

## Their Gemini Wolves Chapter 76 - Tips

0 17 minutes read

{Rylee's P.O.V.}

To say things were strange would be the understatement of the century. Not only was I shrunk and put into a dollhouse, but I realized that Kendrick had been shrunk with me at one point. I was so curious to know how he had been able to mind link with Melody while we were this small, but that was something I would have to question later.

While hiding behind the ginormous teacup, I heard a voice and a cackling, and it made sense that it would have been Morgan. That psychotic b\*\*\*h and her twisted magic. I mean, who the hell shrinks another person and puts them into a dollhouse? Talk about control issues. Being this small actually made me feel like a real-life Tinkerbell. The only difference was that I didn't have any wings.

I had no idea who Morgan was talking to because I never heard anyone actually responding to her, but I knew that she wasn't alone. I figured that I could try and climb down the table, but I noticed that the leg of the table was a lot further away than I realized. If I moved from this hiding space, I would surely be seen. But if I stayed here any longer, then Ash or whoever was in the dollhouse with me would notice that I was gone. I wondered if I could use my power to control the wind to guide me down to the floor, so I gave it a shot. There was a slight breeze coming from the cracked window, so I tried to get some leverage using the air around me, but it wasn't enough. It would only lift me up a few inches before settling. I tried a few more times, but it was no use.

Since manipulating air didn't work, I thought maybe it would work if I used water to create a slide of some sort. I climbed up the handle of the teacup, only to be disappointed and find that it was completely empty, aside from a few droplets of tea or coffee. It wouldn't be enough to create a water slide. I slid back down the handle and hid again. I was quickly running out of options and was about to take my chances with Ash in the dollhouse when I felt pressure in my head. I realized that I was being mind-linked by Wyatt. I never thought I would be so happy to hear his voice.

Of course, this proved to be more difficult than it should have been due to my tiny size. Wyatt telling me that he was just outside of the shack gave me hope this would soon be over, but our connection was terrible because, well, my connection to him was the size of an inchworm. Thankfully, he understood

enough of what I said. I was even more shocked to find out that Ash had sold his soul to Morgan. Honestly, I wasn't that shocked since it sounds like something he would do, but I just didn't think he would actually go through with it.

As I was trying to figure out another way to get down from the table, I heard Morgan open the door to the shack, and a gust of wind came in. This was my chance. The gust of wind had enough momentum to allow me to glide down with the current around the table. I won't lie, about halfway down, the intensity died, and I ended up landing on my a.ss pretty hard. Unfortunately, I didn't have the time or luxury to dwell on the pain. The door to the shack was wide open, and I could hear Ash calling for me from within the dollhouse. I stood up and ran as fast as I could towards the door while Wyatt and Svetlana had Morgan distracted. Despite using my super speed, it still took me a good minute or so to get from the dining room to the front door. It was actually quite frustrating being this small. My powers didn't pack the punch that they usually did.

Once I made it to the door frame, I looked up to make sure that Morgan hadn't noticed me or sensed me. I quickly jumped from the doorway down onto the stone that paved the way to my freedom. I had to use my super speed to get the running start I needed to reach the next stone, and that's when I realized J was looking down towards the ground.

"J!" I screamed, which I'm sure sounded like a mouse in her ears. I waved my arms as hard as I could in hopes that she would see me. "J! I'm down here!" I called out to her. She kept looking around, but she was looking past me. I must look like an ant to her. Even with enhanced vision, it would be hard for anyone to spot me. I jumped to the next stone, which wasn't too far from her foot, and I picked up a pebble with my telekinetic powers. I aimed and flung it at her ankle, which she must have felt because she looked down at me again. This time, J saw me. She bent down and laid her hand flat on the stone right next to me, and I climbed on. I had to admit, this was pretty embarrassing and cool at the same time.

She walked over to Svetlana, and when Svetlana saw me out of the corner of her eye, I waved, and she smirked. I knew that she would be able to return me back to normal, and I was ready to kill this b\*\*\*h for turning me into an even smaller version of Thumbelina. When I was back to my usual size, I made a mental note to thank Svetlana with whatever she wanted, but first, there was hell to pay. Seeing Morgan's face react to my being full size again was glorious, and her finally realizing who I was—even better. Using my

telekinesis, I hurled Morgan through the house and into the dining room, where she landed on top of the dollhouse, shattering it to itty bitty pieces. That's when I heard Ash scream my name.

When he came wobbling over to the door, in a complete daze and barely able to hold himself upright, that was the moment I realized he was in worse shape than I originally thought. Whatever Morgan had been doing to him was slowly klling him, and I don't think he was even aware of it. There was no time to wonder about it though, I was ready to be rid of Ash Patterson for good this time. I walked over to Wyatt to show Ash that he could never have me and to show him what it really felt like to be aroused by the touch of my mate. When Wyatt k!ssed my mark, Kaleigh purred with delight, and my body just gave in without a fight. It was a little unnerving to see just how much Wyatt's touch affected my body, especially in a situation like the one we were in.

Wyatt making a point to k!! Ash himself kind of rubbed me the wrong way, but I would have settled for Morgan. After all, that b\*h **turned me into a bite-size version, but of course, Svetlana wanted to take Morgan on. Dark witch against poser. The fight with Wyatt and Ash should have been a clean fight, but it appeared that even though Ash and possibly Kano were weakened by whatever st** Morgan had done to them, they were still sk!!led enough in defense to fend for themselves against Blade. Hearing the backup that Ash summoned was what caught all of us off guard. Then Wyatt told me the truth about how he had been feeling. That was an eye-opener, to say the least. But, when he gave me full support to use my powers, I felt my body just come alive. I had never felt so much power radiate through my body. This fight was between the Alphas. So, I uprooted every tree and created an unbreakable barrier around us, keeping the rogues that were on Ash's side out.

When the fight continued, and I noticed that Wyatt was going in for the k!!!, I saw what happened next in slow motion. Morgan had conjured what appeared to be a dark athame and threw it at Wyatt. The trajectory showed it going for his head, but luckily, he had gotten up onto his hind legs to stomp on Kano, so it hit him in the shoulder. That's when I saw nothing but red. The rage that coursed through my veins at that very moment was making my bl00d boil beyond one's imagination. Kaleigh had pushed her way through and took over, forcing me to shift. I don't think I had shifted that fast—ever. Nor had I ever run so fast. In a matter of mere seconds, I was fully shifted, and Kaleigh was in Morgan's face, slicing at her c.hest with her paw and catapulting her across the field. Before she could even land, though, Kaleigh had made her

way to the other side and back kicked Morgan in another direction. Kaleigh did this several times. Morgan had become Kaleigh's personal hacky sack.

Finally, after dribbling her like a ball, Kaleigh grabbed hold of her leg with her teeth and tossed her in the direction where Kano was still lying down. Kaleigh sauntered towards them, her jaws open in a snarl, eyes glowing pure silver from my vision, and saliva just drooling from her mouth as if she were a rabid dog. I had never felt so much anger from my own wolf as I currently was. Attacking Wyatt with an athame was the final straw for Kaleigh. Morgan gathered her marbles and tried to cast another spell, but luckily, Svetlana beat her to it and sealed her mouth while tying her hands together with some kind of magical rope. Kano was starting to shift back into Ash, and Wyatt was receiving aid from J. I could see from the corner of Kaleigh's eye that J was fixing his wound. Thankfully, there didn't appear to be any poison. Just a silver blade. Poison. That reminded me. I quickly shifted back because there was one more thing that I needed the answer to.

