

## Chapter 15

I finally reach Damian's side, and I think it takes him a few seconds to realize the other wolf is no other than his younger brother. Even I am still shocked to see this witch. She has a familiar butterfly flying around her. The very same blue butterfly that was with me these last few days!

She's younger than I thought, maybe her mid-twenties, with gentle emerald eyes and fair white skin. While I'm staring at her, I realize all the roots have stopped moving, and silence befell the stadium.

"Liam, what are you doing!"

Nathaniel, from one of the benches, is perplexed. He runs toward us, approaching his brothers, still facing each other. Some of the Alphas come back down, too.

The Witch turns to me, looking very calm.

"Hello, Nora."

“Hello...”

She smiles softly at me. I was right. She is not the Dark Witch, but the one who sent me the letter and the butterfly. Damian growls, and I know he wants his brother to push aside. However, Liam growls back, not moving an inch. I put my hand in my mate’s fur, trying to calm him down a little for now.

“Damian, it’s okay.”

“What is the meaning of this, Nora?” Asks Nathaniel.

“She’s on our side, I think...”

William arrives at my side, too, frowning.

“What do you mean? Why is the Black boy standing for her?”

“It’s all right,” says the Witch. “No need to fear me, I don’t want to harm you in any way.”

“Are you kidding me? You just did!”

No, she didn't. As everyone starts to look around, it becomes quite obvious, no werewolf was actually injured. Despite the panic, all the tree roots did was capture some people and trap them on the ground. Maybe about two hundred wolves. Even Lysandra is still growling at some branches, trying to free herself.

“What was that, then?” Asks Nathaniel.

“A little reminder.”

She makes a little movement of her fingers, and the branches suddenly untighten their grip to release Lysandra's arm. The Purple Moon Alpha growls and massages her wrist with an annoyed look.

“Listening to all this nonsense, I thought it would be good for you all to witness how powerful a Witch can actually be.”

She's right. As soon as she attacked, most of the werewolves panicked. It took us a few minutes to understand what was going on and look for her. Even the Alphas had a hard time holding their packs together until Damian intervened. This was only a warning... If she had intended to kill, this would have been much worse.

All of the Alphas have now come down and are staring at her with shocked eyes. Tiffany Pearl and Andrew Jones lost their composure.

“I thought all Witches had left Silver City...”

“Indeed, I’m the last one.”

The werewolves around us all start whispering. I hold on to Damian and try to take him back.

Damian, it’s really okay. She’s on our side.

I feel my mate hesitate, but after a while, he shape-shifts back to his human form. Nathaniel hands him a pair of pants, and Damian dresses up, still staring at the Witch and Liam with doubtful eyes. Actually, Liam shape-shifts back, and the Witch gives him his shorts.

“Hi, guys...”

Both his brothers and I glare at him.

“Liam, you idiot! You should have told us you were fine!” I growl.

“Sorry about that. Syl needed me, so...”

“Syl?”

He suddenly takes the Witch’s hand, and the smile she gives him makes no doubt about their relationship. I did not expect this...

Nathaniel is livid.

“You’ve got to be fucking kidding me, Liam...”

“I told you guys I had a girlfriend.”

“You never said it was a Witch!”

Liam acts as if it was nothing, he probably expected this kind of reaction from his brothers. Actually, he’s almost standing in front of the Witch, as if ready to shield her at any moment. Nathaniel looks like he can’t even believe what he sees, while Damian frowns and turns to me.

“...You knew?” He asks.

“I... She contacted me a week ago. She said she could help.”

“You believe her?” He asks.

I hesitate a bit. Do I? I look at the Witch, but no matter what, my wolf isn't the slightest worried by her. My instincts tell me she is not an enemy, I don't feel any animosity coming from her. I slowly nod.

Damian takes my hand to keep me close to him and turns to face Liam and the Witch. “What should we call you? And why would you help us?”

She smiles. “My name is Sylviana. I come from an ancient and long line of Witches; my ancestors lived in Silver City long before werewolves came. We have always lived in peace with both werewolves and humans. Sometimes in secret, when the situation called for it like I was until now, but we never had any conflict with your kind.”

“That doesn't explain why would help us against one of your own...”

Sylviana shakes her head and takes on a solemn expression. “Witches aren't like werewolves. We are solitary individuals; we do not feel the need to interact with our peers or get along with them. On the contrary, we are territorial creatures, and don't usually enjoy sharing.”

“Silver City is a city of werewolves...” Says Nathaniel.

“I meant that we do not like to share with other Witches. Werewolves, humans, or animals do not have the same needs as we do, neither do you perceive a territory like us. To you, a turf is a land your pack has rights on. For me, it is a source of life, a way to draw more power and energy. I don’t need buildings or money. The same way you wouldn’t argue with humans or animals about your turf, I do not need to dispute my homeland with you.”

