

Chapter Nineteen: Answers Will Be Given Part Two

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Phera POV:

The tension in the room was so thick you could cut it with a knife, a tangible weight hanging heavily in the air between us. Axel, Damon, and Zane sat across from me, all equally formidable in their posture yet visibly different in their expressions. Their faces were etched with a mix of anticipation and trepidation as if each was bracing for an impending storm. The walls of the office, usually an epitome of clinical professionalism, seemed to close in on us, drawing the focus to the emotional vortex at its center—me.

Damon was the first to break the silence. His jaw clenched as he took in a deep breath, and then he locked his gray eyes onto mine, as though trying to search for something only he knew.

"Phera, we've owed you an explanation for a long time, and today, here and now, you're going to get it. And I hope you'll allow us this moment to speak freely, without interruption."

His words carried a tone of vulnerability I had never associated with him, an earnestness that seemed to belong to someone else. He glanced at Axel, whose face mirrored his own emotional turbulence. Axel cleared his throat and took over, leaning slightly forward on his arms.

"The women you saw us with over the years—they were never intended to be substitutes for you. They were

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smoke screens, distractions aimed at keeping you out of the limelight. After our parents' deaths, there were elements within the pack who wanted to seize control. They would have seen you as a pawn, a leverage point against us. It was paramount that we made sure you weren't targeted." 1

Every word felt like an echo in a cavernous void, each syllable resonating with years of pent-up questions and heartbreak. Damon picked up where Axel left off, his voice tinged with an emotion I couldn't quite place—was it regret? Remorse?

"When our parents died, we were left steering a ship in stormy waters. Our pack was fractious, broken, and ripe for rebellion. By cutting you out, as painful as it was, we believed we were sparing you from becoming collateral damage in a power struggle we were fighting tooth and nail to contain." 1

Silence reigned for a moment, a brief interlude that allowed the weight of their words to sink in. Then Zane finally spoke, his voice laced with a sorrow so palpable it nearly shattered me.

"Signing those papers, cutting ties, disappearing from your life—it was all a self-imposed exile. Not for our sake, but for yours," 1

Zane confessed, his eyes clouded with a mix of sadness and an indescribable complexity.

"Even after you came of age, the situation remained perilous. The pack's dynamics hadn't stabilized, and we were still not taken seriously by our neighbouring packs. Bringing you into such volatility would have been the epitome of irresponsibility."

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I could feel the ache spreading from the pit of my stomach to the farthest reaches of my soul. I wanted to scream, to cry, to vent the storm that was raging inside me, but Damon's initial plea for uninterrupted listening kept my lips sealed, for now.

Finally, Damon looked at his brothers, a silent exchange passing between them, before settling his gaze back on me.

"As for that night we kissed Newmara..." His voice faltered for a moment, as if weighed down by the gravity of the revelation to come. "We thought that the only way to ensure you'd stay away from this chaotic life we were thrust into was to make you despise us. So, we did the unthinkable. We staged that scene with your sister to turn your love into loathing. It was a cruel, desperate act, one we've regretted every single day since." 6

Each word was a hammer strike, demolishing the wall I'd built around myself, turning my carefully constructed emotional defenses into rubble. The room went dead silent again. Each brother seemed lost in his own churning sea of emotions—guilt, sorrow, regret—all laid bare in their eyes. Yet, they sat in suspended animation as if waiting for the axe to fall.

And there I was, at the center of it all, feeling like an anchorless ship caught in a tempest. I understood them, and yet I didn't. I was awash in a flood of new information, each revelation bringing its own unique shade of pain, understanding, and unbearable complexity. It was a lot to take in, almost too much, and the next words out of my mouth would tip the balance, one way or another. But those words, for now, remained unspoken, festering in the


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depths of my soul, awaiting the right moment to emerge and define our fates.

My heart pounded so hard it was as if a drum were echoing in my chest, each beat synchronized with a surge of emotion too vast and tumultuous to name. It felt like being on the edge of a precipice, staring down into an abyss filled with uncertainty, regret, and revelations that were as difficult to digest as they were to hear. My eyes flickered between the three of them—Axel, Damon, and Zane—each face mirroring an emotion that churned inside of me. Drawing a shaky breath, I finally found my voice, though it trembled with the waves of feelings crashing against my mental shore.

"You say you did all this to protect me, but did any of you ever think how your actions would affect me emotionally? How they'd make me feel?" My eyes moistened, threatening to spill over. "You cut ties, you made me watch as you kissed my sister, and you let me believe I was forgotten. Do you have any idea what that did to me?"