"Rylee?" Ash croaked with blood spewing from his mouth. Wyatt must have broken something when he kicked him into the tree. "Why?"

"ARE YOU SERIOUSLY ASKING ME THAT!?" I screamed at him. Forget the fact that I was naked from shifting; I was so livid at his blatant incompetence that nothing else mattered. "Do you really not take into consideration how you and your family ruined my life!? Are you that blind!? Are you that stupid!? Are you that egotistical!?"

"I told you I was sorry!" he cried.

"THAT DOESN'T MAKE WHAT YOU DID TO ME OKAY!!!" I roared, shaking everything around us.

"You're only sorry because you found out she was an Alpha at the time of the rejection," Wyatt insisted as he walked up to us. He gave me a shirt, and I hastily put it on. I looked at his shoulder where the athame had penetrated, and all I saw was a small scar. I glanced over at J in surprise, and she just smiled. I mouthed thank you to her and turned back to Ash.

"That's not true," Ash said in a hushed tone. "I've loved Rylee since we were kids. I wanted to be her friend. But my father's views clouded my own, and it was all I knew growing up. Her being an Alpha wasn't the only reason I regretted my decision to reject her. I regretted it before I had even done it." He wasn't lying. I remember he had told me all of this before, but it was before I

had my powers. “I know what my family and I did to you was wrong, in more ways than one, but I swear to you, Rylee, I love you.”

“MMMM!!!” Morgan cried from behind her gag. I saw tears in her eyes as she stared daggers at Ash.

“What the?” I said out loud without realizing it. “Svetlana, remove her gag.”

“What? Why?” she asked.

“Just do it!” I commanded. Svetlana rolled her eyes and removed the magical gag from Morgan’s mouth. “What is it, Morgan?” I asked, annoyed by her interruption.

“YOU SON OF A b\*\*\*h! YOU TOLD ME YOU WANTED HER SO YOU COULD KEEP HER AS A SLAVE AGAIN!” she screamed at Ash.

“Did I miss something?” Wyatt asked. That’s when I heard Ash’s thoughts.

“Oh my goddess, SHE’S YOUR SECOND CHANCE!?” I shouted at the top of my lungs. Everyone looked at them in shock—and I mean everyone.

“No, she’s not. She’s just a witch that my father saved from a pack of rogues. We fvckindg a few times.”

“YOU TOLD ME YOU LOVED ME!”

“I told you what you wanted to hear so you would help me!” Ash exclaimed. Morgan sneered and hissed at him.

“If that was the case, then why did you sell your soul to her?” Svetlana asked him.

“What!?” Ash gaped at Svetlana in complete disbelief. “I didn’t ... What are you ... Sell my soul!?” I never thought that silence could be so loud.

“You ... didn’t know?” I asked him. I could see the fury behind his eyes as he shifted back into Kano.

“KANO, DON’T!” Wyatt shouted. Kano stopped in his tracks with his jaws hovering over Morgan’s head. I looked at Wyatt in dismay.

“Why did you stop him!?” I demanded.

“Kano, if you k!ll her, you die too. Your soul is tied to hers. Killing her means you go with her.”

“Wyatt, what are you doing!?” I repeated with gritted teeth.

“Ash, Kano, or whoever I’m talking to. Think before you do what you’re about to do. You have a choice. We can either take both of you in, and you can be tried fairly by the counsel after we get ahold of your father. Or you k!ll her, and you die with her. The choice is yours, but those are your only choices.”

“Wyatt!” I grabbed his arm, forcing him to face me. “What.are.you.doing!?” I growled at him.

“Rylee, I’m doing the right thing. Ash is going to die no matter what, but I think it’s only fair that he is given a choice on how he goes. It was something that I’ve been thinking about since Svetlana told us Ash sold his soul to Morgan and said that k!lling her means k!lling him.”

“What does it matter how he dies!?” I shouted, not caring whether Kano heard me.

“Do you really feel that way about me?” I turned back to see that Ash was back in human form, and Svetlana gagged Morgan again.

“You know, I could stand here and reiterate all of the horrible and malicious things you and the Halfmoon pack did to me for eight years, but I would just be wasting my breath. You know everything already, so there’s no need to remind you of it. The fact of the matter is you just don’t care. You don’t care that you not only physically hurt me but also emotionally. You and your pack broke me to the point where I was ready to become a rogue for the rest of my life. I was going to give up EVERYTHING just to get away from you. And then, the moon goddess decided to play some sick joke on me and make you my mate. Whether it was to punish you or fvck with me, it didn’t matter. Rejection is rejection, and there was no way I was going to take you back, even if Wyatt wasn’t my true mate. I would have rather died than be mated to you! You only care about yourself. That’s why you’re in the predicament that you’re in, Ash. Your soul is literally being s.u.c.k.e.d out by the dark magic that Morgan has been using on you while we were in the dollhouse, but you were so caught up in the moment when you thought you had me that you didn’t even notice. So, to answer your question, yes, that is how I think of you. And no, I will never regret it. So, how you die really doesn’t matter to me, as long as you’re dead.” With that, I turned my heel to walk away, but before I could, I heard Morgan’s

muffled screams. I turned around to see that Ash had dug his hands into her chest. His eyes were full of tears as he ripped out her heart. He stared straight at me as I saw the light from his eyes disappear and he fell to the ground, completely lifeless.

“That was rather anticlimactic,” Chad said.

“No, it wasn’t,” Wyatt answered. “Selene was right; I was going to have to make a choice on who died and who lived.”

“What?” I looked over at him. “Selene came to me, and she lectured me about a few things. Svetlana being one of them. Then she told me that there would come a time where I would have to decide who lived and who died. That’s why I told Ash what would happen if he killed Morgan. Killing Morgan would mean he died right away. Morgan would have more than likely been kept in captivity rather than be executed.”

“Oh no, Wyatt, that’s not true. Morgan would have had to answer to the coven of dark witches. Just like you, my fine furry friends, dark witches have rules we have to follow. Using magic against another species for personal gain is one of them,” Svetlana said.

“What do you mean?” Richard asked as he came up and put his hands on her shoulders. I couldn’t stop myself from lifting my brow in confusion at this sudden, intimate gesture.

“She took his soul without him knowing. If one sells their own of their own free will, that is one thing, but taking it is another. She would have more than likely been killed anyway.” I looked over at Wyatt, and he just furrowed his brows.

“I think Selene meant who you were going to kill, Wyatt,” I told him.

“That’s not what she said, though.”

“Since when has the moon goddess ever been upfront with any of us?” I asked him. He didn’t have a response.

“RYLEE!!!” I suddenly heard two very familiar voices. I turned around to see two heads of blonde hair coming at me. I caught both Lanie and Lexie, but we all tumbled to the ground and laughed as they landed on top of me.



“Um, I don’t mean to disrupt this reunion, but we still have a couple of other issues to deal with,” Richard reminded us.

“Richard’s right, we have to deal with the rogues behind the trees, and then we have to go deal with Eric,” Wyatt said as he and the others helped us up.

“Where is he?” I asked without beating around the bush.

“He’s at Silver Lake. Morgan created some kind of mirage that makes it seem like there’s nothing but a gaping hole.”

