



Secrets of An Alpha

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Description: I miscarried after saving my mate, Alpha Dylan of the Silvermoon Pack, during a rogue attack. As I lay recovering, I overheard him give a chilling order to the healer: "Remove her uterus. Make sure she never gets pregnant again."

Then Mabel, an Omega, walked in with a little boy. Dylan lifted the child proudly—his eyes, her smile. Their son.

My heart broke. The man who once swore to love me had built a life with someone else behind my back. And yet, he told the healer to spare no cost—using the rare, priceless Moonbloom herb—to heal me.

When I broke our mate bond to free him for the family he clearly chose, I expected silence. Instead, Dylan went mad.

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My mate was secretly cheating on another she-wolf and had a three-year-old illegitimate pup.

After I miscarried while protecting him, the Alpha, who valued me like a precious gem, ordered my uterus removed.

However, he understood that our own puppies were what I desired most in this world.

As I turned and walked down the corridor, past other wards, the TV screen still showed the scene where Dylan proposed to me.

A she-wolf in the ward murmured with envy: "Alpha is so good to Luna Amelia. I heard that Luna was injured and bleeding heavily, and Alpha drew half of his blood and transfused it to her, even at the risk of his own life."

Another female wolf nodded. "Yes, I've never seen such an affectionate Alpha. And he also spent 10 million US dollars to buy Moonbloom herb to accelerate Amelia's recovery."

Previously, hearing such words made me feel like the luckiest she-wolf alive.

But now it has made me sick.

Dylan just emerged from the healer's room. Dylan's eyes lit up as soon as he saw me.

He noticed that I was barefoot in my thin hospital gown. His eyes filled with concern as he drew me into his arms. "You're still recovering from serious injuries, Amelia.

What are you thinking, walking around barefoot like this? What if you catch a chill?"

He carried me back to the room and personally placed warm socks on my feet, as he had done countless times before.

I remembered how he'd been like this for our entire five-year marriage—how he'd brush my hair every night before bed, how he'd make my favourite moonberry tea on full moon nights to soothe my transformation pains, and how he'd carry me across puddles on rainy days to keep my feet dry.

However, the tender gesture that once made my heart race has now left me cold.

I gently pushed away his hands. "I'm feeling better now."

He sighed in relief, but I could tell the worry had not left his eyes.

How could someone be so thoughtful and caring towards me while plotting to destroy my chances of ever having children again? More importantly, how could he look at me with such affectionate eyes when he had a secret son with another woman? Dylan returned to the room and called the pack healer.

"Dr. Elijah will be here soon to prepare you for surgery," Dylan said in a soft tone. "He says we need to take care of your injuries properly."

My blood became cold. Surgery? Dylan instructing the healer to remove my uterus during the procedure came to mind as I recalled the conversation I had overheard earlier.

"No," I replied firmly. "I don't need surgery. I'm feeling much better already."

Dylan had never refused my requests before, but this time he was unusually insistent.

“Little wolf, Dr. Elijah says you’ve had a miscarriage and suffered severe internal injuries from the rogue attack. If we don’t perform this surgery, you could have permanent damage.”

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“I said no.” I pushed myself up from the bed, wincing at the pain in my stomach. Dylan looked at me for a long time, his jaw clenched tight. “I want to leave. Now.” He ran a hand through his hair, frustrated. “Fine,” he finally said. “But I’m calling Dr. Elijah to examine you at home first thing tomorrow.” Dylan helped me up and supported me as we walked out of the treatment room, and I felt relief wash over me.

We’d barely made it to the parking lot when a sharp pain stabbed through my neck. I reached up and felt a small dart. “Dylan?” I asked, confused.

The last thing I saw was his pained expression as he caught me before I fell.

“I’m sorry, love. It’s for your own good.”

Darkness overtook me.

When I awoke again, sunlight streamed through our bedroom windows. For a brief moment, everything seemed normal—until the dull ache in my abdomen brought reality back.

I pulled off the covers and lifted my nightgown to reveal a new surgical scar across my lower belly.

No. No, no.

Dylan walked in, carrying a tray of food.

“You’re awake,” he said softly, putting the tray down and rushing to my side. “How

are you feeling?"

"What did you do to me?" I whispered, tears streaming down my cheeks.

Dylan sat beside me with a grave expression. "You collapsed in the parking lot. Elijah said your internal bleeding had worsened. The inner wall of your uterus was severely damaged from both the attack and the miscarriage. We had no choice, Amelia. If we hadn't removed it, you could have died."

He reached for something on the nightstand—medical reports with diagrams depicting extensive damage to my reproductive system. It all looked very official and convincing.

"I couldn't lose you," Dylan added, taking my hand. "I know how much you wanted pups, but your life means everything to me."

"Rest now," Dylan said, kissing my forehead. "If we want children, we can always adopt a pup from another pack."

As I opened my mouth to speak, the door swung open. Mabel entered, leading a small boy of about three years old by the hand.

"Alpha, as you requested, I found a suitable orphan from the Shadowfang Pack," she told them.

Mabel was a newly added Omega to the Silvermoon Pack. She was stunning, with a flawless figure and a captivating personality. During pack gatherings, she was always able to keep everyone's attention with her stories.

The boy behind her had dark hair and bright eyes. He appeared to be in good health and strong shape, making him ideal future pack material.

Dylan's expression shifted as he saw Mabel. He greeted her with a cool nod before looking at me with tender eyes.

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“Little wolf,” he said gently, “this is the pup I was telling you about. Since we can’t have our own children now, I searched the neighbouring packs for an orphan we could adopt.”

He beckoned to the boy. “Come here, little one. Say hello to your new mum.”

The boy appeared puzzled. Instead of approaching me, he embraced Mabel’s legs tightly.

“Mommy,” he whimpered, looking up at her through Dylan’s eyes, “why is Daddy asking me to call someone else Mom?”

The room went dead silent.

Dylan’s face turned pale. He cleared his throat. “He... he’s confused. I’ve been visiting him at the orphanage for weeks now. He’s started calling me Dad because I’ve been taking care of him.”

Mabel nodded quickly. “Children get attached easily. I’ve been helping with his care too.”