“Then, this Witch is a threat to you as well, isn’t it?” I ask.

Sylviana nods, and makes some movements with her hands, calling back all the roots under the ground.

“That’s right. As I said, Witches don’t share territories. If this Witch seeks to gain control over Silver City, she will eventually become a threat to me as well. We do not have any special feelings towards other Witches, though we usually respect each other’s boundaries. The woman who attacked a few weeks ago is looking for more power, and she won’t stop because I’m here. So, I believe we could find a mutual agreement and work with each other to keep her out of Silver City.”

That sounds quite reasonable, indeed... The same enemy, a reason to work together and protect Silver City. Nate and Damian exchange looks, probably mind-linking each other, as well. Liam is eyeing his girlfriend, but they gently smile at each other. They do seem like a genuine, loving couple...

Meanwhile, Bobo appears at my side, standing against my leg. I wonder if Daniel is there? No news from Elena, either... After a while, Nathaniel looks pissed, but Damian turns to Sylviana again.

“You said that other Witch, the Dark Witch, was looking for more power... If our land and wealth are of no interest to her, what is she attacking Silver City for?”

Sylviana nods and takes a few seconds before answering, looking a bit unsure. “Witches divide into two categories: Light Witches and Dark Witches. I belong to the first group. I draw my powers from my own life energy and my relationship to nature.”

She shows us her arms and the dark markings I had noticed earlier. Now that I can see them from up close, they are not black, but dark red... Those are burn scars! Moon Goddess, does that mean she has to injure herself to use her powers? Next to me, Damian is frowning too.

“As you can see, light magic comes at a cost... I can heal myself, of course, but the more powerful my spell is, the bigger is the cost.”

“Sylviana could really die if she was to face that Dark Witch alone and directly,” explains Liam.

Now I understand why he is so adamant about protecting her... As well as why she did stay hidden for so long. That attack from earlier was



impressive, but now her arms are covered in severe injuries... And there might be more under her clothing, as well.

“Wait a second.”

I turn around. Clark Hamilton, the White Moon Clan Alpha, just joined us. The Jones and Seaver are there, as well. I try to decipher Grandpa Seaver’s expression, but the elder Alpha is just frowning behind his white beard.

“You... you helped us, didn’t you? Last time... During the vampire’s attack, the water kept turning on us and poisoned some of us. We were losing ground until the trees suddenly moved, too, and the water stopped. The branches shielded the injured wolves and tore vampires apart. That was all you, wasn’t it?” Asks Clark.

Sylviana smiles. “Well, vampires don’t mix so well with wood... And that Witch didn’t want to face me directly, either.”

“What does a Dark Witch do, then? How is she different from you?” Asks Nathaniel.

“As I said earlier, I sacrifice my own life force and body to use powers... Dark Witches do the same, but with other bodies.”

I gasp. “You mean... like sacrifices?”

“Exactly. What’s worse is, while a Witch’s body is made for this hence can heal fast and recover, other species can’t withstand powerful magic. Not only does she need bodies, but she also needs a lot of them, and living ones too.”

Moon Goddess, this is... disgusting! How can someone be as evil as that? Injuring other people to be more powerful! I was wondering why Sylviana would go through the pain of injuring herself, but this other Witch is so hateful!

“Light Witches give their life force to others, while Dark Witches take it. This is our fundamental difference. This also why we don’t usually cohabitate: We have very different mindsets,” explains Sylviana.

“Wait, who would be more powerful then?” Asks Andrew Jones.

Sylviana sighs. “I think... for now, that would be me. I won’t get into the details, but in terms of brute magic, mine is much more powerful than hers. However... she is very aware of that and working to change that. She will keep gathering as much as she can until she can overpower me.”

“How?” Asks Damian. “Is that why she is attacking us?”

“She was gathering bodies. Some from our pack,” says Ryan.

“That’s right. The more, the better. However, corpses aren’t nearly as... good as living people for a Witch. Werewolves are filled with Moon Goddess’ power, and the best...”

Damian and I exchange a look. I see horror and anger on my mate’s face. Which means...

“That’s right. A living Royal would be exactly what she needs. The perfect prey...”

A few seconds of silence follow her words. I feel several gazes on me, we all understand what that means. This Dark Witch is after me. She wants to use me as a way to enhance her powers, enough to be able to take on Sylviana and overpower her.

Since my grandmother was a reincarnation of Moon Goddess, a lot of her power resides in me, making some sort of... vessel for this Witch to use. How frightening. I shiver, and Damian immediately puts his arm around me in a protective way.

“She is not touching Nora,” growls my mate.

“You’re saying, as long as this Dark Witch can’t get to miss Bluemoon, she won’t be able to cross our border?” Asks Andrew Jones.

“Nora, or any other Royal...”

While she says that, Sylviana is looking right at me, with a mysterious look in her eyes. Oh, Moon Goddess! She knows about Elena, too; she knows I have a cousin who’s also a Royal. We are both in danger.