“Well, now that Morgan is dead, that spell should have reversed itself,” Svetlana replied.

“You said that her death would only solidify her magic!” Wyatt shouted.

“No, I said that k!lling her would keep Rylee small. That is a spell on her physical body, and it’s one of the repercussions of k!lling the dark witch who cast it. A mirage spell is superficial. It breaks with the death of the witch who cast it. Dark magic is not black and white, Wyatt. You should know that by now.”

“Wait, what did you say?” I asked when a sudden realization hit me.

“I said that the mirage spell—,”

“No, not that. The part where you said I would have stayed small if Morgan were to have been k!lled before it was reversed!” I started to panic.

“Rylee, what’s wrong?” Lanie asked.

“Kendrick.”

“What about Ken?” Wyatt asked while pulling me to face him.

“He ... he ... he was in the dollhouse with me.”

“WHAT?!” everyone cried out.

“He was there with me. But they moved him, and I have no idea where. I didn’t have a chance to search their thoughts for that answer. I don’t know where he is, Wyatt. I mean, I saw a hologram of him and the others, but I don’t know if he’s actually there with them or not. I don’t know where he is! Oh my goddess,



what if he never left the dollhouse!?” I shouted as I ran back into the shack like a maniac. I went over to where the shattered dollhouse was and lifted all of the pieces into the air. I scattered them to see if I could find anything.

“Rylee, I’m sure he’s with the others,” Wyatt reassured me as he tried to calm my nerves.

“Wyatt, try to link with him,” Chad suggested. “If he’s at Silver Lake, that’s not far from here, so we may be close enough.” Wyatt nodded, and I saw his eyes cloud over. I kept the pieces levitated as I waited for confirmation. It took a minute, but I started to see Wyatt’s facial expression change and become calm. His body relaxed, and his eyes turned back to their normal teal color.

“He’s alive.” I let out the breath that I was holding. “But ...” I looked at him with wide eyes.

“BUT WHAT?!” Wyatt didn’t answer. Instead, he walked over to the kitchen and brought out a small birdcage. I dropped my arms, and everything fell to the floor. Wyatt placed the cage down on the counter and opened it. Then about three dozen people walked out of the cage.

“My stars ...” Richard gasped.

“Kendrick’s not the only one who’s still small.” I bent down onto my knees to get eye level with the counter and studied the small group of people, no pun intended. It was everyone that I had seen in the dollhouse hologram. Now I knew why Ken was able to mind link with Melody. She was in the shack just a few feet away from the dollhouse.

“Ken, is this everyone?” I asked him.

“Yeah! Everyone that we know of!” I watched as Wyatt counted how many people there were.

“He’s right. That seems to be everyone. There were just over 30 people taken from the region packs. There’s 33 here,” Wyatt validated.

“Wait, Jackson lied to us? He said that everyone was being held in cages at Silver Lake! How could he lie to us?” Chad exclaimed.

“We were at Silver Lake!” someone in the crowd shouted.

“Mom!” Jason exclaimed.

“Hi, honey!”

“What do you mean you were at Silver Lake, Aunt Zoe?” Wyatt asked her.

“We were there! But for some reason, we were all transported and ended up in that damn birdcage. We were full size at one point too!”

“Hold on, I don’t get it. Why would Eric have everyone sent here if he was going to hide in plain sight at Silver Lake?” I asked.

“Guys!” We all looked down to see Kendrick flailing his arms. “We overheard Morgan on the phone earlier, and she said that the plan was in motion. They were hoping that all of the Alphas would follow Wyatt to Silver Lake to try and save the hostages, and then Eric would be free to use the poison he used on Rylee’s dad on all of the Alphas!”

“But they didn’t come with us, at least, not yet,” Wyatt answered.

“Yeah, they’re waiting for us to head to Silver Lake before joining us,” Chad added.

“Exactly! Morgan knew that you guys would be coming here first! She had sensors all over the Halfmoon territory. She told Eric that his plan to catch you all at Silver Lake was a bust, so he left you guys to her and Ash while he and Nicole go around from pack to pack to kill the Alphas and Lunas while their guards are down!” We all snapped our heads towards Richard.

“Richard, we need to warn everybody!” Wyatt cried out. Richard and Svetlana didn’t even hesitate to teleport out of there.

“Everyone in the cage! We will take you all back to Blue Lake until we can figure out a way to—” I was stopped mid-sentence when pressure started to fill the inside of my head. The images played at warp speed, but I saw them ever so clearly. As soon as they stopped, I couldn’t stop myself from saying his name out loud. “Ronan.” I didn’t even pause to think before I ran out of the shack. The trees were still surrounding us, and I knew the rogues were still waiting. I didn’t have time to deal with them one by one. I need them out of my way and dead. The fireplace in the shack was still going. I used my power of fire manipulation and threw raging fireballs at all of the trees, making them explode. I knew that the shards of wood would impale the rogues behind

them, either killing them or injuring them beyond repair. Their screams could be heard echoing into the skies.

Once I cleared a path, I shifted and ran full speed back towards Blue Lake. I could hear Wyatt calling out after me, but I didn't have the luxury of explaining to him what I had seen in my premonition. I had to make it there to stop Eric. He already took one father from me; I was not about to let him take another.

## **Their Gemini Wolves Chapter 77 - Tips**

0 18 minutes read

{Third Person P.O.V.}

At last, the moment had arrived when Rylee was able to close the book on Ash Patterson. But this was no cause for celebration, for a far greater threat still loomed in the distance. Ash only had a small part to play in the grand scheme of Rylee's misfortunes, and the one responsible for toying with the lives of so many people she cared for was about to make his move. The million-dollar question was whether her Primordial prowess would be enough to put an end to this madness.

Wyatt and the others found themselves in familiar territory as they stared blankly off into space, trying to figure out why Rylee had disappeared without warning. She sprinted off, full speed ahead, and they didn't realize what had happened until the dust settled. Before they knew what hit them, a thin veil of unease had overshadowed their short-lived victory.

"Hold on, did I miss something?" Chad asked.

"Did I hear her right? Did she say your dad's name before running out of the shack?" Jason asked while turning to look at Wyatt. It took a second for Wyatt to register what just occurred, but upon the realization that his father may very well be in danger, Wyatt wasted no time of his own shifting into Blade and taking off after Rylee. Even though his speed was supernatural in wolf form, it was still no match for Rylee's. He could only hope that his legs would carry him home in time to save his father from imminent danger.

As the others felt a sense of déjà vu while watching Wyatt's retreating form, Chad took point and ensured all of the hostages currently in a shrunken state were safe and sound within the birdcage. He handed off the cage to Lanie, and she clutched onto it while everyone else that remained shifted into their wolf forms. Havoc lowered his body to the ground, allowing Lanie to climb on.

She held the cage firmly against her body while leaning forward slightly to hold onto Havoc's fur. As soon as she was settled, everyone immediately took off to head towards Blue Lake's territory.