The lies were so obvious they were almost comical. I could not bear watching this performance any longer.

“I’m tired,” I stated flatly, turning away from them. “I need to rest.”

Dylan nodded, relief visible in his eyes. “Of course, love. You need your strength.”

He pointed to one of the pack members standing guard outside. “Take the boy to the guest quarters.”

Mabel remained at the edge of the room as the guard led the confused child away.

I lay with my back to them, pretending to fall asleep.

Behind me, I could hear Mabel approaching Dylan. Her scent, which included wild berries and something distinctly feline, grew stronger. “She doesn’t suspect anything,” Mabel said, her tone playful.

“Are you insane?” Dylan shot back. “That was incredibly reckless. What were you thinking bringing him here?”

“Relax,” Mabel teased, and I could hear the fabric rustle as she brushed against him. “She’s completely clueless. Besides, I put sleeping herbs in her water. She’ll be out cold any minute now.”

Mabel purposefully brushed her leg against Dylan’s in a subtle, intimate gesture.

Dylan did not refuse her advances. He allowed the contact until she became more visible. Only then did he reach down and grab her thigh, stopping her provocative movements.

But Mabel was undeterred. She stepped behind Dylan and embraced him, nuzzling against him like a satisfied wolf after a successful hunt.

Dylan glanced my way, confirming that the sleeping herbs had taken effect.

When he saw my eyes closed and my breathing steady, he became more confident, turning to press Mabel against the nearby table, his hand firmly gripping her throat as

his lips crashed against hers.

He quickly backed away, his cold gaze warning her to behave herself.

But Mabel showed no fear. She wrapped herself around him again, pushing him down onto my bed, only inches from where I lay.

They didn't realise that, while my body couldn't move, my mind was fully alert.

Dylan flipped their positions and pinned Mabel beneath him. "Have you lost your mind?" he growled. "I've warned you to behave yourself around Amelia. She is my only Luna."

Mabel smiled seductively, deliberately exposing her neck to him as an invitation. She whispered, "Don't you want to see what it's like?" "Taking me here, in her bed? Am I more exciting to you than she is?"

Dylan laughed coldly and dismissively. "You're nothing compared to her."

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But his eyes darkened as they focused on Mabel's exposed skin, his body contradicting his words.

Mabel pushed herself against him. "You've been so busy with her these past days. Both your son and I have missed you."

Dylan's restraint was finally broken. One hand roughly examined Mabel's body, while the other pushed her legs apart. Mabel's breathless gasps echoed throughout the room.

My heart felt like it had been violently torn in two, and the pain was unbearable.

The man who had sworn he loved only me and promised to cherish me alone for the rest of our lives was now with another woman in my own bed, believing I was sleeping beside them.

Dylan had left by the time the sleeping herbs had worn off and I had fully awoken. Instead, Mabel stood at the foot of my bed, her face filled with resentment.

Her expression showed no respect as she looked down at me with contempt.

"You saw everything that happened earlier, didn't you?" she was joking. "Dylan loves me, not you. We already have a three-year-old son together. He promised our boy would be his heir."

I clenched my fists, trembling, and asked, "How long have you two been together?"

Mabel raised four fingers, her face smug with triumph.

“Four years,” she bragged. “He met me at a pack gathering four years ago and fell for me instantly. The very first night, he couldn’t get enough of me.”

She proceeded. “Afterward, he felt guilty about betraying you, which is why he transferred all his assets to your name. Those belongings were meant for me and our son. You stole what was rightfully ours.”

I bit my lip hard, resisting the urge to attack her where she was standing.

Mabel became even more confident after seeing my restraint.

“Do you actually believe he loves you?” she sneered. “Every night after you fall asleep, he comes to me. Even when I was pregnant, he wouldn’t leave me alone. Let me tell you something: that day of the rogue wolf attack, he wasn’t patrolling the border as he claimed; he went into rogue territory to save me and our son.

She smiled smugly. “When you were apprehended by those rogues, he was escorting us back to safety. Dylan was in bed with me as you were beaten and lost your baby. He can’t live without me anymore. If you’re smart, you should end the mate bond right away.”

Her words reminded me of that terrible day, when Dylan was captured by rogue wolves while patrolling the border.

Without hesitation, I rushed to the border to protect him, but when I arrived in rogue territory, he was nowhere to be found. Instead, I was surrounded by a pack of rogues, severely injured, and had lost my baby. I almost died.

My wolf form had gone into healing hibernation due to the injuries, and I desperately

called Dylan for help, calling him over a dozen times with no answer, until his phone was completely turned off.

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When he returned the next day, he knelt by my bedside, claiming he'd been at a pack negotiation and was angry with himself for not being there when I needed him. He even slapped himself repeatedly as punishment for his failure.

But, while I was in agony and almost died, he was having fun with another woman.

My last hope vanished in that moment, and my heart turned to ashes.

When Mabel saw my defeated expression, she became even more smug, placing her hands on her hips and announcing:

“My son celebrates his third birthday tomorrow. Dylan is throwing a big party to announce my boy as the pack's heir.” She leaned in closer, her voice dropping to a vicious whisper. “He'll also recognise me as the new ranking female. “Your replacement.”

Her eyes gleamed with malice as she stood up.

“I look forward to seeing you at the celebration! ”

With that, she walked out of the room, her chin held high and her steps full of triumph.

As I watched her triumphant departure, sharp pains stabbed at my chest; the next moment, everything went dark and I collapsed.

I awoke to the next morning.

Dylan sat beside me, his eyes bloodshot and swollen, and his normally immaculate hair was dishevelled, as if he'd been running his hands through it all night.

He immediately drew me into his arms, his voice breaking as he spoke.

“Amelia, you're finally awake,” he choked out, burying his face in my hair. “Your heart stopped twice that night. I thought I would lose you.”

The image of him with Mabel made me sick, and I pushed him away.

“I'm fine.”

Dylan froze, his arms still outstretched, a flash of pain on his face, followed by confusion.

“What's wrong?” Are you experiencing pain? Should I call Elijah?”

I stared at him, looking for any sign of guilt in those Amelia eyes I'd once completely trusted, and then I asked the question that had been burning in my heart.