“What are we waiting for, then?”

Everyone turns around. I had forgotten about the matter of the King family... Alessandra is standing next to her father, arms crossed, a few meters from us. What is she up to now? I start growling instinctively. I know whatever this woman is thinking, I’m not going to like it. Damian also. My mate shifts his position, putting himself slightly in front of me. Even William is growling and frowning.

“What do you mean, King?” Asks Lysandra.

Alessandra lifts a finger, pointing towards Sylviana.

“Isn’t this woman what this Witch wants, anyway? Why don’t we just hand her over?”

Immediately, I growl furiously, but Liam's reaction is way angrier. He shape-shifts in a split second and jumps at Alessandra. She lets out a scream of terror, but before the black wolf can get to her, Nathaniel steps in. I see his hand dive, and he grabs Liam's fur before trapping him in his arms. I always forget how strong he is, even in his human form... Liam furiously struggles to free himself.

"Liam, stop it!" Yells Nathaniel.

He is not listening. I have never felt Liam's wolf so angry before, but his murdering intent is real. Despite Nathaniel's attempts to calm him down, it's actually Sylviana who steps forward, putting her hand on his back and whispers something to his ear. Liam is still growling, but he eventually stops trying to fight off his brother after hearing her, and Nathaniel sighs.

Damian, who observed the whole scene in silence, turns to Alessandra. His eyes have gone ice-cold again, and we can all feel his wolf imposing his Alpha aura to her. It's as if Liam's anger had added to his own. Alessandra, intimidated, has no choice but to look down.

"We are not handing anyone over. This is our city, and we will not answer any threat from that Dark Witch. That goes for anyone."

While saying that, he looks around at all the Alphas present, and each of them avoids his chilling stare, except for me.

“We have now confirmed that this threat is real,” I say. “We should—”

“On the sayings of a Witch?”

I growl at Alessandra. Why is she still daring to speak? Will that damn woman ever learn to shut up! Yet she ignores the Black brothers and me on purpose and keeps talking to the other Alphas.

“Why would we believe her so easily? Isn’t it obvious this is all a scheme? Suddenly, a random witch appears as a witness to concur with everything they said, and you don’t find it suspicious in any way? They are lying! No one saw this Witch before in Silver City; they just brought her here to have her say that! She even bewitched them! Now she wants us working for her? I will not listen to the orders of a witch!”

I see a few people exchanging looks. Don’t tell me some of them will be stupid enough to actually believe this would be all part of a scheme? Andrew Jones clicks his tongue, marking his annoyance at her.

“Enough. I don’t know what game you’re playing, King, but this is not a joke. I do not care for the Royals, but a witch’s threat is not to be taken lightly.”

“I have lost too many wolves already to think this is only a scheme from Black,” growls Clark. “If you have anything actually useful to say, say it, or learn to shut up!”

Both Alphas growl at Alessandra, and it is now clear more and more people are exasperated by the Gold Moon Clan’s actions. That doesn’t stop them. Her father, Taaron King, steps forward, pointing his finger at us. Before he can even speak, however, Damian growls at him in warning, and his index goes back down right away.

“In any case, our Gold Moon stands by its words! We will not follow the Blood Moon’s ruling any longer! Enough of their schemes! They should not try to overtake Silver City or pressure the Clans!”

People look at him with surprise, but most are just tired of his speech. How can such a pathetic guy be an Alpha? Except for the Rising Moon Alpha, none of the other Alphas seem bothered enough to listen to him anymore. The only ones who are still hesitant are the leaders of lesser Clans, but none of them seem daring enough to speak up.

So, King keeps talking as if he was giving some grand speech.

“The Gold Moon will stand by its words and oppose the Blood Moon!”

“So, you really are as stupid as you look...” Sighs William.

Surprised to hear him, Alessandra gives him an annoyed look.

“Aren’t you one to speak, Blue? You hate the Blood Moon as much as we do! You should side with us and—”

William suddenly burst into a dramatic laugh, echoing through the stadium. What is so funny? Even Alessandra looks uneasy after that. When he stops, he stares at her with disgust. “Side with you? I may not be on Black’s side, but I still have better to do than to hang out with some bottom-of-the-barrel mutts.”

Oh, Moon Goddess, he can really be insulting when he wants... Alessandra puts on an outraged expression, and Lysandra laughs out loud despite her father’s glare.

“Serves you right, King! You really should learn how alliances work, because there is no way anyone here will ally with the likes of you!” She says.

“You are wrong! Many would follow us, even—”

“Because you hold their money? The small packs are just going to be taken hostages by you, and that’s it,” growls Nathaniel.



“The Rising Moon Clan shall side with—”

Before the Asian woman, the Alpha of the Rising Moon Clan, can finish her sentence, both Damian and William give her a thunderous growl. Having both Alphas using their auras against her, her words get lost in her throat, and she looks down.