Meanwhile, Rylee was running at full throttle and testing the limits of her super-speed, just short of going Mach-1. Kaleigh was maneuvering through trees and bushes, jumping over logs and boulders that would have otherwise been in her way with unmatched agility. The adrenaline pumping through her veins was the only thing preventing her from colliding with the inanimate objects obstructing her path. Kaleigh burst through the edge of the woods and began the ascent of hills and mountains that would lead her back to Blue Lake. As she made her way to the top, she looked towards the sky and saw the crescent moon still hidden behind the blue hour clouds. That was the only indication she needed to know she was not too late, for, in Rylee's premonition, she saw Ronan's death just as the moon revealed itself from behind the overcast of black and blue. The scene replayed once more in her mind—a dagger in his chest and Eric laughing over Ronan's dying body, whispering evil nothings about how he killed Ronan the same way he killed Mitchell. Although neither Nicole nor Emma were seen, she had no doubt that they were there as well.

With Wyatt pushing Blade to his max, they soon found themselves bursting through the forest's edge, only a few minutes behind Rylee. Wyatt was stunned at how fast Blade was running.

Blade, when did you get so fast?

I don't know. But I think I can go faster!

Seriously?

Let's find out.

With a little push and the will to accelerate even more, faster was what they got. Blade's supernatural pace became even more extraordinary as he climbed the very same hills and mountains that Rylee had just traversed not too long ago.

This is crazy! Blade, what is going on?

I think it's our mate.

What do you mean?

I think you finally accepting her fully and giving her free reign allows us to share her abilities. This isn't my speed. This is her speed.

Riding in the back of his own mind, Wyatt was speechless to hear this. He and Blade were sharing Rylee and Kaleigh's speed? If that was the case, then what else could they possibly be able to share as mates? That was something that they would have to test later. Right now, Wyatt's number one concern was the safety of his family. Rylee bolting the way she did after a premonition only meant that something terrible was going to happen, and it needed to be stopped right away. Wyatt feared the worst, but he wouldn't go there until he absolutely needed to.

Rylee cleared the final hurdle and stood atop the mountain that overlooked the Blue Lake's signature lake. She was met with silence; however, that silence was fleeting as the alarm that signaled a challenge echoed through the night sky. She looked towards the castle and had a clear view of the front of it. That's when Rylee saw the front doors burst open, and two wolves attacking each other emerged. She knew for sure that one was Harvey, Ronan's wolf, and the other was Dracul, Eric's wolf. Or, as she liked to call him, Dracrue.

Kaleigh glanced up at the sky as she could sense the clouds were beginning to move—and not in the direction they needed to. A sense of full-blown panic set in as she realized the moon was about to be fully exposed, which meant that she needed to move quickly. Rylee pushed Kaleigh to her top speed in no time at all as she barreled towards the fight. She could see that Dracul had overpowered Harvey and that he had also shifted back into Eric. This was it; this was what she saw in her premonition. As she made her way onto the field in front of the castle, she leaped over the pack members that were outside bearing witness to the challenge, roaring with pure rage. Just as the syringe pierced the skin above Ronan's beating heart, Kaleigh tackled Eric, knocking the syringe out of his hand and onto the ground. Eric rolled multiple times across the ground, snarling the entire time until he came to a halt.

"NO!!!" he screamed at his failed attempt to kill Ronan. He looked up from his place on the ground and saw the light blue wolf, realizing immediately that it was Rylee. "YOU!?!?" Kaleigh snarled in response and stood between Eric and Ronan while Grace and Dylan helped Ronan to his feet. "YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO BE IN A DOLLHOUSE!! HOW ARE YOU HERE!?!?" Eric cried

out and was in complete disbelief that his plan to k!!l Ronan had been intercepted by someone who was nothing but a mere child in Eric's eyes.

Rylee shifted back into her human form so that she could confront Eric face to face. As soon as she did, someone wrapped her up in a blanket. She knew without even looking that it was Milan. But before confronting the man who ruined her entire childhood, Rylee turned to Ronan.

"Are you okay?" she asked him, her eyes softening with genuine concern.

"I'm fine. It barely pierced the skin. Nothing was injected," Ronan reassured her. Rylee looked him over once more and saw that he was, indeed, 100% fine. If any poison had entered his bl00dstream, he would have been keeled over and dying that very second. She turned her attention back to Eric, who was seething.

"HOW!?! My planning was meticulous!" Eric shouted as he flailed his entire body, grabbed his hair, and screamed like a teenage girl.

"The next time you plan on attempting to k!!l everyone in the region, make sure that the most powerful wolf in existence isn't part of that region," someone else answered. Rylee turned to see that Wyatt had also made it back in time.

"What are you going on about? Most powerful wolf in existence!?" Before anyone could say another word, the sudden appearance of over a thousand werewolves caught everyone's attention. "What!?"

"ERIC PATTERSON!" a powerful voice boomed. Every single head that was attached to a body snapped in the direction of the voice, and there stood the twelve Elders that made up the council of the region, with Jonah at the point, Richard at his right, and Svetlana his left. All the werewolves bowed their heads in respect. Jonah and Richard stepped aside opposite one another as an unknown individual was thrown onto the ground in front of the crowd.

"Jonah, who is that?" Wyatt asked.

"This here is the assistant M.E. of the council that helped Eric and his family fake their deaths and escape!" Jonah answered. Rylee snarled at the puny man at the feet of the Elders. "He has already confessed to his crimes, but seeing how his decision greatly affected everyone here, we have decided to give you all the choice to determine his fate!"

“DEATH!” all of the Alphas present shouted as one monolithic voice.

“Alpha Wyatt?” Richard addressed him. He didn’t answer, but instead, Wyatt looked down at Rylee and nodded his head. Rylee didn’t need to be told twice. Her eyes glowed bright silver, and her hair danced in the wind from her aura of immense power as she focused all of her energy on the betrayer. The crowd of onlookers gasped in astonishment and, most of all—fear. Without lifting a single finger, Rylee’s powerful telekinetic powers shattered every bone in the assistant M.E.’s body. Rylee gave him exactly what he deserved, a slow and agonizingly painful death. His screams could be heard for miles past the Blue Lake territory, which Chad and the others heard as they, too, made their final descent into Blue Lake.

“Oh my god, what is that?” Lanie asked out loud as the cries continued echoing. All of a sudden, the sounds of anguish completely stopped.

Whoever it was, just died a very slow and painful death. Chad said to her in a mind link. And something tells me that they deserved it.

Lanie couldn’t help but wonder if it had been Eric whose cries were heard just now, but she ruled it out quickly since she knew that killing him would not be so easy. That and she knew to expect a second cry to be heard if it had been him. Nicole’s cries at the loss of her mate. The palpable silence only confirmed that it wasn’t Eric that had died.

What’s wrong, Lanie? Lexie linked her.

I was hoping that it was Eric who just died.

Oh.

Does that make me a bad person?

No. That makes you normal. Eric’s a bad man. And a horrible werewolf. He ruined so many lives, and he deserves to die even more painfully than this other person did. I’m kind of glad it wasn’t him, though.

What? Why?

Because. I want to be there to witness Rylee kill him. Does that make me a bad person?



No. But that does make you sound psychotic.

Shut up!

Lanie couldn't help but laugh a little over her jab at Lexie. It definitely eased her conscience and removed the guilt from her thoughts about wanting Eric to just hurry up and die. But she and Lexie were in agreement on one thing—she, too, wanted to bear witness to his death and the end of his terror.

As they ran over the mountain that led into the territory, a massive roar that didn't belong to a werewolf could be heard reverberating through the skies. A blur of orange could be seen running parallel to them. What caught Lanie off guard was the fact that there was more than one blur of orange running with them.

