

## The Unwanted Wolf – Epilogue

I met Mark in the lobby of the hotel and instantly threw my hands around his neck, kissing him deeply. I was bouncing with energy and excitement. Mark picked me up and twirled me around before setting me down. We were both laughing madly. Anyone looking at us would probably have been nauseated by the scene.

“So I take it the meeting went well?” Mark asked after we calmed down.

I pulled the medallion out of my pocket, still covered in cloth, and handed it to him. “It did. Surprisingly well, actually.”

Mark looked confused for a moment as he grabbed the item. He removed the cloth, and his face froze. He looked up at me with tears sitting on the brim of his eyes. “How did you manage to get this?”

I smiled, my heart aching at his tears. “I think it’s supposed to be a peace offering.”

Mark suddenly pulled me in again, kissing me deeply. Things quickly became heated, and if we weren’t in public I was sure things would go much farther.

“I can’t believe this,” Mark said, breaking away from me. He looked at the medallion again, stroking it with his thumb. “This is incredible. You are incredible.”

I was practically floating in the air from happiness. “Not as incredible as you.” I held out my hand for Mark. “Come on. Let’s go find our new home. Anything you want in particular?”

Mark grabbed my hand, squeezing it. “I don’t care. As long as I’m with you, I will be home.”

“I love you, Mark,” I said, pulling him in close again. Knowing he would be by my side for the rest of my life was more than enough for me. He was my life, my home, my everything, and I knew I would never feel unwanted because of this wonderful man again.

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The five elders of the council sat at their table in front of the room. It was raised higher than the rest of the floor, so even if they were sitting, they would loom above everyone else in the room. The room was quiet, and it was empty, except for the council members. They were all dressed in black and their faces were covered by large hoods.

Candles lit up the room, but it was still fairly dim. The windows were covered, shielding the room from the outside world. That was the way it was supposed to be. Their existence was meant to be hidden from unsuspecting eyes, so their race could live in peace among the humans.

"He's late," a female voice said from under her hood. "He's wasting our time."

"Relax, Morgan. He's not that late. It's only a minute past six," a deep voice said from next to her.

"I still don't like my time being wasted."

Their voices echoed throughout the room. There was no furniture or decorations to stop the sound from bouncing around. It gave the entire room an eerie feeling.

Footsteps could be heard from outside the grand hallway. The double doors flung open, and a tall man with dark hair emerged through the entryway. He walked with a purpose, and each footstep held intention. His face was out in the open, unlike the members of the council. Wrinkles hugged his dark brown eyes to show his age, but it made him look more distinguished than old. His dark brown hair had a few gray streaks highlighting it.

"You summoned me," the man said. He stopped several feet in front of the elders, holding his hands behind his back like a man of dignity.

"Cain, thank you for joining us." The elder sitting in the center of the table clasped his hands together. "Are you aware of the situation going on near your territory?"

Cain froze. It was his responsibility to make sure all matters were contained in his territory. He should be aware of what happened around the territory as well, even though it wasn't necessarily his responsibility to handle it. The fact that the council was aware of a situation that he wasn't was bad news for him.

"I'm afraid I'm not sure what you are referring to," Cain finally said.

The woman who spoke earlier tapped her finger against the wooden table. "Interesting, because we received a letter from a member of the Caspian Coven, informing us of an alarming matter."

Cain's jaw visibly tensed. "And who had the gall to go over my head and straight to the council?"

The elder in the center of the table pulled out a note from his pocket and held it up. "Theron decided action needed to be taken to protect his coven and the nature of sorcerers."

"And what matter is threatening this safety? I'm afraid Theron did not follow the proper protocol within the coven." Cain was struggling to keep his composure, but he knew it was important to stay calm in front of the council of elders. If they were pushed the wrong way, they could take your life in an instant, and there was no one else to hold them accountable for their actions.

Theron was going to regret going behind his back though. Severe punishment was going to be administered.

"Theron claims that a half-breed has been roaming the territory near yours, threatening him and sorcerers alike. It appears this half-breed is part werewolf and part sorcerer," the main council member indicated.

"Disgusting," the female elder spat. "How could one of us ever mingle with the muts?"

Cain's chest tightened. Half-breed? Could it be?

"And did Theron provide any proof of this accusation?" Cain asked. His knuckles were turning white from being balled into fists.

"That's why you've been summoned," the main council member said. "We are tasking you with the responsibility of taking this into your own hands. We expect you to find out if this claim is in fact true. If it is, you will eliminate the half-breed."

"But sir," Cain said. "We don't know anything about mix-blooded sorcerers. Perhaps it would be best if we found out more about this... half-breed."

"Theron claims the half-breed lives a life with werewolves. She must be tainted from their influence. We don't know anything about her power, but if

she turns out to be a threat, the werewolves could revive their vendetta against us and try to eliminate sorcerers once and for all,” the female council member said. “It’s not worth the risk of letting this horrid creature live.”

Cain straightened his demeanor. “This threat is near my territory; therefore it is my responsibility to take care of the matter myself.”

The woman stood up, slamming her hands on the table. “Are you questioning my judgment?”

“No,” Cain quickly said. “I am merely asking you for a chance to trust my judgment. If this half-breed is as powerful as you fear, wouldn’t it be better to get her on our side?”

The council member in the center waved his hand at the woman. “Sit down. Cain and his family have been in power for a long time. He has a point. Perhaps if this half-breed can be convinced to join our side, it will add to our power. It may even be the missing piece to getting everything we wanted. Maybe we won’t have to hide in the shadows anymore.”

“Thank you for giving me this chance,” Cain said. He bowed his head and turned to leave.

Before Cain could get very far, the council member spoke up again. “However, if you fail us Cain, we will make sure to kill Adira Lyna, the half-breed, once and for all.”

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