

# Letters Sent To Eternity

Chapter 451

+25 Bonus

Chapter 451

97 – Elara

This border magic is unlike anything Marietta and Brianna have shown me. I can feel it tingle on my wolf's fur, but it has a metallic taste too.

"It's like someone put a bunch of coins in water and let them sit for a year." Jax gripes in my head.

"That is oddly specific. How do you know what coins in water taste like after a year?" Ben asks him, and I have to hold in my laugh. I know exactly what dare Jax is talking about.  
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We are running the northern edge of the magical barrier. I want to know what is in here and yet, I want nothing to do with anything Walt has had a hand in. I'm torn between leaving this thing alone since it appears to be impenetrable by everyone and therefore useless and letting Walter rot in a cell, or beating the sh\*t out of Walter until he tells me how to stop this mess. I don't think either is going to get me the results I want though. I want my pack back in order, my order.

"Has anyone else tried to touch the barrier?" I ask.

"No one is that stupid." Jax laughs.

"Just because you and the witches were able to get that kid down yesterday, doesn't mean the rest of us will get the same courtesy." Dev quips.

"WAIT!" Ben shouts through the link. We all skid to a stop, Jax's wolf stumbling over a tree root in the process. It's weaker here, the magic's pull or force or whatever it is that I can feel."

I move closer to the hum of magic and follow it as it starts to turn back south. "This must be the tip of the border." I say edging closer.

"Don't you even think about it!" Ben growls, "You saw what it did to that kid."

"I also saw my own two hands go through the barrier to get him down. At this point I'm the only one we know of that can touch the thing."

"You are NOT the only one."

“The only one here.” I shift before Ben can argue and reach my hand out to feel the magic. Just as my hand passes through, I feel arms lock around my waist, but he doesn’t pull me back.

“Dammit, Elara! You are not the only one at risk here.” Ben growls in my ear.

“But if I won’t take the risk, I can’t ask anyone else to do it either.” I look over my shoulder and his brown eyes which are normally stoic and guarded, show fear. I hold his gaze for a moment, then another. Finally he takes a deep breath and exhales an irritated sound.

“F\*ck! Fine, you’re right.” He presses his forehead into my shoulder. “But let me do this with you. Okay?”

Everything in me wants to keep him safe and tell him to stay here, but I know if the situations were reversed I’d be pissed if he left me behind.

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“The two of you aren’t going anywhere without backup.” Dev announces next to us.

“We don’t know if anyone else can cross through the magic. It is probably what killed that kid.”

“I agree, but I don’t think he tried to cross through. I think Brianna and Marietta were right. That kid powered or reenergized the barrier. There’s no way it’s been active this whole time and we’ve never found it. If my guess is right and this barrier is connected to the land on my pack I should be able to pass through...theoretically.”

“Theoretically?! That’s what you’re going on?” Jax throws a shirt at me. “You still don’t know what this thing is hiding or how powerful it is.”

“No. And we are never going to figure it out if we keep running scared from it. We have been taught and have seen magic work safely in our pack for months now. We have also seen it wreak havoc. What we have not seen or heard is magic working in any other packs outside Black Claw and Red Fang. I want to know what is in here,” I jab my finger towards the weak spot I feel in the barrier, “I want to know how it’s tied to me and my pack, and I want to know now!”

I don’t hesitate, I’m tired of second guessing and wondering. I grab Ben’s hand and step through. The pressure

suffocates me for a second and I blink.

What I see is anticlimactic. The forest is exactly the same on this side, with the exception of the burn from the spell, and I can see Jax and Dev on the other side like we only stepped past a tree.

“What the f\*ck? Is that it?” Ben asks, looking me up and down like he expects me to be missing a limb.

“I’m fine. Let’s see if we can get these two idiots in here.” I move towards my friends, but I don’t touch the barrier. “Can the two of you hear us?” I say, louder than my normal speaking voice and I immediately feel like an idiot. I feel a squeeze on my left hand and I realize I haven’t let go of Ben’s hand. I get nothing from my friends. They are looking around trying to figure out how the barrier swallowed us.

“Well, normal talking isn’t working. Can the two of you mindlink?”

“Yes! Where the hell are you two? We’re looking at the barrier, but see nothing.”

“We see you.” Ben interjects. “It’s like a one-way mirror.”

“Do the two of you trust me?” I ask as I stick my hand out through the gap Ben and I came through.

“Oh f\*ck! You have got to be kidding me.”