“Do you remember what I told you prior to our mating ceremony?”

Before we mated, I told him that if he fell in love with someone else, he should tell me right away, and I would step aside for the other woman.

But if he ever deceived me, I'd disappear from his life forever.

Dylan's eyes flickered with panic, but he quickly recovered. “I will only ever love you in this lifetime,” he declared firmly.

“Why would you ask such a question?” He pressed, studying my face. “Has someone

been telling you lies?”

I withdrew my hand. “I’m just tired.”

Dylan stared at me for a long time before standing abruptly. “Get dressed.” I’ve got something to show you.

Despite my weakness, I let him help me up. He wrapped a thick blanket around my shoulders and led me through the corridors of the healing den.

As we stepped out onto the grounds, I gasped at what awaited us.

An elegant private aircraft sat in the wide grassy clearing, gleaming in the morning sun.

Dylan looked at me with affection in his eyes, “You’ve always said you wanted to travel the world, but I’ve always been too busy with packing. I’ve organised everything.”

Dylan’s arm tightened around my waist. “In one month, when you’ve fully recovered, I’ll delegate temporary leadership to the pack council. For three months, we will travel wherever you want. “Just you and I.”

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“No pack duties,” he said quietly. No interruptions. “It’s just us, rebuilding what we lost.”

By now, wolves from all over the pack had gathered, drawn by the noise and the sight of their Alpha and mate.

“Alpha Dylan really does love Luna Amelia,” someone whispered in amazement.

“What a grand gesture,” another murmured. “I’ve never seen a man so devoted.”

From the corner of my eye, I noticed Mabel pushing through the crowd.

Mabel smiled calmly. “Yes, Alpha loves Luna the most,” she said loudly enough for everyone to hear. “Luna, don’t worry. Alpha only holds you in his heart.”

What should have been compliments sounded like mockery to me.

I gave a bitter smile and motioned for the women to leave.

Dylan appeared more at ease after proving his innocence; he sat on the edge of the bed and took my hand, his expression earnest.

“Amelia, you understand that I only love you in this lifetime. “My heart would never belong to another woman.”

I gave a faint “hmm,” ignoring the disappointment in his eyes as I drew my hand away.

A moment later, Dylan appeared to remember something and added:

“Amelia, I need to go to the Shadow territory tomorrow, so I can’t stay with you. But my phone will be on for you 24 hours a day. If you miss me, please call.”

His declaration of devotion seemed genuine, with no trace of deception.

I pushed down the discomfort in my chest and nodded, “Be careful on your journey.”

I noticed a flash of guilt in his eyes before he spoke in a slightly wounded tone.

“I hate to leave you, though. Even if it’s only for a day, I don’t want to be separated from you for even a minute.”

“Once I finish all of my work this month, I’ll spend three months just with you. “No pack business, no distractions.”

If I hadn’t known he was planning a celebration for his illegitimate son over the next seven days, his words might have moved me.

Dylan reluctantly kissed my forehead before leaving the room.

I left the healing den the moment he walked out, returned to our house to gather my belongings, and then submitted my formal request to the Alpha Council to end our mate bond. I then boarded a ship bound for the Hunter Packs in Asia.

Before boarding the ship, I deleted Dylan’s contact information from my phone and blocked him everywhere, saying my final farewell to the life we had shared.

Sitting on the ship’s deck, I watched through the window as the territory where I had lived for over thirty years grew smaller and smaller. The heavy stone that had been

pressing on my heart finally began to dissolve.

Dylan, goodbye forever.

The next morning, I arrived safely in Hunter Pack territory and, using my exceptional healing crystal design skills, I opened a small shop near their central grounds.

Meanwhile, Dylan introduced his Alpha heir and a new ranking female to the Silvermoon Pack.

Just before entering the grand hall for the celebration, he paused to enquire about my health.

The healer assured him that since his departure, I had been sleeping soundly; they told him not to disturb me and promised to call when I awoke.

Dylan, satisfied with this report, entered the hall to begin the ceremony.

He couldn't get my image out of his head, and the night before, he had a dream in which I asked him to break the mate bond.

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The nightmare had jolted him awake, and he had quickly called the healer to confirm that I was still sleeping before his racing heart could calm.

But Dylan's unease persisted, growing stronger as the hours passed, and his thoughts continued to drift to distant places.

When a pack elder asked when he planned to hold the marking ceremony with Mabel, he didn't respond.

It took Mabel shaking his arm to bring him back to reality; when he looked into her adoring eyes, all he saw was my disappointed face staring back at him.

The realisation struck him like a physical blow, and he jerked his hand free of Mabel's grasp and dashed towards the ceremonial hall's entrance.

"Alpha Dylan, the celebration is not over! Where are you going?" A pack member called after him.

Only now did he realise how important I was to him; how could he have betrayed me by choosing another woman? Amelia, please wait for me.

Dylan dashed back to the healing den, his heart pounding furiously in his chest. After parking haphazardly outside, he sprinted through the corridors to my room.

Only when he looked through the doorway and saw the shape still lying in bed with the covers pulled up did his anxiety subside slightly.

He pushed open the door and walked in, a gentle smile on his face.

“Love, I am back!” He called softly.

Dylan carefully pulled back the blanket, his smile freezing instantly when he discovered it wasn’t me, but a collection of pillows arranged to resemble a sleeping form.

Where was his Amelia?

Dylan was falling apart just as I was settling into my new life at the Hunter Pack.

His heart raced as he searched the room for any sign of me.

“Amelia! Amelia, where are you? Amelia!” He cried out desperately, his voice breaking with each repetition of my name.

He flung open the bathroom door and threw the shower curtain aside, as if I was hiding there. It was empty.

His breathing became ragged as he stormed out to the nurses’ station, slamming his fist on the counter hard enough to crack the wood; the young doctor on duty jumped back, almost dropping her clipboard.

“Where is she?” Dylan demanded, eyes flashing gold with his wolf rising dangerously close to the surface.” Where is my mate?

“Alpha Dylan, please,” the Doctor said, pressing herself against the wall. “We thought she was sleeping. The monitors were rigged to show normal readings. You instructed us not to disturb her under any circumstances...”