“Ryker!?” Lanie called out. A roar could be heard as a response, and Lanie couldn't help but smile, seeing that her friend had joined them. When the pack of wolves reached the base of the mountain, they were met by two weretigers, one being Ryker and the other was someone they didn't recognize. “Uhhh ... Ryker, who is this?” Lanie asked. Ryker rubbed his face into the neck of the other tiger, and they both purred with delight. Lanie gasped as her smile reached ear to ear. “Oh! Oh! Oh! I want to hear all about this. Especially since you were supposed to stay back and keep the packhouse safe! How in the world did you know to ... Ah, never mind, we don't have time for this!” she exclaimed, and they took off again to meet everyone at the castle where they bore witness to Eric's ever-growing temper tantrum.

“WHAT ARE YOU!?!” Eric screamed at Rylee when he saw his alibi lifeless and looking like an overcooked noodle, his bones and his brain matter spilling out of his cranium.

“The most powerful wolf in existence. Either you don't know how to listen, or your old age has made go deaf,” Rylee spat at him.

“You!? The most powerful wolf!? That's not possible! You're nothing but a street rat!”

“That you found in the rubble of my packhouse after you destroyed it. You always assumed that I was an Omega, and then you found out I was an Alpha. But what you were never told was that not only am I an Alpha, I am also a Primordial. I possess power beyond anyone's comprehension, and what you saw me do just now is nothing compared to what I'm going to do to

you!” Rylee wailed and lifted Eric into the sky as she closed his airways. She used her power of water manipulation and summoned a massive whirlpool from the lake, concealing Eric within it and essentially drowning him.

“LET HIM GO!!!” someone screamed. Everyone’s attention turned towards the voice, and there stood Nicole and Emma with Grace in their grasp, the syringe that Eric had dropped pointed at her jugular vein. “LET HIM GO, OR I WILL KILL HER!” Nicole screamed again, pushing the tip of the needle even closer to Grace’s neck. Rylee knew that Nicole wasn’t bluffing, so she did what Nicole wanted and released Eric. But she never said she had to let him go nicely. Rylee shut off her powers as if they were a light switch, and Eric fell to the ground with the water splashing on top of him. Eric hacked up the water and coughed for dear life.

“Nicole.”

“You ungrateful little b\*\*\*h. After everything that we did for you, this is how you repay us!?”

“Did for me? You mean did to me!”

“For you, to you, it doesn’t matter. We gave you a home! We let you eat our food. We even gave you a purpose. You should be thanking us for not k!lling you!” Emma interjected. Rylee glared at both of them, trying to find a way to get the needle away from Grace. Because of the close proximity and Nicole’s thumb on the trigger, just waiting to push in the injector, Rylee couldn’t risk scaring Nicole because it would surely make her thumb slip.

“Don’t even think about using your powers on me, you little hellion. I heard everything you said and saw everything you just did. If you even so much as lift a finger, I will plunge this poison straight into her neck!”

“If you hurt my mother, I swear on the Moon Goddess that I will rip your head off!” Wyatt snarled.

“Like I told you before, Wyatt,” Emma started to say as she stepped forward. “You chose the wrong mate. You could have had so much more, but you chose that little w\*\*\*e! Who cares if she has powers. All that comes with it is problems and enemies! Had you chosen me, or even that b\*\*\*h Layla, your life would be so much easier. So much calmer. What have you gotten out of being mated to Rylee? Hm? Your memories taken from you. Rejection. Near-death. And now, you have to deal with my family and me. I’m sure that my

brother had his way with her a few times already. Are you sure you still want that piece of trash?" Emma blabbed on.

"Ash didn't touch me. I didn't give him the chance. And he never will either," Rylee said and stared at Nicole, who didn't miss the twinkle in Rylee's eyes when she said that.

"What ... What did you do to my son!?"

"If we're going to be technical, I didn't do anything except outsmart him. Morgan, on the other hand, did quite a bit to him."

"What are you talking about?!"

"Morgan, the dark witch that Eric saved and has been helping you guys? She and Ash had a little fling, and well, she took his soul as payment without his knowledge. She was slowly klling him. And in retaliation for her deceit, Ash ripped out her heart, klling her as well as himself." Hearing that her son was now dead did nothing but escalate the situation at hand. Nicole screamed in agony at the death of her second-born and only son, distracting her long enough to allow Grace to push her away and free herself.

"AHHHHH!!!" Nicole screamed at the top of her lungs and ran after Grace. Ronan intercepted Nicole and tried to fight her off, which led to Emma pursuing Grace. But Milan appeared and intercepted her, tackling her to the ground. Both shifted into their wolves and started to b.rawl. The chaos threw everyone off and gave Nicole an opening to knock Ronan away from her. She picked up the syringe and stood over Ronan.

"NO!!!" Rylee and Wyatt cried at the same time and tried to run to him, but before they could even get two feet, they stopped when they both saw that someone else had gotten in the way. Time had slowed to a near stop. Rylee whimpered when she saw what happened. At the same time, Emma's wolf could be heard crying and screaming in pure pain as Milan's wolf, Ivory, tore her to shreds.

"EMMA!!!" Nicole cried as her daughter was kllled mercilessly. Rylee was stunned at the turn of events, but Wyatt was not. He ran past her and straight to his father, leaving her completely open to an attack. Eric took the opportunity to shift and ran full speed to pounce on her, but Rylee knew Eric and his dirty style of fighting. She turned just in time and caught Dracul midair with her powers of psychokinetic energy and crushed his larynx without even

batting an eyelash. Eric slowly started to suffocate as she continued to put pressure on his windpipes.

“Before I k!ll you, I think it’s time that Nicole knows exactly what you did!” Rylee shouted at him. She forced his wolf to retreat into the back of his mind and made him shift back into human form, never once letting him go. Knowing that Rylee was referring to them, Lanie and Lexie both stepped forward. Nicole had been apprehended by Wyatt and Jason and was on her knees facing three blondes that looked so much like the woman she hated more than anything. “Nicole, I’d like you to meet my half-sisters, Lanie and Lexie.”

“Why should I care about your sisters?!” Nicole spat.

“Because. They’re not only my sisters, but Emma’s and Ash’s too.” That information hit Nicole like a ton of bricks, and it didn’t take her long to realize the meaning behind Rylee’s words.

“WHAT?!”

“Your mate had my mother kidnapped. He put her in a cage! Like some kind of fvcking\*g animal, and then forced himself onto her and violated her until she conceived his pups. Eric k!lled my father because he wanted my mother. He wanted her and the girls that she gave birth to. He wanted a family with her, even if it was going to be by force. But my mother didn’t want that with him. Even if it meant giving up the daughters that she loved more than life itself. She gave all of us up because she wanted to protect us from this piece of sh!t you call a mate!” Rylee exclaimed and slammed Eric to the ground in front of Nicole.

“YOU HAD se.x WITH MEGAN!!” Nicole screeched at Eric, who was literally suffocating to death. She broke free from Wyatt and Jason and started to beat him. She slashed at him with her claws, stomped on him with her feet, and slammed his head onto the ground. She reached into her back pocket and pulled out a second syringe.