“You are part of my pack. So, theoretically, you should be able to walk through yourself. But...just in case...I’d like to pull you through.” I try to sound as sure as possible. I don’t want my best friends to end up like the kid we found, but this has to be right. It’s the only reason I can think that Walter would want me to be a part of this whole debacle. I am tied to this somehow, through my dad. Through my bloodline. Copyright © 2025 Miss L Writes and Ember Mantel Productions

“If I don’t survive this trip, I will come back and haunt you!” Jax yells at me.

“Deal!”

“I mean it! You will never have sex again. I will show up right before your going to climax. You will be edged out

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for the rest of your life.” Jax yells out loud like we can’t all hear him through the mind link.

I laugh as Ben shoots his arm out next to mine. “Get your asses in here and help us figure out this f\*cking problem.”

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Without hesitation Jax and Dev grab our hands and we pull them through. They both stumble gaining their bearings. I wasn't sure if they could come through without a blood or mate tie to me. That might still be true since Ben pulled Dev through. Again, the results were anticlimactic.

"Well, I don't know what I expected, but definitely more than that." Jax huffs next to me as he checks his mate like Ben did to me.

When he's satisfied, they both look around the same as Ben and I did. "Where do we go from here?" Dev asks. Forest is on three of our sides and the water to the south. There aren't a lot of places to go.

I look around and feel for the buzz I am starting to associate with magic around me. "That way." I point and move on instinct. The tree line isn't as dense as I thought. From the outside of the barrier, the forest looks like it gets thicker and thicker until you can't see a thing through the darkness. Copyright © 2025 Miss L Writes and Ember Mantel Productions

Inside the barrier, we only walk about a hundred feet when the forest opens up completely to a clearing and the sight takes my breath away.

Down the center of the clearing is a craggy divide. I walk to the edge of the cliff and gasp. I can feel the buzz increase, like a breeze flowing out of the fissure right into my face.

Lining the walls of the cliffs are blue, red and purple stones jutting out in all directions. The power is like a pulse matching my own heartbeat. "This is what that witch b\*tch wants." I say reaching my hand out to touch the power flowing on the breeze.

"What is this exactly?" Jax asks, as they all come up behind me.

"A quarry? Don't witches use stones like these? Have them in pockets and hanging in windows." Dev suggests.

"Why would anyone excavate this stuff when the power source is so intense like this?" Ben asks from my right.

I don't answer, walking along the edge. "What is that?" The hum of magic gets stronger the closer I move to the shape in the middle where a massive stone glints in the middle. "It looks like a..."

"Star?" Ben asks.

“Yeah.” I breathe out. The outcropping of stones and rock make a star. “I wonder if it grew like that or if someone made it look like that.”

“This is what they want isn’t it?” Dev asks, but the question is less a question and more a statement. “They want whatever this is and they knew it was here.”

“Why wait so long to take the land? Why now?” Ben starts pacing behind me. “There is so much power here, we can all feel it. Imagine what a witch who can channel and use the power could feel here.”

“Jason? Can you still hear us?” I ask through the link. I need to know how far this goes and if we can communicate through the barrier, or if it is just a glamour.

“Yeah, what’s up?”

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“We may need your girl, Brianna and Marietta. What is everyone doing?”

“Juliette is napping, she’s been working with Brianna this morning.”

“On what, Jason?” Ben asks.

“She doesn’t tell me much, but something about the Chaos part of her magic.” Jason grumbles. “I guess because of the nature of that power there isn’t a direct training for it, but if the magic isn’t used and harnessed it can become volatile according to Marietta. Whatever the f\*ck that means. It’s draining her though, and I can’t decide if they are keeping her tired on purpose or actually trying to help.”

“Honestly, probably both until we can get some information out of her.” Elara says. “Can you let Marietta and Brianna know we are inside the barrier and we’ve found something?”

“WHAT THE HELL DO YOU MEAN YOU’RE INSIDE THE BARRIER?!”

“Would you relax?! Ben drawls out moving away from me in the opposite direction of Dev and Jax. “We ran the northern border and found a weak point, so we tested it out and found our way in.”

“That you randomly decided to test without a witch to help you in case it went wrong and sucked you dry like that kid?! Are you crazy?!?”

“Jason, you need to relax.” I attempt to get back on track while we are walking the perimeter of the fissure.

“The f\*ck I do!”

“Gamma! You need to watch your tone!” I stop. His outburst is not normal. I know he’s close friends with Ben, but he’s never stepped out of line before.