“You may be young, Mari, but you should really learn your place before it gets you killed,” mutters William.

The woman goes white, but Taaron King, ignoring her situation, scoffs. “The Rising Moon Clan is proud and respectable! And the Opal Moon Clan will follow us, too!”

Clark Hamilton, the White Moon Alpha, is now the one growling at King. Moon Goddess, did the Opal Moon Clan really plan to side with the Kings? Does that mean Elena’s Clan is in trouble, then? Is that why she’s not here? I glance at Nathaniel, but his gaze is on Clark.

“Say that again, King.”

“I mean it! They are tired of your tyranny; they will rise as their own clan and—”

“Tyranny? The Opal Moon is our branch Clan! They won’t dare to move behind my back!”

“Oh, they will! They—”

“They didn’t even dare to come here!” Yells Clark. “Did this idiot, Xavier, say he would side with you? He wouldn’t even come here to face me for that! I hope you are not counting on them, King, because I would rather slaughter the Opal Pack myself than let any of my wolves side with you!”

King looks at him, speechless. He probably didn’t expect the Opal Moon wouldn’t dare to oppose the White Moon in such an obvious way. Clark is burning with anger, but Nathaniel suddenly turns to him.

“Clark, you—”

“Shut up, Black! I may hate the Gold Moon, but don’t you think I trust you, either! Do you think I don’t know what’s going on? Do you really think I’m that blind, Black?”

Oh, Moon Goddess... He is glaring right at Nathaniel, not his brothers. From Nate’s surprised expression, I immediately guess what’s going on. Clark knows about his relationship with Elena.

I didn't think the White Moon Alpha would know! He doesn't seem happy about it at all, either. Nathaniel doesn't dare to say a word after that and glances down, almost looking guilty. I've never seen Nathaniel like this, so nervous. What's Clark Hamilton's relationship with Elena? I thought the White Moon might side with us, but this makes it clear they won't.

Damian is staring at his brother, visibly surprised to hear this, too. I forgot he doesn't know much about his brother and Elena's relationship, either.

Taaron King, on the side, looks pleased by their argument, though he obviously has no idea what this is about.

“See? The Blood Moon Clan can't be trusted!”

I bite my lip. I don't like where this is going. We need alliances, but at this rate, we won't be able to do anything anytime soon. Putting the Gold Moon Clan's scheme aside, it is obvious they made it hard for any other Clan to trust Damian. The lesser packs look worried, and William will not change his mind, either. And the White Moon and Violet Moon Clans won't act with us, either. Nothing has changed, despite our efforts. The only thing is that most Clans are now convinced that the Dark Witch is a genuine threat.

“The Black family should have stepped down years ago when Judah Black was murdered by his own son! Why should a family of murderers rule over Silver City? We are—”

“You don’t think anyone would be stupid enough to choose you as the next King, do you?” Asks Lysandra with a growl.

“If anyone is fitting, it should be Blue, right?” Ads Tiffany.

“That is not the issue!” Says Nathaniel. “We need to take care of that Witch first!”

“That problem could take years, Black. And I have no intention to submit to you, meanwhile,” growls Clark.

Why is everyone suddenly tensing up! They don’t seriously think anyone will fight over the Alpha King position, do they? Even Damian is pushing me to stay behind his back, but I ignore him to face my cousin.

“William, tell them it’s not what this is about!”

My cousin shakes his head. “I won’t stand by your mate’s side, Nora. You’re asking me to help the man whose father murdered our family. I cannot do that.”

“Enough of this! Damian is not his father; I’ve said it already! None of this is about some petty revenge! We could all be in danger if all Clans stay as they are!”

“You’re blinded by your bond with him, Nora. This man—”

“I’m not blinded by anything! You are the ones all acting like children, closing your eyes on the real issue here! Didn’t you hear Sylviana? That Dark Witch will keep making victims! As much as I can resent what happened to my mother, I also don’t want to see more people die! I am a Luna, it is my duty to protect others! As long as I believe Damian is the most entitled to do that, I will stand by him! Hasn’t Silver City been in peace since he took over? You are all arguing about what happened in the past! Does anyone here have anything to blame him for since then? Are you willing to sacrifice your families, our city’s future, just because you’re afraid of making the wrong choice? Well, you want to know what an awful choice is? Wait until this Witch gets to us, and just see who is scarier between Damian and her then!”

An interminable silence follows my words. The Alphas exchange glances, meditating on my words. I am staring at William, waiting for his reaction. Before either of us adds anything, Sylviana suddenly walks up to him in silence, making William step back, a bit surprised. But very calmly, Sylviana smiles at him and gently puts her fingers on his temples.

My cousin looks surprised, but after a few seconds, his eyes get blurry, like he is looking at something we can't see. Sylviana's hands let go after a few seconds, and William stands there, totally immobile.

