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Third Person's Pov 1

Things get busier at the pack, tenser even. Everyone was on edge, no one knew what would happen next.

With each passing day more refugees emerge for the lucky ones. The unlucky ones turn out to be those who don't survive the attacks. There have been rumors of a new witch aside from Andrea.

She was not Ursa, no one knew her name, but she had engaged in a massacre of her own, riding an entire pack of all its members. No one who saw her face survived, all they heard was rumors. Nothing to pinpoint who she was or how to deal with her.

The witches were moving very fast now, almost like the attacks happened rhythmically, they attacked the smaller packs, invading them only.

Eros and the others believe they were planning something deadly, you don't just take over a pack and leave or right?

Most likely something to advance Ursa's

plan for her sister's resurrection. The fact that a witch was out for werewolves and seeking to destroy them was no longer a myth.

One attack may be interpreted as a rivalry fight but what of five successive ones?

More packs aligned tune sleeves with Eros, they've decided that staying closer was better, gives them some form of leverage too and time to reconvene and strategize.

A new council, one that contained representatives from all creatures down to the dwarves had been formed to oversee governorship matters and settle disputes.

Dispute arising was quite inevitable especially, with so many different species forced by circumstances to co-exist. It wasn't easy, but they were toughing it out, tough times called for desperate measures.

A troupe has been sent to Lisse, an underground market that contains the deadliest, most dangerous and cunniest of creatures in the entire realm.

You could find literally anything you need there, but Eros hated the idea of sending any of his people there for any reason, they've had not so pleasant encounters and left to him he

would rather avoid those shady ass dealers.

The people that made up the troupe came from different species, each deciding to purchase what they specialized in, the goal being to make the pack the center of trade, get everything they possibly could and manufacture more.

Food, clothes, weapons, crops, gadgets, accessories, trainers, shoes, you name it. They were going to get it.

And not only that, Brightmoon pack adopted a new name, a neutral name, after many fights, and many back and forths they finally settled for — Eldrathar.

The agreement between the different species and packs forming a unified alliance was sealed with a blood pact.

Training intensified, Dracula and Kayden took turns to handle the training, a plan was drafted for the training as well, something to help the species mix well.

While the two second in commands butted heads at each turn, they soon found a common ground to co-exist.

Aella's nightmares intensified, her

pregnancy got heavier with each passing day, according to sage she wasn't very far from delivery.

Crux ended up moving to Eldrathar, and it turns out his pack was the center of everything. Ursa had swiped most of his pack members with her people, there was little to nothing left for him to rule.

With his tail behind his back, he ran seeking refuge, everything he was proud of, gone within the blink of an eye. Or rather, it was never there to begin with.

The dryads settled in quite easily compared to the fae's and the rest, being around so much green lands felt more like home than the waste lands they came from.

Just like Richard predicted, the wolves had ended up offending a few Golems, and it didn't end favourably for them. They soon learnt to let the Golems be, this took a bit of intervention from Eros and Xavier.

Everything was unfolding slowly now, even the air could feel the fragile peace hanging in the balance, just a little poke and everything would explode.

You could feel it from the tension in the

air, the forced smiles, fearful eyes, hushed whispers, the happy laughter of children playing was slowly becoming a thing of memory, everyone was preparing for the pending war.

Karen was dealt with harshly according to pack rules, her crimes were read out to the pack as a whole, whipped with wolfsbane and reduced to an omega. The very thing she hated, forced to serve hard labour.

She was still breathing because in the end she was still the Beta's only sister, no matter how well Kayden tried to hide it, his love for his sister was too glaring to ignore.

Neither Aella nor Eros were ready to strip him of the only family he had left. So they settled for the best option they could find, hopefully she learns her lesson this time around, if not, they couldn't really guarantee her life next time.

Aella's nightmares were back, and this time they were fiercer, tenser, scarier. Not even Ava could help, all she could do was curl up beside Eros and clench her teeth through it.

She wasn't going to let this little bit affect her, Aragon believes that when she fully has

control of her powers, she'd be able to get through the nightmares for good.

Turns out that her mortal powers were nothing like her goddess powers, now she was a wolf, with her memories from previous lives overlapping she had to struggle with control.

And resume training with Aragon, proper training this time around. Add a little author's note.

Hey lovelies. it's your author here, thank you so much for following my book to this point, you guys give me the courage to continue.

Quick question, who or what do you want to see more? Do you think Aella will win this fight?

Ursa and Vega may not even be at fault, but you never can tell.