Dylan's roar interrupted her explanation. With a sweep of his arm, he knocked medical supplies to the floor.

"Useless! All of you!"

He charged through the healing den like a storm, flinging open doors, startling patients, and growing more desperate with each vacant room. As he passed, pack members flattened themselves against walls, the Alpha's rage unleashing waves of dominance that made lesser wolves whimper.

Dylan fumbled with his phone as he returned to his car. He called my number six times in a row, each time receiving the same automated message: "The number you have dialled is no longer in service."

"No, no, no," he mumbled, his voice raw from emotion.

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He drove to our house at breakneck speed, almost crashing twice. His tires squealed as he skidded into the driveway.

As he rushed through the front door, he felt a chill run through his bones. Mason, our beta housekeeper, stopped him in the foyer.

“Alpha, we didn’t expect—”

Dylan grabbed him by the throat and lifted him off the ground. “Where is she?” When did she arrive here?”

“Yesterday afternoon,” Mason choked, clawing at Dylan’s iron grip. “She-she took some clothes, her mother’s pendant, and-”

Dylan dropped him and dashed up the stairs to our bedroom, where the closet doors were open, half of my clothes had vanished, and my jewellery box lay empty on the dresser, the velvet lining torn where I’d ripped out the false bottom that concealed my emergency funds.

The scent of my perfume lingered in the air, but it was fading; I hadn’t been there for hours.

When he noticed a small silver envelope propped against the mirror, he tore it open with shaking hands and pulled out a formal document with the Alpha Council’s seal.

“Application for Mate Bond Severance.”

My signature appeared at the bottom, already stamped with the Council's approval.

Dylan stumbled backward until his legs hit the bed and he collapsed onto it, letting out a strangled sound that was part howl and part sob.

"No," he whispered, then said loudly, "NO!"

He clutched his chest as the realisation hit him: I was gone, and the bond would be severed within days.

"Find her!" he roared, the Alpha command infusing his voice with supernatural power that reverberated through the entire pack territory. Pack members doubled over in pain at the force of it. **SEARCH EVERYWHERE! EVERY TERRITORY! EVERY PORT!**

The sound of running feet came from downstairs, and wolves scrambled to obey.

"Alpha!" Elijah appeared in the doorway, his face pale. "There is something else you should know. "We found this in the kitchen."

He held out divorce papers with my signature prominently displayed on the bottom.

How could this be possible? His Amelia would not leave him, would not break their bond; there must be a misunderstanding!

Dylan ripped the papers in half, quarters, and eighths, throwing the pieces into the air.

"Dispatch every available wolf," he ordered, his voice dead calm now, "and request favours from allied packs. I want roadblocks, airport checks, and harbour patrols. Ten million to whoever returns her to me unharmed."

Maon nodded frantically: “Yes, Alpha. “Right away.”

Dylan reached for his phone once more, dialling Mabel’s number. “Get the boy out of sight,” he said when she answered. “If Amelia learns about him and thinks that’s why she left...”

He couldn’t even complete the sentence.

“But how about the ceremony?” Mabel enquired. “Everyone is waiting. Your announcement —

“Cancel everything,” Dylan demanded. “My mate is missing. Nothing else matters.”

He hung up and walked to the window, staring out at the territory that felt strangely empty without me.

“I’ll find you, Amelia,” he whispered. “No matter where you’ve gone. No matter how far you run. I’ll bring you home.”

My crystal healing shop is located near the ocean. Every day, as I sketch new designs by the window, I see a vast blue expanse stretching to the horizon.

The azure waters blend seamlessly with the sky, as seabirds soar and dive for fish. The view is breathtaking due to its simplicity.

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I sometimes lose track of time watching the waves with my pencil hovering over half-finished designs. The rhythm of the water soothes something broken within me.

I'd always wanted to go to the beach since I was a child, but my family couldn't afford it.

"One day, when I'm bigger and have money," I promised my mother, "I'll take you to see the ocean."

She had smiled with a split lip. "I'd like that, little pup."

We never had the chance.

My father was a gambling addict who racked up mountains of debt and drank himself to forget his mistakes. When he was drunk, he would mercilessly beat my mother. My mother would have died at his hands if I hadn't called the pack enforcers several times.

I remember the first time I called for assistance. I was ten years old and hiding in the closet with my mother's old flip phone clutched in trembling hands.

"Pack enforcement," a gruff voice replied.

"Please," I whispered, afraid my father would hear. "He's hurting my mum again. There's so much blood."

When they arrived, my father had changed into his charming persona. "Just a

misunderstanding,” he said, his arm around my mother’s shoulders. Her eyes were downcast, and her wolf was submissive despite being a naturally dominant female.

The enforcers fled, and that night, he broke her arm for “embarrassing him.”

But luck never lasts forever. One day after study hall, I returned home to find my mother in a pool of blood, barely breathing. My father had disappeared.

“Mom?” I’d dropped my backpack and rushed to her side. “Mom!”

Her eyes fluttered open; Amelia, who had once been bright, was now dulled by pain. “Run,” she whispered. “He’ll be back.”

I immediately summoned the pack enforcers to track him down, but he appeared to have vanished from the world entirely, never to be seen again.

My mother did not survive the night. Her final words to me were, “Don’t let anyone own you. Not like he owned me.”

My birth family’s trauma branded itself on my soul like a hot iron, torturing me for over a decade of sleepless nights.

I hated myself for not being strong enough to protect my mother and take her out of that situation. Even more, I despised the fact that she loved my father so much that she stayed by his side despite the abuse, which eventually claimed her life.

When I was 16, I discovered her diary. Inside was what she had written: “I stay because my wolf chose him, and a wolf never chooses wrong. The pain must be my fault.”

That night, under a crescent moon, I burned the diary and vowed never to let my wolf

make my decisions for me.

These experiences made me unable to trust love. I refused intimate connections with anyone, erecting barriers that no one could overcome—until Dylan appeared and changed everything.

Dylan had only recently taken over as leader of the Silvermoon Pack. Our wolves recognised each other as fated mates the moment we locked gazes across a crowded marketplace.

The pull was immediate and overwhelming. My wolf howled and scratched beneath my skin, desperate to be closer to him.

