

## Chapter Seventy: Echoes of Destruction

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Axel POV:

The deafening roar of the explosion rips through the air, sending a shockwave that knocks me off my feet. I scramble up, my ears ringing, heart pounding as the reality of the situation slams into me.

"Fuck," I curse under my breath, my mind racing with a thousand scenarios, none of them good.

"Everyone, move!" I shout, my voice raw with urgency.

My team reacts instantly, spreading out in a practiced formation, but the chaos of the explosion has turned the once-organized plan into a scramble for survival.

Rubble and debris are scattered everywhere, the once formidable structure now reduced to ruins. Smoke billows up, making it hard to see, and the acrid stench of burning materials fills my lungs, making it difficult to breathe. I cough, trying to clear my head and focus.

"Find her. Find Phera. And watch out for any survivors or kidnappers!"

The teams spread out, each warrior scanning the wreckage for any sign of Phera or her captors. My heart races with each step, fear gnawing at me. Fuck, Zane and Damon, were inside with the Gamma team when the explosion happened. The thought of losing them along with Phera is unbearable.

"Over here!" Zane's voice cuts through the chaos, and I

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rush towards him, finding him clawing at a pile of rubble. His eyes are wild, his hands bloody from moving jagged chunks of concrete and twisted metal.

"Help me," he grunts, and together we dig, our muscles straining as we toss aside the wreckage. Damon is there too, his face a mask of determination and rage.

"She has to be here somewhere," he mutters, more to himself than to us.

Minutes feel like hours as we search, the hope in my chest flickering with every piece of debris we move. Suddenly, I spot a flash of skin amidst the rubble.

"There!" I shout, and the three of us converge, working together to free the figure trapped beneath.

"Phera," I breathe, my heart clenching as we uncover her battered form. She's alive, but barely, her body bruised and bloodied. I feel a surge of relief, tempered by the fury at what's been done to her.

Damon gently lifts her out, his hands trembling. "Phera, Luna, can you hear me? It's Damon. We're here my love, we're here. We're so sorry sunflower!"

Her eyes flutter open, pain and exhaustion etched into her features. She tries to speak, but her voice is weak, barely a whisper.

"Trap... it's a trap..."

Before we can react, more explosions rock the area, smaller but just as deadly. We shield Phera with our bodies, the concussive force shaking us to our core.

"Motherfuckers," I growl, knowing that this isn't over.

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Whoever did this is still out there, and they've rigged the place to blow.

"Move! We need to get out of here!" I command, and we retreat, carrying Phera between us as we navigate through the maze of debris.

The air is thick with dust and smoke, but we push forward, driven by the need to get her to safety. As we reach the edge of the destruction, I spot movement in the shadows.

"Watch out!" I shout, but it's too late. A group of armed figures emerge, rogues by the look of them, their eyes gleaming with malice.

We set Phera down gently, forming a protective circle around her.

"You want a fight? You've got one," Zane snarls, his hands clenching into fists.

The rogues charge, and we meet them head-on, the air filled with the sounds of snarls, growls, and the clash of bodies.

The battle is brutal, each of us fighting with the ferocity of a cornered beast. I tear through one rogue after another, my mind filled with nothing but the need to protect Phera and end this nightmare. The pain of each blow, the sting of each cut, it all fades into the background as adrenaline takes over.

Finally, the last rogue falls, and we stand amidst the carnage, breathing heavily. Blood drips from our wounds, but we've won. For now.

"We need to move," Damon says, his voice tight with urgency. "There could be more coming."

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We lift Phera again, carefully, and make our way out of the wreckage. The sight of reinforcements arriving is a welcome relief, but there's no time to rest.

"Get her to the medics," I instructed, my voice firm despite the exhaustion threatening to pull me under. "And find those responsible for this. They won't get away."

As we hand Phera over to the medical team, I take a moment to steady myself. This isn't over. The bastards who did this will pay, and we'll make sure of it. For now, all that matters is getting Phera safe and planning our next move.