“Sorry Alpha, I need to get out of this f\*cking house, but I can’t leave her for too long. I’m losing my damn mind. Give me a job Alpha, please.”

I look at Ben. I have no idea what to do for his friend, but I get not wanting to be stuck in the house too. “He’s your best friend. What do I do?” I ask outloud. I don’t care if Jax and Dev hear, maybe they have some ideas. “We need to check this out, but I don’t think she’s ready to join us. She has trauma and doesn’t trust us or this could still be some kind of long con on her part, complicated by being mated to someone on our side and she’s trying to figure out her next steps. Bringing her here could help her out in a positive and a negative capacity.” I take a deep breath and look around. Copyright © 2025 Miss L Writes and Ember Mantel Productions

I see the water to the South of us and mountains to the West. I know the rest of my pack lands are to the East and North. There are so many things going on right now, I honestly don’t know what to do. I feel the calm in the air, like this crevice is telling me to relax and listen... to slow down. How the hell do you slow down when you’re being attacked on all sides with each side throwing something different at you?

“His wolf isn’t going to let him go far from his mate while she is healing from whatever the hell was done to her. He was able to run yesterday when we found the kid in the barrier. He’s a Gamma and his instincts are to protect the leadership of the pack. Is there something we can have him doing in the packhouse that can help us here?”

“ALPHA! Red Fang is asking for assistance at the border. They are being attacked.”

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99-Ben

I don’t have time to process Elara’s question. We both turn and run, Dev and Jax following. We are on the opposite border of Red Fang, I don’t know how much help we are going to be with an hour run ahead of us. The attack could be over by the time we get there.

I push harder, not needing to look to see if the rest are keeping up. Elara paces me easily and her friends are used to keeping up. No matter how often she questions herself in this role she is a natural. There is no hesitation in her commands as she delegates patrols to the Red Fang border and spreads the rest out along our borders in case this is a distraction for something else.

I know we were all born into these roles, but I feel bad for Malcom and his team, they can’t seem to catch a break. Even seasoned Alphas don’t have this much consistent trouble. His pack has been a target since his dad was killed in an attack, and I think he’s right, his dad being killed was part of a bigger plan for someone to challenge him and take his pack. Copyright © 2025 Miss L Writes and Ember Mantel Productions

With that thought, I push harder. I don't know if I could live with the guilt of knowing he needed help, but was too stubborn to let us all stay and back him up, and we didn't force the issue.

Out of habit, I am constantly feeling for magic too. My wolf knows what he is doing so I can focus on a potential ambush.

"Do you feel any magic the closer we get to Junior?" I ask Elara.

"No. Is it bad that that makes me uneasy? Like we are being set up."

"I was thinking the same thing. I'm just waiting to get smacked in the face with some invisible force. Have you been able to contact him? We should be close enough for you to reach out."

"He's not answering. We actually feel a block, which is strange. Why call for help, but not keep your mind open so you know when allies are close?"

"He's blocking me too. It feels like a trap. Who's closest or there now?"

"Trevor, Mark, Simian, and Isla just reported in. They see nothing in the location they were given when the call came in."

"It's a trap," Jax confirms. "They are waiting for you and Ben."

"Now the question is...Is Malcom in on it or a victim, trapped in his mind again?" Dev asks, and I'm worried for a whole other reason.

What if Malcom's head was messed with so badly that he is susceptible to magical suggestion or possession, or whatever is going on? He wouldn't be fit to lead if he's easily captured. And an Alpha doesn't step down from their position willingly, unless it's to pass it on to their heir.

"We need to get to Malcom!" Elara says to me. A worry in her voice I haven't heard since the cave.

Heart pounding and legs throbbing, our wolves carry us the last few minutes as we make an are to come up from the South of the position we were given. I see and hear nothing, feel nothing in the air. No new sounds or scents. There's no way anyone was being attacked and we wouldn't catch a scent of the foreign wolves, blood, sweat, anything to indicate a fight has taken place,

I shift to my human form, Elara staying in her wolf with Jax and Dev.

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“MALCOM! WHERE THE HELL ARE YOU?!” I shout into the forest. We’ve tried mindlink and subtlety. Now it’s time for outright questioning and hostility.

“I’m right here! Why are you yelling at me?” He saunters out of the forest without a care in the world. What the f\* ck?

‘Seriously?! We got a call for help. That you were being attacked. What’s going on, man?’ I feel Elara move next to me, she’s shifted and I can feel the anger radiating off of her.