I see a tear run down his cheek. Moon Goddess, is he... crying? What's going on?

He gasps and raises his eyes towards Sylviana. "Was this... real?"

"Yes. I'm sorry, but you needed to see the truth."

He shakes his head and wipes his tear away. Everyone is looking at the two of them while William breathes in, trying to hold back his emotions. Did Sylviana show him something just now? It looked like she was only slightly touching his head, though.

My cousin regains his composure after a few seconds and turns to Damian. "It seems like I owe you an apology, Black."

An apology? What is he talking about? William isn't looking at Damian with eyes full of anger, anymore. Instead, he looks calmer and resolute. I exchange a look with Liam, but he doesn't seem to know any more, either.

My mate frowns and turns to Sylviana.

“What was that?”

“A glimpse of the past... About what truly happened to their family.”

“You can do that?” I ask, surprised.

Sylviana nods with a smile, but she doesn’t explain anything else until my mate asks.

“...What happened?”

“Your father did chase the vampires to the North, but... It only led them into the Dark Witch’s hands.”

I gasp. So, the vampires didn’t attack the Blue Moon Clan because of Damian’s father, but because the Witch used them to get to my family? Precisely the same way she tried to do so a few weeks ago here, in Silver City...

“You’re saying... she killed them?” I ask.

“She most likely instigated it. Judah Black only was wrong for sending her more vampires to use. Still, she would have attacked the Blue Moon Clan sooner or later, because of the Royal family.”

That means my mom, Elena’s father, and the two of us... I can’t believe they met such a terrible and sad end. How did our grandmother feel, trying to protect us until the end? And what happened to our parents? I wish I could ask more from Sylviana, but we have more pressing matters at hand.

At least William isn’t showing any animosity towards Damian or his brothers anymore. The Jones, too, watched the whole scene with deep interest.

“Are you saying... the Sapphire Moon might consider an alliance with the Blood Moon?” Asks Andrew Jones.

William seems hesitant. This could be decisive. If William is willing to stop this fighting with Damian’s Clan, we could actually get closer to an alliance. Moon Goddess, this would be enough. If the Sapphire Moon decides not to ignore the Blood Moon Clan anymore and actually work with us, most of the packs will follow. The Jones would, for starters. Even Tiffany Pearl is looking with interest at Sylviana and standing right next to Vincent.

Next to William, a man is already discussing with Lysandra, probably his Beta. The Purple Moon Clan Alpha has her eyes set on the Kings, and so



do I. Because if William agrees to a peace truce with the Black Brothers, this would be terrible news for them.

Alessandra is staring at Sylviana with eyes full of hatred, but the Light Witch doesn't seem affected at all. Are witches unaffected by werewolf auras? It looks like it. Sylviana is staring back, her hand slowly caressing Liam's back.

"Liam, are you okay?"

"I will be once we get rid of those Gold Moon suckers..."

"Why didn't you tell me before? About Sylviana?"

"A lot of reasons. She said this is how things needed to happen."

"Wait, do you mean she—?"

"Can foresee the future? Yeah, somewhat. But it's not all crystal clear, you know. A grain of sand can totally change it all, so... got to be careful."

I nod slowly. I can't totally grasp all the details, but it does explain a lot of Sylviana and Liam's previous actions. I glance towards Nathaniel. I still haven't been able to contact Elena at all. That's odd.

“Nathaniel?”

He turns his head towards me.

“Have you heard from Elena? I can’t reach her at all...”

“I told her not to come here. Not in her condition. Her friend Daniel is watching her.”

Oh, so this is about pregnancy. Indeed, I wouldn’t have wanted Elena anywhere near here. Things are way too tense for her pregnancy, and if it ends up in a fight... Nathaniel’s face is expressionless, I wonder what he really thinks about this baby. He doesn’t seem so happy, either. Don’t tell me something went wrong between him and Elena?

“You’ve got to be kidding me...”

All heads turn to Alessandra, who is staring at William with disgust. Did I miss something? My cousin is ignoring her, but he obviously just said something I missed. Damian, too, is glaring at the Gold Moon Clan.

“Now would be a good time to shut up,” growls Lysandra.

Alessandra ignores her and points her finger at Damian while glaring at William. “Don’t tell me you’re going to let this go!”

Sylviana is smiling, but I am not. My guts tell me things are about to get ugly. The Gold Moon Clan was counting on William’s hatred against Damian to work in their favor. A truce between the two would mean they cannot attack the Blood Moon or count on any other support. No pack would follow them against both the Blood Moon and the Sapphire Moon. Now, not only William won’t fight Damian, but he might even side with him if they were to do anything. Andrew Jones and Tiffany Pearl look like they are okay with it, too.

Behind Alessandra, several Alphas look restless. They probably are reconsidering their options... She suddenly turns to me. Her eyes are full of hatred.

