

Letters Sent To Eternity

Continue Regular Chapter Reading Below

TITLE: Letters Sent To Eternity By Hazel Rivera

Chapter 421

78 – Ben

“Why would she even desire our bond?” I ponder aloud, frustration bubbling beneath the surface. “Elara’s Elders are fixated on it because they believe they can exert some form of control over her, claiming her as my Luna. What they utterly fail to grasp is that she isn’t, and will never be, my Luna. She is my Alpha. They have no claim over her, and I will not hesitate to eliminate anyone who dares to challenge that. But what does this rogue witch want with our bond? What could possibly be her motive?”

“It makes us stronger,” Elara interjects sharply, her eyes snapping to mine with an intensity that makes my heart race. “Our bond enhances us both. As for how it serves her, that remains a mystery. But there’s no denying that our connection is the only tangible outcome of this ordeal. We believed we were trapped for two and a half days, yet she released us only after we were fully bonded. Perhaps she thinks she can manipulate the pack through our connection?” Her gaze shifts between me, Marrietta, and Brianna, seeking validation.

“There are countless possibilities at play here,” Marrietta chimes in, her voice steady even as she paces the clearing like a predator sizing up its territory. “What we do know is that she has delved deep into the abyss of dark magic. We are talking about realms that neither of us would dare to tread, which makes it nearly impossible to decipher her intentions regarding the two of you.”

“I’m just as concerned about Junior,” I admit, my brow furrowing with worry. “Something feels profoundly off about his situation. Neither of us has been targeted in the same way he has. He requires one of our warriors with him at all times. I want immediate updates if anything else happens to him or any of his pack members. But I don’t want to send Jax or Dev; they need to stay close to Elara. And the warriors currently assigned to him are too young to be of any real help if the witch is using the same tactics to control underage wolves. They’re all still pups.”

“I’ll go,” Jason declares, stepping forward with a determined look in his eyes. “There’s something here that I can sense. I want to keep patrolling the border.”

“You keep saying things like that. What exactly do you feel or see that the rest of us are missing?” I challenge, my curiosity piqued.

"I can't explain it, man. My wolf is restless and doesn't want to leave this area. Even when we went home last time, it was a struggle for him. We're drawn here, but it's not like there's a particular spot calling to me; I just... feel it."

"His mate is here somewhere," Elara mindlinks me, her tone serious.

"I was thinking the same thing. But wouldn't he be able to track her scent and find her? He's been acting strangely since our first trip out to help you."

"Who knows? Maybe she's a wolf under some sort of control, and her bond is suppressed or somehow severed."

"For his sake, I sincerely hope she isn't a rogue under someone else's influence. I have a nagging feeling that some of the wolves working with her are doing so willingly, and we need to interrogate any we can capture alive."

"I'm more concerned about him having to make a choice if a fight breaks out."

I nod in agreement, then glance at Jason. He stands there, unfazed by our conversation. It reminds me of the days when Luna Beth and Alpha James would discuss matters openly, even when we were just kids. "Alright, keep your phone close. I should be able to mindlink you now that..." I trail off, realizing how that sounds—like my lack of a mate is somehow a limitation. It kind of is, but I also recognize that Elara has her own burdens to bear. I take a deep breath, nod again, and give Jason a reassuring pat on the shoulder. "Keep it on you, and don't hesitate to share anything, no matter how trivial it seems. That seems to be this witch's modus operandi—those little, random details that most people overlook."

"You got it, brother. Keep marking these spots down. I feel lighter the more you clear away, like my mind is becoming clearer."

"Same here. Let's get everyone back to the packhouse to regroup." I frame it as a suggestion, but it carries the weight of a question for the leading ladies in front of me. I'm willing to let them decide whether we should stay and work, but they all need rest. Plus, I want to move more coven members into the packhouse; the sense of fullness seems to bring a smile to Elara's face, and everyone else appears to feel safer and more at ease.

To my relief, all three of them agree with my plan. I'm not entirely sure how much they accomplished while Elara and I were trapped in that bizarre snow globe, but everyone here looks utterly exhausted, and I can't shake the feeling that this is part of a much larger, intricate scheme.

"I have an idea," I say as we pile into the back of the SUV that Jax and Dev have prepared for us.

"What kind of idea?" Elara leans away slightly, her expression wary, and I can't have that. She needs to know that I'll be in constant contact with her.

I reach across the bench seat, my hand finding her thigh, pulling her closer to me.

“Hey! No s*x in the backseat. We cannot afford distractions,” someone jokes, but my focus is solely on Elara, who has just mentioned s*x.

“Stop!” She laughs, shaking her head. “You said you had an idea.”

“He started it. I can’t be held accountable for my actions around my newly marked mate,” I growl, burying my face into her shoulder and inhaling her intoxicating scent. She lets out a sigh, playfully pushing against my chest.

“Ideas first...” She meets my gaze, her eyes momentarily losing their focus, and I lean in closer, whispering into her ear.

Continue Regular Chapter Reading Below

****Letters Sent To Eternity By Hazel Rivera****

****Chapter 422****

79 – Elara

Why on earth did I wait so long to embrace this moment? The question echoes in my mind, an enigma I can’t quite unravel. Why would anyone hesitate to connect with their mate? The tranquility enveloping me feels almost surreal, my thoughts sharp and my heart content. Here I am, entwined with Ben, the soft grey light filtering through the glass sliding door to my balcony a gentle reminder that our night has been filled with fleeting naps, and the dawn is poised to disrupt our bliss. Yet, I can’t bring myself to complain. The way we are intertwined feels almost ethereal; it’s as if I can’t discern where I end and he begins.

