

Chapter 14

I couldn't let Eleanor go. Not now. Not when she was the only one left who loved and supported me like a parent should.

But first, Wendell had to be dealt with.

He was a powerhouse.

The witches had gifted him with powers that no ordinary man could possess, and I knew I had to tread lightly if I wanted to come out of this alive.

He threw potions and spells my way, but I brushed them off with ease. My training in controlling the elements had paid off, and I felt sure of myself.

"You can't beat me, Wendell," I called out, my voice echoing across the battlefield. "Your reign of terror ends today."

Wendell glared at me, his eyes full of hatred. "You think you can stop me, little wolf? I have power beyond your wildest dreams. I am invincible."

But I wouldn't let him scare me. I sent a strong gust of wind his way, and he stumbled, almost falling over. The ground shook beneath him as he tried to regain his balance.

"You may have power, Wendell," I said, "but I have something you'll never understand. I have loyalty, love, and the strength of my pack behind me."

With a loud roar, Wendell charged at me, his eyes burning with rage. But I stood my ground, ready to face him.

We clashed, both of us using every bit of our strength to get the upper hand. Wendell was a tough opponent, but I wouldn't back down.

As we fought, I could feel Rhea pulsing in my chest. She was itching to join the fight, itching to sink her teeth into our enemy.

Finally, Wendell stumbled, and I saw my opportunity.

With a quick flick of my wrist, I sent a ball of fire flying at him. It hit him right in the chest, and he fell to the ground, writhing in pain.

I walked up to him cautiously, my heart heavy with the knowledge of what I had done. I never wanted to kill, but sometimes, the only way to stop evil is to end it.

"Why, Wendell?" I asked, my voice soft. "Why did you do all of this?"



He looked up at me, his eyes filled with pain.

"My family," he said, his voice barely above a whisper. "Long ago, when my father died, he made me promise to carry on his legacy."

"We'd lived in darkness for so long. We'd been scorned and shunned and hated. All because of one mistake made generations ago."

I felt a twinge of sympathy for him, but I knew what had to be done. With a heavy heart, I signaled to Rhea, and she lunged forward, sinking her teeth into Wendell's throat.

Every beginning is an end.

But I couldn't waste any time.

Eleanor needed me.

I heard footsteps, and I turned to see Wolfgang running toward me. Relief and joy washed over me, knowing that my mate was safe and that we had won the war.

"Aurora!" Wolfgang cried out, his voice filled with relief as he pulled me into his arms. "I've been searching everywhere for you. Are you okay?"

I nodded, feeling a wave of exhaustion hit me.

"Yes, I'm okay. It's over," I said, my voice shaking slightly.

Wolfgang looked at me with admiration and pride, his eyes filled with emotion. "You did it," he said. "You saved us all."

I gave him a weak smile, feeling overwhelmed. "I had help," I said. "Eleanor—"

He nodded. "Yes, she's safe. She's with the healers now."

Aurora let out a sigh, her shoulders relaxing. "Thank the Moon Goddess," she said.

I stood at the top of the fortress with Max, looking over the aftermath of the war.

The ground was covered with bodies, both human and wolf; the air was thick with blood and smoke. Our people had fought bravely, but the price had been steep.

Healers were rushing around, tending to the wounded. A wave of sadness hit me for those who had lost their lives in the battle.

Aurora sighed next to me, leaning into my arms. She was still trying to process everything, but most of all, the fear of almost losing Eleanor.

I could hear the exhaustion in her voice and knew that she had been through a lot in the battle. I reached out and took her hand, giving it a gentle squeeze.

"Your witchy godmother is tougher than a few rogues." I smiled, pulling her close.

The moment I couldn't find Aurora, something inside me snapped. And there was a warm glow in the center of my chest.

I heard a voice telling me that she was taking care of unfinished business.

I knew she'd gone after Wendell. And from the look in her eyes, I knew he was dead.

"You did well. We couldn't have won without you."

Aurora looked up at me, a small smile on her lips. "We make a good team," she said.

I chuckled softly. "Yes, we do."

Max cleared his throat, bringing our attention back to him. "We still have a lot of work to do," he said, pointing to the chaos below us. "But we'll get through it. Together."

Always.

