Lucas’s POV:

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I stood motionless outside the operating room, my body rigid as stone while my mind raced with chaotic thoughts.

Five hours had passed since they wheeled Tori in, her blood soaking through the sheets, her silver eyes clouded with pain before they closed.

Five hours of hell.

My wolf, Duke, paced restlessly within me, his growls echoing through my mind.

“Shut up,” I muttered under my breath, earning a concerned glance from Jack, who stood several feet away.

I ignored him. What good was being an Alpha—the most powerful werewolf in Moonhaven—if I couldn’t protect my mate?

William Sullivan sat across from me, his face buried in his hands. Beside him, Susan gripped the armrests of her wheelchair, her knuckles white, her gaze fixed on the operating room doors.

The revelation that Tori was their daughter had shattered decades of lies, but right now, none of that mattered. The only thing that mattered was whether Tori would survive.

Diana, Susan’s mother, paced the waiting area, occasionally stopping to place a comforting hand on her daughter’s shoulder. Several other members of the Sullivan Pack waited nearby, their presence a silent testament to the family Tori never knew she had.

The clock on the wall ticked past 5 AM when the doors finally swung open

A female doctor emerged, surgical mask pulled down to her chin, exhaustion evident in the lines of her face. I was in front of her before she could take another step.

“How is she?” My voice came out as a harsh whisper.

The doctor’s eyes met mine, and I caught the faint scent of relief mingling with the antiseptic on her clothing.

“We’ve managed to stop the hemorrhaging. Her vital signs are stable, though she’s extremely weak. The next 24 hours will be critical, but she’s out of immediate danger.”

A collective exhale seemed to sweep through the waiting room.

Susan let out a sob, her body crumpling forward as William wrapped his arms around her. Diana and the other elders embraced, tears flowing freely.

I stood frozen, unable to process the flood of emotions coursing through me—relief, gratitude, and lingering fear.

“Mr. Grayson,” the doctor continued, “she’ll be moved to intensive care shortly. Only one visitor at a time, and only for brief periods.”

I nodded, not trusting myself to speak. The doctor gave me a sympathetic look before turning to address the others’ questions.

I stepped away, heading toward the changing area to get into sterile scrubs.

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Before I could reach it, Matthew intercepted me in the hallway, a firm hand on my shoulder.

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“Where do you think you’re going without eating something first? His tone was professional but carried the authority of a friend who wouldn’t back down

I noticed Megan standing slightly behind him, her eyes meeting mine with a new clarity I hadn’t seen before.

Gone was the lingering adoration, replaced by something more grounded. She held out a paper bag.

“You need to eat,” she said simply. “You won’t be any good to Tori if you collapse.”

When I didn’t immediately take the offering, she stepped forward and pressed it into my hands, her voice catching slightly.

“Just take it, Lucas. I...” She paused, gathering herself. “I’m letting you go. finally understand what real love looks like.”

Her eyes glistened as she turned away, wiping at them hastily before disappearing down the corridor.

I stood frozen, the warm bag in my hands emanating the scent of food.

Matthew squeezed my shoulder. “Don’t be stubborn. You need your strength for her.”

I didn’t argue further, unwrapping the sandwich and forcing myself to eat quickly, mechanically. The food was tasteless in my mouth, but I recognized the necessity.

After finishing, I discarded the wrapper and proceeded to the changing area, pulling on sterile scrubs with practiced efficiency.

Minutes later, properly attired, I entered the intensive care unit and took my position beside Tori’s bed.

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The steady beeping of monitors and her shallow breathing created a rhythm that both terrified and anchored me. I took her small, cold hand in

mine and settled in to wait.

On the third day, as dawn broke over Moonhaven.

Tori's eyelids fluttered, then opened, revealing those silver irises that had captivated me from the first moment.

They were clouded with pain and medication, but they found me immediately.

"You've finally woken up," I whispered, my voice catching in my throat as fought to maintain composure.

I squeezed her hand gently. My eyes burned with unshed tears, but I held them back, not wanting to frighten her with the raw intensity of my

relief.

She tried to speak, but could only manage a weak rasp, her throat still recovering from the intubation. Instead, she squeezed my hand weakly,

her gaze holding mine,

I knew I must look like hell-unshaven, hair unwashed, clothes rumped from days of wear-but her eyes held nothing but warmth.

The moment was brief. Her eyelids soon grew heavy again, and she slipped back into sleep, but that brief connection had been enough to settle something within me.

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She was fighting. My mate was fighting to come back to me.

Once Toti was moved to a private VIP room, visitors came more frequently

Morgan brought flowers. Matthew checked in professionally but lingered as a friend.

Most often were Susan's visits She would sit beside Tori's bed, watching her sleep, hands folded in her lap as if in prayer.