“Are you ready for more, mate?” His voice, rich and husky, sends delightful shivers coursing through my entire being. I can’t recall how many times he’s called me by my name since we returned home; ‘Mate’ has become his favored title for me, a term that wraps around my heart like a warm embrace.

“I think you’ve already claimed every surface in this apartment as your own,” I tease, a laugh bubbling up within me. “What more could you possibly desire at this moment?”

“I need to revisit a few favorite spots, just to ensure they meet my high standards,” he replies with a mischievous glint in his eyes. “But I was also thinking, perhaps you could help me wake up with a good old-fashioned ride.” With a playful motion, he rolls me atop him, and I can’t help but grin.

He’s already hard for me, and I feel a hunger within myself that I’ve never experienced before. Just the sight of him gazing at me with that charming smile leaves me utterly drenched and yearning. He aligns himself perfectly and slides in with an ease that takes my breath away.

“Mmm, so wet for me,” he murmurs, his gaze fixated on where we connect. His hands explore my body, allowing me to set the rhythm as I ride the waves of pleasure.

An hour later, we find ourselves in the shower, our bodies slick and entwined, trying to wash off the remnants of our passionate night. We linger in the steamy embrace of the water until the temperature drops, a stark reminder that we must eventually leave this sanctuary. As I rush to get dressed in the closet, I catch the glint of desire in his eyes, and it sends a thrill down my spine.

Before I can even pull on my leggings, he's on his knees, pressing me against the shelves. His tongue works magic, sending me spiraling into a euphoric high that leaves me breathless, stars dancing in my vision.

As I come down from my latest peak of ecstasy, I manage to pant, "We really need to leave this room today, you realize that, right?"

"I know," he replies, a teasing lilt in his voice, "but that won't stop me from stalling for as long as I can. I want everyone in this pack house to know you belong to me. I want my scent to permeate you, inside and out. Most importantly, I need to touch you as desperately as I need to breathe." He leans in, his nose brushing against my neck as he inhales deeply. "I don't know if this is how it is for everyone, or if it's just because we delayed it for so long, but you're like an addiction to me." I can feel the warmth of his smile against my shoulder.

"Well, we do have a pack to protect, you know, one that's under siege from a deranged witch and some rogue wolves. So, we must leave this room. But I can make you a promise: if we manage to make some headway today—let's say, capture a rogue and dismantle a couple more shadow markers—I'll let you bring me back here and have your way with me."

"Motivation is always a good strategy. Let's get moving, then, so we can return here faster," he replies, a playful determination in his tone.

In a flurry of movement, he straightens my shirt and helps me into my leggings with such swiftness that I nearly topple over, laughter spilling from my lips as I regain my balance. He takes my hand, leading me toward the dining room.

"If it isn't our Alpha and Luna! We were beginning to wonder if you'd ever come up for air today," Silas calls out, a smirk on his face as he sits with Walt at the otherwise empty dining table. The early hour catches me off guard; I hadn't expected anyone to be awake yet. His jovial tone might seem lighthearted to those who don't know him well, but I find little amusement in it. Of our three elders, Silas is the one I find least agreeable. Ben's grip on my hand tightens as we approach the buffet where Melanie has thoughtfully prepared coffee.

"Your Alpha and Beta enjoyed some much-needed relaxation," Ben states, taking a deep breath before exhaling slowly. "And just to clarify for everyone, your former Luna is the last Luna this pack will see for quite some time." He positions himself protectively between the elders and me. For the first time, I find comfort in his instinctual protectiveness. We had anticipated this moment, yet in the back of my mind, I had hoped we might have a bit more time. The entire pack felt our bond, making my wish seem naive.

"Has she informed you of our pack's traditions? What her responsibilities entail? Or did your mate conveniently leave that out?" Silas's voice drips with condescension. I pivot from the

coffee bar, mug in hand, ready to stand my ground, but I pause. The expression on his face is unlike anything I've seen before; he radiates predatory intent, as if he has been waiting for this confrontation.

"I have been briefed about the arrangement you had with your former Alpha. However, we were not left with the same instructions. I will not repeat myself: if you lay a hand on my mate, it will be the last thing you ever do. You have no claim over her, no authority to dictate anything regarding her, and certainly no right to command me."

"You would do well to remember your place, boy. I am an Elder of this pack..." Silas begins, but Ben cuts him off.

"An Elder, yes, but not a ranked member of this pack. Don't attempt to bully your way through this. She isn't up for grabs. That is an order, from your Beta." With that, Ben releases his aura, and it's as intoxicating as the sight of him stepping out of the shower, droplets cascading down his toned body, a towel hanging low on his hips.

"Careful, or they'll get a show you don't want them to witness," I warn, my heart racing.

"Apologies. I didn't realize how captivating the aura could be," he responds, a hint of mischief in his eyes.

"I can wield it all night if you wish, but right now, I need to maintain my focus." He squeezes my hand again, letting his aura swell thicker around us. I can sense the teasing in his demeanor, but I notice Walt and Silas bowing their heads in submission, their bravado momentarily quelled.

"Ben! You and Elara are going to want to see this!" Jason links us urgently.

"Duty calls," Ben replies, his tone shifting to one of seriousness. "Gentlemen, please ensure that the message reaches Reuben. We wouldn't want any misunderstandings to arise again." I turn to leave, Ben trailing behind me, his hand firmly clasped in mine. I know that if I let go, we might lose one less Elder today.

