
Chapter 10

I was surrounded by towering trees, their branches reaching for the sky like outstretched arms. The air was filled with the sweet scent of wildflowers.

But as I ventured deeper into the woods, a sense of unease began to creep over me.

Maybe it wasn't the best idea to explore alone.

I stopped in my tracks, my heart pounding as I heard a branch snap in the underbrush. I held my breath, waiting to see what would emerge.

Suddenly, a massive black wolf burst from the bushes, charging straight at me.

My heart raced as I braced myself for the worst. But as the wolf neared, it stopped, looking at me with a gentle, almost human-like gaze.

Before I could react, the wolf turned and disappeared back into the forest.

What just happened?

Confused, I made my way back to the castle, my mind spinning.

I walked down the hall toward the east wing, a sense of excitement building in my chest. The library had become my sanctuary, a place filled with history and lore that I couldn't wait to explore.

As I pushed open the heavy wooden doors, my eyes took a moment to adjust to the grandeur before me.

The library was vast, with rows upon rows of bookshelves reaching up to the ceiling. The walls were covered in intricate murals depicting wolf lore and mythology, and the room was bathed in a warm, golden light from the chandeliers hanging above.

But my attention was quickly drawn away from the grandeur of the room when I noticed a figure in the corner.

As I approached, I saw Sierra sitting cross-legged on the floor, surrounded by books and papers. She looked up as I neared, her eyes sparkling with excitement.

"Hey," she said, giving me a warm smile. "Are you here for the wolf lore section too?"

I nodded eagerly, relieved to find someone else who shared my interest. Sierra quickly stood up and gestured toward the shelves, her excitement infectious.

We searched the shelves until I found a title I hadn't seen before. *The Diary of Salvador, As Told By A Disciple*.



"Salvador," I murmured. "Who's that?"

Sierra nodded at the name. "The first race of wolves had the bravest ones. Salvador was said to be the leader of the pack."

Intrigued, I opened the book and began to read aloud.

"We always knew we were different. We were the first race of werewolves, born with a sense of duty and loyalty to our pack that surpassed anything else."

"When the man hunters came, we knew it was up to us to protect not just ourselves, but all of the wolves who called this land home."

"The man hunters were ruthless, their hatred for our kind bordering on obsession. But we refused to back down, refused to let our fellow wolves be hunted to extinction."

And so we fought.

"Day and night, we patrolled the woods, watching for any signs of danger. We fought tooth and nail, our wolf instincts guiding us as we moved as a pack."

"But it wasn't until Salvador came along that we truly found our way."

"He had a respect for our kind that was rare, a knowledge of wolf mythology and a willingness to listen and learn."

"With his guidance, we were able to track down the rogue wolf Wolfrick, who had been causing chaos and destruction in our territory."

"He was a formidable opponent, one who had turned his back on our pack and sought to rule over all wolves with an iron fist."

"But we were not afraid. We fought him with everything we had, and in the end, we emerged victorious. Wolfrick was brought to justice, and the man hunters were driven back."

"In the aftermath of the battle, our pack emerged stronger than ever before. We had proven our worth, not just to ourselves, but to the other wolves in the area as well. But even as we celebrated, I knew that our fight was far from over."

"The man hunters may have retreated for now, but they would return. And when they did, we would be ready."

"Do you know what Salvador did to Wolfrick?"

I shook my head.

"He took him to Selene for divine justice. It's said that Selene debated for a hundred hours under the



"He took him to Selene for divine justice. It's said that Selene debated for a hundred hours under the darkness of *amavasya*—a long, long night of no moon—and finally decided to strip Wolfrick of his powers."

My heart pounded. This was exactly what I'd been looking for.

"She's right."

I looked up from the book to see Eleanor. She was panting, out of breath.

"What—what did you find?" I asked, a sense of dread spreading through me.

"Wolfrick's descendants were cursed along with him. All of them. The last of their kind vowed to not rest until they'd wiped out the race of moon goddesses for what Selene had done. It included trapping witches with a poisonous potion. They're being held captive, Aurora."

I gasped, covering my mouth with my hand.

"So—"

Eleanor nodded grimly. "That's Wendell's ancestor."