“It was a misunderstanding. We don’t need help.” He stays on his side of the border line, pacing back and forth like a caged animal.

“Then why not call off the assistance?” Elara asks, barely containing the anger now.

“I was a little preoccupied.” He smiles in a way that makes me uneasy. It’s this little half-smirk, but it isn’t playful or sarcastic, it’s...menacing.

“This might still be an attack. Don’t show it, but be on alert for anything suspicious. Something isn’t right.” I link out to our group. “I can’t explain it, so don’t ask, but don’t cross the borderline, if you can avoid it. He’s pacing it for a reason.”

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Outloud, I ask, “What could have had you so preoccupied that you couldn’t link us to say you are, in fact, all right?”

“Apparently you aren’t the only pack getting special visitors looking for shelter and assistance. We have our own casters staying in the pack now. It was a misunderstanding, that’s all.

“So why are you here at the border then?” Elara asks, striding closer to the border, but not close enough to be impacted by whatever is there.

“Like I said, it was a misunderstanding. We were in negotiations when you called out. I figured I would come and meet you myself since you were in shouting range. I do need to go tend to my guests though, unless you would like to come and meet them.” He gestures behind him, and I notice for the first time that he is alone.

Alpha’s are never alone, it’s a basic, unspoken rule. There is always back-up since the Alpha is the most likely to be attacked. What the hell is going on?

“What is the coven leader’s name? Maybe our guests know yours.” Elara tries for information. “I know the coven that came to us came under duress, and they did not have all of their coven accounted for.”

“Shame that they aren’t as adept at caring for their group as others.” He shrugs off the comment and I want to punch him in the face. Why is he being a d\*ck? “I’ll let Beth know of your concern.” He turns and waves over his shoulder before taking off towards his pack.

Isla moves to follow him. “DON’T!” Elara shouts. Ias skitters to a halt, small flecks of dirt spray towards the border line and a sizzle can be heard as the small speck evaporates into wisps of smoke.

“Oh, sh\*t!” Isla breathes out looking at us.

“Oh sh\*t is right.” I say back to her. “Let patrols know that the Red Fang border isn’t safe for now and to keep their distance.” I switch to mindlink, in case there are ears listening in from the other side. Everyone needs to be on alert. They apparently have witches and, my guess is, they aren’t friendly. I can’t tell if Junior is working of his own accord or if they have taken possession of him and controlling his actions. Jason?!” I switch the link over to my friend and my mate.

“We have a development. Can you ask the witches if they know a Beth who is a coven leader? Apparently Junior has visitors and his border is now guarded by a potentially deadly magic. We need to figure out if the magic is keeping us out or him in.”

We need to head back and rest. We’ve been running most of the day. I know that is going to piss Elara off though. She hates leaving a problem unsolved. She has already proven she will risk her health to protect her pack. I can’t let that happen again.

“It’s getting late. Let’s head home and check in with Marietta and Brianna. We need to talk to Walt too, now that we know what’s behind the barrier. We need to know if he, or any of the Elders, were aware of what the barrier was hiding or if they were duped. Then we can tackle the Junior problem. Even if he is being mind controlled, it doesn’t appear like he’s going anywhere.” Copyright © 2025 Miss L Writes and Ember Mantel Productions

“Ben! What the f\*ck?!” Elara turns on me.

The rest of our warriors spread out knowing a fight is coming and they don’t want to be a target of her wrath.

“What?”

“You just want to leave Malcom to whatever his fate is with potentially dangerous witches possibly controlling his

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+25 Bonus

mind?”

“Yes! With that many ‘probably’s’ and ‘possibly’s’ I will leave him to his own devices for a short time. We have our own problems and if we can’t contain them, we are no good to him as an ally. You know that. You both got f\* cked in this whole thing and I think it’s all connected. Jeff and Drake are dead, they serve no purpose. Walt and the other elders are

useless, but I don't think they would actively go against us, for now. Brianna and Marietta need to give us better answers and everyone needs to do it now! Let's go.

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100 Ben

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We run faster than we have ever run before. Elara is pissed, but didn't fight me on leaving. She knows I'm right and we can't do a damn thing blind. My wolf refuses to be further than ten paces from Elara, but he's doing a better job than me hiding the absolute rage bleeding into fear that someone has finally come for her either through Malcom or along with him. We've seen the ultimate prize if someone does defeat her and we don't even know what it does yet. I know she's mad, but I won't put anyone else above her safety, ever, and she needs to figure that out fast.