Continue Regular Chapter Reading Below

****Letters Sent To Eternity By Hazel Rivera****

****Chapter 423****

****80 – Elara****

As I stood there, Ben suddenly stepped in front of me, his long strides quickening our pace. The urgency in Jason's voice during the mindlink had been palpable, a sharp edge that sent a thrill of apprehension through me. We could transform into our wolf forms for greater speed, but the uncertainty of what awaited us loomed large in my mind. Jason had provided no specifics, leaving us in a haze of curiosity and concern. Thus, we instinctively made our way toward the SUV, which was stocked to the brim with clothes and emergency supplies—a precaution we had taken after the chaos of yesterday. While Jason hadn't mentioned any injuries or the presence of someone hurt, I preferred to err on the side of caution. The storm

conjured by the witch to ensnare us in that cave had now spread its icy grasp over the entire pack. What felt like a typical winter snowfall could very well be laced with magic, as everything we had encountered thus far had its own peculiar enchantment.

Deep down, I recognized that Ben would never voice it aloud, but the summons brought a flicker of joy to his heart. I could sense the warmth radiating between us, a comfort that felt both familiar and exhilarating. There was something undeniably special about being able to connect with his longtime friend through their bond again, and it made that warm wave of emotion ebb and flow between us like the tide.

I had never considered myself the type to seek out physical affection, yet here I was, caught in a battle between my body's desires and my mind's reservations as I sat in the passenger seat. The urge to reach out and hold Ben's arm was overwhelming. I had teased him for being overly affectionate, but I realized I was not immune to the longing for closeness. It felt as if I had opened a door to a realm I could never close again.

"You can touch me, you know that, right?" Ben chuckled, a lightness in his tone that made my heart flutter.

His words startled me, causing me to jump slightly. "What?" I blinked, momentarily lost in the side profile of his face, the way his jawline tightened as he focused on the road ahead.

"I can practically hear the gears turning in your mind. Honestly, I'm surprised there isn't smoke billowing out of your ears." He flashed a grin, his eyes never wavering from the asphalt before us. "And don't even get me started on the signals you're sending through our bond. If you want to touch me, you don't have to ask. I doubt there will ever be a moment when I would say no."

I nodded, feeling a rush of daring as I slid my hand across the center console, tentatively wrapping my fingers around his bicep. It struck me then that I had never been the one to initiate such contact. I had always allowed the men in my life to take the lead—holding my hand, guiding me, but now I was the one reaching out. Fascinated, I studied my hand as it traced the contours of his muscle, feeling the strength beneath my fingertips. As I shifted, my other hand glided over the corded muscle of his forearm, and I startled again when he flexed unexpectedly, eliciting a wicked half-smile from him.

"I very much enjoy that," he said, his voice teasing yet sincere, "but you're going to have to stop. We're almost at Jeremiah. It does raise an interesting question: have you given any thought to my idea for the packhouse?"

"I have," I replied, sitting up straighter in my seat, determined to maintain our connection by intertwining our fingers. "But we'll have to put that discussion on hold for now. I see Jason, and... are those two people with him?" I leaned forward, pointing to the right side of the SUV as Ben slowed to a halt.

"What the f*ck?!" he muttered, disbelief etched across his features.

Before us, two figures were kneeling, each bound to a tree. I could make out that one was a male and the other a female, but their faces were obscured. They both had their heads

bowed, an aura of defeat hanging over them. A few yards away, Jason sat with his back to us, a flickering fire casting shadows on the ground around him.

Ben parked the SUV, and we both stepped out cautiously, the air thick with tension.

“Normally, I would ask if you want to talk to him first, but I don’t think it’s wise for you to go alone,” I said, matching Ben’s stride as we approached.

“Jason isn’t a threat,” Ben retorted, as if my words had struck a nerve.

“Your best friend has two people in custody—something he conveniently failed to mention when he summoned us here. He’s just as vulnerable as you are. Forgive me for being a little suspicious.” I shot back, my irritation bubbling to the surface.

Ben halted, as if the thought had never crossed his mind. I took his hand and squeezed it gently, my heart racing. I didn’t want to believe Jason could be compromised, but the memory of his past entanglement with Malcom still haunted me.

“Will you two stop plotting and get your asses over here?” Jason called over his shoulder, his tone light yet firm. “It’s me, I’m normal—sane—completely in control. Whatever you’re debating about, it’s not necessary.”

“Well, you’ve been busy, haven’t you?” Ben said, shaking off his momentary surprise. “What do we have here?” He moved us closer to Jason, the tension palpable.

“Do you want the bad or the worse information first?” Jason asked, still not turning to face us.

We both settled onto the ground beside him, our gazes fixed on the two wolves he had restrained.

I glanced at Ben, shrugging my shoulders in uncertainty. This was his friend; he knew him better than I ever could.

“Let’s go with bad,” Ben decided, his voice steady despite the weight of the situation.

“So, I found Drake.” Ben stiffened beside me, tension radiating from him. Jason tilted his chin toward the man, and I could sense the overwhelming hatred emanating from him.

“Who’s Drake?” I asked, looking between the two of them. The silence stretched on so long that I wondered if they had even heard me, prompting me to ask again, “Who is she?”

“A witch setting these f*cking Shadow Markers...” he inhaled deeply, his voice hollow and distant, “And my mate.”

My eyes widened in shock as they darted from him to her. She had tucked her head closer to her chest, her fear palpable in the air around us.

Continue Regular Chapter Reading Below

TITLE: Letters Sent To Eternity By Hazel Rivera 424

CONTENT: Chapter 424

81-Ben

A single, chaotic thought swirls relentlessly in my mind: what on earth is the Moon Goddess thinking?

