

## Chapter 147

Adelaide

"It's okay," I said, my breath hitching as I fought back tears. I turned the wolf's head with my hands to take another look into those red eyes. Then, I leaned forward and pressed a kiss to his snout.

"I don't regret anything," I said softly. "You made me live again, and if I could've chosen any life, any path—I would've done it all over again just to be with you."

The wolf let out a low, broken whimper and nuzzled his head against my hands, as if trying to hold onto me one last time.

"I love you."

Then, with every bit of strength I had, I sent him through the Veil, watching him disappear into the small gap of the portal. It flickered a few more times before closing...and just like that, he was gone.

My glowing eyes faded.

"Claire—please!"

I focused on the voice beside me and turned to Greg, who was still holding Claire in his arms, crying as she slipped in and out of consciousness. She wouldn't have long anymore.

Defeated, I sank to my knees. I had to find Violet, Baelor, but I also had to help my friend.

"The arrow is poisonous," I told Greg. "But you need to follow the path through the woods and find Aelius. He's dealt with this before, so he can save her."

Greg sniffed, nodding as he scooped Claire into his arms. He was broken, a part of him was dying—and I did this. At this moment, he wasn't thinking about their pup, he was thinking about Claire. I should've never gotten her involved.

"This is all my fault—"

"No," Greg shook his head. "Claire loves you, Addy—and so do I," he declared. "We've been through way too much for us to ever hate you."

I was left speechless, and all I could do was take in his words as I watched him disappear, holding Claire's limp body in his arms. She didn't hate me...they didn't hate me—but I wasn't sure about...

I turned back to the warriors, clenching my fists as I pushed myself to use a little more power—just enough to freeze them in place to prevent them from shifting back.

Except for three...

Elyx, James, and Jane.

I allowed them to move, and they did, shifting back in no time, bare and into their human forms. The first thing Elyx did was stare at the empty space where Alaric had just been.

"No..." He dropped to his knees, patting the dirt with his hands as if Alaric would just magically appear again.

"Alaric!" he shouted, his gaze burning into mine. "Where is he? What did you do to him?"

"Don't bother," I responded. "It's too late—he's already in the Veil."

"In the what?" Elyx frowned. "B-But you can bring him back—right?"

I almost felt bad, seeing how much he worried about his friend. I was heavy on the almost because then I remembered he was the one who brought us into this situation in the first place.

If anything, he should've been grateful that I didn't have enough power to lock him inside the Veil as well, so he could be with the friend he cared for so much.

I exhaled, dropping my shoulders.

Elyx's breaths turned shaky. "No...don't tell me this was all for nothing. Don't tell me we almost lost Claire for nothing!"

"It wasn't for nothing," I smiled despite the chain in my chest. "I was able to lock the kingdom, the coven...half of Baelor."

Elyx's nostrils flared, and I could tell he was close to snapping.

"And," I added, "Violet is safe."

I didn't have time for this. I had to find Baelor's other half, and I had to get to my daughter so I could take her someplace safe.

"A-And them?" Elyx's voice sounded weak as he turned to the frozen Lycans—his warriors, who had fought by his side. "What did you do to my beta, Jack? What did you do to all of them?"

"I spared their lives," I said simply. "Because they have all shown their loyalty."

And because I had ran out of power, but we could leave out that part...

Elyx let out a loud groan, then charged forward to attack, but James and Jane held him back.

"You sick bitch!" Elyx roared. "I should've let them kill you!"

"Don't do this!" James warned. "It's Addy, you don't want to do this!"

I was already too exhausted, but Elyx had left me no choice. He had forced me to lift my hand again, and seconds later, they all dropped to the ground—frozen, just like the others.

"I now know what the deal is," I said, stepping closer. Though their eyes stared at me with disbelief, I felt a whole lot better knowing they couldn't talk anymore—because I didn't need their words to make me feel worse than I already did.

James and Jane were just like Greg. They were good people, and deep down, I knew they wouldn't despise me too much. They would understand, but Elyx...

Even as I looked into his eyes, I could sense the hatred. But he had no right...

He had no right to hate me when I hadn't done anything to him. I had locked the king who had made a fool out of him. I had spared his people—what more did he want?

With a wave of my hand, I cast a magic blanket over the frozen Lycans. All but Elyx, because I had different plans for him.

These people? James and Jane? They didn't deserve any of this.

I needed them to forget. Their memories had to be erased because this situation was none of their business. And most of all, they had to forget so Violet could be safe and have a normal life.

That was the only way...

I stretched out my hands. "When you leave this place, you won't remember any of this," I said. "The Alpha King went mad and killed his family, and the High Priestess lost her mind. You will piece together the rest among yourselves, spread this story, make sure the truth is erased from history—and that will be the only story you'll ever know."

Then, I turned to James and Jane, kneeling between them. They looked at me with curious eyes, searching for answers—answers I wished I could give them, but I couldn't. My chest ached staring into those innocent gazes because I knew those two wouldn't want to hurt me.

I placed my hand on their heads. "As for you two...you will remember again when you are strong enough, worthy enough, to remember. For now, you will only remember my truth."

At last, I turned to Elyx. He might not have been able to speak, but his eyes said more than enough. Even now, he still couldn't see that he was the problem.

I balled my fists in anger. How could I forgive him when he couldn't even admit to his own mistakes?

"As for you," I bent down, placing my hand on his head. I knew he hated it. I knew he would've twisted my arm if he could've. "I want you to remember everything."

My voice was cold. "I won't make you forget. I want you to live every second of your life remembering what you've done—because I didn't do this to Alaric," I said. "You did."

I leaned closer. "We were living peacefully," I gritted out, "until you decided to rip it apart."

"I hope you cross paths with Violet one day," I said, my voice softer. "And when you do...I hope you'll look past the hatred you have for me and give her the love and loyalty you failed to give Alaric."

I took an unsteady breath, pushing myself up. My body still ached from everything that had happened, my legs felt weak—but I couldn't stop. Not yet.

Not when I still had to find Violet and seal away the other half of Baelor before the Veil could collapse.

This wasn't over yet...

Not even close...