“You little whore... I should have killed you last time!” She yells.

“You’re welcome to try!” I growl back at her, and half of the other people present are growling as well behind me.

Damian is the most furious one, but he’s also the one holding me back. He addresses Taaron King and his daughter with a voice as cold as death itself. “This is the last time I hear one of you insult my mate. The next time, I will have your whole Clan dead.”

“See! This man is threatening us! He does not deserve to be—”

“For someone who has insulted the city’s Luna more than twice to his face, you should even be lucky to be still standing on your two feet, King,” growls Nathaniel.

Alessandra almost chokes up from hearing him. “The city’s Luna? Who?”

“The Luna Nora Bluemoon, granddaughter of Queen Diane, blessed child of Moon Goddess. She is a Princess to you, swine,” mutters William, angered too.

Alessandra looks like she’s about to go insane from anger. Her eyes go to the other Alphas, but no one will contradict them. Most aren’t showing any expression. Lysandra is smirking while looking at Alessandra, and Old Man Seaver is shaking his head. The Rising Moon Alpha looks a bit scared, hesitant, and she is staring at Alessandra like she’s crazy.

“If you do not wish to ally with anyone else here, you are welcome to leave. However, that embargo on the financial system hindering the other packs has to end by tomorrow, or we will take action,” threatens Damian.

“Take action? You think you can take action, threaten us?”

Alessandra's tone suddenly changed. From craziness and anger, she suddenly went strangely calm. I glance towards Sylviana, but the Witch is frowning, visibly confused too. Damian's eyes are on the Gold Moon Clan.

"You really think you're the strongest wolf, Black? You think no matter what, you can take us on?"

What is she thinking? Damian is indeed strong, but her speech is mocking him. I exchange a glance with Liam and Nathaniel. Both brothers are on the look-out, too. I hang onto my wolf, ready to shapeshift, but what is she thinking? Only the Rising Moon and lesser packs would support the Gold Moon, why would she act boldly right now? Alessandra and her father but might be manipulative, but they are definitely smarter than bluntly provoking Damian... Especially when most of the packs are now supporting him!

On the sidelines, the other packs are getting agitated as well. They can sense something's not right in Alessandra's attitude.

"I don't know what game you're playing, King, but you better leave now," growls Damian.

She smiles in contempt. "I don't think so. Do you think I'm actually that stupid, Damian? That I would have come here without some back-up plan? Sure, I had hoped things would go smoothly, and you would have

lost the Alpha King's spot in a peaceful manner, or with the Sapphire Moon's pressure, but... “

Every werewolf starts growling— something's about to happen. Alessandra is way too confident. Damian pushes me behind him, and William and Bobo both get closer to us. Nathaniel decides to move to the side, shielding his little brother and Sylviana.

“Damian...”

“Stay behind me.”

“Alessandra... This is my last warning.”

She laughs at him and suddenly smiles. “Too bad, mine is already over.”

The next second, an explosion suddenly bursts from one side of the stadium. All heads turn in horror to witness wolves flying in flames, and screams are heard from all sides. Alessandra is still laughing when a second explosion bursts, closer this time. Bombs! They put damn bombs!

“Damian!”

I turn my head and see my mate, already in his wolf form, running towards Taaron King. I realize the whole Gold Moon clan started attacking the nearest wolves. Moon Goddess, this is hell!

I start running, too, Bobo right behind me. Another explosion bursts a few meters from us, and the blast pushes me back, making me lose balance and fall to the ground. I need to get up, I need to join Damian! I struggle to get back on my feet and start running again. Ashes and smoke are quickly invading the stadium, making my eyes sting and cry horribly. I hear werewolves growling and yelling absolutely everywhere around me. The whole stadium has become a war scene.

“Nora, we need to help Damian!”

“I know!”

I have no idea if Liam’s voice came from my head or somewhere near me, but I don’t have a second to stop. Where is Bobo? I lost him!

I suddenly spot Alessandra, fighting fiercely with Lysandra. Both shape-shifted into their wolf forms, and I jump between them as I let my wolf take over, too.

“Back away, Bluemoon, this whore is mine!”

I don't know why Lysandra is so keen on killing her, but I can't leave! Alessandra is the mastermind behind this; she has to die!

My wolf is so full of anger and hatred, the fierce fight is merciless. Alessandra is defending herself against the two of us, but she's definitely going to lose. Lysandra is not leaving her any way out, and I'm fighting like never before. My wolf is scratching her skin and biting her without any mercy, going wild. Lysandra suddenly yelps. Another wolf got her leg, and she's poorly injured. She turns away to fight him off, but Alessandra lost focus thanks to that, and I go right for her throat.

I feel her blood on my fur. She's suffocating, but my wolf fangs are not letting go. I bite harder, and her breathing is nothing but a little hiss.

"You... think you... won, Blue?"