We have talked about the possibility of a magical attack and what that would look like and how to hone our senses to know when magic is being used. The one thing we haven't done is defensive training. Mostly because no one wants the witches to use magic on them as an example. That seems like a major oversight on our parts and something I plan on putting the trainers on as soon as possible. Copyright © 2025 Miss L Writes and Ember Mantel Productions

How did we get far enough in our knowledge to tell the pack to be aware of magic and even expose them to the positive uses but never show them what kind of nightmare they should expect from someone trained in and prepared to use dark magic?

A pain rips through my side and my wolf's steady pace stutters. "ELARA!" I shout through the link.

A soft caress flits over the back of my head, "It's not me. It's the pack. Someone was hurt severely, but not lethally. From what I can tell it came from the Eastern border. Maybe someone who found Malcom's border protection the hard way." She doesn't hesitate or move like she wants to turn to protect whoever was injured. This is the part I struggle with, compartmentalizing. She knows her pack and trusts them to do their job, but wants to run to Malcom's aide, and is mad at me for forcing her to leave. I, on the other hand, have no issue leaving Malcom and his pack to their own devices, to protect Black Claw. I desperately want to go see that all of our warriors are where they need to be and follow orders. She breaks me from my musings, "I have a feeling there will be a lot of that today. You might want to brace yourself. The first time I felt pain like that I had a migraine for a week, and that was just a training accident."

F\*ck! That is not something I was told about. You'd think Alpha James would have given me more detailed info on the sh\*tty side of being an Alpha once he found out who I was mated to. "I wonder why I haven't felt that before." I muse.

"I'm sure there are lots of reasons with deep symbolic meanings that we can reminisce about when this is all over." Sarcasm noted. Her mood is all over the place right now. "For now, understand that while it sucks, you can use it to determine where the biggest threat is and if you can even get there to be of use or if it's a waste of energy." How can she think anything is a waste of time when it comes to pack members? "Shut that train of feeling down now. We can't always save everyone and there is no point in rushing off when you're too far away to help. Burning energy to arrive at a graveyard does nothing to help the pack either. It's bullsh\*t, but reality."

My wolf huffs out my irritation. Even though it makes sense, I don't have to like it. I attempt to clear my thoughts and begin to notice our surroundings as I focus. "Where are we headed? This is not the direction of the packhouse." I reign in my emotions since they seem to be on full display for her right now.

"Back to the barrier. Something isn't right, I can feel it and every time I have ignored my gut feeling since meeting you, everything went to sh\*t."

"Should I take that as a compliment or an insult?"

"Shut up."

"A compliment then." I know she can't see me smile, but I let it show in my voice. She doesn't answer or talk to me as we run, but it doesn't feel like she's avoiding or blocking me. In fact I can feel the worry, determination, and adrenaline coursing through her. She has let the floodgates of her emotions stay open for me. Pride washes over me as she gives me another small gift of herself that she normally keeps hidden.

"You are not going to believe this, but... the packhouse is on fire." Jason calls out, almost bored. Both of our wolves skid to a halt. "It's big enough that we are evacuating, but we have it contained. It's something magically set, though which is proving problematic for our resident witches."

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+25 Bonus

I stop and shift, frustrated by all the back and forth. "Is it another distraction? You said you feel like you need to go to the barrier and check that out. Is there some way this Ember and Ash witch somehow can track where you are in the pack?" I pace, not ready to jump into any action and furious about my hesitation. "F\*ck! Nevermind. That's stupid." I close my eyes and run my fingers through my hair. I am overwhelmed with all of this, which is probably the plan.

I feel cool fingers glide up my arms and lace with my own, releasing my hair. I open my eyes to see her emerald orbs studying me, her wild red hair billowing around her. Copyright © 2025 Miss L Writes and Ember Mantel Productions

“You are probably right and she wants us both distracted. I’m sure she has a way to track me too. We don’t know the lengths she has gone to and for how long. I am sure the packhouse fire is a distraction. I feel confident in trusting Jason to evacuate, if you are. I do feel a pull towards the barrier and the magical fissure we found, but I also feel a pull towards my pack members. You are not alone in this feeling. No answer feels right or helpful.

“Okay...We are less contained now. We need you to get back here. Now!”

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101 – Elara

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What the hell happened in the last twenty minutes? Ben doesn’t hesitate to follow me. We leave the barrier investigation alone for now. Jason calling for help is a sign from the Goddess where we are needed. The hesitation is over. We shift and run, and I start to feel the exhaustion Ben was talking about after our encounter with Junior.

