

# SHATTERED BONDS: THE OMEGA'S RECKONING

## Chapter 6 - THE SILVER WOLF

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*Thorne POV*

The girl in my arms stops breathing.

"No," I snarl, running faster through the forest. My warriors struggle to keep up but I don't slow down. "Don't you dare die on me."

Her heartbeat is faint, irregular. The wound on her side is still bleeding, soaking my arms with warm blood. She's lost too much. Her skin is cold as ice.

My wolf Frost is going absolutely insane inside my head, howling and clawing and demanding I save her. Which is strange because Frost has never cared about anyone except our pack. But something about this tiny, broken girl makes him want to protect her at all costs.

"Breathe," I command, and maybe it's the Alpha power in my voice, or maybe she's just stubborn, but her chest suddenly hitches with a shallow gasp.

Good. Stay alive. Just a little longer.

I burst through the trees into pack territory. The main house is lit up, wolves gathering because they felt me coming. My Beta Piper is already rushing toward me, her red hair flying.

"Alpha, what—" She stops dead when she sees the blood. "Holy shit."

"Get Vera," I snap. "Now."

Piper sprints toward the healer's cottage while I carry the girl—Wren, her name is Wren—through the crowd. Wolves part instantly, their eyes wide. They can all smell it now. The blood. The silver wolf scent beneath the copper tang.

And underneath it all, something else. Something wrong. Like sickness and poison and dark magic all mixed together.

Someone hurt this girl. Someone tortured her for a very long time.

And she said it was the Ravenscrests.

The family that killed my parents twenty years ago. The family I've been waiting to destroy since I was eleven years old. And they just handed me the perfect weapon wrapped in a bleeding, half-dead package.

The Moon Goddess has a twisted sense of humor.

I kick open the door to the healer's cottage. Vera is already there, her graying hair pulled back, her hands glowing with healing magic as she prepares her workspace.

"On the table," she orders without looking up.

I lay Wren down as gently as I can. In the bright light, I can see just how bad it is. The slash across her ribs is deep, showing bone. But that's not all. Her skin is covered in scars—old ones, new ones, some still healing. Burns. Cuts. Bite marks. Six years' worth of torture mapped across her body.

"Who did this to her?" I ask, my voice deadly quiet.

Vera cuts away what's left of Wren's rags and goes completely still. "Sweet Moon Goddess."

I look. Really look.

The scars are worse than I thought. They cover every inch of her—deliberate, systematic, meant to cause maximum pain without killing. Silver burns on her wrists and ankles from chains. Claw marks across her back, her stomach, her legs. Someone broke her repeatedly and let her heal just enough to break her again.

This wasn't battle. This was cruelty.

Frost wants to shift right now, hunt down whoever did this, and tear them apart slowly. I've never felt him this angry before. Not even when the Ravenscrests killed my family.

"Start healing her," I order.

Vera's hands glow brighter as she places them over the worst wound. "This will take time. The damage is extensive. And there's something else..." She frowns. "She's been poisoned. Something in her system is blocking her healing, making her weaker."

"What kind of poison?"

"I don't know yet. Something magical. A curse, maybe." Vera's eyes meet mine. "Someone wanted her dead, Thorne. Or worse—wanted her to suffer forever without dying."

Before I can respond, Wren's eyes fly open. She gasps and tries to sit up, her hands pushing at Vera.

"Don't touch me!" she screams. "Please, I'll be good, I promise, just don't—"

I'm at her side instantly. "Wren. You're safe."

She doesn't hear me. She's trapped in some nightmare, fighting against invisible enemies. "I'm sorry, I'm sorry, I didn't mean to look at you, please don't hurt me—"

"Nobody's going to hurt you." I catch her hands gently, careful not to grip too hard. Her wrists are so small. Fragile. "Wren, look at me."

Her eyes finally focus on my face. They're honey-colored, beautiful, but filled with so much fear it makes my chest tight.

"Where am I?" she whispers.

"Northern Crescent pack. I'm Alpha Thorne. You crossed our border, remember?"