"Do you think I'm not going to kill you? I won't have mercy for you!"

"I don't... care... You will pay. He... will..."

I feel her wolf die before she finishes her sentence. What? What did she mean? Who will what, who was she talking about? Lysandra returns, limping, and bites Alessandra's dead body out of anger. I let go of the corpse.



I need to get to Damian. Alessandra was about to die, but she seemed so sure... I start running, looking for my mate with a growing fear inside. There are fighting wolves everywhere, but the Gold Moon is losing. Some werewolves ran away, and others are injured. I come across corpses, but I can't stop to check. I'm terrified by what I could see. I've lost Bobo, even Liam. Everything is too confusing, and the smoke is so dense, I can only see a few meters ahead.

“Damian!”

“Nora! Where are you?”

I follow his wolf's aura, and finally spot him! Damian's fine! I run towards him, and I feel his relief. Something shines from a corner. I'm almost at his side.

I keep running. Damian's right there, in front of me. I see his wolf run towards me, but something's wrong. He looks terrified.

“Nora!”

I hear a gunshot, and something red suddenly covers my vision.

The blood splashes on my face before I even realize what's going on. I just heard a bang, and Damian stopped running. He's just in front of me, but I see the black wolf stumble and fall on his flank.

“Damian!”

Another gunshot is heard, but I couldn't care less. All I see is my mate lying on the ground with blood flowing from a hole in his chest. I run to his side, unable to think of anything else. Damian is injured!

“Damian! Damian!”

I keep calling his name, my wolf howling after her mate, but he is barely moving. Oh, Moon Goddess, no, no, no, not him, not Damian... I try to look for the bullet's location, and shape-shift to use my fingers. His jet-black fur is getting all sticky from so much blood, no, no... It can't be. I finally hear him breathing, but it's faint and erratic. Thank Moon Goddess, he's still alive, but the blood is still pouring out...

“Help! Nate! Liam!”

I mind-link anyone I can, I don't care who I reach or not. My mind is so confused right now, I can't even understand what's going on around me. We're in the middle of a mist of ashes, with smells of fire and blood all around. Those who haven't run away are busy fighting, nobody has time to pay attention to an injured wolf.

What do I do? Should I kiss him? I don't know if I can heal an injury this size! Damian had me promise not to use it again, and if I pass out here, in the middle of the fight...

I realize I'm crying, but Moon Goddess, who wouldn't? My fingers are still in my mate's fur, I'm not leaving him. I've never felt so helpless! Suddenly, something grabs my wrist, pulling me with sharp pain, and another gunshot is heard.

"Nora! Don't stay there!"

Bobo! It's Bobo, who just grabbed my wrist between his fangs.

"Bobo! Bobo, Damian's injured, we have to—!"

"Someone is shooting at you! Don't stay there!"

"But Damian, he..."

"Nora, you have to move!"

I try to fight Bobo off. I don't want to leave Damian alone, I can't! He might die if I leave him! Bobo won't let go of my wrist, even as I start

bleeding. He keeps pulling me away with him. I don't want to leave Damian!

Suddenly, another gunshot resonates. Bobo whimpers and lets go of my wrist.

“Bobo!”

I see red blood running down his head, all over his brown fur. Oh, Moon Goddess, not Bobo, too!

“I'm fine! It just grazed me. But Nora, you have to move, you're the target!”

What? I look around, but I can't see who is firing at us. I look at Damian's body. Moon Goddess, I don't want to leave him, but if I'm the one they are shooting at... I stumble to get up, trying to find my senses. Tears are pouring down my cheeks. Damian, Bobo... I see him stumble to walk to Damian's side. He is really injured; a trail of blood is following him.

“Bobo...”

“Nora, just get away from here!”

I nod and turn around to run away. My heart is heavier and heavier. Moon Goddess, I don't want to leave them... I can't even breathe, my crying and running are making a mess of me, but I can't stop, either. Damian, Damian, please, someone save him...

I have no idea where I'm headed, but I don't slow down. Suddenly, I trip over something. It's a body... Taaron King! The Alpha is in such a bad state, his throat torn open, I can't bear to look. I don't know who killed him, but I can't stop. I get back up and start running once more. I try looking for a familiar face, anyone who can help me. Where is Liam, where is Nate? The gunshots have stopped. I run into someone, and some unknown wolf attacks me. A grey shadow and his fangs suddenly grasp my leg. I let out a cry of pain, but the pressure's suddenly gone.

“Nora!”

I turn around. William! I grab my cousin's collar, still in his human form and start screaming everything my lungs have left.

“William, Damian's hurt! He's hurt! Someone was shooting at us, and he... he got in between, he... He was losing blood, a lot of blood! William, please, you have to help him! I beg you, please!”

My cousin puts his hands on my face, looking horrified. “Nora, you're injured, you—”

“I don’t care! Just help Damian, please, William! Please!”