“NO!” Rylee shouted and forced the syringe out of her hand. Nicole seized the opportunity to run at Rylee, colliding with her. Nicole had her hands around Rylee’s neck and squeezed as hard as he could, but what she didn’t expect was for two wolves to attack her from behind. Those two wolves being Atlanta and Brooklyn. Without even hesitating, Lanie’s and Lexie’s wolves tore Nicole to shreds in order to protect Rylee. Sisters saving their sister.

Rylee stood to her feet and found that Eric was still breathing. Rylee stood over him, and her lips quivered in disgust. Lanie and Lexie came up next to her covered in Nicole's blood, and they too stared down at the man that took them from their home and left them in the hands of a trafficker for money.

"Help me, my daughters," Eric muttered out the best he could.

"Go to Hell," they both said and turned away from him. Eric watched as the only children he even remotely loved turned their back on him without even a second glance.

"As my sisters said, go to Hell," Rylee repeated and had the root of a tree impale him from underneath. Rylee watched as the life from his eyes slowly died away, and when she heard the final beat of his heart, she finally let out the breath that she had been holding for the last decade. But the reverence of peace that she felt was pierced through as the cries of Jason, Keaton, and Kendrick could be heard.

At some point during the chaos, Kendrick and the others were turned back to normal. That's when Rylee noticed several unknown men and women speaking with Svetlana. She would have to deal with that later; first, her pack needed her.

"Dylan, you old fool! Why would you do that!?" Ronan shouted.

"Grace needs you," Dylan whispered. Dylan had been the one that had taken the syringe full of poison in his back. He saved Ronan, his best friend. Felix was standing over him as well.

"Milan! Come on, baby, stay with me!" Jason cried.

"What happened to her!?" Rylee asked as she kneeled down between both her and Dylan.

"Emma must have cut her with a blade or something. It was probably laced with the poison," Jason explained while holding onto a feverish Milan, who was going in and out of consciousness. "She came over to check on Dylan and suddenly collapsed. That's when I saw the cut on her arm." Rylee didn't know what to say.

"Rylee, save them!" Kendrick cried while holding his father.

“I can’t,” Rylee replied.

“Yes, you can! You have the power to stop people from dying!”

“No, you don’t get it! I can’t save them both! I can only save one!” Rylee cried.

“Milan! You have to save Milan! Our kids need her!” Jason cried.

“We need our father! We’ve already lost our mom to poison!” Keaton cried. Rylee was at a crossroads. She needed to decide who to save, and she had to decide soon before they both died.

“Milan.” Everyone snapped their heads up. “Save Milan,” Wyatt said.

“WYATT!” Kendrick shouted and got to his feet, shoving Wyatt back. “This is my dad! The man who’s been like an Uncle to you! He saved your father’s life!”

“I get that, Ken, I really do, but Jason’s point is more valid. Their pups need their mother,” Wyatt said with tears in his eyes. This was the choice that he had to make. The choice that Selene warned him about. Not a choice about who he killed or didn’t kill, but an impossible choice between choosing a man, who has been like a second father to him, or the friend that he’s loved like a sister all of his life.

“Kendrick.” He looked down at his father, who signaled for him to come closer.

“Dad, just hang on. Maybe Rylee can save you both.”

“No.”

“DAD!” Keaton cried. Irene was sobbing next to him, and Melody was also crying with Ronan and Grace holding her.

“I’m ready to be with your mother,” Dylan whispered.

“DAD! COME ON! You have to meet your grandpup! You promised me.” Keaton wept.

“I’m sorry, Kea .. Kea ... Keaton,” Dylan croaked and spit up blood. “Milan. Luna, save ... Milan.” Rylee didn’t have the luxury of second-guessing and immediately turned her back on Dylan. She bit into Milan’s neck, opposite of Jason’s mark, and injected her venom, praying that it would be enough to

counteract the poison. As Rylee worked to save Milan's life, she concentrated on Dylan's slow heartbeat. She could feel his wolf trying to fight off the poison, but it was turning into a losing battle as it soon took the soul of his wolf, and all that was left was the body of a human. Dylan's heartbeat became more steady, with seconds passing per beat. As his heart rate came to a palpable stop, Milan's started to accelerate. That's how Rylee knew that her venom was running its course and pushing out the poison from Milan's body. Rylee pulled back and watched as the poison seeped out of the wound and evaporated into thin air. As the last of the poison disintegrated, Dylan took his last breath.

"Dad?" Kendrick called out.

"Dad?!" Keaton cried.

"DAD!!!" both bawled and buried their faces into Dylan's still chest. Rylee bowed her head and cried, while everyone else did as well. Even those who were not part of Blue Lake cried and paid their respects for the loss of the former Beta. Kendrick stood to his feet in pure rage and punched Wyatt square across the jaw. Wyatt slowly faced his best friend with tears streaming down his own cheeks.

Both just stared at each other crying and then hugged each other to give one another comfort. One comforting his best friend and Beta for the loss of his father. The man who raised him and his younger brother to be the men that they are today. And the other comforting his best friend and Alpha, who had to make an impossible choice.

## **Their Gemini Wolves Chapter 78: The End - Tips**

0 15 minutes read

{Rylee's P.O.V.}

Time stood still as I listened to Dylan take his last breath, hot tears blurring my vision and weighing down my head as I wept. Seeing him lying lifeless on the ground seemed like a bad dream. It was a grim reminder that being the most powerful werewolf to ever exist didn't mean I could save everyone or exclude me from heartache, as my life has taught me time and again. Hoping that the Pattersons and Morgan would be the only casualties tonight was foolish on my part. What I still couldn't wrap my head around was that I didn't see Dylan die in my premonition. I didn't get one of him at all. It was how I knew that I was never meant to save him. Dylan was supposed to die tonight, as horrible



as that may sound. It didn't mean that it hurt any less. Dylan sacrificed himself to save Ronan.

"Kendrick, Keaton, I'm so sorry," I whispered to them as I stood up. Keaton didn't even spare me a glance, but Kendrick broke away from Wyatt and hugged me while sobbing into my hair. "I wish I could have saved them both. I am so sorry, Ken," I broke down again.

"It's not your fault. I know you would have if you could." He pulled away, and I couldn't help but shed more tears when I saw the pain in his eyes of losing his father. It was grief that I understood all too well. Melody was right there waiting for him, and they tearfully embraced each other.

"Rylee?" I looked behind me and saw Svetlana approaching with the group of unknown men and women. She conjured up some clothes for Wyatt and me, and we walked over to meet her.

"Thanks for the clothes," I said and wiped my tears.

"Of course. It is nothing. Rylee, Wyatt, I want to introduce you to the coven mothers of dark witches and coven fathers of dark wizards," she announced as she directed our attention to the group behind her.

"Why are they here?" Wyatt asked curiously.

"Good evening, my name is Sonya. I am Morgan's coven mother, and I sincerely apologize for her actions. Svetlana informed us of what Morgan had done. Morgan was a young dark witch and was misguided regarding the terms of owing a debt. What is more, she was manipulated by Ash."

"Is that supposed to make us feel bad for her?" I scoffed, a little annoyed.

"No, of course not. What Morgan did to you and the others is unforgivable. It was why I reached out to the other covens of dark witches and wizards. Because Morgan died before the shrinking spell was reversed on your friends and the others, we had to work together to create enough power to counteract it," Sonya replied.