But I remembered my vow. I remembered my mother.

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I tried to reject him at first because I didn't believe a wolf from my family deserved an Alpha.

When he approached, I replied coldly, "I'm not interested," despite the fact that every cell in my body screamed otherwise.

Dylan just smiled. "I'll wait until you are."

And he did. He went on a five-year quest to win my heart.

He was always there for me when I needed him, offering assistance and meeting all of my material needs. He consistently surprised me with thoughtful gestures.

When a rival crystal artisan attempted to sabotage my small business, Dylan arrived at my door with coffee and a contract offering space in the prime shopping district of the Silvermoon Pack territory.

"I don't need your charity," I snapped.

"It's not charity," he explained calmly. "It's investment in talent. Your work is exquisite."

Every birthday, he would celebrate with me, presenting me with the most exquisite crystals in the area. If even one caught my eye, his face would light up with pride and joy, like a devoted beta receiving praise from his Alpha.

For my twenty-fifth birthday, he brought a raw aquamarine the size of my palm.

“It reminded me of your eyes,” he explained softly.

I tried to refuse, but he put it in my hands anyway.

“I don’t expect anything in return,” I was told. “Consider it a tribute to your art.”

When he discovered my love of the ocean, he made it a point to take me there every month until our mating ceremony.

The first time he took me, I stood at the shoreline, stunned and silent.

“What do you think?” he enquired.

I could not speak. Tears streamed down my face. He understood without words and simply stood beside me as I felt the vastness I had promised my mother we would see together.

After a long pause, I said quietly, “Thank you.”

He took my hand. This was the first time I let him touch me.

Afterward, concerned about interfering with his pack duties, I tried to persuade him to discontinue these trips. He laughed and dismissed my concerns, insisting that nothing mattered more than my happiness.

“But you’re the Alpha,” I countered. “Your pack needs you.”

“And I need you,” he answered simply. “My wolf chose you. I choose you. Every day.”

Those words penetrated my final defences.

Dylan's arrival in my life was like the moon breaking through the storm clouds, illuminating my darkness and giving me new purpose. He demonstrated that there was still beauty in existence.

Our mating ceremony was intimate, with only close pack members and the Elder performing the ritual. Dylan's canines pierced the sensitive skin between my neck and shoulder, completing our bond, and I felt whole for the first time in my life.

He whispered, "Mine," against my skin. "Forever."

I believed him.

But he also delivered my deepest heartbreak, teaching me how complex wolf nature is. Even the deepest love cannot prevent betrayal.

He even planned to have my womb removed so that another woman's child could be his heir without competition.

This afternoon, I finally received confirmation from a local healer. My womb is indeed gone.

The healer, an elderly she-wolf with kind eyes, held my hand while delivering the news.

"I'm sorry," she replied. "The surgery was done by someone skilled. There's no chance of reversal."

Even though I already knew the truth, seeing the medical report caused my heart to clench painfully.

"Can I still...?" I was unable to finish the question.

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“You will still have desire,” she assured me, “but you will never carry pups.”

On our first night together, I told Dylan how much I loved dogs and how much I wanted our own children.

We were entangled in sheets, his fingers tracing patterns on my exposed skin.

“I want at least three,” I admitted. “A big family to fill our home with laughter.”

He had smiled tenderly and held me close as he confessed that he had wanted to start a family with me but was afraid I wouldn’t want to.

“I can already picture them,” he had stated. “Strong like you. Stubborn like you. Beautiful like you.”

The memory of his warmth now seems like a cruel joke.

Fate had different plans. I struggled with fertility issues. I was unable to conceive for four years after our mating ceremony, despite our best efforts and remedies.

The guilt consumed me. Dylan would hold me when I cried in the middle of the night, insisting that children were unimportant and that only my happiness and presence in his life were important.

“We are enough,” he whispered into my hair. “You are enough for me.”

His tone was casual and unconcerned, but I could still sense his disappointment. In

truth, he wanted puppies even more than I did.

I noticed it in the way his gaze lingered on families in the crowd, and how he would pick up tiny clothes when we passed stores catering to new parents.

After years of perseverance, we were finally successful. I got pregnant with our first puppy in June.

When I realised this, I took three different tests to be sure. It's all positive.

When I found out I was pregnant, my world exploded with joy like a full moon rising. I could hardly contain my excitement.

I rushed into Dylan's office, unannounced, to tell him the news.

"Dylan," I exclaimed, my eyes welling up with joy. "It worked. We're going to have a pup!"

His face froze for such a brief moment that I thought I was imagining it. Then he smiled, but not with his eyes.

"That's... wonderful news," he exclaimed, rising to embrace me.

But his reaction was not what I had expected. Instead of matching my excitement, he appeared almost... sorrowful? "Aren't you happy?" I enquired, pulling back to examine his expression.

"Of course," he replied quickly. "Just surprised. We've tried for so long..."

I didn't understand then. I assumed the pack business was bothering him. Now I know the truth: he feared my child would jeopardise Mabel's son's position as heir.

He already has a son. He was grooming a secret heir to lead the pack. My puppy would have made things more complicated.

Next came the miscarriage. Our long-awaited puppy was suddenly gone.

I awoke with cramps and blood-soaked sheets. Dylan rushed me to the healing den, but it was too late.

“I’m sorry,” the healer had stated. “There was nothing we could do.”

During that time, I frequently cried until I passed out from exhaustion. Dylan, however, appeared relieved.

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He brought me tea and held me when I cried, but I noticed how his shoulders had relaxed, and how he hummed while preparing meals he knew I would enjoy.

“We can try again,” he said, but the words sounded hollow.

Looking back, he must have been silently praying that my pregnancy would end.

How many nights had he lain beside me, pretending to share my dreams while plotting to keep them from coming true? How many times had he kissed my tears away, secretly relieved at my suffering?

In a strange way, I am grateful now. If our child had survived, they would have been born into a home in which their father’s love was divided. I can’t imagine how painful it would have been for an innocent puppy.

Perhaps losing the pregnancy saved my child from a life of wondering why their father always seemed to look past them, why another puppy was given preferential treatment.

