

Hated By My Mate: The Finale

Chapter 1

Aurora and Wolfgang's bond has weathered many storms, but will her inner wolf prove as resilient? As she hones her control over the elements, Rory faces fresh trials. The witches aren't as they appear, and Wendell isn't likely to back down anytime soon. What does Selena have planned for our stunning white wolf? And what fate awaits the daughters of the moon goddess?

The town square had turned into a battlefield. Gunfire echoed through the air as hunters and witches spilled out from every nook and cranny.

The earth trembled beneath me as my werewolf comrades shifted into their wolf forms, ready for combat.

Sierra, Wolfgang, Max, Remus, and I stood shoulder to shoulder, surveying the pandemonium. Wendell chuckled, his gaze fixed on me.

His eyes were devoid of guilt or regret.

Only the urge to eradicate what he deemed unfit remained.

The square, usually cheerful and charming, was now a blend of ash and smoke. I'd had countless coffee dates with Emma here. My heart ached.

As kids, this was the one place that felt like home.

It was typically encircled by rustic wooden buildings that melded together like butter on warm bread. Tonight, more than half of them were ablaze.

Avery Road was a collection of small homes with a backdrop of forests and snow-capped mountains.

In the heart of the square, a large, ornate fountain stood, its water cascading down in a calming, rhythmic pattern. Tonight, the waters of this fountain were stained red.

That's all I could see too. My childhood sanctuary, ravaged by human hunters and their deranged leader.

On any other day, I'd stroll on the smooth cobblestones that paved the main area.

My footsteps would softly echo off the ground, not thud heavily with each step I took forward like they were doing now.

A buzzing static echoed in my mind. Eleanor.

"Don't act recklessly, Aurora. You're not prepared."

I bared my teeth, ready to shift.

Wendell's hollow eyes locked onto mine, a cold smile dancing on his lips.

"I'm prepared enough," I mindlinked back. "I won't stand by and watch this man destroy my home."

"Aurora," she reasoned. "Everything has its time."

“There’s never a time for killing innocent pups and families, Eleanor.”

The link grew weak.

“Very well,” she finally said. “I can’t stop you. But it would be unwise not to try. You’re so much like your mother.”

I could almost see her smiling, a touch of sadness in her eyes.

“Just be cautious. Anger can be an ally, if you channel it correctly.”

I mulled over her last words.

The north end of the square was known for its small stage, a platform for local musicians and performers.

It should have been adorned with vibrant banners and twinkling lights. A group of kids were supposed to perform a show tonight.

Instead, their bodies littered the stage, some covered with drapes, some sprawled out, their faces still innocent in death.

The small cafes and restaurants no longer smelled of fresh bread or brewing coffee, but of bloodlust and dirt. There was no chatter, only a chilling silence.

Lake Iliamna stood quietly in the distance, its waters bearing witness to the horrors that had unfolded. It was too much. Just too much.

I took a deep breath and opened my eyes. The hunters continued to taunt me, but I tried to block out their words.

However, the sight of the bodies of other pack members and their young pups scattered across the yard and the pack's extended territory filled me with grief and fury.

“Let me out,” Rhea whimpered. “It’s time we showed them who’s in charge here.”

I was still hesitant. Wendell began to circle me, his gaze oozing malice.

“I thought you’d show up here, playing the noble little warrior.”

“How dare you return, Wendell Grosvenor?” I hissed, meeting his gaze. “I ordered you to stand down and leave town. What part of that didn’t you understand?”

He sneered at that, his lips curling into a thin line of defiance.

“You really thought a naive little girl like you, a girl who doesn’t even know how to use her own powers, could harm me with her words?”

"I'll kill you, Aurora," he growled. "You're the last in the direct line of children of the moon goddess. The last she-wolf who is pure royal by blood."

I shot him a glare. "You're nothing but a bitter, old rat who has nothing better to do than scare people with empty threats and run when real danger shows up."

Some of Wendell's human hunters perked up at my words, nodding in agreement.

"He does always run when there's trouble, leaving us to get killed," one of them muttered.

So, there was discontent among the ranks.

I smirked. "It seems your own people find you incompetent, Wendell."

Wendell's eyes narrowed. "You think you're so superior, Aurora, but you're nothing compared to me."