The way Elara and I were brought together was already a whirlwind of unexpected emotions and revelations, but now, this? To pair Jason with a human-witch mate—one who is actively sabotaging my mate's pack—is beyond absurd. It's downright infuriating.

"What do you propose we do about Drake?" Elara inquires, her gaze darting between Jason and me, her eyes reflecting the tension in the air. "He clearly means something to both of you."

"String him up in the cells," I reply, my voice low but laced with venom. "Find your most ferocious pack member, and we'll make him pay in the same way he did to Kennedy."

I can feel Elara's head whip around to face me, the sudden movement catching my peripheral vision. But I can't bring myself to meet her gaze. We've just begun to forge an understanding, and I refuse to let another connection to Ken pull us back into turmoil.

"You said 'violate.' Do you mean...?" she begins, her voice trailing off, but Jason and I interject before she can finish her thought.

"Yes." The word hangs heavy in the air, a shared understanding passing between us. Ken never explicitly stated it, but we all knew the truth lurking beneath the surface.

I sense the heat radiating from Elara, her skin shimmering with barely contained energy. Her wolf is restless, and I won't hinder her.

With a predatory grace, she strides forward, her fingers wrapping around Drake's throat, compelling him to meet her fierce gaze.

"Why are you trespassing on my pack's territory?" she demands, her voice sharp as a blade.

"They won't be yours for much longer," he retorts, a sneer twisting his lips.

"What does the leader of the Ash and Ember Coven want with my land?" The witch tied to the tree gasps, her eyes glued to the ground, avoiding the confrontation.

I catch a flicker of surprise in Drake's eyes before he masks it with a façade of indifference. "I don't know what you're talking about," he lies, poorly.

Elara's claws extend, digging into the tender flesh beneath his jaw. "That is the wrong answer," she growls, releasing her aura. I can see the moment it ensnares him. He struggles against it, but I know he won't prevail. Elara despises using her aura, having

bottled up her frustrations for too long. Now, with a target in sight, he's practically daring her to unleash her fury. He lets out a dark laugh, feigning bravado, but I can feel the tension radiating from Elara.

"It's unfortunate that I share my mate's sentiments; you deserve to suffer." The scent of his blood fills the air as she digs her claws in deeper for emphasis. "Now, tell me what that coven leader wants with my pack," she demands, her growl reverberating close to his face, another wave of her aura crashing over him.

"I don't f*cking know!" he gasps, panic creeping into his voice. "She doesn't tell me anything, except to guard this one." He gestures dismissively toward the girl.

"Still a load of bullsh*t, but we'll circle back to you." Elara releases him and shifts her focus to the witch.

The girl shrinks back against the tree, desperately trying to distance herself from the impending storm. Her fear is palpable, and I can sense Jason's inner turmoil—his loyalty to his pack clashing with the instinctive bond he feels toward his mate.

"And you?" Elara's tone remains harsh, though she crouches to meet the mousy girl's gaze, trying to level the playing field. Where Drake looks rugged and worn, like he's been living in the wild for days, this girl appears frail and sickly, an obvious victim of neglect. She's been conditioned to fear our kind, and it shows. "Let's begin with your name."

"Ju...Ju...Juliette. My name is Juliette. Please, don't kill me," she whimpers, her voice trembling.

Elara's voice is firm, yet devoid of malice. "We'll have to see what information you're willing to barter for your life." Juliette whimpers again, curling into herself, clearly overwhelmed. "Are you capable of walking, or will Jason need to carry you?"

Juliette releases a sob, her body shaking.

"She's terrified, and I don't want to exacerbate her fear, regardless of her involvement. I need to know if she's a willing participant or not." Elara links her thoughts with both Jason and me. "She may not grasp the concept of mates, but if Jason carries her, it might soothe her anxiety. The mate bond could help keep her fear in check until we reach Marietta and Brianna. Hopefully, witnessing our interactions with other witches will calm her enough for us to extract the information we need."

"I don't want to force the bond on her," Jason protests, remaining rooted to his spot, visibly conflicted.

"Right now, I don't think she'll come with us without it. Look at her, Jason. Look at what's been done to your mate. Whether you want her or not, she's been neglected, abused, or worse. If she's innocent, we need to get her to a coven that will care for her. If she's part of the problem, we have a whole different set of issues to tackle."

Jason's wolf growls deep within him, and Juliette flinches, trembling harder, proving Elara's point. She possesses an uncanny ability to read people, and Jason knows he can't defy an Alpha's command, no matter how much he might want to at this moment. He just needs to reconcile with this reality, at least for now.

I move over to Drake, delivering a solid punch to his jaw for good measure before I begin unbinding him from the tree. He attempts to resist, scrambling away, but I seize the opportunity to kick him, dragging him toward the back of the SUV. The straps Jason fashioned have silver threads woven into them, effectively limiting a wolf's strength—he won't get far, even if he manages to break free from me.

With little ceremony, I toss him into the back of the SUV, binding his feet and securing his arms to one of the reinforced handholds. As he erupts into a tirade of profanities directed at us and Juliette, Elara rips a strip from an old, unwashed pair of shorts, fashioning a gag to silence him before slamming the hatch shut.

"I don't want to go with you. Please, just let me leave, and you'll never see me again," Juliette pleads, her voice cracking as Jason cradles her in his arms.

"That's precisely the problem, sweetheart. We need you to help us untangle whatever mess is ruining our lives." I hold the door open, and Jason gently sets her down in the back passenger seat. Before he can even close the door, she scrambles to the opposite side, only to find Elara waiting for her.