Sometimes, as I look out my shop window at the ocean, I imagine the child we might have had, playing in the sand, collecting shells and shrieking with delight as waves chase tiny footprints.

But that dream died with my womb, cut away by a healer on Dylan’s orders.

The Hunter Pack territory is stunning. I decided to move here permanently, obtaining residency papers and purchasing a small chalet in a quiet neighbourhood near the

forest edge.

Though small in size, it's cosy and welcoming—ideal for a solitary life without feeling lonely. The wooden beams and stone fireplace remind me of my own strength and stability, which I have been working to rebuild.

My days became simple but fulfilling. To bring some life into my home, I adopted two puppies for companionship.

The first puppy, a grey wolf-mix with one blue and one brown eye, is strangely fascinated by the moon. I named him Noctara because of the way he appears to revere the celestial body.

The second puppy, a smaller black one with white paws, constantly buries my crystals in the garden, as if planting them for future growth. I call him Groveborn because of his peculiar gardening habits.

“You're not growing crystal trees, silly boy,” I told him this morning, after digging up my rose quartz for the third time this week. He simply wagged his tail, proud of his accomplishments.

Their presence changed my once-quiet life into something more lively. Their playful wrestling matches and midnight howling competitions frequently caused minor chaos in the house, but their companionship filled a void I had no idea existed.

What I never expected was Dylan to find me here, in this sanctuary I'd built.

Today, I enrolled in a local flight school. I've always loved the sky—the freedom, the vastness—so I signed up to learn how to fly a helicopter. The instructor promised stunning views of the Swiss Alps from above.

Dylan appeared out of nowhere, blocking my path as I stepped outside my door with my equipment bag slung over my shoulder. “Amelia, it really is you!” His voice broke with emotion as he said my name.

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At first glance, I barely recognised him. In just one month, he had lost a lot of weight, and his appearance was haggard and worn. The tailored clothes that had once fit his powerful frame now hung loosely.

Dark circles surrounded his eyes. This shell of a man bore little resemblance to the strong, confident Alpha I had left behind. When he saw me, his dull eyes brightened with desperate hope. He rushed forward as if to embrace me, arms extended like a drowning man reaching for the shore.

I dodged his approach, my heart pounding against my ribs. The mere sight of him brought back memories of everything: tenderness, betrayal, and surgery.

“Don’t,” I said, my tone sharper than intended.

I retreated several steps, keeping a distance between us. My entire body tensed as I watched him warily. Noctara and Groveborn, sensing my distress from inside the house, started barking furiously at the window.

“Stay back,” I said, raising one hand as if to physically block him.

Dylan slowed in mid-stride, pain flashing across his gaunt face. His shoulders slumped, making him look even smaller.

“Amelia, what did I do wrong? Why would you treat me like this?” he asked, his voice barely above a whisper. “All these years together, and you just... disappeared.”

He took a shaky breath and continued.

“I was only gone for one day on pack business, and you vanished without a trace, leaving divorce papers behind. Have you stopped loving me? Has everything we built meant nothing?”

His voice had a wounded quality, as if he had suffered a terrible injustice. His hands trembled as he reached for me again, stopping when I flinched.

It appeared that he had no idea I had discovered his affair with Mabel. The realisation caused a bitter taste in my throat. “You really don’t know?” I enquired, surprised.

Dylan’s confused expression only fuelled my rage. I took out my phone and played the recording of Mabel’s words that day in the hospital room. I’d saved it as a reminder, a safeguard against moments of weakness when memories of happier times tempted me back.

Mabel’s smug voice filled the gap between us.

“Do you actually believe he loves you? Every night after you fall asleep, he comes to me. Even when I was pregnant, he wouldn’t leave me alone.”

Dylan’s eyes widened with horror as the recording progressed.

“Let me tell you something-that day of the rogue wolf attack, he wasn’t patrolling the border as he claimed. He went into rogue territory to rescue me and our son.”

“Tomorrow is my son’s third birthday. Dylan is hosting a grand celebration to declare my boy as the pack’s heir. He’ll also acknowledge me as the new ranking female. Your replacement.”

Dylan’s face drained of colour so quickly that I thought he might pass out. He staggered back a step, reaching for a fence post to steady himself.

He stared at me with disbelief, his mouth opening and closing silently.

“She... told you all that?” he finally said, barely audible.

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I put my phone away, my voice deliberately flat, my hands trembling slightly.

“Now you understand why I left? Out of respect for what we once shared, I won’t pursue this matter further. I just ask that you respect my wishes and stop disrupting my new life.”

I grabbed my bag more firmly and turned to leave, mentally calculating how late I’d be for my helicopter lesson.

But Dylan lunged forward with surprising speed, grabbing my wrist. His touch burned against my skin, familiar but unwelcome. His eyes were wild and desperate.

“Amelia, please listen to me,” he begged, his voice breaking. “I never marked her. You’re my only mate, my only love. The ceremony never happened. I called everything off when I discovered you were gone.”

His explanation struck me as absurd, and I let out a bitter laugh. Even with my own ears, the sound was harsh. “We’re already severed our bond. Whoever you mate with now is your business, not mine,” I said with a smile. “You should hurry back to Mabel-I’m sure she and your son are waiting for you.”

Dylan’s grip tightened as he frantically shook his head, leaving his knuckles white against my skin.

“I never accepted your rejection. You’re still my mate,” he insisted, a hint of his Alpha authority creeping into his tone. “About Mabel... I can explain. It was just novelty, a momentary weakness. But I swear, you’re the one I’ve always loved. That

has never changed.”

He swallowed hard before continuing, his voice low as if confessing a sin.

“You know my position as Alpha brings attention from many females. The power, the status—they’re drawn to it. I resisted at first, but I’m only a wolf. I couldn’t always control my… physical responses, so…”

Every word he said felt like a claw tearing through my heart, mocking the years of devotion and trust I had placed in our relationship. The audacity of his excuse, blaming his position and basic instincts, made my blood boil.

Unable to hold back my rage, I twisted my wrist and slapped him hard across the face, the sound cracking like a whip in the morning air.

“That’s no excuse for betrayal,” I said, trembling with rage. “I told you from the beginning if you ever fell for someone else, you should tell me honestly. I would have stepped aside with dignity.”