Damon POV:

The relief of having Phera back is short-lived. As the medics work frantically around her, I can't help but feel a gnawing sense of dread. The RavenClaw pack, led by Alpha Vince and Gamma Thomas, have been instrumental in the rescue, and now they're helping to secure the perimeter and provide medical aid. Vince and Thomas are solid allies, their warriors standing ready to fend off any further attacks.

I pace the makeshift infirmary set up in the remains of the building, my heart racing. Every now and then, I catch a glimpse of Phera through the curtain. Her battered form is a stark reminder of the hell she's been through.

One of the medics, a seasoned wolf named Leah, steps out, her face grim. She approaches me, wiping her hands on a bloodied towel.

"Alpha Damon, we need to talk."

My stomach churns, but I nod, forcing myself to stay calm.

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"How is she?"

Leah takes a deep breath.

"She's stable for now, but... it's bad, Alpha Damon. The injuries she sustained are severe. She was strung up with wolfsbane-laced ropes, which kept her weak and unable to heal properly. The wounds from the beatings and the steel rod just centimetres above her heart are infected. The wolfsbane in her system has caused significant damage, making it hard for her wolf to heal."

Her words hit me like a punch to the gut. I feel rage bubbling beneath the surface, threatening to overflow.

"What exactly did they do to her?" I ask, my voice barely controlled.

Leah glances back at the curtained-off area where Phera lies.

"She was beaten severely, Alpha Damon. There are deep bruises all over her body, and several of her ribs are broken. The steel rod was lodged just above her heart, and it looks like it was repeatedly twisted to inflict maximum pain. There are lacerations from whips or blades on her back, and burn marks that indicate she was tortured with a heated metal object."

I swallow hard, fighting back the tears threatening to spill over.

"Is she going to be okay?"

"We're doing everything we can," Leah says, placing a reassuring hand on my arm. "But she needs time and care. Her wolf is strong, and with the right support, she'll

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recover. But it won't be easy."

I nod, my resolve hardening.

"Thank you, Leah. For everything."

As she walks away, I turn to see Vince and Thomas approaching. Vince's face is set in a grim expression, his eyes dark with concern.

"Damon, we've secured the area and sent patrols to ensure no more rogues are lurking around."

"Good," I say, my voice steely. "We need to find out who did this to her."

Thomas steps forward, his gaze intense.

"We'll do whatever it takes. But right now, we need to focus on Luna Phera and the pack. The local packs are ready to support us in any way they can."

I nod, appreciating their loyalty.

"Thank you, both of you. Your help has been invaluable."

Vince clasps my shoulder, his grip firm.

"Your Luna is strong, Damon. She'll pull through this. And we'll stand by you until this nightmare is over."

Their words bring some comfort, but the weight of responsibility still presses heavily on my shoulders. As I turn back to the infirmary, I catch sight of Phera lying on the makeshift bed, her breathing shallow but steady. My heart aches at the sight, but I force myself to stay strong.

"We'll get through this, my love," I whisper, more to myself than to her. "And we'll make sure those bastards pay."

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I step back into the room where Zane and Axel are waiting, their faces etched with worry and rage.

"Leah says she's stable for now, but it's going to be a long recovery," I tell them.

Zane's fists clench at his sides.

"We need to find out who did this and make them pay."


"We will," I promise, my voice hard. "But first, we need to get Phera back to the packhouse where she can recover safely. Once she's stable, we can focus on tracking down whoever's responsible."

Axel nods, his eyes dark with determination.

"Let's move. The sooner we get her home, the better."

With the help of Vince and Thomas, we carefully transport Phera back to the packhouse. As we make the journey, I can't help but replay the horrors Leah described in my mind, each detail fueling my anger and resolve. Whoever did this to Phera will pay dearly. They will feel the full wrath of the Red Moon pack.

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