He hesitates, but I’m just begging and crying like crazy. He quickly nods, and suddenly turns around while taking off his jacket, looking for someone.

“David! Nicki! Pierce! ...Lara!” He calls around.

He puts his jacket on my shoulders, and two wolves suddenly emerge from the black smoke. William pushes me toward them, but I ignore him.

“William, Damian, Damian he—”

“Nora, I swear I’ll go find him, but you have to get away from here! Stay with those two, they’ll escort you out! Okay?”

I can only nod, a bit numb to whatever he’s saying. But his words and Bobo’s resonate in my head, and I get it. I have to get out of here, run away. My wolf is begging me to go back to Damian, and I want to listen to her so, so badly. The only thing I’m scared of right now is my mate. I don’t care about the explosions around us, the raging battle between all werewolves, or the corpses we run across.

The two wolves run in front of me, and I follow them like I'm in some nightmare. My legs are going numb, but I just can't stop. My heart stayed behind, where Damian was lying. I can't believe this is happening...

The stadium is invaded by smoke, and fires started after the explosions. Ashes are flying all around us, spreading so much smoke that I have no idea where we are headed. I just follow the duo blindly through the chaos.

Suddenly, a new gunshot bursts. The wolf that was running next to me stops running mid-air and rolls on the ground. Moon Goddess! Her head is covered in blood. She's dead. I gasp, and the other wolf turns around, facing a silhouette running towards us.

Another bang and he falls down like a dead weight. I scream in horror. Moon Goddess, they are both... I turn around, trying to look for the culprit. Who did this? Who shot them?

"Nora, Nora..."

A chill runs down my spine. That voice... Oh, Moon Goddess, no, no, not him, not now... I start running in the opposite direction. My legs take full speed, and I shapeshift in the middle of it without slowing down. My wolf takes over, and she's braver than me. Fear doesn't stop her; she keeps running as fast and as far as she can.

Why is he here? How the hell did he get here! This nightmare is getting worst by the minute. I can hear him running behind me. Can I outrun him? Can I? I have to!

“What the...? Nora?”

I turn my head, and I suddenly bump into someone at full speed. I fall on him, but he helps me up right away.

“Nora? Moon Goddess, you’re covered in blood! Who—?”

“Run!”

“What?”

“He’s here! He—”

I see his eyes finally spot the silhouette behind me. In a split second, Vince’s expression changes, and he pushes me away from him. I hear another gunshot, and Vince’s eyes suddenly go blank. I scream uncontrollably. He falls on his knees like a puppet. Moon Goddess, Vince! I can’t stop looking at the Jade Moon Alpha’s corpse, lying at my feet. A loud crying echoes in my ears, making me go insane. Moon Goddess, please make it stop...



A flash of pain suddenly tears my leg apart. I scream again, from the pain this time. I barely heard the gunshot. I fall, the pain bursting through my whole body. I suffocate. The bullet's silver is killing me, making my whole body spasm. I try to gasp for air, but a slap across my face throws me down.

“Finally! Finally, I can give you what you deserve, you little whore!”

His voice disgusts me the most, despite whatever else I'm going through. I spit some blood and raise my eyes to look at him, ignoring the pain.

Marcus.

He's disfigured by horrifying bite scars, and his face shrank. He looks like a monster, sweating and breathing hard like some savage. He steps closer, and I struggle to move away. My leg is so painful, my whole lower body is numb from the pain. I try to push with my arms, but my desperate efforts are useless. I can only grab a few meters before he catches me. I suddenly scream in pain. He's deliberately stomping on my injured leg!

“How pathetic you look... Look at you. A Luna? A Royal? You're just a little slut, crawling in dirt...”

I have to get away from him! Marcus points this gun at me, but my arms are moving on their own. My instincts act before I think— my wolf knows we have to. My leg is a whirl of pain... Like ice running through my veins, paralyzing me.

“You should have seen all this coming, Nora. Running away from me? Hiding in Black’s shadow? Did he have fun with you? Did you become his bitch!”

This tongue of his is spilling words like poison. I don’t want to hear Damian’s name in his filthy mouth! Another gunshot bursts through the air and I stop moving. He shot a hole right in front of me.

“No bodyguard, no Black left to protect you, Nora... Do you have any idea what I’m going to do to you?”

“Don’t... fucking touch me,” I growl.

He laughs, like the insane monster he is. All of a sudden, I feel a violent pain in my stomach, and his foot kicks me again. I lose my breath.

His hand brutally grabs my hair, and I try fighting him off. He starts dragging me around, my bloody leg leaving a trail behind me. Moon Goddess, it hurts! I feel my body going numb again, losing strength.

“What the...? Let her go!”

Nate’s voice. Yelling. Growling. Gunshots.

I try to open my eyes. A body on the ground is getting further from me. I see the light blue eyes closing, and I lose consciousness...