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Tori fully awakened one morning as dawn filtered through the blinds.

I had fallen asleep in the chair beside her bed, my head resting near her hand. I jolted awake to the gentle sensation of fingers stroking my

hair, my wolf instantly alert.

When I raised my head, I found myself looking into Tori's heartbroken eyes.

"You've lost weight," she whispered, her fingers tracing the new hollows in my cheeks. "And is that...are those gray hairs?" Her touch lingered on my temple where, apparently, stress had left its mark.

I caught her hand and pressed it to my lips.

"Then you'll just have to take better care of me from now on, I said, my voice rough with sleep and emotion. "No more scaring me like this.

Deal?"

A smile touched her lips, fragile but real. "Deal."

She paused, her expression shifting as her free hand moved instinctively to her now-flat stomach. "The baby?" she asked.

"Safe," I assured her quickly. "But small. The doctors have the little one in an incubation chamber. Just for a while, until developing fully."

Relief softened her face, followed by wistfulness. "Have you seen the baby Is it... is it cute?"

I hesitated. The truth was, I'd barely spared a glance at our child.

From the moment they'd wheeled Tori into surgery, my entire being had focused solely on her survival. The baby had been whisked away to

neonatal intensive care, and while I'd received updates, I hadn't actually sited.

"Beautiful," I lied, feeling somewhat uncomfortable. "Just perfect. Like you

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Chapter 214

Tori's POV:

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Something flashed across Lucas's face-too quick for me to catch in my weakened state.

But Tracy, my inner wolf, is smiling knowingly.

He's lying, she whispers.

I tried to push myself up on my elbows, wincing as pain shot through my abdomen.

"I want to see the baby," I whispered, my voice hoarse from disuse. "Please Lucas."

Lucas hesitated, his silver eyes darkening. Then he nodded, gently placing his hand behind my back.

He carefully helped me sit up, his movements deliberately slow. "I'll carry you."

"I can walk," I protested weakly. But the protest was invalid.

He wrapped a thick blanket around my shoulders, tucking it securely around my legs before lifting me with careful precision.

I nestled against his chest, listening to the steady rhythm of his heart as he carried me down the hallway toward the Neonatal Intensive Care

Unit.

The antiseptic smell of Moontouch Medical Center intensified as we approached the NICU. Lucas murmured something to a nurse, who nodded and held the door open for us.

My breath caught as we entered the room lined with incubators.

Lucas carried me toward one in the far corner, marked with the Grayson Pack insignia. As we drew closer, I could see the tiny form inside, connected to monitors and tubes that seemed impossibly large against such a small body.

“Our baby,” I whispered, tears welling in my eyes.

Lucas gently set me in a chair beside the incubator, his hand never leaving my shoulder. Through the clear plastic, I could see our child—so impossibly small, with translucent skin and a dusting of hair.

“You were right,” I said softly, glancing up at Lucas. “He does have my nose, doesn’t he?”

Lucas coughed suddenly, his expression momentarily blank before he cleared his throat. “I, uh—yes. Definitely your nose.”

I frowned, looking up at Lucas with questioning eyes. “Lucas... how much money have you actually spent here with the baby?”

He coughed again, more deliberately this time, and squeezed my shoulder,

“The important thing is that he’s getting stronger every day. The doctors said the Alpha bloodline will make our little one stronger than an ordinary premature baby,” Lucas explained, his voice low.

I placed my palm against the incubator, wishing I could touch the baby’s skin, feel the heartbeat against my own. “Boy or girl?” I asked,

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suddenly realizing I didn't know.

"A boy, Lucas said, and this time his pride was unmistakable. 'I was thinking we might name him Ryan... after your brother.'"

Fresh tears spilled down my cheeks.

The wound of losing my brother had never fully healed, but hearing Lucas suggest honoring him this way made something break and mend

simultaneously in my heart.

"Ryan, I repeated, watching the gentle rise and fall of our son's chest. Ryan Grayson. It's perfect."

We stayed there for several minutes, neither of us speaking.

I memorized every detail of our son's face, his tiny clenched fists, the slight twitch of his lips as he slept.

The maternal bond strengthened with every second. As I watched, our tiny son seemed to sense my presence, his small body shifting ever so

slightly toward my direction through the incubator glass.

That subtle movement, that instinctive attempt to be closer to me, melted my heart completely.

Eventually, the nurse returned to inform us that I needed to rest. Lucas carefully lifted me again, and I reluctantly allowed him to carry me

back toward my room.

As we rounded the corner into the hallway leading to my private suite, I noticed a solitary figure waiting outside my door.

Susan Shepherd sat alone in her wheelchair. Her silver-streaked hair was pulled back into a simple braid, and dark circles shadowed her eyes.

Before her on a small table sat a ceramic pot with steam rising from it and a weathered wooden box inlaid with silver.