"You have two choices right now, girlfriend. Your mate can sit next to you, which will be infinitely more comfortable, or I can. If I sit back here, you're going to start answering questions immediately. But you will sit down and not make this drive hazardous for any of us. Are we clear?"

With a resigned sigh, Juliette sinks back into the seat, and Elara slams the door shut before striding around to the front of the vehicle, passing me with a determined glint in her eye.

"I must say, I'm quite taken with the dominant female energy you've got going on today," I chuckle, trying to lighten the mood.

"Shut up! You aren't getting any until we get some answers," she shoots back, her tone playful yet serious.

"Really? That's how you're going to play this out?" I tease, enjoying the banter.

"I should bet on how quickly you can get things done," she quips.

"We have sh*t to do; can you two flirt later?" Jason grumbles, his frustration palpable.

We all pile into the vehicle, and I start the engine, pulling away as Elara retrieves her phone, ready to navigate the chaos ahead.

Continue Regular Chapter Reading Below

****Letters Sent To Eternity By Hazel Rivera****
****Chapter 425****

****82 Ben****

—

As we cruised back to the packhouse, Elara was a whirlwind of activity, fingers flying over her phone's screen. I could only assume she was firing off messages to the witches regarding Juliette, but it was evident she was also mindlinking her warriors. The moment we pulled up, a group of ten figures awaited us on the expansive steps, their expressions a mix of concern and determination.

Jax and Dev, usually a picture of calm, appeared more intimidating than I had ever witnessed. They stalked toward the rear of the SUV with an intensity that sent a shiver down my spine.

Elara didn't spare me a glance as she leapt from the vehicle, her focus entirely on the waiting warriors. She began issuing hushed instructions, her voice low yet commanding. If I had been more attuned to her, I might have deciphered her words, but my attention was consumed by my best friend, Jason. He was in a world of pain, a familiar agony that gnawed at my heart. I felt utterly helpless, unsure of what words could possibly ease his suffering.

I watched him emerge from the back passenger door, his movements tense. He reached for Juliette, and from my vantage point, I could see her flinch, a reaction that twisted my gut. Jason's jaw clenched, teeth grinding together with such ferocity that I feared he might shatter one. He leaned in, grabbing her and pulling her out of the SUV with a frantic urgency. Once he had her in his arms again, this time cradled like a bride, he turned toward the main entrance. But before he could take more than two steps, Drake unleashed a growl that reverberated through the air, a sound so fierce that spittle flew from his lips.

Juliette's complexion drained of color as she ceased her struggle against Jason, instinctively curling into him, trembling.

Jason emitted a low, rumbling growl, the kind that signaled danger, a warning that pierced the tension in the air. His Gamma aura radiated from him, thick and oppressive, filling the space around us with an almost tangible weight. It was enough to halt Drake in his tracks, his aggression momentarily quelled.

"Put his ass in the cells. No food, no water. I'll handle him first. He has a lot to explain," Jason barked, his voice firm and unwavering. Elara and I exchanged glances, both of us silently agreeing with his decision. We would have done the same for our clearly traumatized mate.

He turned towards Elara, his expression fierce. "I know she needs to be monitored, but there's no way in hell I'm putting her in a cell anywhere near that bastard."

Elara nodded, her demeanor calm yet resolute as she gestured for him to follow her. “Brianna, Marietta, can you set up wards to contain her to a specific room? We’ll have a warrior with her at all times. But she clearly has an aversion to our kind, and she’s obviously powerful. I want as many barriers around her as we can manage until we’ve had a chance to question her.”

I admired the way my mate navigated the complexities of our situation. She was deftly allowing the witches to have a say in the discipline of one of their own while clearly maintaining control. Discussing Juliette’s fate in her presence wasn’t an insult; it was a courtesy. Elara was making it known that we were taking her situation seriously, and by doing so, we were beginning to build a bridge of trust. She understood that Jason wasn’t going to leave Juliette’s side, even if it meant confronting his own biases. He would be locked in that room with her, his wolf needing to remain calm while his human side wrestled with frustration over the entire ordeal. Like Elara and me, he would have to face what lay ahead. But first, he and I had to deal with Drake. He needed to answer for both Kennedy and now Juliette.

Elara led us into the house, but instead of directing us toward the wing designated for the witches, she veered toward our own. I was puzzled only until we reached the room adjacent to Jason’s. Smart move on her part.

“Thank you,” I linked to her, gratitude flooding my thoughts.

“You know he’s not going to stray far from her, no matter how he’s acting right now. If he’s anything like you, he’ll be moving in within the week,” she replied, a knowing smile gracing her lips.

I couldn’t help but smile back; she was spot on. That was the only way to calm my wolf, and I relished the way it riled her up as she pretended the mate bond didn’t affect her at all.

Continue Regular Chapter Reading Below

****Letters Sent To Eternity By Hazel Rivera****

****Chapter 426****

“Brianna,” Elara inquired, her gaze drifting past me to the two coven leaders who were currently pacing anxiously in Juliette’s room. “Is there anything you require from us to prepare her space?”

Brianna, exuding a casual confidence, replied, “We can set up some wards to help her feel more at ease, reducing the chances of her trying to flee or resist. We’ll need to assess her magical abilities to understand what she can do. Elders are already on their way with the necessary supplies.” Her tone was light, as if she had navigated these waters many times before. I noted her nonchalance—this was certainly not her first encounter with such a situation. “We do request that a female warrior remains with us for the first hour, just to assist in getting her cleaned up and to conduct a thorough examination.” She directed her gaze from Elara to Jason, a clear signal that he was not to remain in the room during

Juliette's assessment. A knot of concern tightened in my stomach at the thought of what they might uncover.

