
Chapter 7

I was at my wit's end.

The constant squabbling between Wolfgang and Eleanor was driving me up the wall.

I knew they both cared for me, but the tension was too much to bear.

It was high time I took charge of my feelings and figured out what was happening with my powers.

I decided to head to the library to delve into my family's history.

As I stepped through the doors, I was struck by the stunning baroque architecture. The walls were decorated with detailed murals and the bookshelves reached all the way to the ceiling.

I rummaged through the dusty shelves until I found *The Descendants of the Moon Goddess*.

Everything I'd discovered about my lineage had come from this book. I hoped it could offer me a bit more guidance. I wished Remus was here.

But it was late, and I didn't want to disturb his time with Aspen.

So I leafed through the pages, learning more about wolves like me with white fur and purple eyes, wolves with fire in their souls and Selene's blood in their veins.

Somewhere along the line, I drifted off to sleep.

I knocked over the lantern as my head dropped onto the table. It landed right on the book, instantly scorching the paper.

"Oh no." I was on my feet in an instant, lifting the book to try to extinguish the fire—except, there was no fire.

The entire book glowed silver, as if Selene herself had touched it.

I stared at the pages in awe as the book seemed to slip from my hands and land on the table, spinning and flipping until it stopped near the end.

What was I supposed to do now?

"Go on," Rhea encouraged me. "See what it says."

"What if it's a trap?" I asked her, unsure.

"I hardly think a book is going to swallow you up and transport you to another realm, Aurora," Rhea replied, sounding unconcerned. "It's just a book. Go on. Look at it."

replied, sounding exasperated. *"It's not going to bite you! Go on, look at it!"*

I took a cautious step forward and bent down to read the writing, the letters glowing like diamonds.

On this page, the book read, we finally reveal the secrets of the silver threads.

Wow. I pulled up a chair and scooted closer to the book, hanging on every word.

Each wolf cub with direct ties to Selene is also part of the soul's work tying them into one whole.

Each wolf cub who is a moon descendant has control over the five elements: air, water, earth, fire, and wind.

Not every cub will learn how to control it, however. That will only come from riddles in the dark.

To gain, one must lose.

To live, one must die.

Like all things born of fire and moon,

This story will begin at the end.

What the heck did I just read? Was this book telling me I'd have to die to truly live?

As I read and reread the words, I felt a pang in my heart. There was no denying it, but I also couldn't understand how I could come alive once I was...gone.

I looked around the room, dumbfounded.

"Rhea," I called to my wolf. *"What is this book asking me to do?"*

For once, she was as clueless as me.

"I have no idea. It's like a riddle."

"Yeah thanks," I snorted. *"No kidding."*

I closed my eyes, wishing for someone, something, anything to give me a hint of clarity.

Eventually, a deep, peaceful sleep overcame me. And in my dreams, I was wandering through the forests again.

Barefoot and free. I saw a maiden by the lake in the distance, her hair silver-white and long, her figure concealed by a flowing dress.

"Selene," I whispered, reaching out to her.



When she turned, I started to cry.

Because she wasn't Selene. This was my own mother.

The woman I had lost and never had the chance to meet, or to say goodbye to. Oh, she looked so beautiful.

"Mom," I sobbed. "Mom!"

I tried to reach out to touch her, but she was as elusive as a wisp of air.

"My dear daughter." She smiled. "You have been so brave. You have endured so much."

I couldn't stop the tears from falling.

"Tell me how I can bring you back, Mom."

"You can't, my child, but that's the beauty of it. Like all stories, this one too has a beginning and an end."

"Then, what should I do?" I asked, my voice trembling.

"You must live and rule with love, of course. And to do that—" She smiled and beckoned me to her side. I sat down beside her and gazed at her reflection in the water.

"Remember when you used to read fairytales as a child?"

"They were the highlight of my day." I smiled faintly.

"And what did they teach you?"

"That before you can gain control of your senses, you first have to let go." The words came to me naturally, almost as if I had known them all along.

"You have to believe, to dream, to desire better things, for yourself and the world around you," I murmured, filled with wonder.

"In essence, there has to be the death of your old self. Like your final trial by fire, the new you who will be reborn will understand that there is permanence in whimsy, comfort in the tides that bind worlds together."

"But...won't it hurt?"

"Death is but a deep sleep, my beloved. A journey from this world to another. And for you, it will be no more than a step into a new life."

"Who..."



"The wise witch will guide you."

I had been anticipating this visit for a long time. So, when Aurora looked me in the eyes and told me she knew about the elements, I only felt a sense of sadness.

"You must understand why I didn't tell you myself. I was hoping you'd figure it out and seek the answers on your own."

"What do I need to do?" she asked, determination in her eyes.

"You need to have faith. You see, to return to this plane in a resurrected form, the only path through death is hope."

She looked a bit puzzled as I explained, "So, basically, I die, but I die knowing I'm going to live?"

"Yes." I gave her a weak smile. "You die knowing this world is waiting for you, and that, like everything else, you're just going on a short journey."

"Show me how."

"Tomorrow, when the moon is up, we'll finish this. Then, your training will be complete."

"Over my dead body."

I spun around, my heart suddenly freezing. I recognized that voice.

My mate was staring at me, his eyes red-rimmed.

Rory pulled me away before I could say anything else to Eleanor, or tear her apart for that matter.

She waited until we were alone in our room.

"What was that all about?" she snapped. "How did you know what we were discussing?"

I shuffled my feet, not wanting to admit that I'd mind-linked her without her permission.

But she'd been acting so strange lately—I just wanted to know if I could help.

She took my silence as confirmation of her worst fears.

"When are you going to stop messing around?" she yelled at me, her hands clenched into fists.

Aurora turned towards the door, ready to storm out. I grabbed her hand and pulled her back to me.

"Please, Rory, please hear me out."

"Just leave me alone."