Maybe that was the plan all along, to wear us down running all over the pack. It’s a smart move with the kind of power she has. Eliza’s not wasting any of her warriors fighting uselessly, but sending us on wild goose chases. Copyright© 2025 Miss L Writes and Ember Mantel Productions

“Jason? Is everyone out and safe?”

“I think so, Alpha. I’m waiting on Brianna and Marietta to check in once they’ve done a head count of all their people. Marge and Melanie are helping me with the wolves that were in residence. There seem to be a few stragglers and I don’t know if anyone has checked the cells for our prisoners.”

“Talk us through this fire.” I open the link up to Ben so he can hear while we run. “What are we walking into?”

“It started small, at the back of the packhouse, near your office, I think. My guess is you were onto something and getting too close, Alpha. Jax and Dev arrived just as it was really spreading. It smells like normal fire, but it’s blue and green and I don’t see any smoke. The heat is intense too. Brianna and a few witches, I can’t remember their names, had the flames in a kind of bubble and it was slowing down, then out of nowhere it flared up and took out half the house.”

“It must have found what it was looking for.” I mentally run through all the things I could have in the packhouse that a witch might want. Something tells me it’s not paperwork or maps. They clearly don’t give a sh\*t about ownership by purchase or legacy. What else

could my father have had that they want or need this desperately?" We're close. Just a heads up, We think Malcom might be under control again. He's got a nasty spell on his border, we aren't sure if it's to keep us out or him in, but he isn't coming to our aid."

"One of the warriors was talking about an invisible weapon. That must have been it. See you soon." I can feel his link is open, but he is clearly focused on whatever is going on around him.

Ben and I burst through the forest and I understand Jason's inability to explain what this fire is. Emerald and blue flames engulf the packhouse, but it looks like an image projected on the building. If I didn't feel the heat and see the scorch marks, I wouldn't believe it is real.

What I find surprising is all the witches circling the house, hands raised, humming. My wolves, warriors and omegas, are walking an outer perimeter, protecting them. They are all so close, how is the heat not melting them?

Ben splits off from me as I find and move toward Brianna. I shift and once I move into Brianna's personal space the heat dissipates completely.

"What is this?" I ask, not looking at her. I'm still mesmerized with the shimmering flames.

"These flames are searching for something." She breathes out, and for the first time I hear weariness in her

voice.

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+25 Bonus

"What could she possibly want from me now?" I match her tone for a brief second, We both breathe in the irritation of the situation that neither of us have been able to contain or get ahead of. Then I lock the feeling in the back of my mind for a time when Ben and I can be alone and let it all out. "It's Eliza, right? She's already infected my pack with drugs to control my pups, and Shadow Markers that affect my mate and I. Why all of these small attacks? What the f\*ck does she want!" I yell at the sky,

My heart is racing and I feel useless, I can't do anything about this fire and what it is doing to the people that I have promised to protect. I scan the surroundings for the first time since getting here. Everyone seems to be fine, no injuries that are life threatening anyway,

"You have this fire tempered, can I walk through it? Is it inside the house? Whatever she is looking for won't be destroyed by this fire."

"We have it contained here, but as you may have noticed on your arrival we are only strong enough to hold it in this small area. I believe you are right though. Whatever she wants will

not perish here, but it will destroy your home. That is her way of letting you know you are in her way. As terrible as this is, it means you are on the right path,”

“Have you seen her?!?” Jason runs up to us.

“Seen who Jason?” But I think I already know.

“Juliette! I brought her outside so I could help with the evacuation. She’s not where I left her and no one has seen her.” Copyright © 2025 Miss L Writes and Ember Mantel Productions

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Several things happen all at once. A torrent of yells and exclamations come from the other side of the house, the flames flare to a bright white, and a band of energy envelopes my waist pulling me and everyone around me back away from the burning house. I’m set on my feet, while Jason lands on his ass next to me along with every other wolf that was near us. The witches still stand their posts in the magical perimeter around the house, only this time there is an addition and she is scary as sh\*t.

“Juliette?” Jason breathes.

His mate is floating above the wreckage of my packhouse, arms open wide to her sides. That isn’t the weird part though. Her eyes are bright green, rivaling the tint of the flames. She lets out a yell that makes my ears pop, the flames rise and heat blasts my face. I hear the house crackle and burn like the volume was turned to a hundred. Then everything slams into the ground and a deafening silence envelopes me.