Lucas tensed immediately, his arms tightening around me protectively.

“It’s okay,” I whispered, though my own heart was racing.

Lucas had told me everything during the times I’d been lucid-how Hannah had switched us as babies, what happened after Susan had slapped

me at the Luna ceremony, and how she’d later discovered the truth.

Susan’s eyes met mine, and I saw them widen at the sight of me in Lucas arms. Her hands trembled where they rested on the arms of her

wheelchair.

“May I come in?” she asked, her voice barely audible.

Lucas looked down at me, waiting for my decision. I nodded slightly.

“Five minutes,” he said curtly, moving past her to carry me into the room.

He laid me gently on the bed, tucking the blankets around me before stepping back, his body positioned between Susan and me.

Susan wheeled herself forward hesitantly, stopping a respectful distance from the bed. Up close, I could see the redness around her eyes,

evidence of recent tears.

“I brought moon essence soup,” she said, gesturing to the pot. “It’s traditional in the Shepherd Pack for new mothers. It helps with healing.

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I swallowed hard, the reality that Susan was my birth mother still feeling like a strange dream. A complex mixture of longing and apprehension

washed over me.

Susan carefully helped me into a more comfortable position, her hands gentle and skilled as she arranged pillows behind my back.

Then she reached my hand, tears suddenly streaming down her face.

I'm sorry I hit you, she sobbed, her shoulders shaking.

I sat frozen, unsure how to respond. Lucas had moved to the window but was watching intently, his body coiled with tension.

Susan wiped her tears with shaking hands and reached for the wooden box.

"This belonged to you," she said, opening it to reveal a delicate silver necklace with a crystal pendant and a contract.

Susan must have read something in my expression because she closed the box and set it aside. "I'm not asking for forgiveness," she whispered. "I just... I needed you to know that you were wanted, that you were loved."

She rose slowly, wiped away her tears. "I should go. You need to rest."

As she turned her wheelchair toward the door, something shifted inside me—a recognition of the pain we both carried, the years stolen from

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"Mom, I called softly, the word strange on my tongue. "Thank you for coming. Be careful on your way home."

Susan froze, then turned back, her face a portrait of disbelief. "What did you call me?" she asked, her voice trembling.

"Mom," I repeated, more firmly this time.

Fresh tears spilled down her cheeks as she nodded, unable to speak.

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## **Claimed by the Alpha's Love - Love Demands Real Courage Author: Michael Anderson 215**

Chapter 215

Tori's POV:

A month later.

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Since the truth about my parentage had been revealed, much had changed

William and Susan had reconciled their decades-long estrangement, finding their way back to each other through the shared joy of discovering

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Susan had even approached me about eventually taking over leadership of the Shepherd Pack, a gesture that had left me speechless. But I'd politely declined, suggested that Charlotte was far better suited for the role-her years of training and dedication to the pack couldn't be

dismissed.

Susan hadn't insisted, respecting my choice to forge my own path.

Charlotte had visited several times during my recovery, though each encounter had been tinged with awkwardness until I finally addressed the

elephant in the room.

I'd assured her directly that I had no intention of competing for her place in the pack hierarchy. The relief that washed over her face had been

immediate and profound.

"I'm sorry," she'd confessed, eyes downcast. "The pack leadership... is the only thing that gives me security."

I'd understood her anxiety all too well. "I know what it's like to need something to cling to when you don't have blood ties to anchor you, I'd

told her. "The pack is yours, Charlotte. I have my own path to follow."

After that, her visits had become genuinely supportive rather than obligatory, another unexpected gift from this new chapter of my life.

My hand drifted to my abdomen, tracing the tender incision site hidden beneath my hospital gown. The physical pain had dulled to a

manageable ache, but the emotional aftermath still rippled through me in unpredictable waves.

Today marked a milestone, though-Dr. Rodriguez had finally cleared me for discharge.

We're going home, Tracy, my inner wolf, whispered with quiet satisfaction.

A gentle knock interrupted my thoughts. Martha, Lucas's housekeeper, entered carrying a small bag.

"Good morning, Luna," she said, her gray-brown eyes crinkling with warmth. "I've brought your clothes for discharge."

The title still felt foreign-Luna, mate of the Alpha.

"Thank you, Martha," I replied, carefully swinging my legs over the bed's edge.

While Martha helped me into a loose-fitting dress, I glanced at my phone on the nightstand. The screen was filled with notifications-social

media alerts, news bulletins, message requests from strangers.

I unlocked the screen and scrolled through the headlines.

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“CROWDFUNDING EFFORT SAVES OMEGA: MASSIVE REWARDS OFFERED FOR BLOOD DONORS

“WASTED RESOURCES: CITY MOBILIZES FOR MERE OMEGA

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“PACK PRIORITIES QUESTIONED: ARE OMEGAS WORTH SUCH EXTRAORDINARY MEASURES?”