The witches on Wendell's side began to cast spells, and a dark cloud of gas engulfed us all. I coughed and choked, feeling the gas burn my lungs.

"Let me out," Rhea pleaded. "This gas won't affect me."

Something in me snapped at that moment.

A cold wind brushed my face as I shifted, and Rhea took control. True to her words, the gas no longer stung our eyes. Instead, it stirred the animal instincts in me, urging me to...

Rip.

Kill.

Tear.

This was exactly what Eleanor had warned me against.

I stumbled forward, trying to hold onto anything for support. I had to control my emotions.

But all I could see were the faces of the dead, staring at me, their eyes pleading.

I snarled, baring my teeth at Wendell.

"You want a fight, Wendell? You've got one," I growled.

We plunged into battle, teeth bared and claws unsheathed.

Wendell was strong and quick, but I was fierce and determined. We tore into each other, trading blows and slashes.

The power of Rhea coursed through me, and I used it to my advantage. I sprang at Wendell, sending him sprawling. He growled and tried to bite me, but I was too quick.

In the midst of our fight, I spotted Wendell's brother hiding in the shadows. I seized the chance and lunged at him, sending him crashing to the ground.

I held him down, my sharp claws sinking into his skin.

"Call off your spells, Wendell," I growled. "Or your brother dies."

Wendell hesitated for a moment, then gave in. The dark cloud of gas faded away, and I tossed his brother over to our men.

Wolfgang watched me from the sidelines, but the battle was in full swing now, and he couldn't come over to help, even if he wanted to.

"Rory," he shouted. "Stay calm!"

I couldn't.

I stood at the front lines of the battle, my heart pounding with fear and adrenaline.

The smell of blood and sweat hung heavy in the air as the human hunters, witches, and Wendell's followers rushed toward us, weapons at the ready.

"We have to defend our territory!" I shouted to my pack, who stood behind me, growling fiercely. "Sierra, Wolfgang, Max, Remus, we've prepared for this. Now, let's show them what we're made of!"

The human hunters and Wendell's followers were heavily armed, and the witches were casting spells that filled the air with a dark energy.

We rushed toward them, our teeth bared and claws out.

The first clash of steel on steel was deafening, and I felt a jolt of pain as one of the hunters managed to nick my arm with his sword.

"You're dead, she-wolf!" Wendell bellowed, emerging from the crowd, his eyes burning with hatred. "I'll see you all destroyed!"

"Not if we see you first!" Sierra yelled back, as she sprang toward him, her fangs bared.

The other werewolves followed her lead, and we were soon in the thick of battle, dodging spells and arrows, and clawing at the human hunters with all our might.

I could see Wolfgang and Max fighting with all their strength, taking down witch after witch with their immense power.

Remus, on the other hand, fought with his mind, using his telekinesis to throw the hunters and witches off balance.

As the battle raged on, I spotted Wendell trying to make a run for it. I howled, calling for my pack to chase him. "Don't let him escape! We need to take him down!"

My pack surged forward, pursuing Wendell through the trees and across the river.

I could hear his brother, Alastor, pleading with him to stop and fight like a man, but Wendell was too cowardly to face us directly.

A sudden flash of movement to my right made me turn just in time to see one of the witches hurling a ball of fire in my direction.

The heat singed my fur, and I coughed as the smoke filled my lungs.

Wendell used the opportunity to slip past the hedges, the fast-running coward.

But then something strange happened, and a wave of energy surged through me.

The smoke and fire didn't affect me. Instead, I opened my hands and absorbed that ball of fire, and somehow, I turned it back on the witch.

My eyes saw red and gold, sparks exploding in the distance. It was too much, too fast.

Suddenly, the bushes nearby rustled. Rhea, my wolf, growled.

Something was off.

"Alastor!" I yelled, rushing toward the bushes. "He's still here!"

I pushed aside the branches, and there he was, crouched down and ready to attack. Rhea and I sprang forward, taking him down with ease.

"We've got him," I said, panting heavily. "Wendell may have escaped, but we'll make sure Alastor never causes trouble again."

I slowed down then, my mind registering that the battle was over. That's when I met the eyes of my fellow wolves.

There was respect there, yes, but also fear. I looked around me.

I'd burnt more than the witch. A whole row of buildings and barns in the distance had gone up in flames.

I hadn't just deflected the ball of fire.

I'd caused a whole explosion.