Before any of them could respond, my emotions spilled over.

"And what about the missing years? The birthdays? The milestones I went through thinking I was utterly and irrevocably alone? Was protecting me really worth erasing yourselves from my life entirely?" 

Just when I thought I had made my point, Damon interrupted, his eyes glowing with an intense luminescence that seemed almost supernatural.

"Phera, listen to me. We never, ever left you alone."

My heartbeat skipped, the room blurring for a split second

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before snapping back into focus. Axel chimed in, his voice strangled, almost as if he were in pain.

"We had our pack members keep an eye on you from a distance. Every report about you—your well-being, your happiness or lack thereof—was delivered directly to us. We were... always there, in spirit if not in form." 1

Zane leaned in, the intensity of his gaze making it difficult to maintain eye contact.

"It destroyed us to be away from you, Phera. We may not have been there in person, but every fiber of our being longed to be with you. Our wolves howled in agony every single night because they were separated from their true mate."

The rawness in their confessions made my throat tighten further, my vision getting cloudier by the second. My heart, still thudding like a war drum in a battlefield, seemed to be pulled in multiple directions. On the one hand, I was struggling to come to terms with the enormity of their sacrifices, the layers of complex motives, and their unquestionable love for me. On the other hand, there was a part of me—perhaps the damaged part—that still questioned whether love could ever justify years of imposed isolation and emotional turmoil. 3

For a moment, everything stood still—the room, the world outside, even my own thoughts—as if pausing to recognize the gravity of what had just transpired. There we were, four souls bound by destiny yet riven by years of choices, both right and wrong. And for the first time, I wondered not just what love could destroy, but also what it had the power to heal. But for now, that question remained unanswered, hanging heavy in the air, filling the

room with a silence that was both empty and unbearably full.

The weight of their words hung in the air, dense and palpable. I could feel their gazes on me, three sets of grey eyes that seemed to pierce through the very fabric of my soul, as if trying to read the scroll of emotions unfurling within me. Axel, Damon, Zane—each stood frozen, their auras intermingling in a complex symphony that filled the room with a static energy. The atmosphere felt charged, like the sky right before a storm, brimming with the promise of an impending deluge.

"We're asking for another chance, Phera," Damon broke the silence.

His voice imbued with a quiet desperation that set my nerves on edge.

"The situation has stabilized now. You don't have to stay away any longer. Come back to the Red Moon Pack. Come back home."

Axel picked up where Damon left off, his words tinged with a raw vulnerability that rendered his usually confident demeanour unrecognizable.

"Your friends are there, your family. You belong with us." 1

Zane added softly,

"You belong with your pack, with your mates. You belong with us, Phera."

Their pleas swirled around me like eddies in a turbulent river, each word, each utterance tugging me this way and that, as if I were caught in a whirlpool of conflicting desires, fears, and uncertainties. For a fleeting moment, I

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felt like I was teetering on the edge of something monumental, something that could either liberate me or shatter me into a thousand unrecognizable pieces. I sighed, my exhale tinged with a blend of resignation and reluctant clarity.

"What's the point in asking? Even if I say no, you'd make sure I get fired from ADZ Corp. No other werewolf company would hire me because of your influence. So, what choice do I truly have?"

My voice wavered, not with defeat, but with a newfound awareness of the invisible strings that had been maneuvering my life all along.


"You've already made most of my life choices for me," I continued, locking eyes with each of them in turn,

"So don't you think I deserve the chance to think things over, to weigh my options before I decide? If you truly love me as you claim, you'd give me that much. My consent, my choice—it should matter." 1

Their eyes met mine, and for the first time, I saw a glimmer of understanding in those bottomless grey pools. As if they finally grasped the complex tapestry of emotions and needs that I was trying to communicate.


"We never wanted to strip you of your agency, Phera," Axel finally responded, his voice tinged with a regret so palpable it almost hurt to hear it. "If we did, it was out of ignorance, and for that, we're sorry. You deserve to make your own choices. We'll wait for your decision, no matter what it is." 1


The room was charged with a fragile stillness, the kind that precedes either reconciliation or calamity. In that

 +20 BONUS

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moment, their acceptance of my terms felt like the first drop of rain after a long drought—both an end and a beginning. And though the storm of our shared past and uncertain future still loomed large on the horizon, that single drop was enough to let me know that perhaps, just perhaps, we might be on the precipice of something not only new but also profoundly healing.

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