My breath caught. “What is all this?”

Martha sighed, adjusting my dress with careful hands. “The crowdfunding effort to find blood donors for you has been misrepresented by some uninformed media outlets. They’ve twisted the story, questioning why so many resources were mobilized to save an Omega. It’s stirred up quite

a controversy.”

I scrolled further, reading comments that made my stomach clench.

“Those are just uninformed people making wild speculations,” Martha said gently, shaking her head at the screen. “You shouldn’t pay them any

mind.”

I nodded, setting the phone aside with surprising ease.

“You’re right,” I said. “After walking so close to death’s door, I find I care much less about what others think of me. I’m just grateful for what I

have now.”

As we

approached the elevator, I noticed whispers and stares from hospital staff and visitors alike. The weight of their attention was something

uldn't ignore.

A nurse approached us, her smile unnaturally wide and friendly.

"Luna Tori, is there anything I can do for you?" she asked eagerly.

I shook my head, uncomfortable with her overeager attitude. "No, thank you. But may I ask why everyone keeps staring?"

The nurse looked surprised.

With excitement. "All four major packs have made public statements about you. It's... well, it's

"Oh! You still don't know?" She glanced

everywhere."

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## **Claimed by the Alpha's Love - Love Demands Real Courage Author: Michael Anderson 216**

Chapter 216

Frowning, I pulled out my phone and saw notifications flooding in.

📶, 76%

The top trending topic across all Moonhaven social platforms was “#Tori livan” followed by “From Omega to Moonhaven’s Most Precious

Princess.”

My breath caught as I scrolled through the feed, seeing headlines and statements from each of the four major packs.

I read with increasing amazement.

The Grayson Pack had issued a formal statement: “Tori Sullivan is our pack’s Luna, mate to Alpha Lucas Grayson. Any suggestion that she is ‘just an Omega not worth the effort’ demonstrates profound ignorance of her value to our pack and will be regarded as an attack on pack Luna.”

But more surprisingly, the Sullivan Pack had released their own statement with William claiming me as “the biological daughter of Alpha William Sullivan, separated at birth through criminal actions. Tori Sullivan carries the pure Sullivan bloodline. The Sullivan Pack welcomes her

return to her rightful place among us.”

The Shepherd Pack’s statement came from Alpha Susan herself: “Tori Sullivan is the daughter of Alpha Susan Shepherd, stolen as an infant. The Shepherd Pack acknowledges her as our Alpha’s daughter and will protect her interests with all our resources.”

Even the Freeman Pack had made a declaration, claiming connection through a familial bond: “Tori Sullivan’s contributions to lunar phase research are invaluable to all packs, and we stand with the other three major packs in asserting her importance to Moonhaven’s future.”

The last one was from Lucas himself.

“As Alpha of the Grayson Pack and mate to Luna Tori Sullivan, I have instructed our legal team to pursue action against every individual spreading malicious falsehoods regarding my Luna. Those responsible will find their comments cannot be deleted nor their accounts

deactivated until formal apologies are issued.

Accompanying his statement were screenshots of people frantically trying to delete their comments, with error messages indicating “Action

blocked by Grayson Pack security protocol.”

The comments section was filled with panicked apologies.

Despite everything, I found myself smiling. For the first time in my life, I wasn’t fighting my battles alone. The warmth of that realization

spread through my chest like sunlight through ice.

“What are you smiling about?” Lucas appeared and asked, his arm secure around my waist as he guided me toward the hospital exit.

I shook my head slightly. “Just saw something interesting,” I replied, not quite ready to share the depth of emotion swelling inside me.

As we approached the hospital doors, I spotted two familiar figures waiting by the entrance-Susan and William, my biological parents,

standing together with matching expressions of concern and affection.

“They insisted on being here for your discharge,’ Lucas murmured. “I couldn’t say no.”

The sight of them-waiting for me, caring about me-added another layer to the surreal quality of my new reality.

Five years ago, I’d been an outcast Omega with no one. Now I had parents a mate, a child, and four powerful packs publicly declaring my

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Chapter 216

worth.

76%

“Sometimes I can’t believe this is my life now,” I whispered to Lucas. It feels too good to be real.”

Lucas’s arm tightened around me, his lips brushing my temple.

“This is just the beginning, little wolf,” he promised, his voice a low rumble against my skin. “You’ll be this happy and much more for the rest of our lives. I’ll make sure of it.”

For once, I didn’t question or doubt his words.

The cynical, defensive part of me that had always been waiting for the other shoe to drop was finally at peace. I leaned into his embrace, my

heart full of certainty.

“I believe,” I whispered back.

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