"I will stay with her," Elara asserted, her voice steady. "As Jason's mate, I need to have firsthand details to relay to him." She turned her attention to me, her expression serious. "Can you manage Drake without resorting to violence?"

"Of course I can," I replied, rolling my eyes in mock exasperation. Yet, I understood her concern. Drake was from my pack, and he had connections to both Kennedy and Jason through his mate. There were countless reasons we might want him out of the picture. "Let's move, man," I encouraged, giving Jason a reassuring pat on the shoulder.

He nodded, still cradling a trembling Juliette in his arms. As he stepped through the doorway, he made his way across the room, gently placing her on the bed. I could sense he was on the verge of saying something, but he ultimately chose silence. The moment he stepped away, I noticed Juliette's trembling intensified. Her eyes widened in panic as she searched each face in the room for reassurance, but Jason continued to walk away. I could see the struggle within him; it must have taken every ounce of his willpower to put distance between them. Juliette didn't understand why she felt more frightened now that she was no longer in his embrace. The complexities of the mate bond were lost on her, and I hoped Elara would be able to clarify things and provide the answers they both desperately needed.

With a heavy heart, I followed Jason, closing the door behind me. Jax, Dev, and Owen positioned themselves near the entrance, a protective barrier against any potential threats. As we made our way to the main living area at the heart of the packhouse, we spotted Damon escorting Gene, the coven healer, back toward the direction we had just come from.

I steered Jason toward the cells, my voice low but firm. "Remember, we can end him right now if we choose. He will undoubtedly try to provoke you."

"No," Jason growled, his voice low and menacing. "His death will be slow and agonizing. He hurt Ken, and he likely did the same—or worse—to Juliette." Another growl rumbled from deep within his chest, a primal sound of fury. "How did you manage to handle it, man?"

"Handle what?" I halted him in the stairwell that led down to the cells.

"She won't look at me; she's terrified of us. Every time I touch her, she flinches away. The human aspect of her doesn't intimidate me, not after growing up alongside Ken, but Juliette is a witch. She belongs to the coven that is threatening your mate and your new pack. How do I sever this bond? What the hell am I supposed to do?"

"Right now, you need to do nothing. You can't turn it off or suppress it. You can't run from it or hide away, but both of you need to find some closure and clarity on several issues before deciding whether to reject her or not."

Another growl escaped him, a sound filled with frustration. "I can break a couple of bones, right? As long as I don't kill him, I can use him as a punching bag?"

“Yeah, just don’t kill him. We need answers, and he’s hoping you’ll take him out,” I replied, trying to keep the situation from spiraling further.

With a reassuring pat on his shoulder, we descended together to confront our former Delta, ready to extract the truths that lay buried beneath layers of pain and betrayal.

Continue Regular Chapter Reading Below

Chapter 427

83—Elara

I stand at the door taking everything in. Brianna and Marietta are both muttering under their breath, I assume invoking some kind of charm to protect us all. I have so many questions and my impatience is making me antsy. I have to wait give her a moment to feel normal and safe, but this is its own form of torture.

I believe Marietta feels the same as me. Not for the same reasons though. She keeps looking at the girl with disbelief. Maybe not understanding how a witch would let something like this happen to herself, or maybe wondering why a wolf would imprison a witch. Whatever it is, she’s confused. I’m not sure what Brianna is thinking. Her poker face is better than my mother’s ever was.

“Your healer is here.” I say as soon as Dev’s link comes through. I need the tension in this room to break. “Are you ready for her, or is there more you need to do to set this room up for Juliette?”

“To keep me prisoner you mean.” It’s a soft insult, but there’s a little bite to her words.

“You have been setting harmful totems around my pack affecting my pups and even my mate for a time. I do not know you, nor do I trust that you won’t try to harm me the second you get a chance.”

“So you’re just going to keep me here, locked up with the help of these two? I can’t believe you would betray your own kind and work with these things.” Again, she’s trying to sound tough and angry, but the words sound wrong coming out of her mouth. She’s regurgitating what she has heard. It doesn’t piss me off any less, but it isn’t her thoughts she’s spouting. Copyright© 2025 Miss L. Writes and Ember Mantel Productions

I don’t get the chance to respond when Marietta steps in front of her and grabs her chin. Juliette’s dark green eyes go so wide, I can see lighter green flecks in them.

“Listen good witchling. You do not get to judge what has been done out of necessity. You yourself were caught working with a wolf. Your hypocrisy has been noted. You could be down in a cold, dank cell next to the trash we found you with.” Juliette starts to tremble again. “But , the Alpha of this pack is generous and helpful. You are a danger to all of us, so yes, you will be secluded to this room until we have sufficient answers to our questions.” She lets the witch go, moving to a window, muttering again. I can’t tell if this is another incantation or Marietta calming down.

“Please let your warriors know that we are ready for Gene.” Brianna finally speaks. “Juliette we are going to help you get cleaned up, and Gene is going to examine you for any injuries, and based on your reactions to the wolf you were with and the ones who helped bring you here; I would like Gene to do a thorough internal examination as well, unless you would like to provide that information yourself.”

“What?! What do you mean internal?” She pushes away from us to the head of the bed.

1/4

Marietta and I have not moved from our positions, Brianna however, is approaching her like a cornered kitten. We need to know the extent his abuse went, or anyone else who had you in captivity. We need to know what we are facing when we do finally find the Ember and Ash coven and any rogue wolves that are working with them.”