My voice rose as years of agony spilt out.

“But you’ve been with her for three years! Three years of opportunities to come clean, and you chose deception instead. You even had my womb removed to ensure I couldn’t bear pups that might compete with her son’s claim!”

My anger finally erupted, and my voice rose uncontrollably. A nearby bird took off, startled by my outburst.

“Was I just a placeholder? A convenient Luna while you built your real family on the side?”

Dylan stood stunned, with a red handprint on his cheek. For once, the silver-tongued Alpha struggled to find words. He opened his mouth, but nothing came out.

But he did not have a chance to respond. My ride to the flight school had arrived, and the pilot honked twice from the driveway.

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I didn't want to waste another moment on Dylan. I stepped around him and walked quickly to the waiting car.

"Amelia, please," Dylan pleaded with me, his voice breaking. "Just give me a chance to make this right!"

Through the car window, I saw him standing motionless on the path, like a wolf who had lost his soul. His back was turned to me, concealing whatever expression his face might have shown.

I didn't want to see it anyway.

Our flight instructor was a young Alpha named Liam Diego. Handsome did not begin to describe him.

Most of the females in our group had joined solely to admire him. His chiselled features and piercing grey eyes attracted admiring glances wherever he went.

Despite the attention, he maintained a cool and professional demeanour. Beyond answering work-related questions, he remained distant and unapproachable.

Before the helicopter lesson began, he meticulously checked everyone's safety equipment. When it was my turn, his gaze stayed on me for longer than necessary.

Something in his eyes seemed strange, almost familiar, as if we had met before. But he said nothing, only checking my safety harness before leading us up into the sky.

When I was with Dylan, he never let me participate in extreme sports or adrenaline activities. He was always concerned about my health and safety, saying my body was too fragile.

He never realised I'd always been an adrenaline junkie. The more exciting the outdoor activity, the more I enjoyed it.

To allay his fears, I gave up these activities after our mating ceremony. I gave up that part of myself, like so many others, to become the mate he desired.

Before meeting Dylan, flying helicopters was my greatest passion. During those years of confinement, I'd watch videos of pilots soaring through the clouds, my fingers aching to grasp the controls again.

I never imagined I'd have another opportunity to fly. As we took off, the sensation of rising above the earth freed something long imprisoned within me. For the first time in years, I felt truly free.

The world below shrank to a miniature size. Mountains, forests, and lakes all became small features on a living map. Up here, my problems appeared both minor and insignificant.

However, as we prepared to descend, disaster struck. The helicopter's engine made a sickening sound, and we dropped out of the sky. I attempted to deploy my emergency parachute, but the mechanism jammed.

I was falling, and the ground rushed up to meet me with terrifying speed. Through the chaos, I noticed Liam diving towards me, his body streamlined like a missile.

He caught me in mid-air, his strong arms wrapping around my waist. When our bodies connected, something electric passed between us.

We both froze for a split second, eyes locked in shock. My wolf, which had been dormant since leaving Dylan, suddenly surged forward with a howl of recognition.

A second chance, mate. The Moon Goddess' rarest gift to a wolf who had lost their fated partner. Liam snapped back into action, deploying his parachute. The canopy bloomed above us, jerking us up before we began our controlled descent. We landed harder than ideal, rolling across the grass in a tangle of limbs and parachute material.

The other students rushed towards us, their expressions tight with concern. Before I could stand, Liam scooped me into his arms and carried me to a small cabin that served as the flight school headquarters.

"Are you hurt?" he enquired, his clear eyes filled with concern. The professional distance was gone, replaced by an intensity that made my heart race.

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I rubbed my bruised back and shook my head. “I’m fine. My back’s a bit sore, but it should feel better soon.”

His brow furrowed as he frowned. “No, that won’t do. I’m taking you to a healer for examination. Some injuries can’t be detected without proper assessment.”

Without waiting for my response, he carried me to his car and drove straight to the Hunter Pack’s healing centre. Only after X-rays confirmed that I had no serious injuries did the tension in his shoulders ease.

I felt truly grateful as I watched his rigid posture gradually relax. “Thank you for today, Mr. Diego.”

“Looking after students is my job,” he said calmly, though something warm appeared in his eyes. “It’s nearly six. I should get you back to your accommodation.”

I returned to my chalet, escorted by Liam. The events of the day—confronting Dylan, the helicopter malfunction, and meeting a second chance mate—had completely exhausted me. After a light meal, I collapsed into bed and fell fast asleep.

However, my dreams were troubled. Images of Dylan’s gaunt face alternated with flashes of Liam’s intense gaze. My wolf paced restlessly inside me, perplexed by the opposing pulls.

Second-chance mates were supposed to be a blessing—a new beginning after loss. But what if the first mate hadn’t truly disappeared? What if the bond had been severed through betrayal rather than death?

Such complications were never mentioned in the old texts.

I awoke at dawn, drenched in sweat and confused as ever. Outside my window, a light snow had started to fall, dusting the landscape in pure white.

It's a new day. A blank slate.

I reached for my phone and discovered a message from an unknown number:

“Rest today. Flying lessons postponed until weather clears. Call if you need anything.
– Liam”

My fingers hovered above the screen.

I soon got another message from Liam.

“Are you free this weekend? I'd like to invite you to dinner.”

The invitation took me by surprise. I hadn't expected Liam to be so forward after our brief encounter.

I was about to decline when I noticed Dylan approaching from across the street. Even at a distance, his gaunt figure was unmistakable.

“I'd love to,” I responded quickly. “Just send me the address, and I'll meet you there.”

Liam's eyes lit up with delight as he nodded and left.

Dylan intercepted me as soon as Liam walked away, blocking my path with his body.

“Who was that man?” he demanded, his voice brimming with barely contained rage.
“Why did you agree to dinner with him?”

I had assumed Dylan would have left after our confrontation the day before, but he had apparently been keeping watch for my return.

Seeing me talk to Liam triggered his possessiveness, and his eyes blazed with a territorial fury I hadn’t seen in our years together.

I frowned, keeping my voice neutral. “That’s none of your business.”

“How can you claim it is none of my business? We are still technically mated. I will not allow you to be around other males.”