"Even though we are dark supernatural, like you werewolves, we live by a code. Just as light witches, we cannot use magic for personal vendettas. Our Wiccan goddess forbids it. It's the one absolute law we all share as users of dark craft," one of the dark wizards added.

“And you are?” Wyatt asked.

“Oh, where are my manners? My name is Judas.”

“Judas, Sonya, thank you for reversing the spell on the hostages,” I said genuinely.

“Think nothing of it. The last thing we need is for the dark Wiccan goddess to come and punish us for allowing Morgan to get away with her misdeeds,” Sonya replied.

“So, there is a separate goddess for dark witches and wizards?” Wyatt asked.

“Yes. Miranda is the goddess of light craft, and then there’s Melinda, the goddess of dark craft.” Wyatt and I just nodded at the information. “We’re sorry that we couldn’t be of more help,” Sonya added as she looked in the direction of Dylan. We both gave her a curt smile, and they all took their leave.

“Well, that answers that,” Wyatt concluded. I nodded my head and looked up at him.

“Hey, Wyatt?”

“Yeah?”

“How did you get here so fast?”

“Huh? Oh, um, well, truth be told, I’m not exactly sure. At first, Blade was going his normal werewolf speed. But the next thing I knew, we were getting faster and faster. It was crazy because it took the phrase out of body experience to the next level. I seriously felt like we were almost flying. Blade mentioned that we must have picked up on your energy.”

“Really?”

“Yeah. He said it may have happened because I finally unconditionally accepted you for who you are. I guess that’s what the ancient texts meant when they said that we would be powerful—together.”

“Why didn’t you tell me the truth in the beginning when I first asked you if you were okay with me being a Primordial?”

“At first, I was perfectly fine with it. I was excited to have a powerful mate. I thought I knew what to expect, but when I started to realize just how powerful you were going to be, I couldn’t help but feel a pang of jealousy. I mean, I’m a pure-bl00ded Alpha too, but my mom didn’t come from Alpha bl00d. So, in a way, I kind of felt like I was given the short end of the stick while you were given the big end. And as an Alpha male, that kind of hurt my pride in ways I never anticipated. I know that I shouldn’t have let it affect me that way, but deep down, it stung a bit. I didn’t know how to process it, and I never learned how to sit in that discomfort. Mom thinks that’s why I was susceptible to Layla’s bullsh!t.” I didn’t know how to reply to that. In a way, it made sense because the male ego is pretty big.

“Well, I mean, not much we can do about it now,” I finally told him. “Every pack in the region just watched me impale Eric with the root of a tree.”

“Yeahhhh...” I looked up at him, and he looked down at me. We both chuckled at the same time. “So, what was it like being a real-life Tinkerbell?” I scowled at him and punched him in the gut. “Oof!”

“That’s not funny! It was horrible! I never want to be that small ever again!”

“Guys.” We turned around to see Chad and the others. I looked at Lanie and Lexie and smiled. I opened my arms, and they came and h.ugged me.

“Thanks for coming to my rescue. I will be forever grateful to have you two in my life,” I told them. They h.ugged me tighter, and I just felt their smiles glowing.

“So, what happens now?” Lanie asked as they pulled away.

“Well, first we have to dispose of the trash, and then we will have to plan a service for Dylan. He’s the former Beta, and he died protecting Ronan, the former Alpha,” I answered.

“Dylan will be buried with the highest honor a werewolf can be given. Even though those honors are typically for Alphas who pass, Dylan sacrificed himself to save an Alpha. It’s the least we can do,” Richard announced.

“Thank you, Richard. That would mean a lot to Kendrick and Keaton,” Wyatt replied and shook Richard’s hand.

“So, I guess this means you guys can finally have your ceremonies to pass on the title. And Richard can finally become an Elder,” I subtly mentioned. As they all smiled and nodded their heads, I spotted Ryker with an unknown female. A very pretty female, to be exact. “Ryker, who do you have there with you?” I coyly asked. Ryker didn’t miss the tone in my voice and grinned at me.

“I’d like for everyone to meet my mate, Rain,” Ryker introduced. “She’s obviously a weretiger.” We all said our introductions, and Rain was very excited to meet everyone. It turned out that Rain was on the run from tiger poachers. She just so happened to run through the Golden Moon pack territory not long after Chad and the others set out to join Wyatt in rescuing the hostages. While running through the pack lands, she literally collided with Ryker, who was doing patrols around Golden Moon to keep an eye out for Eric in case he happened to show up. The rest, they say, is history.

“Please let us know when the memorial service will be held. I’m assuming it will take a while to plan,” Chad said to us.

“Of course,” Wyatt replied. “Richard, please keep us in the loop about the honors for Dylan.”

“I will.” With that, Chad and the Golden Moon pack left and went home. One by one, the other Alphas and their pack members came over and paid their respects to us as well as Kendrick and Keaton. About an hour later, the only people left were the pack members of Blue Lake. Victor and the others got to work cleaning up the body parts and disposing of them by lighting them on fire. They offered to do the cleanup because they wanted closure and were finally able to put an end to their chapters with the Pattersons. Wyatt instructed Owen and Angelo to return to the Halfmoon territory to find Ash and Morgan’s bodies and dispose of them as well.

Ronan, Felix, Kendrick, and Keaton worked together to lift Dylan’s body and took him to the pack hospital, where Dr. Andrews would clean him up and prepare him for his burial. Watching them take him away had me in tears again, but I knew that he was in a better place now and that he was happy to finally be with Lizzy again. Grace, Zoe, Melody, and Irene went with them. Jason carried Milan to the pack hospital as well since she was still unconscious.

“Come on, let’s go inside,” Wyatt said as he interlocked our fingers.

“Umm, you go on ahead. There’s something that I need to do first.”

“Is everything okay?”

“Yeah, everything’s fine. There’s just something I need to do. One final thing to put to rest.”

“Do you need me to go with you?” he asked, visibly worried.

“No. This is something that I have to do on my own. It’s the only way that I will officially be able to let go of everything.” Wyatt stared at me hesitantly but eventually nodded when he saw that I was adamant about doing this alone.

“Okay. Be careful, baby. I love you.”

“I love you too, Wyatt.” He gave me a quick kiss and went inside along with everyone else. When I was finally alone, I stripped myself of the clothes Svetlana had conjured and shifted into Kaleigh. She picked up the clothes in her mouth, and we went on our way.

It didn’t take long to arrive at our destination, and when we made it to the start of my final journey, Kaleigh gave me control, and I shifted back. I got dressed and took the first step forward. I walked as slow as a snail while I took everything in. As I did, little by little, tears threatened to fall, but I kept them from doing so. That is until I made it to the wreckage of what used to be the Silver Lake packhouse. Now that Morgan was dead, the mirage of a gaping hole the others had mentioned was gone, and all that remained was debris amongst the land of my birthplace. I stepped over broken glass, bricks, and wood that had long ago begun to decay with weeds growing around them.

I finally found the spot I was searching for—the hiding place where my mother had put me in to keep me safe. The place where Eric first found me and where my entire life had changed. As I stood there and images of that horrible night flooded my mind, I buried my face in my hands, fell to my knees, and allowed myself to grieve. I burst into tears and let it all out. I cried the tears I was never able to release, bawling until I became a whimpering mess. I don’t even know how long I had cried for. It must have been a while because, by the time I was done, my legs were asleep, and I couldn’t breathe from the amount of snot dripping from my nose. It was a long time coming, but I was finally able to release the pain. I stood up and let out one final breath of contentment before walking away. But I wasn’t ready to go just yet. There was one more thing that I needed to do.