The door next to me slowly opens and Gene pokes her head in. She is a matronly woman, soft with age, but strong and energetic. “Good afternoon, sweetheart. My name is Gene and I’m the healer for the Verdant Coven. Let’s get you all taken care of, shall we?”

That genuine smile softens Juliette a little, but Gene still has to physically coax her to stand, and hooks her arm around her elbow to lead her into the bathroom. I choose to stay outside. They don’t need a fifth person and maybe they will get her to talk without having a wolf in the room. I can still hear everything she’s saying though.

“How long has Ember and Ash been keeping you prisoner?” Marietta asks. For a second I don’t think she’s going to answer as I hear clothes rustling and a pencil scratching.

“I’m not sure actually. I’ve lost track of time. I know that this is the second snow I’ve seen though.”

She whispers, then I hear murmuring and more scratching of the pencil. Gene writes fast, and it sounds like she has found plenty.

“Do you know if there is anyone else being kept like you were?” Brianna asks.

“Maybe, I’m not sure. I haven’t talked to many people since I was taken.”

“Where were you taken?” Marietta jumps on the opening.

“I was walking home from school. We don’t live far. It was just mom, my sister and I. We stayed under the radar. We didn’t cast around the humans. We did our best to hide our protection spells so no one knew about us. So many families were getting taken, mom didn’t want it to be us, and I was grabbed right off the sidewalk...” She trails off into sobs.

Brianna says something softly, but the shower is turned on and it muffles the voices further. I don’t think they will get much more out of her like this. Copyright © 2025 Miss L Writes and Ember Mantel Productions

“Jax, will the two of you coordinate dinner with Melanie and Marge, and make sure the both of them are taking care of themselves as well. Melanie has been my shadow since my mom died and Marge has a soft spot for the little witches and she’s running herself ragged. It looks like we may be in here for a while. From the sounds of it, Juliette was pretty mistreated. We may need to be on standby to contain Jason if Gene finds anything more than neglect on this girl.”

“On it, Alpha.” Deve responds quickly.

“Speaking of them, make sure Jason and Ben eat something too.”

“Of course. We wouldn’t want your new favorite toy to run out of stamina, now would we?” Jax laughs.

“Idiot.”

Chapter 428

85-Ben

We got a lot of information and at the same time nothing at all out of Drake. It was amazing to see Jeff’s face when we brought him in, though, he knew he was fucked seeing Drake in custody. That smug demeanor that he has been trying to maintain, even while being caged and more or less forgotten.

They both started arguing through the bars of the cells, I wish it would have been useful information, but they are both not as stupid as one would hope. I guess it was Jeff’s job to eventually get caught, although, I’m not sure if he truly thought that through. Getting caught means eventually he will be sent back to the Goddess, and I can guarantee she won’t give him any special favors after this. Eventually we had to put them as far apart as possible so we can get our job done. Copyright © 2025 Miss L Writes and Ember Mantel Productions

Jason didn’t talk the whole time. He got comfortable setting up a table with all of the tools that we could possibly use to get information out of Drake. He left the interrogation up to me. I asked about the Shadow Markers, about targeting pups and anyone under twenty. I asked about the focus on Black Claw and Red Fang. He said nothing about what’s going on here, just the same lines of he was hired to protect Juliette.

Eventually, after the removal of some fingernails, we got out of him that ‘protect’ meant kill her if she decided to run or did anything his boss didn’t want. What Jason and I don’t understand is how he would know if she was doing a spell wrong? He’s a wolf with zero experience in magic based on his answers. I hope, for Jason’s sake, she was trying to get caught today.

We switched gears and asked about betraying Silver Crescent. We both wanted to know how he could turn on his pack like that? Alpha James is a great leader and Jeremiah will be too. After some heavy physical influencing to get him to talk he admitted to kidnapping Kennedy and some of the details of what was done to her. That set Jason off completely while I was frozen at the admission. He talked like it is an everyday occurrence to force

himself on an unsuspecting human female. We both put two and two together and I had to stuff down my anger to control Jason. I think he broke every bone in both of Drake's arms and then moved to his legs before I could finally stop him.

We need a few areas left to break in order to get more information out of him. We did eventually get out, through sobs and spittle, the absolute truth that he had assaulted Kennedy and he assaulted Juliette; Jason's wolf went feral, there was very little I could do. He shifted and used his razor sharp claws to make tiny but effective cuts all over Drake's body. Too many to heal quickly with his enhanced healing focused on all the bones we broke earlier.

I had to shift into my wolf in order to reel him in, to prevent Jason from killing Drake. When I got Jason calm enough to shift back to human and walk away, we head upstairs to let Elara know that we had a little bit of information but we would need to try again. I'm hoping the little witch was more forthcoming with details.

The door to Juliette's bedroom is still closed, but I hear Brianna loud and clear, "Our suspicions were correct." a deep breath, "Our worst suspicions." Jason pushes the door open, but no one looks our way. We are both stopped in the doorway at Elara's wolf growling, aura flowing out.

"Is she okay, physically, I mean? Obviously, the emotional stuff is going to take time." Elara asks, looking at each witch. I can't see her face, but I feel the tension in her body.

Chapter 429

+25 Bonus

Chapter 429

"There are some scans that I would like to do at your pack's hospital as soon as possible, and I took some blood samples for Healer Smith to run now, just in case." Gene says matter-of-fact and another rumbling growl vibrates the room. It's not my mate though. My friend, already running on frayed nerves from what we learned downstairs, is ready to explode. We are all lucky he has the control he does to stay frozen in place.