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Dylan raised his voice at me for the first time, his eyes glowed red as he glared, his wolf dangerously close to the surface, and he appeared ready to tear someone apart, most likely Liam if he were still present.

I flinched, instinctively backing away from the aggression emanating from him in waves.

Dylan noticed my reaction and quickly tried to compose himself; guilt replaced anger in his expression.

“I’m sorry,” he said softly. “I lost control for a moment. But I really can’t bear the thought of you with someone new.”

He reached into his jacket and pulled out an official-looking document, extending it to me with earnest desperation. “This is from the highest werewolf medical authority,” he explained. “It confirms your womb truly did develop a cancerous condition. I was not lying to you; the removal was necessary to save your life.”

His words came out faster now, as if he was afraid I would leave before he finished.

“I sent Mabel’s son to a wolf orphanage. He will never become my heir. “I’ve cut all ties.”

I took a look at the report, and it did bear the official seal of the North American Werewolf Health Authority, which is nearly impossible to forge.

I pushed past him without saying anything, my mind racing to process the new

information.

“I just need some air,” I mumbled.

“Amelia, you’re the only one I’ve ever truly loved,” Dylan added, following closely behind. “I would never intentionally harm you.”

His voice broke with emotion as he continued his plea.

“What happened to Mabel was a horrible mistake. I’ve ended things completely. She will never interfere in our lives again. Please come home. “I am nothing without you.”

He reached for my hand, but I jerked away, creating more space between us.

“You should know the saying-once unfaithful, never trusted again,” I said coldly. “You betrayed me, and I will never forgive you. “Stop bothering me.”

Dylan shook his head in defiance, as if unable to comprehend my rejection.

“No. I cannot let you go. We have been together for many years. How can you let go of all those wonderful memories?”

His eyes shone with unshed tears.

“You promised to love only me for the rest of your life.” Why are you abandoning me right now?”

Looking at Dylan’s wounded expression, I felt nothing: no sympathy, no remorse, just emptiness where love had once existed.

I took out my phone and called the Hunter Pack's security forces, who arrived within minutes to remove Dylan from the territory.

"You can't do this," he protested as two imposing enforcers led him away. "Amelia, please! We need to talk."

After he left, I sent a message to Mabel, telling her to keep Dylan under control if she didn't want him permanently barred from entering any allied pack territories.

Surprisingly, Dylan did not reappear after the incident.

Liam continued to seek my company in the following weeks, sometimes directly, sometimes indirectly; despite his reserved demeanour in public, I could detect his interest.

After our third helicopter lesson, I decided to address the situation directly. We had landed in a remote alpine meadow for a picnic lunch when I brought up the topic.

"Liam, I need to be honest with you," I said, setting down my water bottle. "I recently ended a relationship that lasted over a decade. I'm not prepared to start another."

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I expected disappointment or frustration, but Liam nodded with understanding.

“I can wait,” he said simply; he had already waited twelve years. “It won’t matter if it takes a little longer.”

His response perplexed me: “Twelve years?” What do you mean?”

Liam’s expression softened with recollection.

“We have met before, Amelia. You don’t remember, but I can’t forget.”

He went on to tell me a story that astounded me: Twelve years ago, when I first started working and had saved enough money for leisure activities, I took skiing lessons at a resort near the Silvermoon Pack territory.

Liam had also been there, temporarily escaping his family’s business pressures. In his haste to find solitude, he’d ventured into an unmonitored section of the mountain and suffered a serious fall, trapping him in a ravine.

“I would have died of exposure if you hadn’t spotted me,” he said quietly. “You called the resort staff and stayed until they found me. You even paid me a visit at the medical centre afterward.”

After that incident, I never saw him again; he explained that he had looked for me, hoping to properly express his gratitude, but I had vanished.

“It wasn’t until your mating ceremony with Dylan was broadcast on the regional pack

news that I discovered who you were,” he continued. “But you were already mated. I couldn’t interfere with that bond.

“Is that why you recognised me at the flight school? I was surprised by this connection that I had completely forgotten. The coincidence, or perhaps fate, seemed almost unbelievable.” I asked.

Liam nodded, “I’ve never forgotten your face.” When you signed up for lessons, I assumed the Moon Goddess was giving me another chance.”

“And then you discovered I was a rejected mate,” I remarked bitterly.

“No,” he gently corrected, “I learnt you were a survivor. Someone strong enough to walk away from a broken relationship rather than put up with it.”

His words warmed something within me that had become cold.

Despite my rejection of his romantic interest, Liam did not distance himself; instead, he offered friendship, accompanying me on outdoor adventures and respecting my boundaries. He became a steady, calming presence in my new life, supportive but not demanding, close but not intrusive.

We developed a comfortable routine: helicopter lessons twice a week, weekend hikes, and quiet evenings discussing books or pack politics. Sometimes we’d sit in companionable silence, watching the sunset from my chalet’s porch, with Noctara and Groveborn playing at our feet.

It wasn’t love just yet, but it was healing.

Two years later, I learnt about Dylan.

After being removed from Hunter territory that day, he was apparently retrieved by

Mabel, and their reunion had turned volatile, erupting into a fierce argument, in which Dylan pushed her.

The fall caused Mabel to miscarry the pup she was carrying, which I had no idea about.

Mabel's mind was shattered by the loss of both her mate's love and her child, and she deliberately ran Dylan down with her vehicle, leaving him in a vegetative state.

Mabel was then committed to a mental health facility, where she would likely spend the rest of her life.

When I heard about their tragic death, I felt no satisfaction, vindication, or sorrow—only a distant recognition of lives poorly lived and bad decisions.

These people who had once dominated my life were now just footnotes in my story; they had left their imprints, yes, but they had not defined me.

Does it bother you?" Liam enquired when he noticed me reading the news report.

I folded the paper and shook my head, "No." It's like hearing about characters from a book I finished years ago."

Later that evening, as we walked along the forest path near my chalet, Liam's hand brushed against mine, posing a question without words.

After a brief hesitation, I laced my fingers through his.

Some wounds and bonds require time to heal or form.

Sometimes, the Moon Goddess grants second chances to those who muster the courage to start over.