
Chapter 13

We rolled up to the Blood Moon Pack mansion in the thick of pandemonium.

Wendell's human hunters had already launched their assault, and the rogue wolves were wreaking havoc.

But the Blood Moon Pack was holding their own, their fierce resolve evident as they battled their adversaries.

The fortress was fortified, and archers were positioned above, taking shots at the intruders.

The whizzing sound of arrows and the clash of metal on metal filled my ears as I navigated the battlefield.

I fought tooth and nail alongside my pack, resolved to defend our home and our people.

But the battle started to shift against us.

The human hunters had brought in heavy artillery, and the rogue wolves fought with a ferocity we hadn't expected.

We were outnumbered and outgunned, and panic started to bubble up inside me.

I scanned the area for Aurora, having lost her in the chaos.

My heart pounded as I shouted her name, but there was no response. I searched desperately, dodging enemy attacks and jumping over fallen debris. But she was nowhere to be found.

"Find her," Cronnos urged amidst the chaos. "We have to find her."

"I'm trying!" I shot back.

From the north pillar, spells rained down in a spectrum of colors—red, amber, gold. I looked up to see Eleanor fighting for us, giving it her all.

There was more to this old woman than I'd given her credit for. A silent understanding passed between us.

But where was Rory?

Panic gripped me.

Aurora was the heart and soul of our pack, and without her leadership, we were rudderless. I had to find her, no matter the cost.



I battled my way through the chaos, looking for any sign of her. The battle raged around me, but all I could focus on was finding Aurora and ensuring her safety.

As I rounded a corner, I spotted a figure disappearing into the shadows.

My heart soared with hope as I gave chase, praying it was her. But as I got closer, I realized with a sinking heart that it was one of the rogue wolves.

Despair washed over me. Aurora was still missing. But I couldn't give up. I had to keep fighting, for her and for our pack.

With gritted teeth and a fierce resolve, I dove back into the battle, determined to see it through to the end.

I knew my mate.

This is what she'd want me to do.

I was on the front line, fighting shoulder to shoulder with Wolfgang.

The sound of clashing metal and the heat of the battle enveloped me, but I stayed focused on the task at hand.

Suddenly, I spotted Wendell fleeing from an explosion.

Adrenaline pumping, I pursued him, resolved to make him answer for his crimes against our pack. I found him hiding behind a fallen tree, trying to escape the chaos like a coward.

"You won't get away with this, Wendell," I snarled, advancing on him. "You and your hunters will pay for what you've done here."

But Wendell just laughed, his eyes sparkling with a cruel light.

"Oh, I think I will, dear Aurora," he said, a smirk on his face. "I have plans for the chaos here. Plans to make myself look like a hero when all is said and done."

Rage surged at his words, and I lunged at him, claws out. He sidestepped, and we squared off, circling each other warily.

"Why are you doing this, Wendell?" I demanded, my voice low and threatening. "Why harm so many innocent people for such petty revenge?"

Wendell's face hardened, and he glared at me with a fierce intensity.

"It's not revenge, Aurora," he said, his voice icy. "It's justice. My family and line were scorned by the moon goddess."

The truth, at last.

"We were banished, forced to live on the outskirts of society. But now, I will show the world that we are not to be trifled with. That the wolves will pay for their arrogance and their bloodlust."

His words sent a chill down my spine. My heart sank; there was no reasoning with him.

He was too far gone, consumed by his own hatred and lust for power.

Suddenly, my mind link buzzed. It was Wolfgang.

"What's wrong?"

"Eleanor," he said. *"She's hurt."*