I walked away from the packhouse ruins and traveled to the one place on the land that I swore to return to once I avenged my parents. I stood over this sacred place and knew deep in my heart that this was where they were. I took a deep breath, closed my eyes, and slowly started to lift my hands. I knew when I had them. I opened my eyes and stared at the ground, not wanting to face reality, but I knew that I had to. I raised my head slowly, and tears automatically fell when I saw my parents' remains in front of me. I kept them levitated in the air and walked them over towards the back of the pack territory where our lake used to be.

I made it to the embankment, even though there was no water left. I kept my parents' remains levitated with one hand while I dug fresh new graves with the other. When the hole was deep enough, I gently placed them in and covered them with as much love and adoration as I could. When I was finished, I got down on my knees and cried with a sense of relief now that I could give my parents a proper burial. And at the very spot that my mom told my dad that she was pregnant with me. It was truly a cathartic moment.

As I kneeled next to them, finally able to put their souls to rest, I sensed someone behind me. I lifted my head and looked behind me, but no one was there. I stood up and turned around, keeping my guard up. No one was supposed to be here. It didn't smell like a rogue. It didn't smell like anything at all. As I stood there frozen, I could feel something warm next to me. Actually, something warm on both sides of me. The next thing I knew, a warmth, unlike anything I've felt before, consumed my entire being. It was like I was being hugged by fire, but it wasn't burning me. It was comforting and felt like ... Love.

As fast as the warmth came, it was gone, and I knew exactly what it was. I lost all sense of self-control and began sobbing. I never thought I would ever feel the warmth of my parents' embrace again, but somehow, somehow, they were both able to hug me and tell me that they were near. I turned back around to face their final resting place.

I love you, too. Don't worry about me. I'm going to be okay now. Everything is going to be okay from now on.

One year Later

{Wyatt's P.O.V.}

“RIGHT THERE! A LITTLE MORE TO THE RIGHT! LITTLE MORE! NO! DAMMIT, WYATT, THAT’S TOO FAR!!” Rylee screamed at me. It’s been a year since that fateful night where everything in our lives finally came full circle. A week after that night, we buried Dylan with the highest honors bestowed to a werewolf, as promised by Richard, and we were able to send him off to be with Aunt Lizzy. Kendrick and Keaton had to see a therapist to deal with the loss, but it didn’t take them long to recuperate. Milan, unfortunately, didn’t recover as fast—emotionally, that is.

After she woke up from the effects of the poison, Jason explained everything that had happened, and she ended up with a severe case of survivor’s guilt. Even though Ken and Keaton held no qualms against her, she held them against herself, and it ate her alive for several months. She’s gotten better since, and it helped that her twins were now running around driving her insane, so she had something else to focus on. It also helped that they’re running in their wolf forms, allowing Ivory to take over and bond with them as well. Shifting has been good for Milan.

My parents went on a six-month-long vacation for just the two of them, along with Felix and Zoe doing their own thing as well. Losing Dylan and having both suffered near-death experiences, my parents decided that they wanted to concentrate on themselves and officially enjoy retirement. No kids or grandkids. Though, their timing had kind of s.u.cked because they missed the birth of our daughter—Aurora. Who just happens to be the spitting image of Rylee, only she has my teal eyes. Thankfully, Sam was more accepting of Aurora after she was born, and he actually tries to play with her, even though she’s only seven months old.

After Rylee came home that night, she told me where she had gone and what she had done. I was happy that she was finally able to close that chapter of her life and continue moving forward. That didn’t deter me from keeping my promise to build memorials for Mitch and Megan, though, which is what we’re doing right now. The only problem was that Rylee refuses to use humans to handle the labor. So, here I was, using a crane to lower down the statues of Mitch and Megan we commissioned. She would use her powers to help me, but she currently had her hands full with Aurora, who kept trying to jump into the lake. Yes, we had the lake refilled and brought back to its former glory.

“WYATT!!!” Rylee screamed again.

“I told you we needed to use the guys at the company!”



“Wyatt, get out and let me do it!” Chad shouted at me.

“You know how to use these?!”

“My dad worked as a construction worker with humans before my sister was born! He taught me how to use these things when I was 16. NOW GET OUT!” I raised my hands in defeat, put the machine in park, and let Chad have the wheel. Just as he claimed, he knew how to use it, and he was able to get the statues in place in one go.

“Thank you, Chad! At least someone knows how to operate heavy machinery!” Rylee took a jab at me.

“Hey! Just because I run an architecture company does not mean I know how to use the machinery. I have employees and contractors for a reason,” I defended.

“AURORA, NO!” Rylee shouted when she caught her trying to crawl into the lake again. She used powers to bring her to us and landed her in my arms.

“Princess, are you trying to give Mommy a heart attack?” I asked and kissed her chubby cheeks.

“Daddy, look!” Sam shouted as he showed me a cool-looking rock he found by the bank of the lake. Sam was better at listening since he knew making Rylee mad would only end with him getting no dessert at dinner and the most boring bath time with no water show.

We’ve kept a very close relationship with Golden Moon, given that the Luna and Beta female are family. Lexie and Brent have their hands full with their own set of identical twins on the way, and Lanie and Chad have their hands full with an ever-growing Killian, who is now over three years old and starting to cause mayhem wherever he goes. He and Sam are two peas in a pod. It also helps that Killian just happens to be Aurora’s mate. I was a little disturbed at first because, legally, Killian is Aurora’s cousin, but I was reminded by Rylee, Lanie, and Chad that they have no blood relation whatsoever. I guess this was Selene’s and William’s way of reconciling with each other and with the girls.

“Finally! Their memorials are done!” Rylee squealed with delight, looking up at the life-size statues of Mitch and Megan.

“Mom was so pretty,” Lanie said and leaned her head on Rylee’s shoulder.

“Yeah, she was. That’s why we’re pretty too!” Lexie boasted as she rubbed her swelling stomach.

“I really hope those babies in there don’t turn out as crazy and outspoken like you, Lexie. Otherwise, we’re going to be in trouble,” Rylee commented.

“Do you guys know what you’re having?” I asked Brent.

“Nope. Well, I don’t, at least. Lanie won’t tell me.”

“What do you mean Lanie won’t ... Ohhhh ... She went to the future to see, didn’t she?” I asked, and Brent nodded.

“WHAT!?” Lanie exclaimed and stuck her tongue at me.

“So, now that the memorials are done, when are we going to start on the packhouse?” Chad asked, coming up to me.

“Hold on, why are you guys so excited for the packhouse? This is going to be a vacation home for my family and me!” I griped.

“WE ARE FAMILY!!!” They all yelled in unison.

“Okay, geez!” I said and waved the white flag in surrender, making everyone laugh. Aurora giggled with delight in my arms while Sam and Killian ran around as little boys do. Rylee came up next to me, and I put my arm around her shoulder and kissed her forehead. Things between us have never been this good, and I knew that it would only get better from here. I looked over at Lanie and nodded my head at her. She took Aurora from me, and I turned to face Rylee. Without saying a word, I got down on one knee, making her gasp.

“Wyatt, what are you—”

“Ryan Lee Duquesne, will you marry me?”

THE END