"Gamma!" Elara clips out. A command to draw his attention. "Give me an update."

"Ask your Beta...ma'am." He throws out not breaking eye contact with his mate.

"I asked you, warrior. Now report. I want to know about the prisoners. You clearly went with a more visceral interrogation."

Jason's muscle ripple, "He will not be laying a finger on anyone else, ever again."

She turns away from the witches to face him. She's confident he won't rush in. "He is still alive though?" She raises an eyebrow at us both.

“Yes, Alpha Elara, he’s still alive for now. He only confirmed that he was working with a witch to destabilize you and take your lands. We all know there’s more, but maybe you’ll have better luck.”

“Any answers here?” I ask, steering the conversation. Juliette lets out a strangled little cry and curls into herself further. She’s small, but I think that is more from malnourishment than stature. She finds comfort in being too tiny to notice, meaning she’s been kept in some tight places.

I look at the witches. I haven’t been told sh*t other than confirming what we thought happened to her in Drake’s presence. All three shake their heads ‘no.’

Without warning, Elara blurts, “Juliette, how old are you?” When the little witch doesn’t respond, Elara nods and turns back to us. “Well, let’s get the two of you cleaned up, Drake’s scent is making me nauseous. I will not leave until you return, Jason.” The command is clear...and final.

I give Jason a pat on the shoulder and steer him back out the door. “Come on man, you’re right next door. It’ll take ten minutes.” I can’t even guarantee that long, but it’s something to work with. Juliette is clearly scared of men. Jason won’t help his situation standing here like an extra in a slasher movie.

I do let him slow down though when I hear Elara ask her age again. A higher, melodic voice whispers ‘Eighteen.’

Jason’s shoulder muscles flex and relax under my hand. Hearing Juliette speak, the sound of her voice giving him a small wash of calm. At least she is talking to someone.

I choose to shower first, then wait for him in his room. The second he is clean and less murderous looking, he will be right back in her space.

I have no idea what is running through his head. He’s shut me out for now, still processing I hope. The tension, indecision, feeling unsure and lost are hanging in the air like a thick fog.

He knows what Drake did. It was confirmed when we overheard Juliette giving a similar story. I know he wanted to go to her; he wanted to scoop her up and protect her from everything. But, he also knows that because of Drake she’s afraid of our kind or at least males of our kind.

She seems to be at the very least warming up to Elara, Brianna, and Marietta. I hope that helps his situation as

1/3

Chapter 429

+25 Bonus

well. it was all I could do to get him out to go shower.

We're not going to be able to keep him away from her now. Gene took bloodwork and wants to do scans; that can only mean one of two things, that Drake was too aggressive on her and possibly did some internal damage that she didn't want to mention out in the open like that. If there is damage and she can't have children, Jason will be devastated. But if he left her pregnant, Drake will not last through the night.

Chapter 430

+25 Bonus

Chapter 430

"Stop f*cking staring at me like that. You know damn well, I am fine." Jason paces out of the bathroom and to his bag on the dresser.

"I am not staring. I am thinking of every possible way we are going to k*ll Drake, and how long Elara is going to make us wait. I also want to grill your mate, but I know we can't and she probably doesn't have the answers to the questions I have."

"Like what?" He looks over while he's pulling on a shirt.

"Like where the rogue group is staying. She was probably transported in a way that didn't allow her to track, but maybe she's good at directions and knows anyway. She's obviously powerful, based on how the Shadow Markers work. We have our guesses on what they are for, but I would like concrete information. I also think there were some serious holes in the plan if that was the only way they were hiding their mules to move product." We've started pacing opposite each other. "We are still missing pieces and I'm done looking over my shoulder all of the time."

"We aren't getting anything tonight." Jason rubs his face, his hair still wet and sticking up everywhere. "It's been twenty minutes, I have been a good boy and stayed away longer than we said, giving them time to coddle her. Can we go back in there now?" His hand is on the door as if I am only going to give one answer.

"Yes, but..." Jason sighs dramatically, shoulders slumping. I put my hands up. "Elara wanted me to tell you that she has said nothing more about being your mate. That it's your information to share. She is going to let Brianna and Marietta know the details though and talk through what that might mean for Juliette. She assumes they will understand whatever your decision is, but also wants me to let you know she is special for a witch, some type of dual or hybrid caster. So keep that in mind. She may be timid and scared now, but that may not last very long." Copyright 2025 Miss L Writes and Ember Mantel Productions

©

He leans against the door, tilting his head back. "Did we do something wrong in another life?"

"Huh?" I stare at him.

“Jeremiah found his mate at a conference and then everything has been an uphill battle since. Kennedy, as a human, is mated to the most feared Alpha around. The Moon Goddess decides to gift her a wolf so she can keep up, so no worries there, even after she was basically a prisoner for a year. Then you are mated to a badass Alpha, but are sticking to your Beta rank and have to shut down Elders who want you to share her. Now, I have a witch for a mate, who is abnormal, even for her kind. Next you’re going to tell me that Tommy is mated to the Moon Goddess herself and he has to commit some great self-sacrifice to be with her. What the hell did we do, man?”

“Apparently, the easy button is something we don’t get this time around.” I slap his shoulder and smile at his attempt to lighten the mood. “Let’s go get you comfortable on the couch. You might be there for a little while.”

“Something you’re familiar with?”

“Deeply.” I open the door and we take the short walk to her door. It’s open and we hear the murmur of voices, but none sound like Juliette.

I knock on the frame twice, Jason doesn’t wait to walk through.