Recognition flickers across her face. Then terror. "You have to send me back. Pack law says runaways have to be returned—"

"I don't follow Ravencrest law." My voice is hard. "You asked for sanctuary. I gave it. You're under my protection now."

She doesn't believe me. I can see it in her eyes. She's been hurt too many times to trust easily.

"What pack did you run from?" I ask, even though I already know. I need to hear her say it.

"Ravencrest," she whispers, and just saying the name makes her start shaking.

Frost roars in triumph inside my head. The Ravencrests. Our enemies. And they drove their own packmate—their own fated mate, according to what she told me—into my territory.

They gave me the perfect tool for revenge.

Except looking at her now, tiny and broken and terrified, I don't feel triumphant. I feel furious. What kind of monsters torture a girl for six years?

"The Alpha's sons," Wren continues, her voice breaking. "Dax, Flynn, and Kade. They're my... they're supposed to be my mates. All three of them. But they can't feel the bond. And they hurt me anyway."

My blood runs cold. "The triplets are your fated mates?"

She nods, tears streaming down her face. "But something's wrong with the bond. It only goes one way. I feel it but they don't. And now they tried to kill me for shifting."

Vera makes a shocked sound. "You just shifted? For the first time?"

"Tonight. At the ceremony." Wren looks at her scarred hands. "I was supposed to fail again. I've been wolfless for six years. But then she came—my wolf—and everything changed."

"You're a late shifter," I realize. "That's why you're so weak. Your wolf was blocked."

"By the curse," Vera adds grimly. "Someone cursed her to prevent her shift. And when it finally broke through tonight, they tried to kill her before she could come into her full power."

Wren stares at us. "Full power? I'm just omega. I'm nothing—"

"You're a silver wolf," I interrupt. "Do you know what that means?"

She shakes her head.

I exchange a look with Vera. How do I explain this?

"Silver wolves haven't been seen in centuries," I say carefully. "They're blessed by the Moon Goddess herself. They're not just powerful—they're meant to balance the corruption in other bloodlines. To unite packs. To change everything."

Wren laughs bitterly. "I can't even fight back when someone hits me. How am I supposed to change anything?"

"Because someone made you weak on purpose," Vera says gently. "They cursed you, poisoned you, broke you piece by piece to prevent you from becoming what you were meant to be."

"But now you're here," I add. "Away from them. Away from the curse. And we can help you become strong again."

Wren looks at me with those terrified honey eyes. "Why would you help me? You don't know me."

"Because the Ravencrests killed my family twenty years ago," I say bluntly. "They took everything from me. And now they've given me the perfect weapon to take everything from them."

Her face goes pale. "You want to use me for revenge."

"Yes." I won't lie to her. "But I also want to help you. Because nobody deserves what they did to you. And because..." I pause, choosing my words carefully. "My wolf says you're important. That you're meant for something greater than being their punching bag."

She studies my face for a long moment. "If I stay, what happens to me?"

"You train. You heal. You become the silver wolf you were always meant to be." I lean closer. "And then, when you're ready, we destroy the people who hurt you. Together."

"They're my fated mates," she whispers. "Even if they don't know it. Even if the bond is cursed. Isn't it wrong to want revenge on your own mates?"

"They tortured you for six years," I remind her. "Mates or not, they deserve to pay."

Wren closes her eyes. "I don't know if I can do this."

"You don't have to decide tonight. Just rest. Heal. We'll figure out the rest later."

Vera starts healing again, her magic warm and gentle. Wren relaxes slightly, exhaustion pulling her under.

But just before she falls asleep, she grabs my hand. Her grip is weak but desperate.

"Promise me," she breathes. "Promise you won't send me back."

"Never," I swear.

She finally lets go, her body going limp as sleep takes her.

Piper appears in the doorway, her face grave. "Thorne. We have a problem."

"What?"

"Alpha Corbin Ravencrest just sent a messenger to our border. He's demanding we return his 'stolen omega' immediately." She pauses. "And he's threatening war if we don't comply."